



The Genius of the Lady Magazine weeping over
the Tomb of her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia.

THE
DVMAGAZINE

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;
(OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION)

for the
FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their
USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol XLII for the YEAR 1811

LONDON

Printed for G. ROBINSON,

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates :

1. An elegant FRONT PIECE.
2. Portrait of LORD WELLINGTON.
3. LONDON MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
4. New and elegant PATTERN for BORDERS and FRONT of a HABIT SKIRT.

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Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

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NOTICES.

FROM several letters which we have received, it appears that some of our readers have not seen our last SUPPLEMENT, published on the first of January with the Magazine for December: otherwise they would have there found, in our acknowledgements TO CORRESPONDENTS, the information which they seek.

The continuation of "*Montalbert*" we necessarily postpone till next month, for the sake of accompanying it with an *illustrative plate*, now in the hands of the engraver.

The author of "*Henry Adair*" is requested to favor us with his address: and the same request is made to the authors of "*Manila Castle*" and the "*Castle of the Alps*."

G. M.'s "*short defence*" is come to hand: but we really do not understand what is meant by it.

To a "*Sonnet or Sonnets*," revision is necessary.

Of an *Ode* and a *Chorale*, sent with other poetry which we insert, the former requires revision and correction: of the latter, as we have not the solution, we cannot say whether it be worth the necessary correction.

The poem, whose author was "*undetermined till too late*," certainly has merit: but it contains a few passages which require revision. If the author will amend it, we will with pleasure insert it.

The "*son of an old subscriber*" will, we venture to predict, be able in time to produce pleasing poetry. The harmonious rhythm of his lines proves him to have a correct poetic ear; and some of his ideas are very good: but we regret that they are disfigured with too many blemishes to appear in their present state. If he will correct the faulty phraseology, we will with great pleasure insert his piece.

C. B. W. M.'s completion of the "*Bouts-rimés*" is, both in metre and language, much too incorrect for publication.

We have received an *Ode* under the signature of an old correspondent: but we do not recognise in it either the spirit or the hand-writing of the author whose signature it bears. At all events, it requires revision and correction.

"*The eldest daughter*," &c. has certainly "*understood*," and caught "*the spirit*:" but we are sorry to add that this "*first essay*" is too incorrect for insertion, though it originates well.—She will, however, be satisfied, if we be right in our conjecture, that we have since received from her, under a different signature, a second essay, and a third.

The "*Ode to the Æolian Harp*" shall appear in our next.

"*Ellen*," a fragment, in our next.

Maria's "*Fragment*" is received, as likewise the "*Last Sigh of Love*."

J. M. L.'s "*Familiar Epistle*" is intended for insertion.

Mr. W. H. will find a packet, directed to him, at the publisher's.

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WHEN we cast a retrospective glance over the years that have fled since the first establishment of our Miscellany, and recollect how many other Magazines, of various character and complexion, have, within that long period, started into being, and, after a short existence, sunk into eternal oblivion—we naturally feel a laudable pride in the grateful reflexion that *we* have been so happy as to merit, in the first instance, and un-interruptedly to enjoy during such a length of time, the patronage of several successive generations of the British Fair—in short, that, even at the present day, when feminine taste and intellect are so much more highly cultivated, we still have the good fortune to please the grand and the great-grand daughters of those ladies who smiled approbation upon our first efforts, forty-one years ago.

For such distinguished encouragement, we feel a gratitude which we shall not attempt to express in words, because words are inadequate to its expression: we will endeavour to prove it by substantial deeds—by an increased zeal to render our pages more and more worthy of attention—by unremitting exertions to collect, and to comprise within our narrow limits, as copious an assemblage and as great a variety of matter as they will admit—by studying so to blend the useful with the agreeable, the dicerful with the serious, as to suit the different tastes of that numerous and progressively increasing class of readers, who honor our Magazine with their preference.

Accordingly, in commencing our *forty-second* volume, we have already taken some steps toward improvement:—by the increased elegance of the plates, and the superior quality of the paper, we have rendered our publication more pleasing to the eye of Taste:—by avoiding to leave such blank spaces, as were heretofore, in some instances, allowed to occupy too great a portion of our pages, we have created room for the introduction of more matter:—by abridging the monthly continuations of long pieces, we have opened a door for the

ADVERTISEMENT.

admission of a greater number of subjects:—by our own exertions, and the aid of literary friends, whom we have engaged to enrich our pages with their occasional contributions, we are enabled to give greater variety, both of original and selected pieces:—and, though our projected arrangements are not yet all complete, nor the present Number so far improved as we intend its successors to be, we trust, nevertheless, that even those partial improvements will for the present be deemed sufficient, not only to secure to us a permanent enjoyment of that liberal patronage which we have so long experienced, but also to produce a material addition to the list of our subscribers.

To our numerous volunteer correspondents, known and unknown, we return our cordial thanks for their valuable communications—at the same time requesting that they may honor us with a continuance of their favors—and observing, that not only finished essays will be acceptable, but also (where the writer has not leisure or inclination to pen a regular essay) short, rough memorandums, calculated to furnish us with materials for essays on any subjects—morality, domestic economy, education, polite arts, &c. &c.—which may deserve the attention of the fair reader.

To any lady, who, by reflexion or experiment, is enabled to impart useful information of any kind, it can hardly be necessary to observe, that she will perform a philanthropic and meritorious deed in communicating her ideas to the public, and thus contributing to the well-being of her fellow members of society, who may in fact be said to have a moral claim on her for such information, as a kind of debt which she owes to society—a duty, that gratitude calls on her to discharge, in return for the numerous comforts and conveniences for which she is herself indebted to the discoveries and communications of other people.

In addition to such communications, if any patentee, or other individual, author of a *recent* discovery or invention peculiarly interesting to the fair sex, will transmit to us a clear and concise account of the particulars, we will with great pleasure give it a place in our pages; and, from the very extensive circulation of our Magazine, the inventor will undoubtedly find his account in availing himself of this offer.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



LORD WELLINGTON

*from a portrait by Pelley,
 lately painted at Lisbon*

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1811.



Biographic Sketch
of the R. Hon. Arthur Wellesley,
VISCOUNT WELLINGTON.

(With an accurate likeness, by
HEATH, from an engraving lately
published at Lisbon by BAR-
TOLOZZI.)

THE noble general, whose portrait embellishes our present number—and on whom the eyes of all Europe are now fixed in anxious expectation of the result of that momentous struggle which is still bravely maintained by expiring liberty against all-grasping ambition and tyranny—is a native of Ireland—that mother of hardy warriors, whose sons—in spite of every oppression and depression under which they have labored, and such as would have sunk other nations, of less fortitude and resolution, to the lowest depth of abject despondency and slavish apathy*—have unceasingly fos-

tered, and still retain
guished, the martial flame which formerly glowed in the bosoms of their warlike ancestors.—He is the third son of the late earl of Mornington, and brother to the present earl, now Marquis Wellesley, and was born, May 1, 1769, at Dangan, the family seat of the Wellesleys, in the county of Meath.

He received part of his education at Eton school: but, being intended for the army, he was removed from that seminary at an early age, and sent to France, to receive the necessary instruction in the military academy at Angers; where he studied such branches of the martial science as were there taught, with an attention and success which have been conspicuously evinced by his subsequent conduct in the course of his military career.

About the year 1788, he was appointed to an ensigncy; and from this rank he progressively rose to that of lieutenant-

* Sir Jonah Barrington, in his truly valuable *Anecdotes of the Union*, well observes, that “the cowardly crime of suicide, which prevailed and prevails so extensively throughout England, was almost unknown among the Irish gentry. Circumstances, which would plunge an Englishman into a state of mortal despondency, would only rouse the energies of an Irishman to bound over his misfortunes:—under every pressure, in every station, and in every climate, a lightness of heart and openness of disposition distinguishes him from the inhabitants of every other country.” (p. 83.)—The propriety, and even the necessity, of this quo-

tation, and of the remark above on Irish character, will not fail to strike the reader in the sequel of this narrative. Without due attention to the cause, a more cool-blooded phlegmatic person would either disbelieve, as fabulous, those deeds of superlatively daring valor which are recorded in the subsequent pages, or consider them as acts of blind desperation, instead of more justly viewing them as natural ebullitions of the general national character more signally concentrated in the individual.—See Sir Jonah's masterly and interesting picture of the Irish, which we intend to give in our next Number.

Colonel, in which grade he first attracted public notice.

Hitherto he had enjoyed no opportunity of displaying those martial talents, which have since gained him the admiration and applause of every competent judge in military affairs; nor did any opening present itself, until the period of the disastrous expedition to Holland; in 1794. On that unfortunate occasion, though he did not gain the meed of successful valor, he obtained universal praise for skill and judgement in the well-conducted retreat of a brigade under his command.

In 1797—about a year previous to his brother's appointment, as governor general of Bengal—Colonel Wellesley went out to India, where fate had prepared an ample field for the exertion of his abilities; and hardly was he arrived in the destined land, when, to his great satisfaction, he was called forth into active service.

The governor and council—having discovered the secret and dangerous machinations of Tippoo in concert with the French emissaries whose clandestine treachery was laboring to sap and overthrow the British power in India—sent against him an army under the conduct of general Harris, who appointed Col. Wellesley to the command of the auxiliary host of native troops furnished by the Nizam.

The success of this expedition to the Mysore country being too generally known to require notice here, it will be sufficient to observe, that, at the storming of Seringapatam, Col. Wellesley displayed such striking traits of zeal and courage, as deservedly gained for him the public thanks of the commander in chief.

After the capture of Seringapatam, he was appointed to two military commissions, in which he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his employers; and his next step of advancement was a nomination to the government of Seringapatam—an office, which required consummate skill and prudence in regulating the affairs of a newly-conquered country, where the ruler's attention must, with nice and accurate discrimination, be judiciously divided between the rooted prejudices and inveterate habits of the vanquished on the one hand, and the safety and interest of the victors on the other. Arduous, however, as was the task imposed upon him, he discharged his trust in such manner as to gain universal approbation.

After this, in the year 1800, he was sent on an expedition against a predatory horde of invaders, who, under the command of a barbarian chief named Dhondia Waugh, had made an irruption into the territories under the British jurisdiction. In this service he again signalled his prowess, as well as his admirable presence of mind, and promptitude of decision. Though provided with a very inferior force of cavalry, and wholly unsupported by his infantry, whom he had left at a distance behind in his rapid pursuit of a discomfited and fleeing enemy—yet, on that enemy's suddenly rallying to attack him with far superior numbers, he did not for a moment hesitate; but, instantly placing himself at the head of his little troop, he, with the characteristic impetuosity of an Irish warrior, gallantly charged the foe, and a second time completely defeated them, with the

Biography of Lord Wellington:

loss of their chief, who fell in the conflict.—For this brilliant achievement, he was again honored with public thanks, not only from the commander-in-chief, but also from the governor and council; and he was promoted to the rank of major-general.

A Mahratta war opened the next scene for the exhibition of his talents; that nation having, under the command of Holkar and Scindia, commenced hostilities against the British power. To quell them, an expedition was undertaken; and the conduct of it being committed to General Stuart, he detached Gen. Wellesley, with a body of 40,000 men, to save the town of Poona from the fury of those lawless freebooters. On this occasion, Gen. Wellesley gave a striking proof both of judgement and courage, in ridding himself of the cumbersome accompaniment of 28,000 auxiliaries, and boldly rushing forward with a force of only 12,000 expedite men, on a service which required, not only personal bravery, but the utmost possible celerity. The event proved correspondent to his well-grounded expectations: he most critically arrived just in time to accomplish the object of his mission—the salvation of Poona—having marched sixty miles in thirty-two hours.

Subsequently to this gallant and successful achievement, he distinguished himself in various other actions—exhibiting, in every instance, fresh proofs of his characteristic confidence in skill, courage, and promptitude, against even the most alarming superiority of numbers—and never hesitating to engage in the most dangerous enterprises at the head of a small but determined band, on

whose fidelity and resolution he knew he could rely.

At the battle of Assaye, in particular, his character shone eminently conspicuous. Without consenting to lose a single moment in waiting for reinforcements that were hourly expected, he marched forth undaunted, at the head of only 2,000 European troops and 8,000 natives, to attack Scindia's army, consisting of above 40,000 men, judiciously encamped in a strong position, furnished with nearly 200 pieces of artillery, and provided with able French officers and engineers; while *his* little train of artillery was wholly unserviceable, as it could not be brought into effective action.

Under such an awful disparity of numbers and advantages, a man of ordinary courage would have trembled at the prospect of inevitable destruction, and been glad to escape from it by a hasty retreat: but Wellesley, whose courage was not of the ordinary kind, abandoned his useless artillery, and boldly rushed on to close combat, with a confident anticipation of certain victory. Nor did the event belie his prophetic sagacity:—after various turns of fortune during the course of that eventful day, in which he was repeatedly exposed to the most imminent personal danger, and had a horse shot under him, he at length saw his labors gloriously crowned with success; he defeated the enemy with prodigious slaughter, and drove the scattered survivors to seek disgraceful safety in precipitate flight.

Not loitering, like Hannibal of old, to enjoy the empty pleasure of victory, and lose its solid advantages by waste of precious

time, he determined vigorously to prosecute the war without remission or delay. Accordingly, he pushed on in rapid pursuit of the Rajah of Berar, overtook him at Agram after an incessant chase of nearly a month, immediately attacked him, and added a fresh laurel to that, which he had recently won in the memorable action of Assaye.

After this, he undertook the reduction of a strong fortress, which, from the lofty summit of a frowning hill, seemed to bid defiance to all assailants. But, to skill and resolution like his, it could not oppose sufficient obstacles: in two days from the opening of his batteries, the British banners were seen waving on its ramparts.

Thus, by the un-exampled celerity of his marches, and the almost miraculous success of every enterprise in which he engaged, he so terrified his adversaries, that, first, the Rajah of Berar, and afterwards Scindia, in utter despair of being able to withstand such an opponent, sued to him for terms of peace. In both cases, he was as prompt in concluding treaties, as he had been expeditious in gaining victories; and, thus putting a happy termination to a formidable war, he gloriously closed his martial career in India.

For these brilliant services, he was deservedly honored by the inhabitants of Calcutta with the magnificent present of a sword of one thousand pounds' value—by both houses of the British parliament, with votes of thanks—and, by his Majesty, with the dignity of knighthood in the order of the Bath.

Grateful, however, as such ho-

norable testimonials must have proved to a generous mind like his, he acquired, by his services in India, something more substantial than barren honors, and a gorgeous sword; of which kind of present it may, in-general, be truly said, that it is, after all, but a useless, though flattering, bauble, in the possession of a man of spirit, who, so long as he has one morsel of bread to eat; would disdain to barter the glorious meed for sordid pelf. In a word, Gen. Wellesley gained, by his services in the east, an increase of wealth, which, though not *Asiatically* great (if the reader will excuse the term), may nevertheless be deemed an important accession to the finances of a younger brother, whether adequate, or not, to his real deserts. And, to his honor, be it mentioned, that, for this melioration of his fortune, he is indebted, not to unlicensed military rapine, or to civil extortion or clandestine speculation, but to his fair and legal portion of well-earned prize-money, and a donation of 5,000 pounds from the India Company, for his eminent services as commissioner in Mysore—the aggregate produce of the whole amounting to about 50,000 pounds. He might unblamably have amassed a much larger property, had he been less disinterested, and only disposed to avail himself of the authorised emoluments of his various commands and appointments: those advantages, however, he voluntarily chose to forego—receiving the profits, not for his own benefit, but for that of the Company, into whose treasury he faithfully paid them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Ladies' Clothes on Fire.

W. King, Esq. (Post-office, Bath) wishes us to communicate to our fair-readers a mode, pointed out by him, in which a lady, whose clothes have caught fire, may make her own garments serve to smother and extinguish the flame. The plan is simple and easy, and might, in some cases, produce the desired effect; though we do not think that it would in all—particularly where the head-dress happened to take fire.

But, however that may be, we apprehend that our fair readers would not be very well pleased at our meddling with their garments in the manner that Mr. King proposes: wherefore we decline entering into particulars, and leave to each lady to discover, by her own ingenuity, how she may, in case of emergency, successfully apply any part of her dress to the salutary purpose in question.

Meantime we would observe, that another mode, which has been repeatedly recommended, appears to us much more effectual, viz. that the lady should instantly wrap herself up in a carpet, counterpane, or blanket.

But, as the accident may happen in the 'drawing-room or parlour, where neither counterpane nor blanket is at hand, and the carpet, even if not nailed down to the floor, is at least encumbered with chairs and tables, we would recommend that every lady should provide herself with a *cloak* for the express and sole purpose of extinguishing fire in her clothes. This cloak should be made of strong woollen cloth—amply large, to double round her—sufficiently long to trail the floor, so as to exclude all air from beneath—and

furnished with a deep hood, which might be pulled down completely over the face, and pressed close upon the bosom.

With such a cloak as this at hand, ready to wrap round her in an instant, a lady would never have occasion to dread any injury from fire catching her clothes: and indeed, if ladies will seriously reflect on the very great number of calamitous accidents which have been caused by fire catching the feminine dress, since the general use of inflammable muslins has superseded the safer silks of past days—and if they duly consider the great and certain utility of such cloaks as are here recommended—we hope, that, within a few years, a *fire-cloak* will be seen in every parlour and 'drawing-room in the kingdom, and deemed as necessary an article of its furniture, as the hearth-rug, the fire-screen, or the fender.—Let the ~~un~~ be once given by one or two ladies who stand conspicuous in the circle of fashion; and the salutary example, we trust, will be soon and universally followed.

Choice of SALT for Economic Purposes.

(From a Paper by Dr. Henry, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, for the year 1810.)

If I were to hazard an opinion on a subject about which there must still be some uncertainty, it would be, that the differences of *chemical composition*, discovered by the preceding train of experiments in the several varieties of culinary salt, are scarcely sufficient to account for those properties, which are imputed to them

10 Choice of Salt.—Adulterated Vinegar and Wine.

on the ground of experience. The *stoved* and *fishery* salt, for example, though differing in a very trivial degree as to the kind or proportion of their ingredients, are adapted to widely different uses. Thus the large-grained salt is peculiarly fitted for the packing of fish and other provisions—a purpose to which the small-grained salts are much less suitable. Their different powers, then, of preserving food must depend on some mechanical property; and the only obvious one is the magnitude of the crystals, and their degree of compactness and hardness. Quickness of solution, it is well known, is pretty nearly proportional, all other circumstances being equal, to the quantity of surface exposed. And, since the surfaces of cubes are as the squares of their sides, it should follow that a salt, whose crystals are of a given magnitude, will dissolve four times more slowly than one whose cubes have only half the size.

That kind of salt, then, which possesses most eminently the combined properties of hardness, compactness, and perfection of crystals, will be best adapted to the purpose of packing fish and other provisions, because it will remain permanently between the different layers, or will be very gradually dissolved by the fluids that exude from the provisions; thus furnishing a slow, but constant, supply of saturated brine. On the other hand, for the purpose of preparing the pickle, or of *striking* the meat, which is done by immersion in a saturated solution of salt, the smaller-grained varieties answer equally well; or, on account of their greater solubility, even better.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

Thinking that the following caution respecting *adulterated vinegar, white wine, &c.* would be acceptable to your fair readers, I send it for insertion in your widely circulating miscellany.

Vinegar is often adulterated with *vitriol*; and, thus adulterated, it spoils any pickles attempted to be made with it; and, what is a much more serious mischief than the loss of a jar of pickles, it is destructive to the teeth, and injurious to the health.

To ascertain whether vinegar has suffered this fraudulent admixture, put a little of it into a wine-glass; and, having dissolved in water a small quantity of sugar of lead, pour a few drops of the clear solution into the glass. If the vinegar be adulterated with vitriol, it will assume a milky appearance; if un-adulterated, it will retain its original clearness and transparency.

And—agreeably to the old maxim of “*setting a thief to catch a thief*”—as the sugar of lead detects the fraud practised with vitriol, so will the vitriol, in turn, detect a very dangerous fraud, practised with sugar of lead, which *poisonous* ingredient is sometimes put into white wines, &c. to restore them, when they have begun to turn sour*.

To prove whether wine has been thus adulterated, pour into a small quantity of it a few drops of weak

*It is worthy of remark, that the ancient Romans, although un-acquainted with this chemical preparation of lead, were well acquainted with the power of lead itself to correct acidity; for Pliny the Naturalist mentions that turned wines were cured by boiling in leaden cauldrons.

vitriolic acid—that is to say, oil of vitriol diluted with from ten to twenty times its quantity of water, or even more; upon which addition, the wine will lose its transparency, if it contain sugar of lead; whereas, if pure, it will remain clear.

Before I conclude, it may be proper to apprise your fair readers, that oil of vitriol, even with twenty times its quantity of water, is still capable of corroding linen, &c. and must therefore be cautiously handled. Another caution, of still greater importance, regards the mixture of the vitriol with the water. If they be suddenly put together, (particularly in a close-mouthed vessel) the vitriol will violently fly about in every direction, and to a considerable distance, burning holes in tables, chairs, carpets, &c. To mix them with safety, first put the water into an open vessel, as a basin or mug; then slowly and gradually pour in the vitriol in small quantities; after which, the operator will witness the curious phenomenon of two cold liquids producing heat by their union; as vitriol, with eight or ten times its quantity of water, will, within a short space, render the vessel too hot for the hand to bear.

December 18. C. C. A.

ALFRED and FANNY.
(*Concluded from Vol. XL. p. 559.*)

FANNY, sinking with affright at the rough treatment shown to her adored husband, attempted to fall at the angry parent's feet: but, with savage ferocity, Lord St. Albans spurned from him the kneeling suppliant, and left her senseless on the rocky floor. Returning sense only brought fresh

anguish to the bleeding heart of the hapless Fanny. Severed from the idol of her soul, she felt that she never could survive his loss; with trembling steps she returned to the cottage of her mother, to whom, in grief-fraught accents, she confessed her marriage, and the treatment she had received.

With sympathising tears, her tender parent heard the recital of her weeping child, and, fondly pressing her to her maternal bosom, freely granted the pardon which she asked. Cheered by so kind a forgiveness, Fanny in vain endeavoured to compose her wounded feelings: but the loss of Alfred weighed heavy on her heart; and happiness was fled for ever.

The next morning brought lord St. Albans, who, authoritatively entering the cottage, demanded to see Fanny. The tender mother, fearing that the interview would agitate the broken spirits of her daughter, would have denied her: but Fanny, hearing the demand, and remembering his voice, presented herself before him, and, with a dignity which conscious virtue alone can bestow, entreated to know his pleasure.

Lord St. Albans shrunk back, as he viewed the graceful figure which he had the day before spurned from him with so much contempt. Instead of the terrified blushing girl he expected to have seen, he beheld one, who, supported by innocence and virtue, felt not humbled before his imaginary greatness. Smoothing his ruffled brow, he condescended to lead her to a seat, and began to explain to her, how necessary for his son's future good it was, that his marriage with her should be dissolved. Seeing her affection for her adored Alfred, he formed

his artful plan on that, and so gained on the artless mind of the unsuspecting Fanny, that she imagined it necessary to the happiness of him who was dearer to her than any thing on earth, that she should renounce him, though her sinking heart told her that he would be lost to her for ever.

The artful nobleman represented to her, that, when arrived in England, no one would condescend to associate with one so lowly born: in the strongest colors he pictured to her the insults she was liable to receive: yet even those would scarcely have had sufficient influence, had not lord St. Albans represented to her, that Alfred, after a time, would look with contempt on her, who had been the means of his degradation from society, and that reproach and ill humour would supply the place of tenderness and love.

Long would Fanny have held out against his insidious persuasions, had not this last argument effectually put an end to her scruples. To lose the love of Alfred! to be the cause of his future misery! she could not bear the thought: and her trembling hand, guided by lord St. Albans, signed a fatal paper, wherein she renounced him for ever.

Scarcely was the deed accomplished, ere Alfred in an agony of despair rushed into the apartment, hoping, yet dreading to come too late. He *was* too late, and Fanny was no longer his. Almost unknowing what she had done, and seeing the agony of her husband, Fanny's brain felt bewildered. The medley of passions which agitated her bosom, overcame the senses of the unfortunate girl; and she sunk lifeless in the arms of Alfred. Clasp-

her to his bosom, he knelt with her before his obdurate father, who, with malicious pleasure, was reading the fatal paper, but, turning to his son, ordered him to put down the girl, and retire with him immediately.

Roused by this inhuman conduct, Alfred sprang from the ground with his inanimate burden, and, resisting the commands of his father, conveyed her up stairs. Lord St. Albans, enraged at his disobedience, summoned two of his footmen, who forced the distracted youth from the arms of his beloved: but Fanny knew it not! convulsions had seized her fragile form; in a strong paroxysm of which, her spirit fled for ever.

Ere the evening, nought remained of the loveliest flower in the valley, but a cold disfigured corse! Kneeling by the breathless body of her child, the despairing mother imprecated the bitterest curses on the head of her destroyer.

Too soon did Alfred hear the dismal tale! Determined not to survive his first and only love, the rash youth snatched a pistol from the belt of his servant, and, ere he could be prevented, discharged the contents through his own head.

Lord St. Albans arrived just in time to catch the bleeding body of his only son in his arms—a victim to his merciless cruelty and ambition.—Horror-struck at this dreadful catastrophe, the too late repenting father would have put an end to his own life, had he not been prevented by his domestics, who tore him from the bloody scene.

At the right hand of the chapel in the valley, where the primrose

and the violet rear their peeping heads at each return of spring, may be seen the grave of Alfred and his Fanny. Though separated by him during their short and hapless life, Lord St. Albans resolved to unite them in the tomb, where no obdurate father can ever part them more.

Hapless, ill-fated lovers ! a day will come when you will plead at the judgement-seat of mercy for a repentant parent, whom sorrow and remorse will soon bring to join you in the grave, and whose aged heart is wrung with the bitterest anguish, when he beholds the resting-place of murdered innocence.

Curious Custom at Paramaribo.
(From Von Suck's "*Voyage to Surinam*.")

A curious custom prevails here among the free colored women, who will sometimes challenge one another, when they are offended, before a tribunal of their own sex. They appoint a day, and fix a place, which is in general a handsome garden, where a large tent is erected, and in the evening is well lighted up. The lady who first gave the challenge, is seated in the principal part of the tent, surrounded by her own slaves, and those of her friends, finely dressed. A circus of chairs is placed for the visitors. The lady (or to whom she gives the commission) sings a line containing part of her complaint, or some reflexion upon her antagonist ; and this is repeated in a chorus by the attending female slaves, and followed by other lines until it becomes a complete song, between the different parts of which there is a dance ;

and the negro females accompany the movements and mark the time with fruit-shells strung on a string like beads. This method of treating the dispute gives, at least, to the adversary, a fair opportunity of knowing what is spoken of her, and, of course, enables her to answer it. The next week she invites the company, when it becomes her turn to expose the character of her antagonist ; and this kind of alternate contention is sometimes carried on for several weeks, during which they are visited by some of the principal inhabitants, as the scene affords considerable entertainment. Sometimes, indeed, these females of color will challenge a friend, in a frolic to arrange such parties against one another ; and a great deal of humour is then displayed, in which even the visitors are often not spared ; but, to prevent any disorder at such numerous meetings, some of the police officers are always in attendance.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
Sir,

On glancing my eye over "*the Origin of reading Sermons*" in the late Supplement to your Magazine (page 613), I was quite surprised that neither Onesimus, nor any of the authorities quoted by him, had traced the practice further back than "the disorders of the times preceding the restoration of our monarchy." It may be traced to a higher and much more respectable source than the "disorders of the times," viz. to the printed sermons—the book of "*Homilies*"—promulgated by Edward the Sixth, and by him

ordered to be read in churches, for the wise and twofold purpose of guarding against the incapacity of some pastors, and the disinclination of others, to preach agreeably to the doctrines of the Reformation. These views were equally entertained by Queen Elizabeth, as we find them very clearly expressed in the preface prefixed to the book by her order, when it was republished under her authority in 1562. The words are—

“Considering.....how that all they which are appointed ministers, have not the gift of preaching sufficiently to instruct the people which is committed unto them”“willing also.....to expel and drive away.....erroneous and poisoned doctrines, tending to superstition and idolatry”.....

Jan. 5. Yours, &c. D. W. D.

SAPPHO ; an historic Romance.

(To be accompanied, in a future Number, with an illustrative Plate, now in the hands of an eminent artist.)

SAPPHO, the daughter of Scamandronymus and Cleis, was born at Mitylenè, in the island of Lesbos. Her complexion was dark ; her features were regular, and the general expression of her countenance was pleasing; but her eyes beamed with all the radiance of the most exalted feeling and every energy of the soul.

In the midst of her childish sports, she would contemplate with premature curiosity the statues of young heroes: she loved to witness the combats of wrestlers and pugilists; and it was with difficulty that she could be prevailed on to quit the arena, during those exhibitions of skill-

ful dexterity and manly prowess. — As she advanced in years, her days were consumed in reading, or, rather, in devouring, the amatory descriptions of the Grecian poets: her breast heaved in sympathetic unison with her feelings; and night retraced, in animated visions, the ideal images of her constant studies.

From her childhood she acknowledged the empire of the mother of love, to whose relentless tyranny she was doomed the miserable victim; but the moment had not yet arrived, when her tender heart would be pierced by the most envenomed shaft that ever was discharged from the bow of Cupid. Meantime, her days glided on in tranquil security: the tears she shed were the genuine expression of sensibility for the misfortunes of others; she only knew the seductive influence of poetry and eloquence; she could not foresee that her own misfortunes would be a source of tears to the compassionate, and that she was to suffer all the torments of an unfortunate passion. Alas! she was never to know the endearments of mutual and virtuous affection, but was condemned to drain, even to the last drop, the bitter cup of human misery.

There lived at Mitylenè a young man, called Phaon, the owner of several vessels: he had completed his fourth lustre, but was not to be distinguished from other young men of the same age, by any remarkable qualities, either of person or figure. He had lately sailed to Chios, and, having finished his commerce there, only waited a favorable wind to return to Mitylenè.

The sea was perfectly still, and presented the extended surface of

Sappho ; an historic Romance.

an azure mirror, where the horizon of an unclouded sky was clearly reflected in majestic beauty. The sails hung loosely from the yards: the sailors sought in vain to discover on the surface of the waters some slight motion, or in the distance some dark cloud equally indicative of the approach of the winds: but their hopes vanish almost as soon as they receive existence. If, for a moment, the gentle breezes swelled the extended sails, they cherished the illusion with shouts of tumultuous joy, and eagerly ran to the prow to raise the anchor: but alas! the deceitful and capricious Zephyr was no more; and the immense expanse of the sea, in calm repose, presented the stillness and silence of the desert.

Wearied and exhausted with constant watching, the dispirited crew at length lay stretched asleep under the shadow of the sails. Phaon wandered on the shore in anxious expectation: but, feeling the heat oppressive, he sought a retreat from the sun's burning rays in the shade of a deep grotto near the beach; and, either to dispel reflexion, or in the hope of obtaining a favorable wind, he sang the invocation to Neptune and Thetis.

Suddenly, like a mist which exhales from the bosom of the deep, a female form of celestial beauty stood before him. He had neither heard the sound of her footsteps nor the rustling of her robe on her entrance into the grotto. After a short pause of motionless astonishment at this unexpected vision—recovering from his ecstasy, he examined with attention and surprise the charming object before him. "Lovely female!" he exclaimed, "what are your wishes?"

and immediately rising, he added, "deign to enter this grotto, that such exquisite beauty may not be injured by the scorching rays of the sun."—"With pleasure," she replied; and, bending forward with an air of ineffable grace and dignity, she said, "Phaon!"—"How!" cried Phaon interrupting her—"where have you heard my name? Phaon is a sailor, an obscure inhabitant of Lesbos:—how can such lovely lips pronounce the name of Phaon?"—"Your name," replied the stranger, "will hereafter be celebrated in history: at present, be content with knowing my wishes. You must, without delay, direct your course to Cyprus: if you have any other design, instantly renounce it."—"And how can I obey your orders?" said Phaon: "the sea is still as crystal; and Æolus has chained the Zephyrs in their cells: rather, ah! rather remain in this grotto. How can you expose such delicate charms to the dangers of the tempest? How will you behold without trembling the numberless rocks scattered over the surface of the deep? Dare you venture alone on this long and dangerous voyage?"

Phaon was anxious to remain in the grotto, rather than brave the deceitful waves and the tempests. He now wished the winds for ever enchained, that he might not be obliged to raise the anchor; so much did the un-expected pleasure of his present situation exceed the ardor of his former desires. The invocation which he had offered to the gods, he would willingly have addressed to this more pleasing object of adoration: but she replied, "I am accustomed to traverse the azure empire under the dominion of Neptune: my

presence is necessary at Cyprus: you condemn the silence of the winds; but the cause of your displeasure is no more. The Zephyrs breathe, to waft us to the island." — She immediately quitted the grotto; and Phaon, bewildered in mute amazement, followed her steps, waiting her orders with the most submissive attention.

She now took a handful of sand, and threw it into the air: though the sea appeared perfectly still, and the leaves of the ivy which hung suspended at the entrance of the grotto, were without motion; yet, the sand, impelled by an impetuous blast, formed a long train in the direction of Cyprus. "Is the wind fair now?" — "Yet," answered Phaon, "less with the intention of reply, than to delay her departure, "the sails of the vessel are not filled."

He had scarcely uttered these words, when he perceived the sails expanded by the impulse of the blast: the sailors already felt the enlivening breeze, and beckoned Phaon to hasten on board.

He could now urge no further motive for delay: he therefore advanced towards the shore, leading the unknown female, and, placing her in the boat, rowed back to the vessel.

The surprise of the sailors was extreme at this novel apparition; and their occupations were interrupted, to gaze on her heavenly charms: but the presence of Phaon commanded their respect; and they durst not give utterance to their curiosity. They were ignorant whether she followed him voluntarily, or was a slave, whom he had purchased on a former voyage. — Phaon soon dispelled their doubts, by placing her in the seat of honor at the stern, and imme-

diately gave the signal to raise the anchor.

The surface of the waves was ruffled by the most gentle gales: the pilot harmoniously sang the ancient hymn of the Argonauts, and directed his peaceful course towards the shores of Cyprus. The sun gradually descends into the bosom of the deep, and darkness insensibly succeeds to the last rays of light: the same gentle Zephyrs waft them on their voyage with unabated constancy. The sailors fondly anticipate a favorable navigation, and resign themselves to the all-powerful god of sleep; with the exception of the pilot, and those who have the care and direction of the sails.

The profound darkness of the night concealed from Phaon the lovely face of the stranger; and he no longer beholds the lustre of those eyes, which prevented his own from closing. The same influence which overpowered the wearied sailors, now takes possession of Phaon; and the vessel glides lightly on the surface of the waves, driven by the gentle influence of the most propitious gales.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

Pleased as I am with your correspondent Henry's very useful "*Hints on Night-lights*" in your Magazine for December, I beg leave to add one short remark to his observations on the *night-lamp*. — Several families, within the circle of my acquaintance, keep one of these lamps burning all night in every chamber of the house. Now, in any family of this description, if, through the carelessness or ignorance of servants, it

should often happen that the lamps smoked and produced soot in the manner noticed by Henry, the soot would be well worth the trouble of collection and preservation. It is the very best species of *lamp-black*, and worth (as I am credibly informed) a guinea a pound, as a color for painting or copper-plate printing.

Yours, &c. C. K.

P. S. In confirmation of Henry's assertion respecting houses set on fire by rats, let me add, that a lady of my acquaintance, on whose word I can implicitly rely, has assured me, that, one night, on suddenly awaking from her sleep, she saw her lighted candle lying on the floor, at a distance from the table upon which she had placed it on retiring to rest—the candlestick still remaining in its station on the table, and her bed-chamber door having been all the while locked and bolted on the inside.—The candle had, no doubt, been carried off by a rat: and the creature, being alarmed by the noise of her motion in awaking, and of her drawing the curtain to look out, immediately sought safety in flight, leaving the candle behind him in his hasty retreat.—Had she not thus providentially awaked at that critical moment, the house might have been burned to the ground.

Account of SHEERAZ, and Traits of PERSIAN Character.*

(From E. Scott Waring's "Tour to Sheeraz.")

SHEERAZ, I am apt to believe,

* Otherwise written *Schiraz*, and *Schiraz*.

will disappoint those who have imagined it a populous and noble city. "It is worth seeing, but not worth going to see." The town is by no means so large as is reported; it is surrounded by a wall, tenable against cavalry, and has six gate-ways. Many of the streets are so narrow, that an ass loaded with wood stops your way if you are on horseback (I speak from experience); and the houses are generally mean and dirty. But we now see Sheeraz to great disadvantage; A Moohummud, the late king, having destroyed an excellent stone wall, with very strong bastions, which was deemed by the Persians almost impregnable, and several of the best houses in the place. In his time it was surrounded by a broad and deep ditch, which he filled up on destroying the fort.

Notwithstanding the concurring praises of every Persian author, I very much doubt whether Sheeraz ever merited the extravagant commendations which have been lavished on it. It is impossible for us to say, that the descriptions given of it by Sadee and Hafiz may not be exactly true; but we may reasonably suspect them of a strong prejudice in favor of their native city, and of enthusiasm, the usual characteristic of a good poet.

I should suppose the town to be about five miles in circumference; it took me a little more than an hour to walk my horse round it. They have here a glass-house and a foundry, both worth seeing. The Vakeel's Bazar is a most noble work; it is built of brick, arched and covered in like Exeter 'Change. It probably extends half a mile, and is, I should suppose, fifty feet wide. It has a

18 *Account of Sheeraz, and Traits of Persian Character.*

grand appearance at night, when it is lighted up; and, as every trade has a separate quarter, you know where to resort to for what you may require. This custom (common all over the East), of keeping persons of two trades separate from each other, is attended with much inconvenience in large and populous cities, where you may be obliged to send a considerable distance for the most trifling article. Many of the other markets are very handsome, but none so magnificent as the Vakeel's.

The houses inhabited by persons of rank in Persia are built with some degree of taste and convenience. The entrance to them is very bad; instead of finding a broad and handsome gate-way, you probably have to creep through a small door not five feet high. Their houses are surrounded by a high wall, so that their view is terminated by the extent of their ground, which is not, however, to be regretted in a city. On passing the door, through a narrow passage, you enter a spacious court-yard, at the top of which, and opposite the Deewan Khanu, is a jet d'eau; and in the middle, and sometimes on both sides, are Dureeachus, canals which play like fountains.

The Deewan Khanu is a very large room: the floor is covered with a rich carpet, and handsome Numuds (felts); and the sash-windows, which take up one entire side of the room, are glazed with small pieces of stained glass, which form representations of the sun and stars.

If the Deewan Khanu is large, there are usually two fire-places, ornamented with paintings or plate glass. On each side of this room there is a small one, but which

does not appear to be ever used. It is impossible to form any notion of the extent of their buildings, as their private and sleeping apartments are concealed from the sight of man. The stair-cases in Persia are broad and handsome, and by no means like those in India, where you are obliged to grope your way up a dark and narrow flight of steps to the most magnificent apartments. Their houses are terraced, for the purpose of sleeping on in the warm weather; a practice invariably observed by the Persians during the summer months. This is thought to be very prejudicial to health: I followed their example, and, although the dews (particularly at Bushire) are very heavy, I did not suffer in the least from them.

The houses in Sheeraz are built of brick; but, as the mortar they use is exceeding bad, they are obliged to cover the face of the building with plaster of mud, chopped straw, and cow-dung. The appearance which this gives, often makes you suspect that the building is only of mud.

The baths in Persia are very magnificent; and you are admitted to the convenience of them for a trifling sum. They are in common use by every description of persons, and often afford a large fund of merriment to the unmarried persons who frequent them. The baths are open to the women as well as the men; five days are allotted to the latter, and only two to the former.

The first room you enter is the place where you undress, smoke, talk, and hear the news of the day. The next room is the bath, the floor of which is marble stone, &c. which is heated by means of the flues, which commu-

nicate with the fire that boils the water. The operation of bathing takes up nearly an hour, and dyeing the beard, the hands, and feet, as long a time. All the Persians dye their beards black, although it is naturally of that color, to the great indignation and contempt of the Turks. The Persians, from a principle of cleanliness, either shave or burn away all the hair on their bodies. The composition they use for this purpose is a certain proportion of quick lime and orpiment (or Zarnich) mixed together. It is a very dangerous mixture; for, if you do not wash it away as the hair begins to fall, you are often burned in a most dreadful manner. The fragrant earth of roses (gile gool) is commonly used in Persian baths. As a number of persons are in the bath at one time, you pass part of your time in talking and smoking, and sometimes sleeping. The Persians delight in using the bath, and have saying that "No man should visit a foreign country, where there is not a magistrate, a physician, and a bath."

Although the Persians bathe so often (which is rather a luxurious enjoyment than an act of cleanliness,) they are a very dirty people. They very rarely change their garments, and seldom before it is dangerous to come near them. The Persian who accompanied me, slept in his clothes until we reached Kazroon, although it was the hottest season of the year; and, I believe, then was only induced to change his dress at my recommendation. It is thought nothing in Persia to wear a shirt a month, or a pair of trowsers half a year.

It must be confessed that the

Persians are pleasing and entertaining companions; but not the least reliance is to be placed on their words or most solemn protestations. You should always, therefore, be on your guard against their insidious offers; and, to be so, it is necessary to distrust all their declarations. The manners of the Persians are formed, in a great degree, on the principles of Lord Chesterfield: they conceive it their duty to please; and, to effect this, they forget all sentiments of honor and good faith. They are excellent companions, but detestable characters.

Philosophers have held it for a maxim, that the most notorious liar utters a hundred truths for every falsehood. This is not the case in Persia; they are unacquainted with the *beauty of truth*, and only think of it when it is likely to advance their interests. They involve themselves, like the spider, in a net of the flimsiest materials, but which neither offers commencement nor end to the eye of investigation.

It is inconceivable with what ease an army in Persia is collected. In times of anarchy and confusion, every man who can purchase arms is a soldier. They flock to the nearest standard of rebellion, and retire upon the approach of an enemy to their homes. They assemble to plunder, not to fight; and feel no compunction in deserting a chieftain who can no longer countenance their depredations. Many persons are reduced to the necessity of becoming soldiers: they have been plundered of their all, and therefore join the army in the hope of retrieving their losses. An army in Persia is nothing more than an immense band of robbers,

who are only held together by the expectation of plunder: success commands their services; they support no particular cause, but join the chief whose affairs appear the most prosperous. The only tie upon their fidelity is the possession of their wives and families, or the influence which their commanders may possess among them.

his more prudent and more fortunate neighbours, alluding to the cause of his calamity, used to say, "The wretched Actæon has been eaten up by his hounds;" which metaphorical expression, afterwards too literally interpreted, gave rise to the poetic fiction of his being metamorphosed into a stag by Diana, and really devoured by his canine companions.

(To be continued.)

Extracts from PALEPHATUS.
(Continued from Vol. XLI. p.557.)

Real History of ACTÆON.

ACTÆON was passionately addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and kept a very numerous pack of hounds, which he did not suffer to languish in idleness, but constantly exercised in pursuit of the game on the mountains of Arcadia, his native country—neglecting, for that favorite amusement, the necessary care of his household affairs. In Actæon's day, such neglect could not fail to be productive of most serious and disastrous consequences, as the Greeks of his time had neither slaves nor servants to relieve them from the toils of agriculture or other laborious works; but were obliged to depend entirely upon their own personal exertions for their subsistence, and saw superior industry alone rewarded with superior wealth.

Under such circumstances, Actæon, wholly occupied in the indulgence of his predominant passion, and inattentive to the means of providing for the wants of a future day, was naturally reduced to extreme indigence, and at last absolutely destitute of the necessities of life. When his affairs were come to this crisis,

Remarkable Instance of Maternal CRUELTY.

(From Hutton's "Trip to Coatham.")

IN our way from Northallerton to Stokesley, we pass by Busby Hall, where resided a widow lady, named Turner, who held the estate, which is large, in her own right. She had one daughter, whom she tortured for her amusement; instead of kindness, she bestowed pinches, and, instead of smiles, pricked her with pins.

The father of the present Sir Thomas Gascoigne, and several other baronets, would have offered her their hands; but the mother would not suffer it, for this cogent reason, that the daughter would have been a *Lady*, and she herself only *Mistress* Turner.

The young lady afterwards placed her affections upon a Dutch officer, of the name of Straubenzie, and married him (perhaps this occurred in the year 1745, when the Dutch came over.) The old lady was now so exasperated, that she would not see her daughter, forgetting that the daughter did not degrade herself to his rank, but elevated him to her own. The mother, however, could not be reconciled.

This union produced two sons. The prospect before the family

was poverty: not a ray of comfort could be seen. The mother had completely learned the arts of reproof and of punishment, but had never learned that of forgiveness. No doubt, peace was as much a stranger to her mind, as to her daughter's.* The wind cannot make a rough sea, without being rough itself. •

By the interposition of some friends, the children were introduced to their grandmother, who took them into favor, consented to keep them, and leave them the estate, on one *trifling* condition—that the children should swear never to see their mother, and she should swear never to see them. This the children *could* not do, and their mother *would* not. The refusal of the daughter ought to have pleaded her forgiveness, as it displayed the laudable tenderness of parental affection; but what can soften a rock?

The old woman, however, suffered the two boys to remain with her, and without gauding or tweaking them, till maternal fondness induced their mother, one Sunday morning, to steal a peep, out of a window in Stokesley, to see her sons go to church; which dreadful crime coming to the knowledge of the old lady, she discarded them for ever.

She then offered the reversion of her estate to a gentleman, who replied, "If you leave it to me, I will give it to Mr. Straubenzie." Thus he honorably cut himself off. She then offered it to several others, who declined it with thanks.

She then advertised it, not for sale, but for gift. At length a gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, accepted the offer upon her own terms. This gentle-

man, I am informed, had five or six brothers, and, for fear the property should, in future, revert to her own family, she entailed the estate upon every one of them and their heirs, according to priority.

Auxiety shortened the days of the daughter; and the heir at law keeps the house of torrection at Wakefield.

I apprehend, a parallel case cannot be found in the history of man; for the female breast is ever open to pity towards it's offspring. We read of harsh fathers; but where can be found such a mother?

I have not the pleasure of knowing any of the unfortunate descendents of this unworthy mother, but am told they bear a most respectable character.

Pity will find, and weep over this ill-treated family. It will create friends in their favor.

There is reason to conclude, the young lady had not one enemy, except that mother who ought to have been her firmest friend.

A mother is generally the greatest blessing to a daughter; but, in our present case, she proved the greatest curse. She knew her power, and resolved to show it, because she possessed it. She grasped the fatal bolt, and aimed destruction at her daughter with full effect.

A father has been known to wrong his children, by melting down a fortune in the bottle, or by dashing it to pieces upon a gaming-table, yet seldom out of revenge; still seldomer a mother.

Had the old lady been able to reason, she might fairly have concluded, that the persons to whom

she gave the estate, would de-
spise her for the gift.

Perhaps the mother, had she
power, would have consigned her
daughter to eternal punishment;
or why did she punish her here?
But, if it be true, as some divines
tell us, that future misery will
consist in self-tormentings; then,
if the mother had examined her
own heart, she might have found
the word *Hell* written within.

JEALOUSY.

(Continued from p. 613 of our last Supplement.)

MR. Patterson, who always
thought aloud, and whose thoughts
were always of the disagreeable
kind, exclaimed against cards, as
soon as he returned home—not
because he had lost, but be-
cause he had not won. He
broke out into a vehement Philip-
pic against women who cannot
live at home, and who frequent
gay circles at the hazard of their
virtue, which can be secure only
in retreat. Mr. Patterson, like too
many other husbands, was nig-
gardly in promoting pleasures for
his wife; and, what was still
worse, he would seldom let her
enjoy in peace those few which
he was obliged to allow her.
Thus circumstanced, poor Mrs.
Patterson could never accept an
invitation with a free good-will;
and, though moderate in her
wishes for scenes of amusement,
she always quitted them with the
utmost regret, not because of the
enjoyment which they afforded
her, but because of the reproaches
and ill-humour which she was cer-
tain to encounter upon her return
home.

On the evening, however, that
she had met Ruhlberg, the do-
mestic lecture of Mr. Patterson

failed of its usual effect. He in
vain addressed himself to Helmina
(for such was the Christian name
of Mrs. Patterson). Helmina, ac-
cording to custom, did not an-
swer one word: but, contrary to
custom, she betrayed no emotion
at what he said; and Mr. Patter-
son retired to his chamber, asto-
nished at not having been able
to make his wife shed tears.

Lovely Helmina! dost thou owe
to the consciousness of virtue
alone that immovable tranquillity
with which thou supportest
the unjust reproaches of thy hus-
band? No! for, absorbed in a
new world of ideas, thou dost not
even hear them. The recollection
of that blush, which Ruhlberg
must have remarked, incessantly
recalls his image to thy fancy.
Why didst thou blush at hearing
him describe the only woman
whom he had ever loved, and
hearing him lament her irrevoca-
ble engagement? He looked at
thee. He trembled: he sighed;
and his sigh breathed on thy
cheek: but wast thou indeed
within his heart? To the rash
young men who have hitherto
dared to talk to thee of love,
thou hast answered by severe and
chilling glances: yet the discourse
of Ruhlberg, though not directly
addressed to thee, entered thy
heart at once, and is still engraven
upon thy memory. . . . O lost Hel-
mina! chase these images from
thy fancy, or never, never more
hope to possess thy soul in peace!

As for Miss Patterson, the in-
stant she retired to her chamber,
she arranged, with the utmost
exactness, all things relative to
her marriage. Her fortune was
sufficient to satisfy the wishes even
of an interested man: but Ruhl-
berg could not be such: of that

she might be perfectly assured. Then, the fortune of her brother was most likely to centre in her; and she thought the whole world must commend her for raising so worthy a young man to the advantages of her alliance. "Had she not made sufficient sacrifices to the wishes of others? she might now be allowed to think a little of herself.—Should her husband take her from Sleswick, or should they settle in that town?"

This point was easily decided; for it is the duty of a woman to have no will of her own from the instant that she goes to the altar.—Then, her estate was let upon a lease of three years: when the lease should expire, it would be time enough to determine finally about her residence. But, for her jewels, they certainly must be new set: she was not perfectly decided as to the particular form of them: but, upon this, she might consult her female friends.—The only point which embarrassed her, was the extreme youth of Ruhlberg: she weighed this circumstance maturely, and concluded by blaming herself for raising difficulties so needlessly. In marriage, what woman can have every thing she wishes? If she insist on perfection, she stands a good chance of never marrying at all.—When Miss Patterson arrived at this conclusion, she had been for some minutes asleep: indeed, when her mind was occupied with the subject of marriage, it was not easy to mark the boundary between her reflexions and her dreams.

Ruhlberg anxiously awaited the hour when he might see the countess; and she also was impatient to converse with him, inasmuch that she sent to desire

him to breakfast with her in her dressing-room; and he gladly accepted her invitation. The conversation languished for some time. Ruhlberg, though he scarcely knew why, did not like to be the first to mention Mrs. Patterson; and the countess waited for him to begin on the subject. She recounted briefly the history of all the other ladies who had appeared at her house the day before, but said not one word concerning Helmina. This was a new motive for Ruhlberg to persevere in his silence.

Jealousy is a keen interpreter. The countess drew precisely the same conclusion from Ruhlberg's reserve, that he would have drawn, had he shown an eagerness to speak of Helmina. Conscious of her own motive for silence upon that subject, she felt that he who imitated her conduct, must have his motive also; and her powers of penetration became her torment. The count entered: Ruhlberg felt more at liberty; and, adroitly directing the conversation, he soon engaged him to speak of Helmina.

"She has made an unsuitable marriage," said Mulhausen: "but it is no new thing for children to suffer for the faults of their parents."

"There must have been some very powerful inducement," replied Ruhlberg, "to determine a young woman, who seems to have so reflecting a mind, to sacrifice her freedom in this manner."

"The worst of it is," rejoined the countess, "that the public, which cannot know the affairs of an individual, take the liberty of explaining every thing in their own method; and that method is far from indulgent."

"I do not much concern myself in the affairs of others," replied Mulhausen; "but, to be sure, I have heard a thousand and a thousand times, that Helmina's father gamed away his all; that Mr. Patterson won, not only the last remnant of his fortune (a pretty little estate, some miles off, upon the Flensburg road), but also engaged him in a considerable debt of honor. It was the possession of his fair daughter which liquidated this."

"Poor young creature!" said Ruhlberg, with a sigh.

"There may be a great deal of truth in all this," rejoined the countess; "and perhaps even that report, which gained so much credit here, was but a malicious rumor—I mean the report that Helmina dared not oppose her father's will in her marriage with Patterson, because he had discovered that silly attachment to the young music-master. That very man is now in Sleswick: he came here just after her marriage."

"I never heard a word about him till now," said the count.

"I am sure, the less that is said about him, the better," replied the countess. "I don't know how I came to mention that foolish report; for I believe not one word of it. Mrs. Patterson, it is true, appears very melancholy: and, in her situation, there may be many afflictions besides such as arise from an unhappy or a criminal passion."

Ruhlberg took no further part in the conversation. The idea that Helmina had engaged her affections was to him equally surprising and painful. He weighed the reasons for and against such an event:—from conviction,

he passed over to perfect incredulity; and he concluded by remaining in doubt:—such are the operations of a lover's mind.

While his thoughts were thus engaged, Mulhausen, by way of reviving the conversation, asked him whether he should remain long at Sleswick; to which Ruhlberg replied that he believed not; and this answer made the countess repent of the scandal which she had invented against Helmina.

"I am sorry you quit Sleswick so soon," observed the count. "Had you thought of settling among us, that little estate I was speaking of would have been a pretty purchase for you: it is now upon sale. Patterson, I find, is very eager to get rid of it."

"What estate?" said Ruhlberg, affecting to listen with attention.

"Why, that which formerly belonged to Helmina's father upon the Flensburg road. I hear it is a charming place; and Mrs. Patterson is sorry to part with it, because she passed her childhood there."

"It must be a charming place indeed!" exclaimed Ruhlberg with vivacity.—This to be sure was a whimsical answer: the countess, however, was the only person who observed it:—she now put an end to the conversation; and Ruhlberg embraced the first opportunity of retiring to his own apartment. He wished to be alone, that he might no longer hear the name of Helmina from such lips as had lately uttered it: or, rather, he languished for a free indulgence in his own thoughts, which had only Helmina for their object.

After much consideration, he

determined to avoid all occasions of seeing her, and to remain at Sleswick only a few days longer. He went into the town, to call on those to whom he had letters of recommendation, without confessing to himself that he entertained hopes of meeting Mrs. Patterson; or, at least, of hearing her name mentioned by other lips than those of the countess. This woman was now become disgusting to him: she had insinuated that the heart of Helmina was engaged!

(To be continued.)

MURDER of the Admiral DE COLIGNY*.

(From Comber's "History of the Parisian Massacre.")

IN order to admit the duke of Guise and his blood-thirsty train to the scene of destruction, Cosseus, the colonel, who mounted guard at the admiral's quarters, demanded, in the king's name, entrance at the outer gate, and received it, without further question, from La Bon, who kept the keys; and, for this his prompt obedience to his majesty's order, he was rewarded by a mortal stab. Hereupon, some of the protestant Swiss guards flew to the inner gate, and barricadoed it, but all in vain, against the far superior power of numerous assailants.

The great commander, in his sick-bed, hearing the confused noise which the assassins made, far too confident in the faith of the perjured court, conceived it to be only a tumult of the Gui-

sian faction among the populace in the street, and did not doubt but it would be very soon silenced by his majesty's guards; but, at length, perceiving that discharges of musquetry were actually made, even in the court of his quarters, he suspected the truth; and concluded, with great probability, that they were made by the guard or their allies on his own dependents. At length Cornasson, a gentleman of his train, acquainted him with the actual arrival of the assassins. Conviction, which had long been obscured by clouds of prejudice, now darted like lightning on his mind. At one single glance he saw a ray of truth, which in a moment reconciled all the former doubts and suspicions that he had entertained; and he beheld, in one dreadful glare of day, all his infatuation. He instantly rose from his bed, though not without difficulty, on account of his lameness—put on his night-gown—and hastened to place himself, with the assistance of the wall, in a posture of prayer; the most proper preparation possible for the encounter with the king of terrors, Death, which a Christian, or any man, can make: forasmuch as mercy is always needed at the hands of that Being who gives and who takes life, whenever it seemeth good to him.

The admiral always regarded a worthy minister of God, as his best companion: such, now, instantly attended him, and began to offer up the solemn sacrifice of prayer. History cannot gratify us with the particulars of their petition to the throne of mercy; reason, however, answers, that "it was worthy of the Admiral Coligny! that it was worthy of a Christian hero!"

F.

* In the massacre of the Protestants, on St. Bartholomew's day, A. D. 1572.

And now the house, and even the stair-case, was forced, and the chamber-door of the admiral's own apartment attempted: he seized that critical moment to pay the devoirs to humanity, as he paid the foregoing minutes to those of piety. Perfectly composed, he thus addressed his few remaining attendants: "I now perceive clearly the designs of my enemies—of the enemies of my country—of those of my religion. I stand prepared for death, which I never feared, but have constantly habituated myself to meet with the proper courage of a Christian. Happy am I, in this circumstance, that my understanding accompanies these last moments; that it is neither hurt nor lessened by distemper, nor by fear; and that conscience whispers, 'You die a Christian, therefore with reasonable hope of life eternal!' Friends, I need no human aid: take, therefore, care of yourselves only, that your families may not hereafter curse me as your destroyer. God is to me all in all! To his goodness and mercy I commit this soul, winged for her eternal flight!"

Thus spoke this great Christian hero, and his attendants instantly dispersed.

It is impossible not to recollect, on this occasion, the conduct of the great captain of our salvation, under whose banners Admiral Coligny now so courageously fought, in the hour immediately preceding his passion. If the sheep of the flock were scattered when that great shepherd were smitten, the admiral was altogether superior to a wish that his attendants should fall with him. On the contrary, he nobly exhorted them to save themselves,

when he was himself no longer able to protect them.

The chamber-door of the admiral being soon forced, the assassins immediately entered. One Berne, a creature of the duke of Guise, and bred up in his family, appeared at their head with his sword, and directly asked the noble victim, "Are you Coligny?"—The hero might have answered, as a being of an entirely opposite character did on a former occasion, "To know not me, argues thyself unknown!" Indeed, the question was both absurd and insulting; but the martyr, whose countenance was serene amidst this storm, and sufficiently distinguished him, answered in a laconic, but most expressive manner, "I am, young man! reverence these grey hairs! but . . . you cannot shorten my days!" The wretch replied only by stabbing him in the breast, face, and other parts, till he fell down dead.

Remarkable DOCILITY of a Sow.

(From Bingley's "*British Quadrupeds*.")

THOSE persons, who have attended at all to the manners of swine, have observed, that they are by no means deficient in sagacity; but the short lives that we allow them, and the general confinement which they undergo, entirely prevent their improvement in this respect. We, however, have frequently heard of exhibitions of "learned pigs;" and we know that Toomer, formerly the game-keeper to Sir H. P. S. J. Mildmay, actually broke in a black sow to find game, back, and stand, nearly as well as a pointer. This

sow, which was a thin, long-legged animal (one of the ugliest of the New-~~Forest~~ breed), when very young, took a great partiality to some pointer puppies, that Toomer, then under keeper of Broomy Lodge, in the New Forest, was breaking.—It played, and often came to feed with them. From this circumstance, it occurred to Toomer, (to use his own expression) that, having broken many a dog as obstinate as a pig, he would try if he could not also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal would often go out with the puppies to some distance from home; and he enticed it further by a sort of pudding made of barley-meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. The other he filled with stones, which he threw at the pig whenever she misbehaved, as he was not able to catch and correct her in the same manner that he did his dogs. He informed Sir H. Mildmay, (who has been so obliging as to supply me with this account) that he found the animal very tractable, and that he soon taught her what he wished, by this mode of reward and punishment. Sir H. M. adds, that he has frequently seen her out with Toomer, when she quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood when she came on game, (having an excellent nose) and backed other dogs as well as he ever saw a pointer. When she came on the cold scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees. So staunch was she, that she would frequently remain five minutes and upwards on her point. As soon as the game rose, she always returned

to Toomer, grunting very loudly for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomer died, his widow sent the pig to Sir H. Mildmay, who kept it for three years, but never used it, except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends. In doing this, a fowl was put into a cabbage-net, and hidden among the fern in some part of the park; and the extraordinary animal never failed to point it in the manner above described. Sir H. was, at length, obliged to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life. A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped; and a person being sent to watch the flock, the animal was detected in the very act of devouring a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with the dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they were fed. Sir H. sent her back to Mrs. Toomer, who sold her to Mr. Sykes, of Brookwood, in the New Forest, where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.

"SHE IS NO MORE!"—(*a Fragment.*)

"WHY, my amiable Lucinda," said a voice from the other side of the hedge—"why do the tears continue to flow down those pallid cheeks, where once the smiling graces held their triumphant seat? No parent's loss have you to mourn, nor does there appear any visible cause for your incessant grief. Tell, oh! tell your devoted Albert, what occasions this mental anguish."

"Alas!" returned the sweetly

plaintive fair one, "your sympathetic feelings will not condemn mine, when you know the source from which my sorrows spring. It must be a power more than human, that can assuage the agony which rends my bosom; oh! how it breaks my heart to mention her!—The lovely, the friendly, the engaging Antonia is—gracious heaven!—she is no more! she, whose endearing behaviour and angelic language inspired me with her own pure sentiments, has, in the bloom of beauty, descended to the silent grave! When her love-beaming eyes were closed, never more to open, or to shed their sweet influence on the world—oh! Albert! how did I wish that mine also were sealed in death! Dearest Antonia! *who* can give me an equivalent for the loss of thee? Oh! my friend! at sight of thee, my heart was wont to beat with the softest emotions: but, since thou art absent, the world has no charms for Lucinda."

Her voice faltered; she stopped, and, rising from the bank on which she sat, slowly withdrew.

For my part, my spirits were so deeply affected, that I had not power to repress the tear of sympathy.—I put myself in Lucinda's place—I considered my feelings on a similar occasion—too great for utterance!

"Yet, ah!" thought I, "why should the weeping Lucinda mourn as 'one without hope?' Is the lamented Antonia gone to the gloomy regions of annihilation? Forbid it heaven! that a rational being, blest with the hopes of a glorious immortality, should for one moment entertain such a thought!—Pay then, O

mourning fair! the well-earned tribute to the memory of thy departed friend: but look forward with cheerful expectation of a happy meeting in more joyous realms.

ELIZA BAXTER.

SENSIBILITY *of* a SEAL.

(From Bingley's "*British Quadrupeds.*")

THAT the common seals are very docile animals, and capable, even when taken old, of being in some measure domesticated, many proofs have, at different times, been afforded. . . I shall recite one instance. A few winters ago, a seal, caught on the Welsh coast, and sent by water to London, was brought to Bartholomew's hospital. During the voyage, it had been fed principally upon milk; and, when it arrived, it had become so familiar, that it would suffer the man who brought it to play with it like a dog, and would lick his hands or face with the utmost complacency. So great, indeed, was the attachment of this animal, that, after the departure of its master from the hospital, it continued for some time to emit a melancholy noise, evidently bemoaning its loss; and it died in the course of the ensuing week.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

As I walk the streets in this frosty weather, I am grieved to see so many servants, particularly females, employed in the very unpleasant task of carrying pails and pitchers of water from the plugs, on account of the pipes being

frozen up at home; and I grieve the more, when I reflect how easily and cheaply that very serious inconvenience might be remedied by an expedient which I suggested to the public about six years ago in a periodical publication. But that publication being perhaps chiefly read by gentlemen, who are not so nearly concerned in the supplies of water as the female part of society, I request that you will permit me, through the medium of your *Miscellany*, to try whether I can succeed in recommending my plan to the ladies—fully convinced, that, if *they* approve it, their powerful influence will effectually carry it into general practice, to the great comfort of themselves and their families. Meantime I beg leave to assure them that I recommend it, not from untried speculation, but from my own actual experience during several winters, through the whole of which I enjoyed a regular and plentiful supply of water, while my neighbours on every side were all frozen up.

It is well known that the water never freezes in the great wooden pipes, or *mains*, as they are called. The freezing takes place in the leaden pipes which are exposed to the air, at a distance from the main. Now, to guard against this inconvenience, the only thing required, is to place a cock so near to the main, that there shall be no leaden pipe exposed between the main and the cock—and to take care, when the water is turned off, to open the cock, and let off any small quantity of liquid which may remain in the leaden pipe.—A cock, which I fixed in my front area, as close to the out-

ward wall as I could, was, by this management, kept from ever once freezing during the utmost severity of winter.

If the leaden pipe from the main had passed through my coal-vault, I would, in the first instance, have placed the cock within it for greater security; though the event proved that such precaution was not necessary. Nevertheless, where a cock can be so placed, I would recommend that sheltered situation, in preference to the open area.

But, although this one cock be sufficient to furnish water without the necessity of fetching it from the plugs, it may be convenient to add (as I added) other cocks, for the sake of having a supply of water in both kitchens, without the trouble of carrying it from the area. In each of two or three places where the leaden pipe took a downward bend, I fixed a small cock, just sufficient to drain off the small quantity of water remaining in that bend, lest it should freeze during the night; and I was attentive to have these small cocks opened and drained dry, as soon as the water was turned off.

Thus I had not even occasion to shelter the leaden pipe in the area, as is the practice of many families, who wrap it round with hay-bands. But, if I had found any coating necessary, I should have used pitch, which is a much more effectual non-conductor—or, to speak in common language, much better calculated to keep out the cold. I would, first, have thickly coated the pipe with pitch—next, wrapped it round with a small tarred rope—then pitched again over this—then

given another covering of rope and pitch—and, if necessary, a third or a fourth.

And now, that I am on the subject of pitch, I cannot refrain from expressing a wish to see it substituted for those filthy heaps of horse-dung which defile and disfigure many of our genteel streets during the frosty weather.—I do not know whether the water would, of itself, ever freeze in the leaden pipes under ground; though I can readily conceive, that, if once the pipe in the area be frozen, and the frost continue, the ice will gradually extend itself into the pipe under ground, as the thin coat of ice, first formed on the surface of a pond or river, chills the water next beneath it, and, by communicating to it the influence of the frost, acquires an accession of substance, till the ice gradually extend downward to a considerable depth.—At all events, supposing, that, in some particular situations, the subterraneous leaden pipe were liable to be frozen, either from the circumstance of its lying too near the surface of the ground, or from any other cause—even in such cases, I think the horse-dung may be set aside, and pitch advantageously adopted in its stead. If, once for his whole life, the householder would dig up his leaden pipe—would lay it in a wooden trunk or trough—and fill the wooden case with melted pitch, so as to have the pipe inclosed on every side with a body of that substance, two or three inches thick—I conceive that he would never have occasion to litter the street by laying horse-dung before
in door.

Jan. 9.

Yours, &c. J. C.

The Power of Music.

(From Miss Seward's Posthumous Works.)

A DECEASED clerical friend of my father's had given his female, as well as his male children, literary educations, though he could not leave them fortunes. One of these daughters, passed a few days with us when I was in my sixteenth year, in her road to town, whither she was going, in order to superintend the education of two little girls of consequence, whose mother had then lately died.

The governess elect was not much more than twenty; her figure low, and ill formed; her complexion pale, and of an olive tint; her face flat; her mouth wide; and she had so extreme a squint, that one eye appeared almost turned into her head. With this repulsive exterior, she had a very pleasing address; her tone of voice in speaking was interesting, and there was an Attic spirit in her conversation.

She went with us to pass an evening at Mr. Howard's, where it is always so pleasant to pass evenings. After supper, the moon shining splendidly upon the gloom of a calm night, it was proposed that we should adjourn to a pretty arched grotto, formed of shells and fossils, in this gentleman's garden. The grotto stands on the edge of a little velvet lawn, planted with shrubs and trees, which have clumps of flowers around their base. This lawn slopes down to a large pool; and, as we do not see its termination, it appears from the grotto like a considerable river. The moon was shedding a shower of diamonds in the water, and edging

with silver the highest leaves of the trees. Singing was proposed while we were in the grotto; and our agreeable guest, being solicited, favored us with two single verses of that beautiful duet in *Athaliah*—

“Cease thy anguish: smile once more:
Let thy tears no longer flow!”

Her voice was of the most liquid softness, and she expressed those honeyed and ever-soothing notes in a style the most enchantingly touching. Tears of delight streamed down my cheeks as I listened; and I fancied it impossible to feel an anguish so keen, as might not be soothed and comforted by the persuasive sweetness with which she uttered

“No!—No!
Let thy tears no longer flow!”

When the song was over, Mr. Howard exclaimed, “My dear young lady, whenever you shall wish to subdue a heart, let this song be your weapon of attack; and it will be impossible you should meet an invulnerable shield.”—When we returned to the stronger light of the candles in the supper-room, all the personal defects of the siren were vanished; at least *I* saw them no longer.

In a few weeks after, we heard that Mr. L—— had married his children’s governess, and that the bride and groom had travelled through Shrewsbury to their seat in Wales, with a superb equipage, and a great retinue of servants. A friend of mine, intimate with Mrs. L——’s sister, has since told me, that, when this lucky young woman had been about a month in Mr. L——’s family, as governess, (yet, as she had properly stipulated, treated by him-

self and his company as a gentlewoman) the house being full of guests, it was one evening proposed that the song should go round. When the governess was called upon, she sung the very air whose witching sweetness had, in the grotto, taken prisoner every faculty of my young imagination. Her sister told my friend, that was the first time Mr. L—— had heard her sing. He had shown little attention to the charms of her conversation. The emanations of genius and of knowledge are, to the generality of what are called polite men and women, but as colors to the blind. We do not find it so with vocal music: where there is any ear, it speaks to the passions; and their influence is universal. The next morning, Mr. L—— offered to the acceptance of the songstress, in his own proper person, an attractive figure, a creditable degree of intellect; at least for a man of fashion, a good character, and a splendid fortune.

The WARDROBE; an Anecdote.

(From Hutton’s “Trip to Coatham.”)

I KNEW a lady of considerable fortune and capacity, who, reflecting that her life might be of short duration, thought it needless to recruit her wardrobe. Time, however, passed on: she was in health, but her apparel in a consumption. However, her motive for not purchasing dress was strengthened, when she considered there were fewer sands in her glass. She still continued. The wardrobe expired; and she absolutely left the world in rags. She discarded that which is the most valued by her sex.

DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

(Continued from the Supplement to Vol. XII.)

[* * This part of the "Defence" being less entertaining than the historic part, we deal it out more sparingly—intending soon to enlarge our monthly portions, when we arrive at a field of more interesting matter, for which we are already preparing an elegant plate, illustrative of a striking and memorable transaction, known to very few readers, but highly redounding to the honor of the fair sex.]

CHAP. XIII.

NEITHER in the difference of temperament can a foundation be laid for the imaginary inferiority of female intellect. Not that I deny the temperament to have much influence in promoting a right or an improper use of the mental powers:—I am even persuaded that the varieties of the mind are more dependent upon it than upon the organisation of the body; as we all experience in ourselves, that, according to the changes in our temperament, without any derangement of our organisation, our minds become more or less capable of every exertion; and it hardly ever happens that a disorder affects the body, without at the same time interrupting the functions of the mind.

But it is not easy to decide what species of temperament and complexion is most conducive to a good understanding.—If we are to judge from the dogmas of Aristotle, we must infer that the female constitution is most calculated for this purpose:—That philosopher—who subjects every effect which appears in the whole field of nature, to the dominion of four

primary causes—says, in his problems (sect. 14, quest. 15) that men of a cold temperament are more intellectual and reflective than those of a sanguine habit. Notwithstanding this, he adds, in the same question, that the men of hot climates are more ingenious than those of colder regions, but qualifies this sentence by the supposition of a physical antipistasis, affirming, that, in cold countries, men are most sanguine, and in hot countries most frigid. "Etenim, qui sedes frigidas habent, frigori loci obsistentes, longe" calidiores, quam suâ sint naturâ, reddentur." And so inferior does he consider the intellect of those who are constitutionally ardent, when compared with men of a phlegmatic temperament, that, in drawing a comparison between them, he places the sanguine in the same class with men whose senses are confused by an immoderate use of wine.

"Itaque vinolentis admodum similes esse videntur, nec ingenio valent, quo prospiciant, rerumque rationes inquirant."

Very forgetful was the philosopher of his disciple Alexander, when he placed the sanguine in the same class with the stupid; or not perhaps forgetful of him, but resentful towards him; since it is certain that he wrote the greatest part of his works after Alexander had dismissed him on suspicion of his treachery, and after he had experienced the additional mortification of seeing that prince enrich his rival Xenocrates with thirty talents of gold, without appearing to recollect his former tutor Aristotle.

Aristotle also taught that the dissimilitude of temperament between the two sexes consists in

that of man being hot and dry, and that of woman cold and humid—"Est autem vir calidus et siccus; mulier frigida, humidaque." (Sect. 5, *quæst.* 26.)—and in this he is countenanced by all philosophers and physicians.

Now, as, according to his own remark, a cold constitution is the most calculated for reflexion, it hence follows, that the feminine temperament is more favorable to the understanding than the masculine.

This proof is conclusive for those who credit whatever Aristotle affirms: but, for myself, I acknowledge that I attach little weight to his opinions; because I can neither believe that in hot climates there is more wit than in cold ones, nor that phlegmatic men are more intelligent than their sanguine brethren; and still less, than those of a fiery nature are necessarily insensate. As for the pretended influence of his antiperistasis, I shall leave it for the present in the doubt which involves it.

Humidity and aridity are the other two distinguishing qualities of the two temperaments; and, with regard to these, it also results from the doctrines of Aristotle that women have more understanding than men.—Those who assert that the vigor of the mind depends on the quantity of the brain, ground their supposition on the fact, that man, who is the most intelligent of all animals, has a greater proportion of brain than any other.—Now I argue thus—Aristotle says that man is of a more humid temperament than all other animals: "*Homo omnium animalium maxime humidus naturâ est;*" (Sect. 5,

quæst. 7). Therefore, if, from man's having more brain than the beasts, it be inferred, that, the larger the brain is, the greater will be the sagacity; so, from man's having greater moisture than brutes, it must follow that a more plenteous humidity induces a greater discernment. Women are of a more humid temperament than men: therefore women will be more intelligent.

Neither, however, does this argument prove any thing, except by the opposition of contraries; since the principles on which it rests, are, candidly speaking, doubtful and uncertain. Who assured Pliny that man has more brain than all other animals? had any man, by chance, the patience to dissect the heads of all the brute creation, in order to weigh the brains they contained?—or who told Aristotle that the human species had more humidity than any other? Did that philosopher distil or express the moisture they all contained, in order to measure which yielded most?—It rather appears, that certain domestic animals, the greater part of the insect tribes, and almost all the fishes, are more humid than man.—Nor, if it be true that the human brain is larger than any other, is that any proof, that, among our own species, the larger the brain, the greater will be the mind; since we differ from brutes in many other parts of our frame, without the excess of such part, in any individual, endowing him with any extraordinary understanding.—It would be necessary also to have observed among brutes, that the instinct increased with the brain, which I believe is not the case; since, if it were, a total absence of brain must cause

an entire privation of instinct; and yet, according to Pliny, many creatures, which have no blood, are also destitute of brain; and, notwithstanding this, they have, each, the portion of instinct, which is necessary for them, mercifully allotted to their share.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

HAVING met with a small posthumous collection of "*Thoughts, Remarks, and Observations by Voltaire*," published, a few years since, in France—which, I think, has not yet been, and probably never will be, translated into English—I have, from among a number of passages not calculated for publication in England, selected a few of a different character, and amused myself in translating them, together with some anecdotes of that celebrated writer, which are given in the preface. I now send them for insertion in the *Lady's Magazine*, if you think them worthy of admission. If not, you may commit them to the flames, without offence to your humble servant,

D. W. D.

Anecdote 1.

It is well known, that Voltaire had his tragedies represented in his own private theatre at Ferney. His greatest pleasure was to take a part himself; and his ardor and exertions to represent his personage to the life, were never perhaps exceeded by the most youthful and enthusiastic comedian.

He always insisted that his dresses should be finished a week before the representation, and exhausted the patience of those em-

ployed to make them, by the frequent and minute alterations he ordered. On the day when he was to act Cicero in the tragedy of Catiline, he put on the Roman *toga* in the morning, and walked about his garden reciting his part, and now and then asking questions of the gardener. The man, astonished at the singular equipment of his master, could not refrain from laughing heartily. Voltaire was extremely angry: "What is there extraordinary in my dress?" said he: "Cicero walked in his pleasure-grounds, dressed in the same manner, before he went to the senate. I am to represent him this evening; and what occasion is there for dressing twice?" He entered his house in an ill humour; and it was a long time before he forgave the gardener for having laughed in the teeth of Cicero.

(*To be continued.*)

the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

S,

HAVING lately heard it asserted that the common translation of it well-known motto, "*Honi t qui mal y pense*," is quite erroneous, I beg permission, through your channel of your entertaining magazine, to request that some of our better-informed readers will inform me and others with the true use of the words.

HARRIET.

LONDON MORNING and EVENING
DRESSES.

1. EVENING dress. — Black velvet, trimmed with velvet and gold cord twisted together. Head-dress, an irregularly sided band, trimmed in the same

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



London Morning & Evening Dress.

Nº 1. 1811.

manner, and ornamented with stars. White gloves; and white or black shoes.

2. *Morning dress*.—Pelisse of grey spotted velvet, trimmed with velvet ribbon. Sash of the same, fringed with black at the ends. Bonnet of the same velvet, trimmed in the same manner as the pelisse. Feather, grey, with black edges.

BOUTS-RIMÉS.

[See the Supplement to our last Volume, and the Poetry in the present Number.]

1. { See	5. { Blaze
2. { Bee	6. { Rays
3. { Flow'rs	7. { Store
4. { Bow'rs	8. { More
5. { Green	9. { Reward
6. { Scene	10. { Lord
7. { Sun	11. { Late
8. { Run	12. { Fate

POETRY.

*Tribute to the memory of the Princess
AMELIA.*

WHY mourns Britannia? From her drooping head

Why falls the fading laurel? In its stead,
Behold the baleful cypress, intertwin'd
With yew, (sad presage!) her fair temples bind.

A mournful gloom dispels that gracious smile,

Which beam'd so late on Albion's happy isle.

Justly she weeps her youngest, fav'rite child.—

Soft and engaging, beautiful and mild,
The brightest gem that deck'd a monarch's throne,

Rich in unspotted fame, Amelia shone.

With sensibility her mind o'erflow'd;

And charity in her fair bosom glow'd.

Alive to others' woes, her feeling heart
Rejoic'd the balm of comfort to impart.

Her matchless goodness did to all extend—

The widow's succour, and the orphan's friend:

Anxious her fellow creatures to relieve;
Taught, by her own, for others' pains to grieve,

Her spotless soul (by long afflictions tried,

Too pure with sinful mortals to reside)
To realms of bliss has wing'd its rapid flight—

To those blest fields of everlasting light,
Where joy for ever dwells; and there she proves

The blissful state of those the Saviour loves.

A nation's tears, as sacred incense, rise:
A nation's prayers ascending pierce the skies:

Oh! spare the rest! Lord! hear our fervent pray'r!

Our much-lov'd sovereign yet in mercy spare!

Still may he rule, to bless this favor'd isle,

And peace and freedom deign once more to smile.

C. C. RICHARDSON.

Hinderwell, Dec. 23.

A PERSIAN SONG,

being a free translation of an Ode of the Persian Poet Hafiz, by the celebrated Orientalist, Sir William Jones, in which he has imitated the cadence and accent of the Persian measure.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,

And bid these arms thy neck infold—
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,

Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,

'Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby* flow,

And bid thy pensive heart be glad,

Whate'er the frowning zealots say:—

Tell them, their Eden cannot show

A stream so clear as Rohnabad,

A bow'r so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,

Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,

Their dear destructive charms display,

* A common expression for wine in Persian poetry.

Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :—
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate—ah! change the
theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flow'rs that round us
bloom:—

'Tis all a cloud: 'tis all a dream:
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian damel
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy.
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely, and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend, when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)—

While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by Heav'n, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness
fill,

Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:—
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But, oh! far sweeter, if they please
'The nymph for whom these notes are
sung!

On viewing the Miniature LIKENESS of a
Lady,

SEMBLANCE of Nature! raptur'd I re-
trace
The faithful outlines of Zemanda's face.

† Zoleikha, Potiphar's wife—This
story is celebrated in the East, and is the
subject of a beautiful poem called "The
Loves of Joseph and Zoleikha."

Each winning feature of the lovely maid
Seems truly touch'd with happy light
and shade.

The graceful blush, that innocence be-
speaks,

Diffusive seems to brighten o'er the
cheeks;

And glowing fancy, with enchanting
wile,

Most sweetly animates the serious
smile.

Hail, Genius bless'd! and hail, belov'd
design,

Offspring of Jove transcendently benign!
By thine auspicious aid, we friends sur-
vey,

By ruthless Death or absence torn away;
By thy creative pow'r, we here may
find

Precision, judgement, ease, and taste
combin'd—

A striking emblem of the fair one's
mind.

A. K***

Lines to a young Lady, on the Author's re-
turning a HALF CROWN that he had
taken from her, on which was engraved a
HEART pierced with arrows.

Thus I return what erst was thine,
Secure, to thy possession:—
A stolen heart shall not be mine.—

Then hear a plain profession.

Take back this cold, this *stee* heart;
For I like one that's glowing,
That throbs for Sorrow's bitter smart,
Each mild sensation knowing.

And such a heart, fair maid, is thine—
I tell the truth with pleasure.

Oh! might it's care be ever mine,

"I would be a peerless treasure.

J. M. L.

Epitaph on a Dog, called Soldier, that be-
longed to Cuthbert Sharp, Esq. of Durham.

From cruel Death, alas! there's no
defence:

He calls the just, the brave, the virtuous
hence

In youthful bloom and pride.—
Could honest worth and warm affection
save

The faithful friend from an untimely
grave,

Poor Soldier had not died.

*Card-table BETTATH on a Lady, whose ruin
and death were caused by gaming.*

CLARISSA¹ reign'd the queen of hearts:
Like sparkling diamonds were her eyes:
But, through the knave of clubs' false
arts,
Here, bedded by a spade, she lies.

*ecrostich respectfully addressed to Miss
SQUIRE*

JUST like an acquaintance, with whom
you've long been
On an intimate footing, and oft-times
have seen,
A stranger (in hopes that you'll not think
her rude)
Now presumes on your patience awhile
to intrude.
No interest prompts her: but this is her
aim,
As a vot'ry of Clio, your friendship to
claim.
So timid the Muse in her search after
fame,
Quite fearful, lest critics her labors
should blame,
Unskill'd, and not knowing on whom to
depend,
It needs not seem strange that she longs
for a friend,
Refin'd, like yourself, and in whom,
though untried,
Each wish of her heart she may freely
confide. C. C. RICHARDSON.

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMS proposed in
the Supplement to our last Volume.*

FIND me the man who knows to love
The daisied mead or shady grove—
Who could with me delighted stray,
When Ev'ning sheds her sober grey,
Nor let his wishes further roam,
Than round his little humble home;—
When Cynthia fills her silver horn,
Or Phœbus gilds the rising morn,
Stranger alike to want or care,
A cheerful aspect who could wear;
Yet (not attent to self alone,
Or deaf to sad Affliction's moan)
With happy heart and bosom light,
Still send the wretched from his sight.—
With such a man my days I'll end,
Nor seek the lover in the friend.

January 21.

EUORNIA

Another.—The SORROWING FAIR.

I KNEW a fair, whose soul was form'd for
love,
Who sigh'd her sorrows to the silent
grove.
A villain's arts once taught her soul to
stray;
Since when, at ev'ning's beam, or morn-
ing grey,
In vain from anguish flying, she would
roam,
And quit the hated threshold of her
home.
Oft, when she heard the huntsman wind
his horn,
Waking wild Echo at the peep of morn,
Then would she sigh, "Ah! cruel man!
thy care
Is to bid ev'ry creature sorrow wear."
Then, courting solitude, she'd weep alone,
Answering each gust with her distressing
moan!
Soon sad despair dispell'd hope's pleasing
light:
Her wasted form alarm'd Affection's
sight:
The fiends of sorrow brought her to her
end,
Lamented by each sympathising friend!
January 12. J. M. L.

*Imitation of the French Epigram in the Sup-
plement to our last Volume.*

"KEEP silence below!" cried the judge
in a fury—
"Those talkers quite deafen the bench
and the jury.
Such noise and disturbance is quite be-
yond bearing!
Five causes already we've tried, without
hearing!" C. C. J.

Another, by T. W. T.
SAYS the judge to the crier, "Keep si-
lence below!
With that noise, what is spoken in court,
we don't know.
Confus'd and distracted, ten causes we've
sped,
Without ever hearing one word that was
said!"

Le SOT enriahi.

DE ce lieû Philémon partit à demi-nu :
Bien suivi, bien couvert, le voilà revenu!
Je ne le connais pas dans cette pompe
extrême.—
Eh ! qui ne l'aurait méconnu ?
Il se méconnaît bien lui-même.

* * A translation or imitation is requested.

The WOODLAND MAID.

In early youth, when Hope her blossoms
spread,
And deck'd with promis'd joys my lowly
shed,
Happy and good, I sang the livelong
day:
I knew not sorrow, nor had felt her
sway.

When dewy Morn, with streaks of orient
light,
Had drawn the veil of sable-footed
night,
With airy steps I shot along the glade,
The happy; gay, and virtuous Woodland
Maid.

By fond persuasions Henry gain'd my
heart;—
I thought him true, nor could suspect of
art
The youth I lov'd.—He won, and then
betray'd,
The wretched, lost, unhappy Woodland
Maid.

Now left the hapless victim of deceit,
In the cold grave I seek my last retreat:
There, when in earth's damp womb en-
tomb'd I'm laid,
May faithless Henry mourn his Wood-
land Maid.

F. I.

“YES! ONE!”—a song.

Yes! one (his name you must not
hear,
And yet it has a charming sound)
Will, if I take not early care,
The peace of my calm bosom wound.
Yes! one! O! ask not in what clime,
In what much-favor'd clime he
dwells:

But know this truth, that ne'er has
irre-

Enrich'd a mind that his excels,

Yes! one! and his superior name

Will live to grace a later age.

'Tis written in the book of Fame,

And brightens Virtue's lucid page.

MART.

Lines on the Author's BIRTH DAY.

AND have I lived so long? have nine-
teen years

Roll'd o'er my head in this sad vale of
tears?

Where Sorrow chequers Life's oft-varied
dream,

Or Hope bids transient smiles of Plea-
sure gleam;

Where Treach'ry lurks in Honor's sa-
cred guise,

And friends inconstant erring friends
deride;

Where none compassionate, and all con-
temn

The faults of others; and forget—like
them—

They too have trodden Folly's mazy
road,

Ere they could reach fair Reason's bright
abode.

But to my pray'r attend, O Pow'r of
heav'n!

If, by thy grace, to me long life be
giv'n,

Let me reflect, when age and time shall
throw

Around my head their show'rs of whit'-
ning snow,

That I have once been young; nor rashly
blame,

Another's error, when I've done the
same.

F. I.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FRANCE.

THE flaming zeal of Buonaparte for
the annihilation of our commerce still
continues to blaze forth in the conflagra-
tions of British merchandise, large quan-
tities of which have lately been destroyed
at Bordeaux and other places; on which
occasions, addresses have been procured,
and ostentatiously published, from com-
mercial bodies, thanking the emperor for
the salutary measure of destroying the
property of their rivals!

As an additional measure of commer-
cial hostility, a new oath has lately been
administered to merchants and others
in the ports of the Channel, under
which they are bound by the most so-
lemn engagements not to hold any in-
tercourse or communication with the
shipping, natives, or territories of Great
Britain, and on the violation of which,
they are to be exposed to the penalties of
wilful and corrupt perjury.

Besides this, a new regulation respect-
ing licences has been established. Ves-

sels, for the future, must proceed to the particular port for which the licence is granted; whereas, under the previous practice, they were at liberty to enter any other port, and unload there.

With a view, moreover, of contending with England, at a future day, for the empire of the main, a conscription has been ordered in all the maritime departments, of children to be trained to the sea; and 40,000 of them are to be immediately torn from their parents, and placed at the disposal of the minister of the marine. The counsellor of state, Caffarelli, in submitting this plan to the senate, candidly confessed that some difficulty would occur in converting these children into sailors, because France has neither trade nor fisheries. Small flotillas are, however, to be constructed in the different ports, on board of which these young conscripts are to be trained.

For the prosecution of the war in the Spanish peninsula, a fresh levy, of one hundred and twenty thousand men of the conscription of the year 1811, is to be placed at the disposal of the war-minister.

Of the lavish waste of blood in that war, some idea may be formed from the following statement (in a letter from Corunna at the end of last November) of the number of French troops sent into Spain by the road of Bayonne, between the end of October 1807, and the close of August 1810. The computation is confirmed by another letter from Cadiz.

1807	Infantry,	47,500	Cavalry,	7,100
1808	————	209,300	————	36,200
1809	————	55,400	————	6,300
1810	————	88,900	————	18,400
		401,100	68,000	

This statement includes only the recruits sent by the way of Bayonne. It is presumed that the numbers which have marched by the way of Catalonia exceed 150,000, making a grand total of 619,000. —Of these, probably, 250,000 have not survived.

But, prodigal as Buonaparte is of the blood of his subjects, he is not inattentive to the interests of France in other respects: for, in a message to the conservative senate, on the 10th of December, he announces his determination to establish an inland navigation from the Seine (which flows through the French capital) to the Baltic, by means of a canal which shall form a junction between the mouths of the Scheldt, the Meuse, the

Rhine, the Ems, the Weser, and the Elbe, and which is to be completed in five years. He also cheers the nation with the consolatory assurance, that, notwithstanding the vast expenses in which he is involved, he will have no occasion to call on the people for any fresh pecuniary supplies.

To render France independent of foreign commerce, the greatest exertions are made to supply her wants from domestic or neighbouring sources. Now, that cotton fails her, she has set to work the silk-worms of Italy. The hills of the south, yielding for a time the cultivation of their vines, break forth with the tobacco-leaf: and even tea and coffee are to be raised nearer home, or they are not to be admitted.

The French territory, moreover, has been lately enlarged by the annexation of the Valais; and Holstein, Mecklenburg, &c. have been recently added to Buonaparte's dominions.

But, with all his extensive power, and the boasted affluence of his treasury, he is said to have made application to the ex-empress Josephine, for her jewels, alleging that the campaign in the Peninsula had been attended with such expenses as to reduce him to great pecuniary difficulties: and Josephine was obliged to comply with this request.

A discovery, interesting to the antiquarian, has lately been made at Laversines, near Beauvais, of a cave full of curious ancient vases, supposed to have been consecrated to the Druidic worship.

SPAIN and PORTUGAL.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the winter-season, the grand armies, under the command of Lord Wellington, and his formidable antagonist Massena, still kept the field; though they remained inactive till the end of December—the French at Santarem, the allies at Car-taxo, closely watching them.

The Cortes.—That assembly still continue their sessions: but they have lost much of their influence, and considerably damped the national ardor, by some unpopular acts, and, among others, the practice of debating with shut doors. They have passed a decree, that “all prebends, which are not annexed to public offices, or of which the incumbent is not charged with the care of souls, shall be immediately adjudged to the public treasury”—and another, that “the deputies to the Cortes ought to be wholly independent of the executive power, and

not to hold any office which should render them accountable to that power."

Nov. 12. A circular order of Soult has been published in the country of Niebla, recommending to the magistrates to oblige the peasants to sow the lands, and to punish with the greatest rigor those who shall neglect to do so; threatening them that a military chief shall be sent to examine the grounds, and impose punishment for such omission.

Madrid, Nov. 13. In the nights of the 11th and 12th there has been some tumult among the troops of the garrison. The cause was that they did not get their allowance of wine, and expected to be abridged in their quantity of meat.

Nov. 27. Not a night passes without disturbances in this city. The consequence is, that a new police has been established, in addition to the civic guard, which were appointed to preserve the peace. On the 15th November, 98 persons were massacred by the French, in a riot occasioned by their excesses.

Dec. 1. A contagious fever had broken out at Barcelona, which had been destructive equally to the garrison and inhabitants.

Madrid, Dec. 12. A large quantity of British manufactures, found in the houses of the inhabitants, has been publicly burned, the value of which was about 1,000,000 of dollars. The same proceeding has been repeated in Seville and Grenada.

Granada, Dec. 12. An insurrection, almost *en masse*, has taken place against the French, who occupy this province with a force of 15,000 men, and who have taken shelter in Malaga.

Dec. 14. At this date, flour was at Lisbon four guineas per barrel, weighing one cwt. three quarters; and lean beasts had been sent from America, which sold for 2l. each.

Lisbon, Dec. 16. The enemy made an attack a few days ago on the Isle of Leon, but were repulsed with great loss; we also lost some men and officers.

Dec. 27. A great number of American vessels had reached the Tagus with corn, to supply the wants of the army, and of the increased population of the city. The price of wheat had in consequence been considerably reduced.

Corunna, Dec. 28. A plot has been discovered here of a most formidable kind. The intention appears to have been to murder the public authorities, to raise the standard of rebellion against the

Cortes, and to form a separate government for Galicia, at the head of which were to be placed the principal conspirators.

It is reported that the projectors of this rebellion are persons of rank.

Dec. 29. A French spy, one of Massena's aide-de-camps in disguise, has been taken by the peasants, and has given important information to Lord Wellington, for which, if correct, his life will be spared.

Lisbon, Jan. 1. The armies have been three days in motion; and circumstances indicate an early and dreadful conflict.

RUSSIA.

A peace has been concluded between Russia and Persia.

Dec. 22. The negotiations, commenced between the Russian and Turkish generals, have been broken off; and the Russian army is again in motion.

Above 250 ships have been seized and confiscated in the Russian ports, in consequence of the emperor having acceded to the continental system; and the ships of no nation, not even of America, are now admitted into the Russian ports; they being all, without exception, warned off by the native cruisers.

GERMANY.

The duchies of Holstein and Mecklenburg have, by a public decree, been annexed to the dominions of Buonaparte, and now form an integral part of the French empire. The senate and the council of fifty-one have been dissolved at Frankfort, preparatory to the adoption of the new constitution, founded upon the Napoleon code.

At Hamburg, the French flag was formally displayed on the 1st of January, when the annexation of the city to France took place.

PRUSSIA.

Konigsberg, Dec. 19. More than 500 ships have been seized in various ports of the Baltic, the cargoes of which will be sold for French purposes.

Konigsberg, Dec. 28. We have, here and in the port of Memel, confiscated 210 vessels of the Baltic convoy, whose cargoes are valued at nearly 30 millions of livres. There are at Colberg, Stettin, and Swinemunde, vessels to an equal value.

All the principal merchants at Dantzic have, as if with one accord, suspended their payments for a term of six months.

HOLLAND.

A Dutch paper of December announces

the sale of seventy-seven houses at Amsterdam; the proprietors having absconded, unable to pay the taxes.

The conscription has been extended to children of thirteen.

POLAND.

Great activity prevails in Poland, where Count Poniatowski is organising a force of 50,000 men.

Warsaw, Dec. 10. The governor, by order of the French monarch, made known, that, preparatory to other great designs in our favor, the peasantry on the estates of our nobles shall be emancipated in a manner hereafter to be regulated. In the interim, the children born of such parents from the month of January are to be declared free: the expense of their maintenance to be defrayed by the nobles on whose estates they may be born, till further measures can be adopted.

DENMARK.

All trade with England is prohibited, under more severe penalties than any yet inflicted. It is declared a felony, punishable by death, in the captain of a ship maintaining intercourse with England.

It is said that in Norway 3,000 men, intended to man the ships of war in the Dutch ports, had refused to proceed to Holland, and that the Danish troops, which were ordered to compel them, had declined any interference.—The country is said to be in a state of revolution.

The new tribunal of prizes at Christiansand, in Norway, has condemned 118 vessels taken from the English.

SWEDEN.

Bernadotte has given orders for augmenting the army to 80,000 men. French commissioners have been sent to all the Ports of Sweden, and orders transmitted from France, to enforce the continental system.—The Swedes are said to have begun to sequester vessels in their ports. A deputation from Finland has waited on the Crown Prince of Sweden, to implore that their country might again be restored to his empire.

TURKEY.

The negotiation for peace with Russia has been broken off: hostilities have again been renewed; and, in addition to the calamities of war, this tottering empire is shaken by domestic sedition. Civil dissensions had arisen in the capital, and the Janissaries, with their adherents, composing an army of 40,000 men, menaced the seat of empire. The sultan sought refuge on board his fleet in the Bosphorus, while the insurgents plundered the seraglio, and set fire to the imperial city. A con-

flikt in the streets succeeded, in which 18,000 of the rebels were massacred; after which, order was restored.

AMERICAN UNITED STATES.

In September last, the representatives of the people of West Florida issued a proclamation erecting their country into an independent state, and made application to be taken under the protection of the United States. The president, however, claimed the country as the property of the United States, pursuant to the treaty of Paris in 1803, and gave orders for taking possession of it.

In his speech to Congress on the 5th of December, the president observes that the fortifications, for the defence of their maritime frontier, are, with few exceptions, completed, and that the revenue for the year ending Sept. 30 (amounting to above eight millions and a half of dollars) has exceeded the current expenses of the government, including the interest of the public debt.

SPANISH AMERICA.

Buenos Ayres, Sept. 26. Chili, Lima, and their dependencies, had formed Juntas on the plain of the revolutionists, and disclaimed all connexion with the regency of Old Spain.

Buenos Ayres, Oct. 25. Our Cabildo, or town corporation, were all seized on the 18th of this month, and sent on board ship at two o'clock in the morning, on suspicion that they had sworn fidelity to the Regency of Spain.

Oct. 25. Mexico has followed the example of the Caraccas, Buenos Ayres, and Chili; and the spirit of independence is spreading to Western Peru.

Monte-Video still adhered to the old cause; but the blockade was raised about the end of October, by the intervention of the British admiral.

At this period, the province of Caraccas was in a state of disorder; and serious apprehensions were entertained of a counter-revolution.

BRAZIL.

Symptoms of tumult have been manifested in Brazil. Several arrests have taken place, and troops been sent to Bahia, to secure submission in that dependency.

WEST INDIES.

JAMAICA.—A difference had subsisted between the governor and the House of assembly; the latter refusing to reimburse moneys advanced for the troops, because advanced without their concurrence or desire. The dispute has been amicably terminated.

Nov. 13. In Port-royal mountains, between 25 and 30 acres of land sunk and disappeared.

Cuba.—A revolution has commenced in Cuba, headed by the archbishop of the island; and the governor and judges have been committed to prison. The revolutionists acknowledge the Spanish regency, and the alliance with Great-Britain.

Oct. 24. A hurricane ravaged the whole island. At the Havannah, the waves washed over the flag-staff of the castle, forty feet above the level of the sea;

several vessels were wrecked: two were driven nearly into the heart of the town and four, three miles up the country.

Oct. 28. The chief part of the town of St. Jago de la Cuba was swallowed up, leaving a chasm 80 feet broad.

St. Domingo.—On the 18th Nov. Christophe was stated to be following up the advantages he had obtained over his rival, who had retired with a small force to Port-au-Prince. Petion was fortifying Port-au-Prince, the siege of which Christophe had determined to undertake by sea and land.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His MAJESTY'S Health.

Abstract of the Bulletins.

December, 23. His majesty is not quite so well this morning, though he had several hours' sleep yesterday evening.—24. Has had a sleepless night—Not so well to day.—25. Had a severe attack of fever yesterday evening—Some hours' sleep—Symptoms much abated.—26. Since the abatement of the fever, has continued nearly in the same state.—27. Passed an indifferent night—Is much the same as yesterday.—28. Rather better through the last twenty four hours.—29. Has passed a good night—As well to-day as yesterday.—30. Passed a good night—Rather better this morning.—31. A good night—As well as yesterday.—January, 1. A quiet night, without much sleep—Continues the same as yesterday.—2. Nearly the same as during last two days.—3. Has not declined from the state of last four days.—4. As well as yesterday.—5. A quiet night—Much the same as for some days past.—6. Several hours' sleep—As well as yesterday.—7. As well as in any part of preceding week.—8. A good night—Rather better.—9. A good night—As well as yesterday.—10. Continues to go on well.—11. A little improved.—12. Not quite so well.—13. A good night—Better to-day.—14. As well as yesterday.—15. A good night—As well as yesterday.—16. Little different from last two days.—17. As well as yesterday.—18. Much the same as the last two or three days.—19. Much the same as yesterday.

Windsor, Jan. 17. His majesty's health is materially improved: he is gaining daily; and it is with great pleasure that we can announce, that, after dinner this

afternoon, his majesty, attended by Drs. Baillie, Heberden, and Willis, walked for more than half an hour on the north side of the Terrace; during the greater part of which time, his majesty was in conversation with those gentlemen. His majesty felt much refreshed by the air, and, upon the whole, derived much benefit from the walk. In addition to this important fact, we understand that his majesty, within these three or four days, has experienced some faint glimmerings of returning sight, so that he could perceive some glasses with drink which were given into his hands. The king's approach to a state of convalescence is slow; but most confident hopes are entertained that it will be sure.—His slight relapse on Saturday was occasioned, we understand, by his going into the warm bath about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, which his majesty is particularly partial to; and he remained in above twenty minutes—a length of time exceeding what he had been accustomed to. This brought on a violent fit of sneezing and relaxation.

THE REGENCY.

Dec. 19. Mr. Perceval, chancellor of the exchequer, having previously written a letter to the Prince of Wales, inclosing the plan of a regency with certain limitations, which he (Mr. P.) intended to propose to the House of Commons, and requesting an interview with the prince on the subject—his Royal Highness, this day, returned an answer, signifying, that, as no step had yet been taken on the subject in the two Houses of Parliament, he did not think it consistent with his respect for the two Houses to give any opinion on the course of proceeding which had been submitted

to him. On a former occasion, it was not till the resolution had been adopted by both Houses, that the matter was submitted to him; and then he had felt it to be his duty to express his opinion distinctly on the subject; and to that opinion he had ever since invariably adhered; and the answer of his royal highness concludes with expressing his most earnest wishes that the speedy re-establishment of his majesty's health would make any measure of the kind unnecessary.

On the same day, the following protest was signed by all the royal dukes, and sent to Mr. Perceval—

"SIR,

"The Prince of Wales having assembled the whole of the male branches of the royal family, and having communicated to us the plan intended to be proposed by his majesty's confidential servants, to the lords and commons, for the establishment of a restricted regency, should the continuance of his majesty's ever-to-be-deplored illness render it necessary; we feel it a duty we owe to his majesty, to our country, and to ourselves, to enter our solemn protest against measures we consider as perfectly unconstitutional, as they are contrary to, and subversive of, the principles which seated our family upon the throne of this realm."

Dec. 20. The House of Commons—in consequence of the report presented to them on the 17th by their select committee appointed to examine his majesty's physicians—proceeded, in committee of the whole house, to pass three resolutions, which they adopted on the 21st—the first stating his majesty's inability to exercise the royal authority;—the second, that it is the duty of the two houses to supply the defect; the third, that it is necessary that they should "determine on the means whereby the royal assent may be given" to a bill for appointing a regency.

To these resolutions the Lords, in committee, agreed on the 27th; and they passed them on the 28th. The third was carried by a majority of 100 to 74; the minority voting for an *Address* requesting the Prince of Wales to assume the regency, without the passing of a bill.—On this occasion, three protests were entered, signed by thirty-seven, forty-one, and forty-two peers.

Dec. 31. The commons, in committee, passed four new resolutions,—the 1st empowering the Prince of Wales (as regent) to exercise the royal authority, "subject to such limitations and restrictions as shall be prescribed;"—the 2d restricting

him from granting the peerage, except as a reward for eminent naval or military services;—the third, restricting him from granting offices in reversion, from granting any office, salary, or pension, for any other term than "during his majesty's pleasure," except such offices as are, by law, required to be granted during life or good behaviour;—the fourth restricting him from granting any part of his majesty's real or personal estate, except so far as relates to the renewal of leases.

The first three of these resolutions were carried by small majorities, viz. 1st, 224 to 200—2d, 226; to 210—3d, 233, to 214.

Jan. 1. A fifth resolution was proposed by the chancellor of the exchequer, that the care of his majesty's person should be committed to the queen, with the power of appointing and removing all the officers of the royal household; and that her majesty should have the advice and assistance of a council, empowered occasionally to examine the king's physicians, &c. But to this resolution an amendment was made, taking from the queen the absolute control over the entire household, and only allowing to her "the sole direction of such portion of his majesty's household, as shall be thought requisite for the care of his person."—This amendment was carried, against the minister, by a majority of 226, to 213.

These resolutions were adopted by the house on the 2d of January; when an amendment, moved by Mr. Perceval to the fifth of them, and tending to nullify the amendment carried in the committee, was rejected by a majority, against the minister, of 217, to 214.

Jan. 4. Those five resolutions being debated in the House of Lords, the second was amended by striking out the part empowering the regent to grant peerages for naval and military services, which was considered as establishing an invidious distinction in favor of one particular description of men, while others were to be excluded.—106, to 100.—To the fifth, Lord Liverpool moved an amendment similar to that of Mr. Perceval which had been rejected by the other house: but it was negatived; and the resolution, as passed by the commons, was carried by a majority, against the ministers, of 110, to 97.

On this occasion, the ministers had several proxies ready to be called in on their side: but it was decided (by a majority, against them, of 103, to 99) that, under the existing circumstances, proxies should not be admitted.

Jan. 7. The commons agreed to the amendment made by the lords; and the resolutions, thus amended, were, by a deputation from both houses, presented to her majesty on the 10th, and to the prince on the 11th, with an address, in each case, requesting the acceptance of the trust committed by the resolutions; to which the following answers were returned by the royal personages—

The QUEEN'S Answer.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"That sense of duty and gratitude to the king, and of obligation to this country, which induced me in the year 1789 readily to promise my most earnest attention to the anxious and momentous trust at that time intended to be reposed in me by parliament, is strengthened, if possible, by the uninterrupted enjoyment of those blessings which I have continued to experience under the protection of his majesty since that period: and I should be wanting to all my duties, if I hesitated to accept the sacred trust which is now offered to me.

"The assistance in point of counsel and advice, which the wisdom of parliament proposes to provide for me, will make me undertake the charge with greater hopes that I may be able satisfactorily to fulfil the important duties which it must impose upon me.

"Of the nature and importance of that charge, I cannot but be duly sensible, involving, as it does, every thing which is valuable to myself, as well as the highest interests of a people endeared to me by so many ties and considerations, but by nothing so strongly as by their steady, loyal, and affectionate attachment to the best of kings."

The PRINCE'S Answer.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I receive the communication which the two Houses have directed you to make to me, of their joint resolutions, on the subject of providing for 'the exercise of the royal authority, during his majesty's illness,' with those sentiments of regard which I must ever entertain for the united desires of the two Houses.

"With the same sentiments I receive the expressed 'hopes of the Lords and Commons, that, from my regard for the interest of his majesty and the nation, I should be ready to undertake the weighty and important trust proposed to be invested in me,' under the restrictions and limitations stated in those resolutions.

"Conscious that every feeling of my heart would have prompted me, from utiful affection to my beloved father

and sovereign, to have shown all the reverential delicacy towards him inculcated in those resolutions, I cannot refrain from expressing my regret, that I should not have been allowed the opportunity of manifesting to his afflicted and loyal subjects that such would have been my conduct.

"Deeply impressed, however, with the necessity of tranquillising the public mind, and determined to submit to every personal sacrifice consistent with the regard I owe to the security of my father's crown, and the equal regard I owe to the welfare of his people, I do not hesitate to accept the office and situation proposed to me, restricted as they are; still retaining every opinion expressed by me upon a former and similar distressing occasion.

"In undertaking the trust proposed to me, I am well aware of the difficulties of the situation in which I shall be placed; but I shall rely with confidence upon the constitutional advice of an enlightened parliament, and the zealous support of a generous and loyal people. I will use all the means left to me to merit both.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"You will communicate this my answer to the two Houses, accompanied by my most fervent wishes and prayers, that the divine will may extricate us and the nation from the grievous embarrassments of our present condition, by the speedy restoration of his majesty's health."

Jan. 11. On a receipt of these answers, the Lords passed a resolution for affixing the great seal to a commission to open parliament for the purpose of passing a regency-bill; which resolution having been agreed to by the commons on the 14th—

Jan. 15, the session was opened by the commissioners, viz. the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, the lord president (Earl Camden) the lord privy seal (Earl of Westmoreland) and the master of the horse (Duke of Montrose)—the lord chancellor having previously observed, in an address to the assembly, that, "forasmuch as his majesty, for certain reasons and causes, cannot be present here this day in his royal person, in order to open and hold this parliament, a commission has been issued under the great seal for that purpose," &c.

On the same day, in the house of commons, the chancellor of the exchequer brought in a bill for settling the regency, &c. in pursuance of the resolutions of both houses presented to the queen and the Prince of Wales.—The bill passed

the committee on the 18th, and was ordered to be reported to the House on the 21st.

Catholic Soldiers.

[With heart-felt pleasure, we record in our Magazine the following transaction, which we joyously hail, as announcing the dawn of that happy day—not far distant, we hope—when the British empire shall wisely imitate the liberal example of the American republic, in placing all religious sects on a footing of perfect equality, without any penalty or disqualification attaching to any description of our fellow men, for worshipping their God agreeably to the dictates of their own conscience.]

In Ireland, it seems, certain military officers prevented catholic soldiers from attending catholic worship, and even punished some who had attended.—At Enniskillen, such transgressors were lately subjected to the ignominious exhibition of their persons, doing duty in turned coats! But, on the 11th of January, the following general order was entered on the books of the regiments in Dublin, and immediately forwarded to every other regiment in Ireland—

“Reports having been circulated, that Catholic soldiers have been prevented from attending divine worship according to the tenets of their religion, and obliged, in certain instances, to be present at that of the established church, the commanding officers of the several regiments are to be attentive to the prevention of such practices, if they have in any instance existed in the Troops under their command, as they are in violation of the orders contained in the circular letter of the 14th of May, 1806, and since repeated to the army; and the catholic soldiers, as well as those of other sects, are to be allowed, in all cases, to attend the divine worship of the Almighty according to their several persuasions, when duty does not interfere, in the same manner, and under the same regulations, as those of the established church.”

On the following Sunday, the catholic soldiers at Enniskillen were marched to the catholic chapel by two officers of their own religion; and those at Newry were in like manner conducted to their own place of worship by three officers of their regiment.

Summary of Christenings and Burials within the Bills of mortality, from December 12, 1809, to December, 11, 1810.

Christened in the 97 Parishes within the Walls, 1004—Buried 1388.

Christened in the 17 Parishes without the walls, 4258—Buried, 4189.

Christened in the 23 Out-parishes in Middlesex and Surry, 10503—Buried, 9535.

Christened in the 10 Parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4165—Buried, 4841.

Christened	{ Males 10,188 }	} inall, 19,930
	{ Females 9,742 }	
Buried	{ Males 10,411 }	} inall, 19,893
	{ Females 9,482 }	

Whereof have died,

Under Two Years of Age	-	5,853
Between Two and Five	-	2,130
Five and Ten	-	851
Ten and Twenty	-	695
Twenty and Thirty	-	1,218
Thirty and Forty	-	1,788
Forty and Fifty	-	2,018
Fifty and Sixty	-	1,618
Sixty and Seventy	-	1,587
Seventy and Eighty	-	1,262
Eighty and Ninety	-	473
Ninety and a Hundred	-	70
A Hundred and Five	-	1

Increased in the Burials this Year, 3,213.

Decem. 18. Two frigates—the Pallas, captain Cadogan, and the Nymph, capt. Percy—having mistaken the fire of a lime-kiln for that of a light-house, were wrecked off the Isle of May, near Dunbar. The crews were saved.

Price of the quart, ^{urn} ^{half} in London.—December 20, fourteenpence, three farthings.—Decem. 27, the same.—January, 3, the same.—Jan. 10, the same.—Jan. 17, fifteen pence farthing.

Court of Common Pleas.—Dec. 22. A verdict, for £250 damages with costs, was obtained against the proprietor of the Briton and Lewes stage coach, by a passenger, who had been severely hurt in consequence of the coach being overloaded and breaking down.

Dec. 22. A person, named Milton, weighing fourteen stone, rode, for a wager, from Piccadilly to Stamford, ninety miles, in four hours and a quarter! How many horses have been ruined by this exploit, we are not told: but he rode one unfortunate animal fifteen miles, and completely “knocked up” another in four miles!

Sacrilegious robbery.—During the night between the 22d and 23d of December, St. Paul's cathedral was robbed of above seventeen hundred ounces of plate, valued, on account of the exquisite workmanship, at above two thousand pounds. The robbers had to open nine different doors, before they were able to reach the vestry.

Dec. 23. The grand assembly-rooms at Margate were opened as a methodist meeting.

Dec. 24. The British ship, *Minotaur*, of 74 guns, was wrecked on the coast of Holland.

Dover-Cliff.—**Dec. 24.** A new fall from the cliff took place at Dover, but fortunately did little damage. It was followed by two others; and the cliff has lately absorbed so much wet, that scarce a day passes without a fall. Between Dover and Folkestone, there have been several, one of which covers seven acres of ground. Several parts of the low cliffs also have given way, and fallen into the sea, between Folkestone and Sandgate.

Dec. 25. A violent hurricane prevailed, which did much damage to the shipping at Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, &c.

Dec. 26. Near Tavistock, a Mr. Hut-
ton fell into an old lead-shaft above sixty-eight feet deep. His fall was broken by deep water at the bottom; and, on rising to its surface, he laid hold on a cross piece of timber, on which he supported himself. He plainly heard the passengers conversing on the road, and endeavoured to make them hear him, but in vain. Thus circumstanced, he made holes with a pair of scissors in the sides of the pit, to facilitate his ascent, and had mounted to within a few feet of the mouth, when the earth gave way, and he again fell to the bottom. In this dreadful situation he remained till the 28th, when his cries were heard by a laborer, and he was extricated from the dark abyss by means of ropes.

The harbour at Holyhead is carrying on so spiritedly, that it is expected to be in a state fit for the protection of vessels on that dangerous coast in the course of the ensuing year.

Bank robbery.—**Dec. 27.** The Winchester bank was discovered to have been robbed, during the preceding night, of property to the amount of above a thousand pounds. A hole had been made in the wall, sufficiently large for a man to enter. The robber was soon afterwards taken, and the whole of the property recovered.

Dec. 30.—An ambassador from Algiers is arrived in London. He has brought several fine young Arabian horses, as a present to his majesty.

Singular Incident.—A country paper says, that, at Goring, in Sussex, a partridge's egg having been shut tip in a trunk from the 20th of January, last

year, to the 12th of November, and then taken out and laid on the carpet, it suddenly made a loud crack, burst, and produced a live partridge. Whether the bird could have been reared, is uncertain, as it was almost immediately destroyed by a cat.

Another paper mentions a young infant at Whitehaven having sucked in, from about his mother's breast, a small needle, and retained it seven months, until at length it made its appearance at the elbow, and was extracted.

Snow.—**Jan. 4.** So heavy a fall of snow took place, as to render the northern roads almost impassable. The mail-coach from Boston could not be dragged more than four miles on Saturday through the snow; but the guard proceeded on horseback with the mail. The mail from London was conveyed in the same manner into Boston about six o'clock on Saturday evening. The Lincoln stage-waggon was obliged to be left on the road, in one of the valleys, about three miles from Barton, nearly twelve feet deep in snow.

The river Severn, near Shrewsbury, has been frozen over in several places for some days past.

Catholic Committee.—**Jan. 5.** At a meeting of the catholic committee in Dublin, Counsellor O'Gorman proposed that the members should subscribe to a pledge in the following terms, which was immediately agreed to:—"We, the undersigned members of the general committee of the catholics of Ireland, do hereby solemnly pledge ourselves upon our honors, that we will not, directly or indirectly, ask or receive for ourselves or others, pension, place, or title under government, until the total and unqualified emancipation of our body shall have been first obtained."

Jan. 5. On the arrival of the Carlisle coach in London, two females, outside passengers, were found frozen to death.

January 8. The common council of London, and, **Jan. 9.** the livery in common hall, voted resolutions, expressing their disapprobation of the proposed "limitations and restrictions" on the power of the regent—recommending the expedient of an address to the Prince of Wales, instead of a bill—and strongly reprobating the measures lately adopted by parliament for the issue of public money. Consonant to these resolutions, petitions were presented to both houses of parliament on the 11th; and petitions of similar tendency have been presented from the corporation of Nottingham, and some other public bodies.

A new Monster.—Jan. 10. A villain, apparently a foreigner, decoyed a young woman into St. James's Park, where, without provocation, he suddenly inflicted on her a deep and dangerous wound in the lower part of the body.—He escaped.

Saints and Reliques.—Two ships arrived a short time since from Spain, laden with silver images of saints, and other reliques, which were all cut before shipping, to avoid the duty, which would otherwise have been chargeable upon the plate in this country. A considerable number of the figures were from the finest of the antique models.

British Commerce.—Our payment in foreign freights, for the last two or three years, has not been less than fifteen millions per annum; and the whole of this has ultimately found its way into Napoleon's treasury.

Prisoners in Newgate.—Jan. 11. There are, at this moment, between seven and eight hundred persons incarcerated within the walls of Newgate, many of whom are compelled by poverty entirely to subsist on the prison allowance—two penny-worth of bread per day. A vessel has been taken up by government, for the conveyance of the convicts to New South Wales: but no removal can take place, until the royal sanction is given for such removal. The following is a statement of the numbers and sentences of those under confinement.

75 under sentence of death.

8 to be transported for life.

6 to be transported for fourteen years.

137 to be transported for seven years.

107 to be imprisoned for various periods.

Total tried, 333

* 121 for trial at the present Old Bailey Sessions.

And about 320 debtors.

Total 774

Gallant action.—Jan. 13. The merchant ship, Cumberland, capt. Barratt, was attacked, between Dover and Folkstone, by four French lugger privateers: and, though five times boarded by the enemy in numbers nearly equal to her whole crew, the latter gallantly cleared their decks, killing some of the invaders, driving others overboard, and capturing the remainder. Finally they beat off their four assailants, and compelled them to

retreat. The lords of the admiralty have since honored this gallant crew with an exemption from the impress during three years.

Public Speaking.—Jan. 16. An action for slander and defamation was brought, in the court of King's Bench, against Mr. James Jacks, a common-councilman of London, upon a charge of having, in a public speech before the common-council, bestowed the appellation of a "convicted traitor" on Mr. Paul Thomas Le Maitre, who, although heretofore confined under Mr. Pitt's administration upon a bare suspicion, had been subsequently liberated without trial, as nothing had appeared to inculpate him. After the examination of witnesses, Mr. Jacks declared, through his counsel, that he had not applied the words in question to Mr. Le Maitre: whereupon the plaintiff, deeming this a sufficient apology, consented to withdraw a juror, and dropped the action.

Shocking Accident.—Jan. 16. In Orchard Street, Westminster, a chimney-sweeper's boy, after cleaning a chimney, went out at the top. On his return, by mistake, he attempted to come down another chimney of the same house, in which there was a fire below. He stuck fast, and was suffocated before relief could be given! [When shall we see a law passed, to forbid the employment of poor, innocent, helpless children in such shocking and dangerous services?]]

New Club.—Jan. 21. A number of members of both houses of parliament held a meeting this day, to form a new club, at the house which was lately Lord Auckland's, in Old Palace-yard. It was agreed that the subscription should be 10 guineas a year, and that 300 members should be in the first place admitted as original subscribers. A committee of fifteen noblemen and gentlemen was chosen as managers, to settle the rules and regulations of the club.

French Prisoners.—Jan. 22. An order has been issued from Whitehall, that no French women shall be permitted to land in this country, who might have left France to see their husbands. The reason to be assigned to them for such refusal, is, that the French government would not permit Lady Lavie and family to land in France, to join Sir Thomas, who is a prisoner at Verdun.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 22. The lady of the Hon. and Rev. Littleton Powis, rector of Tichmarsh, Northamptonshire, of a son.

Dec. 25. At Brighton, the lady of Sir Thomas Baring, bart. M. P. of a daughter.

Jan. 2. The lady of Aylmer Haby, Esq. Harefield grove, of a son.

Lately, Mrs. Tyndall, Lincoln's Inn Fields, of a son.

Jan. 7. The Hon. Mrs. Werninck, Foley Place, of a son.

Jan. 8. The R. Hon. Lady Bruce, of a son.

Jan. 8. The lady of G. B. Mainwaring, Esq. of a son.

Jan. 10. In Portman Square, the lady of Sir John Lowther Johnstone, of a son and heir.

Jan. 14. Mrs. Glennie, Dulwich Grove, of a son.

Jan. 15. Mrs. W. Domville, Bedford Row, of a daughter.

Jan. 17. The Countess of Albemarle, of a son.

Jan. 21. Viscountess Hamilton, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 22. T. Kirkpatrick Hall, Esq. to Miss Eliza Crompton, of Derby.

Dec. 24. The Rev. C. P. Burney, B. A. of Merton College, Oxford, to Miss F. Bentley Young, of Blackheath.

Dec. 27. The Hon. Wyndham Quin, M. P. to Miss Caroline Wyndham.

Dec. 27. Henry Maynard, Esq. to Miss Rabett, of Bramfield Hall, Suffolk.

Dec. 29. Sir Charles Francis Barnaby, bart. of Rickham Court, Kent, to Miss Eliza Morland, of Court Lodge.

Lately, Robert Dyche, Esq. of West Irayton, Middlesex, aged 65, to Mrs. Mary Todd, of Hill-street, Berkeley Square, of the same age.

Jan. 1. Jesse Gregson, Esq. of Hawkhurst, Kent, to Miss Shuttleworth, of Great Bowden, Leicestershire.

Lately, the Rev. Edward Aubrey, rector of Clipsham, Rutland, to Miss Williams, of Moor Park, Herts.

Jan. 5. Crpt. Aitchinson, of the Bombay establishment, to Miss Charlotte Terrington, of Gould Square.

Jan. 5. Nathaniel Egle French, jun. Esq. of Dulwich, Surrey, to Miss Elizabeth Jackson.

Jan. 10. David Robertson, Esq. of Sackville street, to Miss Frances Mather, of Birchin Lane.

Jan. 14. The Rev. Richard Strode, of Newnham Park, Devon, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Sir Fred. Leman Roger, bart.

Jan. 17. The Rev. Thomas Wilkin-

son, vicar of Kirk Hallam, Derbyshire, to Miss Crook, of Pall-Mall.

Jan. 17. Thomas Turner, Esq. of Limbourn Park, Essex, to Miss Grace Newman, of Hempstead.

DEATHS.

Dec. 11. At Willoughby, in his 103d year, Thomas Sargeant.

Dec. 15. At Brentford, at an advanced age, Mrs. Triamner, whose name will long be held in grateful remembrance for her zealous exertions, in various literary works, to inculcate moral and religious principles on the minds of the rising generation.

Dec. 16. Robert Jackson, Esq. provost of Dumfries.

Dec. 22. At Lisson Green, Paddington, W. Baillie, Esq. in his 88th year.

Dec. 23. At his house in Piccadilly, the Duke of Queensbury, in his eighty-sixth year.—His grace dying without issue, the ducal title becomes extinct; but the earldom of Queensbury descends to Sir Charles Douglas, of Kilhead.

Dec. 24. At Quindon Hall, Essex, Henry Cramer, Esq. aged 80.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Beadon, rector of North Stoneham, aged 81 years.

Dec. 28. At Turnham Green, in her 88th year, Mrs. Pratt.

Dec. 29. Richard Warburton Lytton, Esq. of Knebworth Place, Herts.

Dec. 31. William Robinson, Esq. of Tottenham, aged 74.

Jan. 4. Mrs. Smith, wife of J. Smith, Esq. banker, Lombard street.

Jan. 7. Sir Francis Bourgeois, well known as an eminent painter.

Jan. 8. Lady Pinhorn, wife of Sir John Pinhorn.

Jan. 9. At Gretna Green, aged 79, the celebrated Joseph Pasley—first (it is said) a tobacconist, afterwards a fisherman, and finally, without ordination or commission, a volunteer, self-constituted priest of Hyman, better known by the appellation of the *Gretna-Green Parson*.*

Jan. 11. In Cleveland-court, St. James' Place, Patrick Clason, Esq. aged 76.

Jan. 12. In Westbourne-Place, Sloane-Square, Mr. Lewis, the celebrated actor.

Jan. 19. In his 77th year, Edward Omaney, Esq. Bloomsbury-Square.

* On a trial respecting the validity of one of his marriages—on which occasion, he appeared in court as a witness—we reconnected the judge characterising him as a blacksmith.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;
 APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1811.

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1. MONTALBERT and ARLINGHAM.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for the fore part of a DRESS SHIRT.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row ;
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NOTICES.

BOUTS-RIMES and TRANSLATIONS from the FRENCH. — *At the suggestion of a distant correspondent, we have determined to extend the period for the admission of pieces in these departments until the middle of the second month — that is to say, about six weeks from the time of our offering the Bouts-rimés and French verses. Thus, any pieces, sent to us in consequence of our present publication, will not come too late for admission, if they reach us by the fifteenth of April; and such as are approved, will be published all together on the first of May in our Number for April. — The same plan will be pursued in future cases.*

The angry "*Orthodoxus*" will find his scurrilous and illiberal invective duly noticed, under the head of "*Bigotry and Intolerance*," in our subsequent pages.

The continuation of the "*Biographic Sketch of Lord Wellington*" is, through an unfortunate accident, un-avoidably postponed.

"*Benedict*"—"The Fleet Prison"—and "*What might be*," shall be presented to our readers as soon as we receive the continuations, which have been delayed by the sickness of the authors. — We cannot possibly guard against such visitations of Providence.

To the inquiries of a young gentleman we reply, that his *metre* is not only un-exceptionable, but highly pleasing. The desired further information he may obtain from any judicious friend: but we cannot possibly spare time for such discussions.—If he will send us the piece more correct in point of language, we will with great pleasure insert it.

It would give us sincere pleasure to gratify our good-natured correspondent "*of the feminine gender*:" but, although her piece contain some very good lines, we really cannot admit such rhimes as her *second* and *fourth*, or *ninth* and *eleventh*—or such metrical licences as the junction of a *pyrrhic* and a *trochee* in the fifth—to say nothing of a phrase in the third, which we cannot understand. If she remove these objections, we shall be happy to gratify her.

If "*Melissa*" will amend the fourth, twelfth, and seventeenth lines of her piece, we will insert the first five stanzas. The remainder we cannot admit.

J. M. L.'s blank verse is not forgotten.

C. H. to Mary, and W's *Poetic Adieu*, are received.

G's *Birth-day Acrostich* is also received; and we will thank him for the promised prose contributions, which, if suited to our Magazine, shall experience our early attention.

"*Ellen*," intended for insertion this month, is un-avoidably postponed, but shall certainly appear in our next.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



there is a Irillingham

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1811.

Memoirs of MONTALBERT.

(Continued from the Supplement to
Vol. XLI.)

[With an illustrative Engraving.]

EMMA recollected something she had forgotten to do, and ran from us. I was left alone with Amelia, in one of the most romantic spots that nature ever formed. I pulled a rose, and gave it to her: she took it, and, after admiring its fragrance, placed it in her bosom.—How I envied the senseless flower! I would have given my life to have been but one moment in its place.

I took her hand in mine:—she did not withdraw it, but, with a flitting blush, cast her eyes on the ground. I grew bolder: I ventured to tell my love. I told it simple, but ardent: no deceit dwelt upon my tongue: my words flowed from my heart.

She saw truth in my eyes. I told her she was dear to me as the blood that flowed in my veins: I asked her to trust to the honor of a soldier; and I asked—yes, I dared to ask, her love in return.

I felt her hand tremble in mine: she was extremely agitated. I drew my timid blushing love to a verdant bank, and, passing my arm round her fair fragile form, made her sit down by me—I urged her to say if I had any interest in her bosom. I looked earnestly in her face:—she raised her humid eye, and smiled through her blushes.—That smile spoke volumes—I was beloved—heavily

loved! I was beloved, adored by Amelia Colnbrook!

In ecstasy I snatched her to my bosom, and for the first time pressed my lips to hers.—Dear delicious kiss, the first-born of love! yet, yet, I remember and feel the ravishing thrill that ran through my veins, as I drank nectarous sweets from her ambrosial lips. I held her fast locked in my warm embrace—I felt her heart beat high and quick:—mine heaved in responsive unison: I forgot the world—all, all, but Amelia Colnbrook and love.

A distant footstep awakened us from our dream of bliss: my Amelia started from my encircling arms, and, with a face that out-blushed the Damask rose, turned in sweet confusion from my enraptured gaze.

It was Emma that had disturbed us. Elinor was along with her; and her lively prattle gave Amelia time to recover herself. Yet, every time that her azure eye met mine, a conscious blush mantled on her blooming cheek.

Three months flew with downy pinions: and, if ever mortal tasted un-alloyed happiness, it was surely I.—Days of happiness for ever fled!—Say, my friend, could you believe that such felicity could lead to remorse and misery? and yet it did.—Oh! how dreadful the transition!—but I will not dwell on past times, lest the recollection should drive my brain to madness.

Behold me, my friend, the hap-

piest of mortals:—I loved, and was beloved: I adored, and was adored: I was at the gates of Paradise, when an order to join my regiment tore me back again to earth.

I flew to my Amelia with the fatal news:—on her fond faithful bosom I uttered a thousand rhapsodies, which none but lovers could understand.—Amelia, drowned in tears, for the first time clasped me in her meek embrace, and hid her angel face in my bosom.—Let me pass over my parting from Amelia.

Emma was our confidant.—What future scenes of bliss did we not plan! Our loves were to be concealed, until I should have attained my twenty-third year, when I was to come into possession of an estate of two thousand a year, bequeathed to me by an uncle.

My father's health was in a declining state:—his farewell was solemn and tender: in the most impressive terms, he recommended my sisters and brothers to my care, and besought me, as I valued my parents, to be to them a father and brother, when he was taken from them. I promised all he wished; and I can lay my hand on my heart, and solemnly affirm that I never broke my word.

I quitted the lodge in a state of mind far from enviable. My father's manner had made a deep impression upon me; and I sighed to think that I might now perhaps have seen him for the last time. My heart did not deceive me:—it was the last time: he died in six months after my departure.

When I reached Fort ***, where our regiment was station-

ed, I received a hearty welcome from my brother officers: but none showed such extravagant marks of joy, as a young lieutenant of the name of Deloraine. This young man and I had entered the regiment much about the same time and the same age: a similarity of dispositions drew us together; and, from being intimate acquaintances, we became bosom friends.

Deloraine was a younger brother, and not always overburdened with cash: I sometimes had it in my power to be serviceable to him in that respect.—He was a noble, generous fellow, but a little wild and dissipated. His figure and face was elegant in the extreme: the fire of animation and intelligence lighted up his fine expressive manly countenance, and sparkled in his large brilliant black eyes. Harry Deloraine was a universal favorite with the ladies; and happy did she think herself, who had him for her beau or partner in a walk or dance.

In a few minutes, Deloraine made me as well acquainted with every thing that had passed in my absence, as if I had never quitted the regiment: "But the wonder of all," said he, "is our new ensign: he is a perfect ænigma to us! We have been trying to solve it these four months: but it is too difficult for our wise noddles; so we have given it up, and the ensign is left to peace and quietness."

"What, in the name of wonder, are you rattling at now?" said I. "You are yourself an ænigma to me at present."

"Why," replied Deloraine, "about four months ago, a new officer joined us.—Curiosity, you

know, is prevalent in every breast: we waited—at least I did—very anxiously, to get a peep at him. At last I was gratified; and I will do him the justice to say, his manners are prepossessing in the extreme: but he is so retired, so wrapped up in solitude, that, except when his duty commands it, he is never hardly seen. He repels all intimacy, and has refused innumerable invitations from different families, who were taken by his interesting appearance and apparent melancholy. He even avoids speaking, as much as possible; nor has he ever attended mess."

"Where does he come from? and what is his name?" asked I.

"The first I cannot tell you," replied Deloraine: "but his name is William Arlingham."

The drums for the evening parade at that moment beat:—Deloraine and I repaired to the ground.—The officers, in separate groupes, were standing in conversation, or walking up and down.—"There is Arlingham!" said Deloraine, pointing to a slim graceful figure reclining on a cannon, apart from all the rest. He was seemingly in deep meditation: his eyes were fixed on the ground, and his arms folded across his breast. His attitude was melancholy: his face I could not see: the feather of his hat completely concealed it.

"Do you wish to be introduced?" inquired my friend.

"With all my heart," replied I.

"Mr. Arlingham," said Deloraine, "allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Montalbert."

Arlingham rose, and bowed gracefully. He appeared quite a boy: the down of manhood had not yet veiled his chin: his com-

plexion was fair as the driven snow: a faint suffusion of red tinged his cheek: his eyes were dark blue, large, full, and expressive; his eye-lashes dark-brown, and his hair two shades lighter. His countenance was expressive of every thing that could please; and a melancholy cast gave a peculiar interest to his features.—I felt my heart warm towards him: I would gladly have cultivated his friendship; but, after a few words, he turned from us, and took his station on the parade.

"What do you think of him?" asked Deloraine. "Is he not a strange being?—Though he evidently dislikes your society, yet you cannot think harshly of him."

"'Tis very true," replied I. "It is impossible not to feel a partiality towards him:—his manners are the most prepossessing I ever beheld.—I should like to become a little better acquainted with him."

"It will be more than any of us have done, then," said my friend. "I court his company more than any other of the officers: yet a bow of recognisance is all the extent of my acquaintance with him. I have often asked him to come to my lodgings: but he always declined it."

"What can make such a boy as he so melancholy, and so deeply depressed?" thought I, as I turned towards where he was.—He was gazing intently on me, and smiled as my eye met his. Immediately after the parade, he repaired to his lodgings; and, during four days, I never saw him, except upon duty, but then always received a bow and a smile.

One beautiful evening, instead of going directly home, he strolled

towards the ramparts, and sauntered slowly along. I followed, and came up with him as he stood to admire the faint rays of the sun reflected upon the clear unruffled bosom of the deep. "How delightfully mild the evening is!" said I to him, after the usual salutations were passed.

"It is indeed," returned Arlingham. "The rampart to the south commands a beautiful prospect."

"You are a lover of romantic scenery, I perceive," said I; "and no place can command a more charming view, than the spot we now stand upon."

While I spoke, I observed him gazing intently on my face. When he met my eye, he blushed, and turned another way. He did not, as usual, shun me: we walked along the ramparts together; and his conversation discovered him to be of a romantic, desponding turn of mind. The tone of his voice was plaintive, low, and sweet: I could have listened to it for hours; there was such fascination and melancholy in his soft voice. "Will you step in for a few minutes?" said I to him, as we came to the door of my lodging; and, to my astonishment, he at once accepted the invitation.

We found Deloraine sitting with a book in his hand. On our entrance, he interrupted his reading, and appeared surprised at seeing Arlingham. — I ordered wine: Arlingham declined drinking more than two glasses. He spoke little; and, after sitting for about an hour, he rose, and took his leave of us.

He insensibly grew less reserved towards Deloraine and me: he spent with us almost every evening that we were disengaged; and I

every day found something more to esteem in him. — He drew more to me than to Deloraine: — he was too lively for him.

I often heard from Emma; and sometimes my Amelia would add a few precious lines. — Absence, instead of lessening my love, made it glow almost to idolatry; and Deloraine would often laugh at the raptures excited in me by even the bare mention of Amelia's name.

At the town of ***, about two miles from the fort where we were in garrison, there was generally a ball every month. Deloraine and I were constant attendants. Arlingham we never could prevail upon to go. — There was a great deal spoken about the ball that was to be given on the queen's birth-day; with a great deal of entreaty, I at last obtained a promise from Arlingham to accompany us. — We arrived late. — Deloraine almost immediately quitted us, to flirt with some young ladies. On a sudden, he flew back, and, seizing me by the arm, exclaimed, "An angel, by heaven! Come and look at her."

I went along with him. — "An angel indeed! It is my Amelia," cried I — "it is Amelia Colubrook."

(To be continued.)

Sketches of IRISH CHARACTER.

(From Sir Jonah Barrington's "Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between G. Britain and Ireland.")

THE Irish people have been as little known, as they have been grossly defamed, to the rest of Europe: nor is it from what they have done, but from the means by which they have been seduced or

goaded to do it, that an impartial world will judge of their intellect, or appreciate the value or the disposition of their country.

The monstrous and incredible fictions of ignorant and foreign authors have, from the earliest ages, been employed, to excite the contempt of the English nation toward the Irish people. The lengths, to which English writers have proceeded in pursuit of this object, would surpass all belief, were not the facts proved by histories written under the immediate eye and sanction of Irish governments—histories replete with falsehood, which, combined with the still more mischievous misrepresentations of modern writers, form all together a mass of the most cruel calumnies that ever weighed down the character of a meritorious people.

This system however was not without its meaning. From the reign of Elizabeth,*..... perfect unanimity among the inhabitants [*of Ireland*] has been falsely considered as likely to give her a population and a power almost incompatible with subjection.

Not only the distinct classes of society, but also the inhabitants of the several provinces of Ireland, were distinguished from each other by different characteristic qualities. Leinster, the pale of the ancient English settlers—Connaught, the retreat of the aboriginal Irish—Munster, the general abode of Irish and of foreigners—and Ulster, the residence of Scottish colonists—

were inhabited by people nearly as distinct from each other in natural disposition, as the sources whence they respectively derived their origin.

The first landing of the English in Ireland under Strongbow was in the province of Leinster; and a certain district, called the English pale, was, for a great length of time, possessed by those settlers. It was extremely singular, that, when Englishmen had resided any considerable time in Ireland, they began to adopt the Irish customs and habits, and were designated by their countrymen by the title of “the degenerate English of the pale.”—One district in the county of Wexford (the barony of Forth) still retains many of the ancient customs of the old English settlers.

Queen Elizabeth, and, after her, Cromwell, almost depopulated Ireland by military executions. The latter drove the original natives of Ireland across the river Shannon, and cooped them up in the province of Connaught, the most barren and uncultivated in the kingdom. Thus secluded, and totally under the guidance of their priests and the influence of their superstition, they continued far behind the other provinces in every point of improvement.—The greater proportion of the inhabitants of that province are catholics; and they retain the peculiarities of the original Irish character much more strongly impressed than the people of the other provinces. The language, universally spoken among the lower orders, is Irish; but, in some parts, they speak Latin with great fluency.

Munster, situate on the borders of the Atlantic, had a considerable intercourse with foreigners; and

* Here we omit part of the sentence, not choosing to hazard the assertion that it has been “the policy” of *any country* “to keep Ireland in a state of internal division.” *ELLIS.*

that part which is on the sea-coast, was frequented by foreign merchants. Kilkenny, in the centre of that province, was occasionally the seat of government; and parliaments were held there. — Munster contains by far the best lands and the finest peasantry in Ireland.

Ulster, opposite to the Scottish coast, is peopled principally by persons of Scottish origin, who had, from time to time during the civil wars of Ireland, been brought over as auxiliaries from their own country: and, finding Ireland a more fruitful region than that which had given them birth, they here fixed their abode—a practice still very prevalent with the Scots. They are more industrious, and more regular in all their dealings, than the inhabitants of the other provinces. — Ulster is more populous, full of manufacturing towns, and a thriving people. They are protestant dissenters in point of religion.

The class of wealthy industrious yeomen, which has contributed so largely to form the independent manner and character of the English pale, was much too scantily interspersed throughout the other parts of Ireland:—there the ranks of society were more distinct, and the links of their connexion wider and more distant: the higher classes were too proud, and the lower too humble, to admit the possibility of an intimate association, without the interposition of unforeseen occurrences.

The Irish peasantry, who necessarily composed the great body of the population, combined in their character many of those singular and repugnant qualities which peculiarly designate the people of different nations; and this remarkable contrariety of

characteristic traits pervaded almost the whole current of their natural dispositions. Laborious, yet lazy—domestic, but dissipated—accustomed to wants in the midst of plenty—they submit to hardships without repining, and bear the severest privations with stoic fortitude. The sharpest wit, and the shrewdest subtilty, which abound in the character of the Irish peasant, generally lie concealed under the semblance of dulness, or the appearance of simplicity; and his language, replete with the keenest humour, possesses an idiom of equivocation, which never fails successfully to evade a direct answer to an unwelcome question.

Inquisitive, artful and penetrating, the Irish peasant learns mankind without extensive intercourse, and has an instinctive knowledge of the world, without mingling in its societies: and never, in any other instance, did there exist an illiterate and uncultivated people who could display so much address and so much talent in the ordinary transactions of life, as the Irish peasantry.

Too hasty or too dilatory in the execution of their projects, they are sometimes frustrated by their impatience and impetuosity: at other times they fail through their indolence and procrastination; and, without possessing the extreme vivacity of the French or the cool phlegm of the English character, they feel all the inconvenience of the one, and experience the disadvantages of the other.

In his anger furious without revenge, and violent without animosity—turbulent and fantastic in his dissipation—ebriety discloses the inmost recesses of the Irish peasant's character. His

temper irascible, but good-natured—his mind coarse and vulgar, yet sympathetic and susceptible of every impression—he yields too suddenly to the paroxysms of momentary impulse, or the seduction of pernicious example; and an implicit confidence in the advice of a false friend, or the influence of an artful superior, not unfrequently leads him to perpetrate the enormities of vice, while he believes he is performing the exploits of virtue.

The Irish peasant has, at all periods, been peculiarly distinguished for unbounded but indiscriminate hospitality, which, though naturally devoted to the necessities of a friend, is never denied by him even to the distresses of an enemy*. To be in want or in misery, is the best recommendation to his disinterested protection: his food, his bed, his raiment, are equally the stranger's as his own; and, the deeper the distress, the more welcome is the sufferer to the peasant's cottage.

His attachments to his kindred and connexions are of the strongest nature. The social duties are intimately blended with the natural uncorrupted disposition of an Irish peasant; and, though covered with rags, oppressed with poverty, and perhaps with hunger,

the finest specimens of generosity and heroism are to be found in his singular but unequalled character.

A martial spirit and a love of desultory warfare is indigenous to the Irish people. Battle is their pastime:—whole parishes and districts form themselves into parties, which they denominate factions:—they meet, by appointment, at their country fairs: there they quarrel without a cause, and fight without an object; and, having indulged their propensity and bound up their wounds, they return satisfied to their own homes, generally without anger, and frequently in perfect friendship with each other*.—It is a melancholy reflexion, that the successive governments of Ireland should have been so long and so obstinately blind to the real interest of the country, as to conceive it more expedient to attempt the fruitless task of suppressing the national spirit by legal severity, than to adopt a system of national instruction and gene-

* "It has been remarked (adds Sir Jonah, in a note) that the English and Irish people form their judgement of strangers very differently: an Englishman suspects a stranger to be a rogue, till he finds that he is an honest man: the Irishman conceives every person to be an honest man, till he finds him out to be a rogue: and this accounts for the very striking difference in their conduct and hospitality to strangers. The Irish is the more liberal, but the English by far the wiser, maxim."

* "Natural cruelty (observes Sir Jonah) has been imputed to the Irish peasant by persons who either are unacquainted with his character, or wish to misrepresent it. * * * * In England, during a peaceable year (1794), two hundred and eighteen persons received sentence of death, of whom forty-four were for murder. In Ireland, during a troublesome year (1797), eighty-seven received sentence of death, of whom only eighteen were for murder: so that England seems to have committed her full proportion of crimes and more than her proportion of murders; which does not substantiate the charge of cruelty, with which the Irish character has been exclusively aspersed. The murders in Ireland, moreover, are very different from those in England: many murders in Ireland occur in the heat of their battles: most of those in England are perpetrated in cold blood."

ral industry, which, by affording employment to their faculties, might give to the minds of the people a proper tendency, and a useful and peaceable direction.

In general, the Irish are rather impetuously brave, than steadily persevering: their onsets are furious, and their retreats precipitate: but even death has for them no terrors, when they firmly believe that their cause is meritorious*. Though exquisitely artful in the stratagems of warfare, yet, when actually in battle, their discretion vanishes before their impetuosity; and—the most gregarious people under heaven—they rush forward in a crowd with tumultuous ardor, and without foresight or reflexion whether they are advancing to destruction or to victory.

An enthusiastic attachment to the place of their nativity is another striking trait of the Irish character, which neither time nor absence, prosperity nor adversity, can obliterate or diminish. Wherever an Irish peasant was born, there he wishes to die; and, however successful in ac-

quiring wealth or rank in distant places, he returns with fond affection to renew his intercourse with the friends and companions of his youth and his obscurity.

Illiterate and ignorant as the Irish peasantry are, they cannot be expected to understand the complicated theory and fundamental principles of civil government, and therefore are too easily imposed upon by the fallacious reasoning of insinuating agitators: but their natural political disposition is evidently aristocratic. From the traditionary history of their ancient kings, their minds early imbibe a warm love of monarchy; while their courteous, civil, and humble demeanour to the higher orders of society proves their ready deference to rank, and their voluntary submission to superiority: and, when the rough and independent, if not insolent, address of the English farmer to his superiors is compared with the native humble courtesy of the Irish peasant, it would be the highest injustice to charge the latter with a natural disposition toward the principles of democracy.

* "The heroic fortitude, with which a multitude of Irish peasants suffered the punishment of death during the insurrection of 1798, was very remarkable. They went with cheerfulness to the place of execution, and often exhorted the spectators to follow their example. They had not an equal fortitude in sufferings slow pain; and very few of them could restrain their groans under the operation of flogging, though they evidently endeavoured to suppress them. With a number of peasants at Carlow, who, by order of Colonel * * * * *, were first very severely flogged, and then hanged, the expectation of death seemed a consolation for the pain of living; and they met their last punishment with an obvious gratification."

An innate spirit of insubordination to the laws has been strongly charged upon the Irish peasantry: but an illiterate people—to whom the punishment of crimes appears rather as a sacrifice to revenge than a measure of prevention—can never have the same deference to the law, as those who are instructed in the principles of justice, and taught to recognise its equality. It has, however, been uniformly admitted by every impartial writer on the affairs of Ireland, that a spirit of strict justice has ever characterised the Irish pea-

sant* Convince him, by plain and impartial reasoning, that he is wrong; and he generally withdraws from the judgement-seat, if not with cheerfulness, at least with submission: but, to make him respect the laws, he must be satisfied that they are impartial; and, with that conviction on his mind, the Irish peasant is as perfectly tractable, as the native of any other country in the world.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JEALOUSY.

(Continued from page 25.)

RUHLSBERG was well received in all companies; and he frequented them constantly during four or five days, without ever meeting Mrs. Patterson, and without ever failing to meet her sister-in-law. As the pleasure of speaking of Helmina rendered Miss Patterson's society more agreeable to Ruhlberg than any other, he was the first to seek it.

A person who could have penetrated the secret thoughts of each, would have smiled at the style of their conversation. Miss Patterson was for ever descending on the disadvantages of a single life, and on the blessings of a suitable marriage; and Ruhlberg answered her harangue, by lamenting the evils which must inevitably arise from a union in which the heart has no share. In fact, these good people did not at all understand

each other: but they thought they did; and that is one point gained.

Ruhlberg, however, by entering into the different societies at Slewick, was confirmed in his high opinion of Helmina: the general suffrage was in her favor. It was not so in regard to the countess: she insisted upon celebrity, and had the lot of those who do so: she was praised with enthusiasm, or censured without mercy. Mrs. Patterson, on the contrary, veiling all her graces beneath modesty of demeanour, attracted universal esteem; and Ruhlberg drew from this universal esteem a new testimony of her merits, and a new bond to his affection towards her. He heard from Miss Patterson, that her sister-in-law was not fond of company, or rather, that she had a husband who disapproved all fondness for it. "Mr. Patterson is a strange man," said she. — "I may thank him and his unsocial humour for having missed many eligible opportunities of being settled in life. He will absolutely receive no company at all. I have yielded too long to his inclinations; but that is over now: either he shall permit me to see what company I please in his house, or I shall immediately establish myself in a house of my own. I may surely be intrusted with the conduct of myself.

"Doubtless," said Ruhlberg.

"And," continued she, "because I see company, it does not follow that his wife must always make one in the circle."

"But at present," said Ruhlberg, "would it not be better to avoid any thing like a family separation?"

"Perhaps it might; for we have accustomed ourselves to be

* "Sir John Davis, Attorney General of Ireland, who, in the reign of James the first, was employed by the king to establish the English laws throughout Ireland, and who made himself perfectly acquainted with the character of the inhabitants, admits that "there were no people under heaven, who loved equal and impartial justice better than the Irish."

always together: but, if I break with Mr. Patterson, it is his own fault:—why is he jealous?"

"Why is he married?" said Ruhlberg.

"I will certainly liberate myself from these needless restraints: and whoever has the kindness to visit me, will do me a particular favor, if it were but in affording me an opportunity to show Mr. Patterson that I no longer consider myself as a child."

This was a pretty obvious hint; and Ruhlberg was not inattentive to it, though he received it in silence. The next day he went to look at the estate which M. Mulhausen had told him was upon sale. He there found an old steward, who, during the infancy of Helmina, had often carried her in his arms, and who could scarcely speak of her without tears. Ruhlberg listened to him with the liveliest interest: he passed the whole night at the castle, and could not prevail upon himself to quit it before the evening of the following day. In the mean time, he had employed himself in visiting every apartment in the house, every thicket in the park, and in listening to every communication which the steward chose to make, relative to Helmina during her childhood and earliest youth.

From this talkative old man he obtained one article of intelligence, which gave him particular pleasure: this was, that the person who had been Helmina's instructor in music, was far advanced in life. Ruhlberg, therefore, felt himself relieved from all uneasiness with respect to that report of her attachment to the music-master, which had caused him so much disquietude. He made some inquiries relative to the for-

mer possessor of the estate; and the steward confirmed M. Mulhausen's account of his having ruined himself by gaming. He added, also, that the unfortunate man had traveled into foreign countries to hide his mortification; and that he still lived abroad, upon a small pension, which Mr. Patterson had engaged to pay him, when he obtained his daughter in marriage.

Ruhlberg returned to Sleswick, full of joy, full of love, and with a fixed resolution to purchase the castle of Lietmankor. He had taken no pains to acquire information respecting the value of the estate:—of what consequence was that to him? The furniture, the rooms, the gardens, the old steward, all were there; and these were enough for him.

The following day he called on Miss Patterson; and his visit threw her into such an agitation, that she knew neither what she said nor what she did; and, for this, it must be confessed she was but the better suited to her guest.

When Ruhlberg had informed Miss Patterson that his visit was to her brother, and that he came to treat with him about the purchase of the Leitmankor estate, she ran to the door of the apartment, calling as loud as she could, "Helmina! Helmina! sister! sister!" *Sister* was the name by which she was fond of addressing the youthful Helmina, while her brother, who was still older than herself, was always dignified by the title of Sir, or Mr. Patterson.

Mrs. Patterson obeyed her sister-in-law's vociferous summons: she blushed and trembled at the sight of Ruhlberg, who was so much agitated at beholding her, as to be almost unable to rise

from his seat upon her entering the room.

Miss Patterson, still in the most vehement perturbation, continued exclaiming, "Sister! sister! Mr. Ruhlberg is going to settle among us: he is indeed: he wishes to purchase Leitmankor of your husband:" and, thus saying, she ran out of the room, to tell Mr. Patterson the good news.

At length then Helmina and her lover were left alone. What a moment for each! Full of recollections of that first and only time they had seen each other, they were overwhelmed with confusion, and scarcely dared to lift up their eyes. Could Helmina forget that she had blushed in the presence of Ruhlberg? or could Ruhlberg forget the import of those words which occasioned her emotion?

The embarrassment which held them both in silence, became more difficult to dispel, the longer it continued. Ruhlberg, ashamed of not having yet spoken to Mrs. Patterson, revolted at the idea of beginning a conversation with her by some very insignificant observation; and Helmina, fearful that a stranger might entertain a very disadvantageous opinion of a woman, who, in her own house, had not one word to say to a person who came on business to her husband, considered what subject she should start, till her ideas were quite bewildered. Alas! both were obliged to be silent on that subject which occupied the mind of each.

At length Ruhlberg exclaimed with vivacity, "Oh! what a charming place is Leitmankor!" and Helmina answered with a sigh "for me, during sixteen years, it was the mansion of bliss."

"I know it, I know it well," said Ruhlberg: and then, to Helmina's extreme surprise, he ran over, with the utmost volubility, all the occurrences of her childhood.

Delighted with the retrospect of those happy days which were past, never to return—she indulged in those sweet remembrances which crowded upon her fancy, and related, in her turn, a thousand anecdotes of herself with the same vivacious minuteness as though they had been, at that moment, present. "One day, (I believe I was about twelve years old) I fell into that fish-pond which is just by the little pavilion. Oh! how I screamed! how terrified I was, when they came to drag me out!" Ruhlberg trembled in every nerve; he gazed earnestly at Helmina; and, had he dared, he would have taken her hand, to assure himself more perfectly that she was now in safety.

Ruhlberg continued his retrospections of Helmina's childhood: he reminded her of the poor old man, who used to come every morning to the park gate, and to whom she always carried some of her own breakfast. Helmina smiled and blushed, and still lingered upon her darling subject. The thicket upon the right hand of the lawn, the little lime-tree walk, the orchard, the kitchen-garden, all were recollected with exactness—all were spoken of with pleasure. One would have supposed that Helmina and her lover were two young friends, who, having been brought up together, had met after a ten years' absence, and were delighted at recurring to the events of their childhood, which they had experienced together, and which were dear to

the memory of each. From a painful and embarrassing silence, Ruhlberg and Helmina had passed, in half an hour, to conversation the most intimate and interesting; inasmuch, that, upon the sound of persons entering the room, both involuntarily drew their chairs further from each other. — After this, it is unnecessary to say that they were lovers.

(To be continued.)

Picture of HAMBURG in 1805.

(Continued from Vol. XLI. p. 506.)

HAMBURG is doubly inclosed on the Holstein side*. The ramparts are planted with trees, kept with peculiar neatness, and form two roads, the one for horsemen and carriages, and the other for foot passengers: they extend almost entirely round the town, and command most beautiful points of view, particularly where the Alster on one side, and the bason on the other, form a water scenery truly picturesque. It is rather remarkable that the Elbe, the only river supposed to be of any consequence by those who never visited Hamburg, should make no part of so delightful a prospect.

The police of Hamburg is extremely good; for, besides a considerable guard constantly posted in the streets, there are men continually passing and repassing, armed with long staffs, ferrelled with iron, which they strike with much violence on the pavement;

consequently, no passenger can be attacked with impunity during the night, or call in vain for assistance. The police is also admirably understood in cases of fire*, which, indeed, is particularly necessary in a town built principally of wood. In consequence of such precautions, there has been no instance for many years of two houses being consumed at the same time. A few days before our arrival, a house caught fire; the inside was entirely destroyed, and nothing remained but some ruins and the chimney, which, being blown down the following day, a young woman was killed, and several others wounded. This chimney was known to be in a very ruin-

* See Busching's Geography, quarto edition, page 463. The city of Hamburg, including the ramparts, the Alster bason, and the harbour, is about five English miles in circumference, and contains nearly 56,879,400 square feet,

* See Busching article, Hamburg, vol. vi. page 462, who thus expresses himself: "With respect to the regulations made here relating to fires, every person who can be of any assistance, either far or near, knows precisely the part he is to act, particularly the engine-workers, who belong either to the fire office, the artillery, or ship-engines, and who at certain stated periods are exercised. the militia also, of whom some must be ready on the least alarm, with fire-buckets in their hands, and others as a reserve, who stand at places appointed for them. Further, the institution of the *brand-wachen*, or fire watchmen, which was made about twenty years since, is also very worthy of observation. This consists of certain persons, distinguished, like the engine-workers, by their white frocks and large fire-caps, who, both during the winter and summer months, when the wind is high, or when, by the long continuance of it at east, the canals are grown dry or shallow, are obliged to patrol the streets all the night, and to make a clattering on the stones with the poles which they carry in their hands. For other concerns relative to the security of the city, watchmen go their constant rounds; the business of these is only to keep a look out against any appearance of fire; and by these means many small fires are got under at their first breaking out."

nous state; but, as the insurers of houses pay much less when that part of the building is left standing, it was unfortunately suffered to remain; a plain proof that even the most praiseworthy institutions are liable to abuses. Flambeaux are prohibited in the streets, and that for the above-mentioned reasons.

The number of carriages in Hamburg is so great, every merchant in easy circumstances keeping one, that on a fine summer's evening they absolutely form a procession towards the gates of the city. The regulated price for a hired carriage within the walls is six marks and eight^s, for a drive into the country. A single course is only a mark; but, what is very extraordinary, every person who is set down by a friend either in his own carriage, or in a hired one, is obliged to give the coachman something to drink.

The *German theatre* is open the whole of the year, and tragedies, comedies, and operas, are alternately performed†. This theatre is rather large, with three rows of boxes, un-ornamented, and without any pretensions to architecture. The price of the boxes is two marks, and that of the pit one. Here you are at liberty to sit, or to stand, and most people keep on their hats. The dresses and decorations are particularly mean, and there is no performance on Saturdays or Sundays. The street leading to the

theatre is too narrow to admit of more than one carriage, and even foot passengers find it difficult to pass at the same time. When we visited Hamburg in 1790, there was a very celebrated actor of the name of Shrœuder (since dead) who had the reputation of being the Garrick of Germany; but our ignorance of the language made it impossible to judge of his merit.

The churches are not much worthy of notice; St. Michael's is the handsomest; it is a new building, and is not too near the houses. The interior, in diameter two hundred and thirty-two feet, forms a kind of cross, the branches of which are nearly equal. It is surrounded by a large gallery. The baptismal font is in the centre of the nave; and a flight of steps conduct to a subterraneous church filled with tombs, amongst which are many family vaults. Dr. Benzenberg has lately made different experiments, and astronomical and physical observations, on the tower of this church: thirty-one of which are upon the rotation of the earth; twenty on the resistance of air against falling water; and four hundred and forty on the resistance of the same element against leaden balls of an inch and a half diameter falling from different heights of from ten to three hundred and forty feet, Paris measure. To ascertain the time employed in the fall with still greater precision, Mr. *Heyne*, who is always eager to promote all useful undertakings, sent to Hamburg the chronometer which belongs to the observatory of Göttingen, and which ascertains the *tierce* or sixtieth part of a second.

The tower of St. Michael's is

* Sixteen-pence English.

† There is likewise sometimes a company of French comedians, who perform in a different theatre. This was the case in my last visit to Hamburg, in 1806. The German theatre stands recluse behind the *Gause Markt*; and the French one is in the *Dreyband*, near the *Damthor*.

three hundred and ninety feet high, and is particularly well calculated for experiments of this nature, the architect *Pouin* having constructed it in such a manner as to leave an opening on every story, which reaches from the top to the bottom in a perpendicular line; by which means the leaden balls fall without being impeded in their passage. The elevation for these experiments is more considerable by an hundred feet than at Bologna, where *Riccioli*, two hundred, and *Gugliemini*, ten years since, made the like experiments. Sir Isaac Newton also made experiments on the resistance of air, near a century ago, in St. Paul's, in London, where, however, the elevation is eighty-five feet less than at St. Michael's at Hamburg.

The society of Hamburg consists principally of merchants, there being scarcely six noble families in the city. In the year 1790 the Comtesse de Beintheim received company almost every day, but gave no suppers. A formal invitation was necessary to be admitted into these assemblies, which appeared to us rather extraordinary. The merchants' houses are extremely pleasant; they live very expensively, and their tables are served in a style of elegance rarely to be met with in any other city. They give a variety of foreign wines, and have fresh grapes from Malaga in their desserts at all seasons of the year.

Their houses are particularly neat, and the profusion of wax lights greater than we ever remarked in any other country. After dinner, and supper, a mark is given to the servant who attends at the door; this is also the custom in some towns in Holland,

and in the French colony at Berlin; but it is not the case in the noblemen's houses in Hamburg, where, however, card-money is taken, which is not allowed at the merchants'.

The exchange is a very poor building, in a small kind of square, shaded by a few trees: the whole is much too confined for the great concourse of people who frequent it from two till half past three in the afternoon, particularly on post days. The Jews are very numerous, and do a great deal of business*. There is a library in this place, termed a commercial one, which, in 1790, contained only about three thousand volumes, none of which are either scarce or valuable; but within a few years it has made some very important acquisitions, consisting not only of a collection of French authors purchased by the voluntary subscription of several merchants, but of a great addition to the cabinet of medals, which makes part of this library; these belonged to the heir of Mr. *Amsink*, and were bought by a society of merchants, who opened a subscription for that purpose. The collection consists of a numerous series of Hamburg coins.

The burgomaster *Charles Widow* has contributed very much to the improvement of this library, especially whilst he had the office of first inspector of the different schools, having purchased a great number of works of natural history and medicine at the sale of a learned physician.

An unknown patron has also

* There are some Jews who make fifteen thousand pounds per annum, by being only paid one per thousand for business transacted.

presented it with a complete collection of the works of all the old physicians: indeed, there are very few libraries so rich in medical books as that at Hamburg; and it is to be hoped they will soon be arranged in proper order. The present apartment being much too confined, senator *Cordes*, principal inspector of the schools, has formed a plan to enlarge it by the addition of some of the contiguous buildings. During the short time this gentleman has enjoyed the post of inspector, the *Journal des Savans* from its first commencement, a great collection of historical works, and the best classical Greek authors, have been added to the library. The minister *Henry Jules Witterding* has prevailed on the ecclesiastical college of St. Peter's church to present it with sixty ancient manuscripts, and some first impressions, which were formerly carefully preserved in the said church.

Merchants, however rich, attend the exchange in all weathers, and are dressed in the plainest manner. Though numbers of these merchants are in easy circumstances, and some of them rich, there are but very few amongst them with those overgrown fortunes, dignified in France by the title of *millionnaires**.

The senate consists of thirty-four members, viz. four burgo-masters, (three of whom are civilians and graduates, with one merchant) four syndics, all civilians; a secretary and a prothonotary, likewise lawyers; twenty-four senators, twelve of whom are merchants, and twelve civilians. The senators are for life, and no one can refuse to serve the office under pain of being ba-

nished the city within twenty-four hours. The same penalty is in force for all other public offices. The senate assemble three times a week, in a large plain room, on the ground floor of the town-hall, which is a very poor building, with some heavy, ill-executed ornaments on the outside: it is situated near the exchange, and the first floor is dedicated to the different offices for the excise on corn, wine, cattle, &c. The receivers are perfectly independent, and subject to no account whatsoever, which makes it impossible to know the exact revenue of the city. It is said, that the citizens, and even the senate, are equally un-informed, which appears a most extraordinary circumstance. It is also difficult to ascertain the amount of the import duties; they are however, in general, extremely moderate, though they are not equal for all countries, France having enjoyed particular privileges ever since the treaty of 1769.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.
SIR,

As you have, in your last Number, provided for the security of ladies' persons against fire, by your recommendation of the very useful *fire-cloak*, I request permission to recommend to them another useful article, of less expense—a *chimney extinguisher*, to secure their furniture and their houses from the dangers attendant on fire catching in the chimneys.

It is well known, that, on closing the mouth of the chimney below with a blanket or other covering, the fire above will soon abate and become extinct, for want of a fresh supply of air to feed the flame:

* Since the French revolution, however, the number is greatly augmented.
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and, if the blanket be wetted, it will more speedily and effectually accomplish the desired object, because the water fills up all the pores in the texture of the blanket, and renders it much less pervious to air*.

Well, however, as the utility of the wet blanket is known, people do not always think of it in the moment of need: and, even if they do recollect it, and consent without hesitation to spoil a good blanket, still there occurs some delay in fetching it from above stairs, and carrying it down to the kitchen to be wetted; which gives the fire time to acquire additional violence, so as perhaps to prove an over-match for the blanket.

To guard against this casualty, and to be constantly prepared against such accident, I would recommend that every mistress of a house should provide herself with a square piece of thick, close blanket, carpet, or sacking, of sufficient dimensions to cover the opening of the widest chimney in the house, and to come about a quarter of a yard beyond the moulding on each side, while as much of it also lies on the hearth.

Let it be furnished on one side with three rings—one in the middle, and one at each end. These rings should not be of brittle stuff, like common curtain rings, which, by any sudden pull or jerk in the hurry of application, might be snapped asunder, and disappoint

your hopes: they should be made of brass wire or of iron. Corresponding to these rings, let three hooks be fixed in or about the mantel-piece in each apartment; or, where the mantel-piece is of marble, the middle hook must be omitted.—In the parlour, 'drawing-room, &c. these hooks may be rendered ornamental; and the two outside ones may be useful for other purposes.

If, from the narrowness of any of the chimney-fronts, the outside hooks must be placed nearer to the middle, than in the other apartments, let the extinguisher be furnished with five rings—the two outer ones to suit all the wider fronts—the two next to them to suit the narrower.

Thus prepared, let this article be known to every individual in the family, as the *chimney extinguisher*; and let it hang constantly in view near the cistern or water-butt, where it may always be found in readiness, and immediately wetted, when required.

When a chimney is on fire, instantly shut every door and window, to prevent a current of air to the fire-place; next, throw water to extinguish the fire in the grate; and then hang up the extinguisher thoroughly wetted—taking care to close it in every part, so as to leave no passage for the air. The operation of quenching the fire in the grate will produce two good effects:—by means of the moist vapor which it creates, it will tend to damp the fire in the chimney; and it will prevent the fire in the grate from burning a hole through the extinguisher, and opening an inlet for a current of air to feed the flame above.

If these simple directions be duly observed, a fire in a chimney may with ease be extinguished in a few

* This effect of wetting is well understood by mariners, who know, from experience, that a ship moves forward with greater velocity when her sails are wet, than when they are dry, because, in the former case, the wind cannot so easily escape through the pores of the canvas; whence it is not unusual, in dry weather, particularly in chasing or avoiding an enemy, to wet the sails by means of an engine or other contrivance.

minutes, as I know by my own experience — having twice extinguished very alarming fires in my own chimneys by the method here recommended. W. K.

The WINTER NIGHT; — a Fragment.

COLD was the wintry wind: fast fell the snow in sheets of milky white; and the tear, that fell from Mary's eye, froze in its course, and dropped, a glittering icicle, upon her heaving breast. A shriek of agony rent her bosom; and her heart beat heavy and sad, as she flew over the trackless plain. — She heeded not the contending elements; nor did she shiver when the snow stiffened the garments that slightly covered her slender form; — for Mary felt no cold! — but Mary felt nestling to her breast her infant boy; and still she hugged him closer. — She heard his plaintive moans, and, by the pallid light of a sickly moon, she beheld his innocent eyes closing in death: — she saw her cherub's lips convulsed, as his little hands grasped the long disheveled hair of his distracted mother. Her lengthened shriek was only answered by melancholy Echo.

But now the castle of Fitzwilliam met her sight; and she quickened her pace towards its gates. — The heavy knocker was raised by her trembling hand, and sounded through the lofty halls of her seducer! — The yawning porter starts, and in a surly voice inquires, *who* so rudely disturbs the peace within Lord Fitzwilliam's walls?

“Tell Fitzwilliam,” cried the despairing mother, “that Mary —

the humbled Mary — craves a shelter from the piercing cold for *his* child!”

“Poor maniac!” cried the Cerberus from within, “go hence! this is no Bedlam. My lord is retired to rest; and I dare not disturb his repose with a wandering beggar's tale.”

The wretched Mary replied not: for her baby breathed no longer: — the last feeble moan wafted his innocent soul to heaven, and gave it in charge to pitying angels.

Mary gazed upon her dead child: her senses fled: she gently laid it on the icy ground; and, dropping by its side, ere morning dawned, she slept in death.

Fitzwilliam! barbarous seducer! haste from thy downy pillow! — haste and see where Mary lies! — Her lifeless arms still encircle thy dead child: his tomb is her ice-cold breast; which erst glowed with pure and artless love for thee. Her wounded heart no longer throbs at thy approach. — Fitzwilliam! thou art a murderer! — and the shadowy forms of thy victims shall haunt thee by night and by day!

M*****.

MARIA.

Singular Female CHARACTER.

(From Hutton's “Trip to Coatham.”)

Mrs. Margaret Wharton, aunt to the present gentleman*, was tall, thin, and lived to about ninety-one. She was said to have been possessed of 200,000*l*. She had some inoffensive oddities, but more excellencies; she made a present to her nephew of one hundred thousand; an act of generosity practised by few.

* Mr. Wharton, near Coatham.

She chose to be her own caterer. Purchasing some eels, she put them in her pocket, entered her coach, and called upon a lady to take her an airing. The warmth of the body reviving the condemned prisoners, one of them took the liberty of creeping out for a little air, being deprived of water. The friend cried out, in horror, "Lord, madam! you have an adder creeping about you! Coachman, stop, stop! let me get out." — "You need not be frightened, madam, she said coolly: "I protest one of my eels is alive!"

Though she resided in York, she visited Scarborough in the season; and frequently sending for a pennyworth of strawberries and a pennyworth of cream for supper, the people conferred upon her the name of Peg Pennyworth, which never forsook her.

Her charities were boundless, but always private; nothing hurt her so much as to have them divulged. If any did proclaim them, she withdrew her benevolence; and nothing pleased her more than to be deemed rich.

An incident occurred, in which she displayed her aversion to public charity. Some gentlemen soliciting her favor, whom she could scarcely deny, (about the year 1774, when light guineas were in disgrace,) she pulled out a number of guineas, and, repeatedly turning them over, selected one of the lightest. This produced a few winks and smiles; but the matter did not end here. The celebrated *Foote*, of comic memory, laid hold of the incident, and drew her character in a farce, under the name of Peg Pennyworth.

When she was informed of this circumstance, she exclaimed, with a smile, "I will see it acted, as I

live." She did, and declared with joy, "They had done her great justice." A gentleman took her in his arms, before the whole audience, and cried, "This is the greatest fortune in Yorkshire!" which delighted her more; and no doubt she would be equally delighted, if living, with this concise history of her life; nay, who can tell but her shade hovers over me, and directs my pen, with a smile? The entertainment over, a cry was repeated, "Peg's coach?" "They might have called me *Margaret*, however," said she.

In one of her visits to Scarborough, she, with her usual economy, had a family pye for dinner; she directed the footman to take it to the bakehouse, who rather declined it, as not being his place, or rather, his consequence would suffer.

She then moved the question to the coachman, but found a stronger objection. To save the pride of both, she resolved to take it herself; and ordered one to harness and bring out the carriage, and the other to mount behind, and took the pye thus dignified to the bakehouse; what pye had ever been so honorably conveyed? When baked, coachee was ordered to put to a second time, and the footman to mount: and the pye returned in the same honorable state. "Now," says she to the coachman, "you have kept your place, which is to drive: and yours, to the footman, which is to wait."

A clergyman's wife having kept up a visiting connexion in York, the clergyman dying, and leaving the lady in affluence, she retired to Thirsk with four daughters, and solicited Peg to pay her a visit. Peg consented, took her

carriage and servants. After some time, the lady began to think the visit rather protracted, particularly as she had a family of her own to provide for; but Peg thought that treating the young ladies with a frequent airing in the carriage was an ample recompense.

A growing discontent cannot be smothered, the lady could neither find a remedy, nor complain. At length she ventured to hint to Mr. Wharton, "That the pressure was great." "Be silent, madam," said he, "let my aunt have her way. I will pay you two hundred a year during the life of my aunt; and one hundred during your own, should you survive her."

Peg ended her days with this lady, and I believe the hundred a year is paid to this day.

SAPPHO; an Historic Romance.
(Continued from page 16.)

Thus passed the night in peaceful tranquillity, until the rosy fingers of Aurora opened the gates of the East, and the daughter of Hyperion advanced in her radiant car, suspended between the heavens and the earth, beaming with resplendent majesty, and leading in her train the most cooling and refreshing Zephyrs. Suddenly, the sky becomes obscured with dark clouds; the sea is heard roaring in the distance; the crew awake in fear and trembling, and hasten in their respective posts: the sails are immediately lowered, and the ropes which retained them are cut, in the hurry of impatient precipitation. The wind increases; and the ship, without sails (like the hawk, which, struck by the sudden blast, closes its wings, and

submits to the irresistible force of the whirlwind) is driven at the mercy of the tempest. A deadly paleness is expressed on the faces of the crew, who expect every moment to behold the vessel sinking under the fury of the waves; and their fear was augmented, when they saw the rudder torn from the hands of the pilot, who was no longer able to govern the ship.

The stranger remained in the same placid attitude, and appeared in perfect tranquillity. The sailors were surprised at her serenity, and, with astonishment, remarked (as much as the apprehension of their own immediate danger permitted them) that a young and naturally timid female should, in courage, surpass men accustomed to the dangers of the seas. "Is it courage, or insensibility to danger?"

She perceived their thoughts, and, rising majestically, said, "Be not afraid:—I will take charge of the vessel!"—She immediately detached a veil from her dress, and, bending gracefully towards the prow, extended it above her head at one extremity, while she held the other on her knee. The wind expanded the veil in the form of an arc, and the vessel, under the influence of this apparently slight sail, flies lightly over the surface of the waves, like a leaf fallen into the brook, impelled by the force of the current. —It is in this attitude, that a painter has represented, under the portico of the Areopagus at Athens, Galatea sailing on the ocean.

Who can express the extreme surprise of the sailors? They contemplate in awful silence that wondrous being, whom they discover to be a Divinity, by the

power which she exercises over the most unruly of the elements.

In the distance, they soon perceive the rugged shores of Cyprus, like a group of dark clouds scattered on the surface of the deep. "Land! Land!" shouted the sailors in ecstasies of joy. The fair stranger, still in the same attitude, continued to conduct the vessel through the foaming waves into the port, where the sea was perfectly calm. They immediately cast anchor, and joyfully descended on the shore.

Phaon could not find terms to express the grateful effusions of his feelings; "Whoever thou art," said he, "whether a Divinity or a daughter of the Gods, the goodness of thy heart equals the benignity of thy mind, and the heavenly beauty of thy person. Thou hast snatched us from the horrors of shipwreck and inevitable death! What possible return can we make for that which is beyond our power to compensate? Yet, at least let us enjoy the satisfaction of proving that our hearts are sensibly alive to gratitude. "It is from me," she replied, "that gratitude is due to you for having changed the original intention of your voyage." — She then drew Phaon gently aside, and, presenting him with a vase of transparent alabaster, said, "Accept this perfume; and, as you have already witnessed the truth of my assertions, confide in my promises. On your return to Lesbos, spread this essence over your body; you will then experience the effect of your confidence."

"O Goddess!" exclaimed Phaon — "condescend to disclose to me the name of the divinity who placed herself under my protection."

"I am the delight and torment of mortals — the source of pleasure and pain. I mingle tears with my smiles; in me behold the mother of the weakest and most powerful god of Olympus."

"O celestial and incomprehensible language," cries Phaon, "whose mysterious sense I cannot penetrate!"

"Know then," said the goddess, "that I am the mother of Love!" and she immediately disappeared from the sight of the astonished Phaon, like a summer cloud dispelled by the rays of the sun.

"Stay, O lovely goddess!" exclaimed Phaon kneeling on the ground: "let me kiss the alabaster of thy feet, perfumed with nectar and ambrosia:" his voice was lost in the air; for the goddess had already reached the summit of Olympus. The extreme surprise of Phaon rendered him for some time motionless. — On his return to the vessel, he related the miraculous disappearance of the Goddess; but he did not mention the gift she had bestowed on him.

The crew, filled with religious awe, invoke her protection; and in their prayers entreat, that, though absent, she may still vouchsafe her gracious favor. They turned the prow of the vessel towards Lesbos, and, favored by propitious gales, returned safe to the port of Mitylené.

Phaon's imagination was incessantly occupied on the secret virtues of the gift of Venus; and he was the first to leap on shore, impatient to try an experiment from which he anticipates the most happy effects. He walked rapidly home to embrace his father, who was expecting his return with painful anxiety. He did not re-

late to him the extraordinary events of his voyage, as he was afraid of disturbing the old man's mind, who was naturally superstitious: but, on pretence of enjoying some repose after his fatigues, he retired to his chamber. He carefully locked the door, and, still wavering between the fear of offending the Goddess and his confidence in her promise, with a trembling hand, he gently raised the cover of the vase. The most delicious perfume exhales in the air;—the odor of the violet would suffer by the comparison—of the violet still humid with the tears of Aurora, and embalmed with the breath and the first kisses of the vernal Zephyrs.

Emboldened by this happy preface, he determined immediately to execute the orders of the goddess: dipping his finger into the vase, he spread the liquor on his left hand, which he examined attentively in expectation of the event; and, in an instant, this hand, which had been hardened and discolored by the toils of his occupation, became soft and delicate, and rivaled in whiteness the fresh-blown lily. He compared it with the other: they were no longer two hands of the same body. "What shall I do?" said Phaon, surprised at this wonderful metamorphosis. "The extreme beauty of one hand increases the deformity of the other: I must now confide implicitly to the chances of fate, and the promises of the Divinity."

He undressed himself; and, filling both hands with the divine liquor, he poured it on his breast: the same effects excite his wonder and surprise: confidence succeeds to hope, and he eagerly anoints his whole body.

It would be impossible to express the delight of Phaon, when he beheld all the graces of youth and beauty, gradually arising from the application of the divine essence. His features assume the attractive charms of beauty; and, fixing his eyes on a polished metal mirror which reflected his image, he gazes; like another Narcissus, on the beautiful object before him, remarking the sudden change with evident emotions of internal satisfaction. Beauty, which is the gift of nature, which is developed and grows with our years, insensibly loses a part of its value; and the feeling is weakened by habit: but, for this divine emanation, the work of an instant, which lavished charms on a body that had not been favored by the bounties of nature, it was impossible not to feel the most sensible gratification; and particularly at the moment when this wonderful transformation was effected.—Recovering from his astonishment, Phaon addressed his grateful thanks to Venus; and, impatient to make known his good fortune, and in his turn to enjoy the surprise of his friends, he arrayed himself in his gayest attire, and returned to his father with a manly and graceful deportment.

The old man would not have known him, had he not heard his voice, and the relation of his extraordinary adventure. Let fathers appreciate the joy which the old mariner experienced on perceiving that even the Gods in their profound wisdom had been pleased to embellish his progeny. Fathers are naturally proud to see their children possess those personal graces which they fondly conceive to be inherited from themselves:

and what increased the surprise of the old man, was, that, in attentively considering the features of his son, he still found their original character and expression; and his gratitude to the Gods was augmented, on remarking, that, in the perfection of his beauty, he still retained evident traces of the stock from which he was sprung.

(*To be continued.*)

FATAL CURIOSITY.

[*Though it is not usual for one Magazine to borrow from another, we were so forcibly struck with the following piece in the "Gentleman's Magazine," that we could not resist the inclination to gratify our fair readers by copying it.*]

THE president Moté de Champlatreux was one of the most eminent characters in the parliament of Paris. His integrity was so incorruptible, that he merited the surname of Aristides. His perfect knowledge of the jurisprudence of his country gave him a great pre-eminence over the most enlightened lawyers; and his advice, in difficult and obscure matters, was looked upon as the most certain and safe. By these qualifications his name was rendered famous; and his merit was considered so superior, that his associates, far from being jealous, confided implicitly in his impartiality.

The private and public character of the president Moté were equally laudable; for, having lost his wife, in whom his happiness was chiefly centered, he undertook the charge of his only daughter; and succeeded so far, that Amelia's mind was cultivated with all those good qualities which ren-

der young persons amiable. Besides an accurate knowledge of her own language, she could speak German and Italian; with regard to the English language, she was so well acquainted with it, that she translated into French the master-pieces of the English authors. Her understanding was not only enlarged by an acquaintance with all the practical sciences, but, what is still more valuable, with the precious seeds of virtue. These had operated on her heart so admirably, that Amelia was modest, without affectation; mild and engaging, without timidity; submissive, without losing her dignity; generous, without prodigality; kind and condescending to the servants, without familiarity; attentive and respectful to her father, not only from a sense of gratitude, but also from that of affection, tenderness, and love.

The only fault which her father had not been able to correct in her was curiosity. Extremely desirous of knowing every thing, she would not let the least thing pass in the house without inquiring into the particulars. If she heard a double knock at the door, she ran to the window to see who it was; if a carriage entered the yard, she was immediately hanging over the staircase, to hear whether it was a visitor, or somebody on business; if a visitor, she would run down stairs, and be at the carriage door before the servants of the house; if somebody on business, she continued running backwards and forwards from the staircase to her room, from thence to her father's antechamber; then down stairs to inquire of the servants who it was, and on what business they came.

The president having, often shown her the impropriety of such mean actions, Amelia dared not apply to him when she wanted to be informed of any thing; but used to bribe his secretary, by whom she was informed of all that was transacted in her father's office. Thus her inconsiderate curiosity not only rendered her culpable, but corrupted the fidelity of her father's confidant. The president, who had several times discovered that his daughter was acquainted with secrets which he thought were improper to be intrusted to her, could not conceive how she came to the knowledge of them.

When I say secrets, do not suppose that the president improperly withheld any thing from the knowledge of his daughter, on whom he so fondly doated. On the contrary, his great pleasure was to converse with his Amelia on all the affairs of the family; and he intrusted her with the management of all those matters which he could not attend to himself, or which belonged to her department. The secrets that he kept from her were not his own; they were either those of the state, or of private people, which he could not have disclosed but at the danger of his life, or his reputation. One maxim which the president maintained was, that he who violated a secret intrusted to him, deserved punishment ten times more than he who robbed you of your property. It was for this reason that he would never abuse the confidence reposed in him by the public, by relating to his daughter affairs which were of no concern to her. M. Moté had more than once explained this distinction to Amelia, whose good sense never failed to

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assent to so reasonable a discretion. But, though sensible of the truth and propriety of her father's representations, her insatiable curiosity brought her always to the same point — that of wanting to know every thing: so difficult is it to get rid of the habit of curiosity, when it has once been contracted.

About the tenth of August, 1792, the most considerable men in the government held a meeting to deliberate upon the deplorable condition of France, and came to a resolution to protest against all innovation. This meeting was held at the President Moté de Champlatreux's house; and, as the resolution to be taken was of the highest importance, there was a numerous and respectable assembly; the sitting was prolonged until eight in the morning.

You cannot conceive the impatience and curiosity of Amelia during the time of the deliberation: she did not let a single servant pass, without inquiring the number of persons at the meeting, the time of their arrival, and the motive of their remaining so long. As the servants knew nothing of the matter, the less she could get from them, the more was her curiosity inflamed. During the whole of the night she could not shut her eyes; nay, she could not even lie in bed, but walked a hundred times from her apartment to the door where the company were deliberating.

About one o'clock in the morning she heard the door open, and saw her father conducting two young magistrates, very secretly, toward the garden door: the latter were carrying a leaden box, apparently very heavy. At this sight the heart of Amelia throbbed

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with joy: she followed them at a distance, and perceived them digging a hole about seven feet deep in the garden, into which they put the box. After this they filled the hole, which they covered with grass, that no appearance might be left. Amelia observed every circumstance; and, when she saw them returning, flew back to the top of the stairs, and retired to her chamber.

The magistrates had taken so much precaution to prevent a discovery of the place where they had concealed the box, that they could not suspect Amelia's having seen them; besides, they supposed that she was too well bred to descend to so mean an employment as that of a spy.

The next morning the artful Amelia began to coax her father more than usual; who giving a loose to his tenderness, she inquisitively asked him what they had been doing during the whole preceding night. The virtuous president answered, that they had been deliberating upon matters of great importance, but of which he could say nothing, since all the members present had taken an oath of secrecy. "However," said he, with a smile of affection, "this business does not regard our family affairs, and therefore you may be quite easy about it." He then turned the conversation upon another topic; but, being called out, he left Amelia rather vexed, and still more embarrassed in her mind than before. For two or three days she was melancholy and thoughtful. At last, being unable to resist her curiosity to know what was in the box, she got up one night, went into the garden, and began to dig in the place

where she had observed her father deposit the box: she worked for an hour, but had hardly dug half the way before she was tired. Her strength now failing her, but her restless curiosity preying more strongly upon her, she determined to call one of the servants to her assistance.

The president had a valet de chambre, of whom he was very fond, and who, from having lived nearly forty years in the house, was very much attached to Amelia. Amelia, therefore, going to his bed-room, desired him to get up softly, and follow her into the garden. The valet de chambre obeyed, and, being desired to dig the remainder of the hole, he did it so heartily, that in less than half an hour he reached the box. Imagining that it was full of money and jewels, he advised Amelia to have it broken open: they, therefore, broke the lock, and, to their great astonishment, found nothing in it, but a paper, upon which was written the resolution before-mentioned, signed by all the presidents of the parliament of Paris, and by more than twenty counsellors, men of rank and dignity. It was a simple protestation against the proceedings of the National Assembly.

At the reading of this paper, which Amelia could scarcely understand, her curiosity was strangely baffled; she began to regret all the trouble that she had taken for a trifle, from which she could derive no satisfaction. As morning began to dawn, they hastened to put the paper into the box, and buried it again in the same hole, with all possible precaution. After this they went to bed; Amelia being heartily disappointed, and the valet well pleased to discover

a secret which was of far greater importance than Amelia suspected.

Some months after, the tyranny of Robespierre had obtained its highest pitch, and great rewards were offered to any persons that would inform against those who were disaffected to Robespierre's party; the valet de chambre of the president, blinded by the hopes of receiving a large sum, went to the city hall, and told the officers, that if they would search in a certain place in his master's garden, they would find a paper of great consequence. Like another Judas, this monster received the reward agreed upon, and conducted the gang to the place where the box was hidden. Thus the prying curiosity of a child was the cause of the perfidious treachery of a servant who had been faithful to his master for nearly forty years! The paper was delivered to Robespierre. The next morning all the presidents who had subscribed to the protestation were arrested, and among them, of course, the President Moté, who was thrown into a dungeon, in which, however, he did not languish long; for, three days after, he and about forty others were tried, condemned, and perished on the scaffold. Thus the silly, mean, and culpable curiosity of a child of fourteen, was the cause of the ruin of her father, and of a number of virtuous and innocent men.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

THOUGH I am not very curious in cosmetics for my own use, but content myself with plain

soap, with the occasional addition of a little bran or oatmeal, I presume that some other of your readers will be pleased with the following recipe for an elegant cosmetic, which I procured from a lady of my acquaintance with the sole view of sending it for insertion in your useful and entertaining miscellany.

Take one pound of white soft soap — two ounces of spermaceti, pounded — a quarter of an ounce of pounded camphor — two table-spoonfuls of sweet oil — three table-spoonfuls of best brandy — half a tea-cup-ful of fine white sand. — Dissolve and mix the whole over the fire; and, when nearly cold, add essence of bergamot, lavender, or other perfume, to scent the composition. ELIZA.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

IT is my misfortune to have a brother who has received what is called a *liberal* education, of which, however, he appears to me to make a very *illiberal* use. He conceives himself qualified by his superior acquirements to act the critic on every occasion, and to condemn the language of those who have not enjoyed equal advantages with himself. For my part, I received no better education than what a cheap country boarding-school could afford; and there I learned to speak in the same style as my mother, my aunts, and my grandmother had spoken before me. But this, it seems, is not sufficiently elegant or correct to satisfy the over-nice taste of Mr. Cato — for so my brother is called.

Twenty times in the day, he

tells me that I express myself wrong, and that he cannot understand my meaning, although every other person in the family and the neighbourhood can perfectly comprehend it. When I tell him this, he rudely replies, "Aye! so do the bears understand each other: but I do not understand the bears; and, if Bruin wishes me to comprehend his meaning, he must learn to speak in some language which I do understand."

The point, on which he most frequently and severely criticises me, is the use — or, as he calls it, the *abuse* — of negatives. He tells me, forsooth, that *two negatives make an affirmative* — a doctrine, which I can by no means comprehend. I will here give you a couple of examples, from which you may judge of the nature of his criticisms on my application of negatives.

Some time ago, he wrote some verses on a young lady in our neighbourhood, which he read to me in the garden, but requested that I would not mention the circumstance, as he intended, after a few corrections, to present them to her un-expectedly (as an impromptu, I think) on her birthday, which was then nearly approaching. — I promised to observe strict silence; and I kept my word; notwithstanding which, the verses were prematurely talked of in the vicinity: for, while he was reading them to me in the garden in a pretty loud voice, a young man of his acquaintance, who happened at that moment to be sitting behind the garden hedge, overheard every word that passed between Cato and me. Not aware of this accidental discovery, my

brother naturally supposed that I had divulged his secret; and, under that idea, he taxed me with a breach of confidence. — "I assure you, Cato," said I, "that I have *not* said a single word about your verses to *nobody*." — "So!" he exclaimed: "you not only betray my secret, but even boast of it to my face!" — "Boast! how boast?" — "Why, you fairly own it." — "I tell you again, brother, I positively have *not* told it to *nobody*." — "Well!" replied he — "if you have *not* told it to *nobody*, you *have* told it to *every body*, or, at least, to *somebody*; which is exactly what I mean:" and, so saying, he abruptly quitted me in a pet.

You may reasonably suppose, Mr. Editor, that I was deeply hurt by this injurious accusation, as you will readily conceive that I also was on another occasion, which I now proceed to notice.

There is a young man in this neighbourhood — a Mr. Mildmay — who frequently visits at our house, and who, I must own, is very civil and attentive to me in particular. I naturally esteem the young gentleman for his civility, his good-nature, and several other estimable qualities which he evidently possesses; and I certainly do take a pleasure in his conversation, which is so different from the over-bearing language and tone of my brother: but, at the same time, Mr. Editor, I assure you, on the word of a maid, that I feel nothing further for him than bare esteem. My brother, however, positively insists that I am in love with Mr. Mildmay, and frequently takes an ill-natured pleasure in teasing me on the subject. The other day, for

example, he made some pert remarks respecting my supposed attachment to Mr. Mildmay; and, on my declaring, in reply, that whatever regard I might entertain for that gentleman, was confined to esteem alone, "Then I am sure," said Cato, "you are a hard-hearted girl, not to return his affection; since you must be convinced, as I am, that he is deeply in love with you." Out of patience, I hastily answered, "I don't care *nothing* at all about his love."—"Aye!" cried Cato, bursting into a loud laugh—"now the secret is out! I knew you were in love with him; and at length you plainly tell me so."—"Tell you so?"—"Yes!" replied he with a smile of triumph: "*two negatives make an affirmative*:" and, without waiting to hear another word, he turned on his heel, and strutted out of the room—leaving me to meditate, in chagrin, on the strange doctrine, which perverts the obvious meaning of words, and makes people say what they never intended.

But, as I have not, with all my study, been able to form to myself a clear conception of the subject, I shall consider it as an important service, if you, Mr. Editor, or some of your obliging correspondents, will kindly favor me, and others like me, with some plain, simple rule, and such as may be easily understood, which shall guide us in the use of negatives, that we may escape the ill-natured remarks of such critics as my brother Cato, and not be supposed to mean *yes*, when we intend to say *no*.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your constant reader,

HANNAH HOMPSON.

THE MOTHER AND THE TUTOR.

(From the "Juvenile Spectator.")

ON calling at Sir George Aston's, I entered the 'drawing-room at a moment of extraordinary confusion. A boy of twelve years old was crying in so loud a tone, that he nearly stunned me. Lady Aston was coaxing him to moderate his grief, while Sir George rang the bell, and ordered Mr. Spencer to be told "that he wanted him." "My dear Mrs. Harley," said Sir George, "I am ashamed you should have arrived at so unfortunate a season; but allow me a few moments for investigation, and I will then attend to friendship." I had scarcely acquiesced by a bow ere Mr. Spencer appeared. "Pray, sir," said Sir George, "why do you refuse Master Aston his half holiday?" "For a very simple reason," replied Mr. Spencer, "he does not deserve one." "How is this, George?" said the baronet; "did not you tell me that you had performed your duties to the satisfaction of your tutor?" "No—yes," said George; "but Mr. Spencer is so particular, and expected more of me to-day than usual, only because he knew I wanted to go to my cousin's as soon as possible."

I saw the countenance of Mr. Spencer crimson with honest indignation. "Sir George," said the offended tutor, "your son is so little advanced in his studies, that were he as zealous as boys of his age usually are, it would be many months before he could acquire the necessary spur to learning, *order*. He is seldom ready for me, and if any recreation is in view, his manner of saying his lessons is slovenly, and he presumes

to compromise the matter by avowing, that he will do better to-morrow; but that to-day he is going out, or expects visitors. These frivolous excuses have been offered to me three times this week: when I express my disappointment, he accuses me of particularity, &c. The freedom is improper, as addressed to his teacher; and if he cannot make his business perfect before he takes his pleasure, he will never prove himself worthy of indulgence, or do credit to those who have the charge of him." "Very just," said Sir George; "your statement is exactly what I expected, nor should I have drawn you from your study but to gratify Lady Aston, who is unfortunately but little skilled in the modes proper to be used with boys." Mr. Spencer bowed coolly, and was retiring, when Lady Aston, with an imploring accent, begged Mr. Spencer would forgive George this once, and she would answer for his being a good boy to-morrow." "My power over this young gentleman is at an end, Madam," replied the tutor; "he has thought proper to arraign my motives; if I am capable of a meanness so contemptible, I am unfit for the charge reposed in me by Sir George; and permit me to add, that where I cannot excite esteem, I should consider my instructions lost;" and with a respectful bow he withdrew.

The baronet, whose vexation was evident, turned to his son, and with much acrimony arraigned his ignorance and stupidity, declaring, that he should not leave the house for a month; nay, it was very probable he would seek some cheap school, at a distance from London, to which he would send him, until he had conquered

his baby-like follies. Lady Aston now joined her tears with those of her pet: I was awkwardly situated; but while I was hesitating how to depart, Sir George bade his son go to his room for the remainder of the day. "Do advise with Aston," said her ladyship; "he loves the dear boy just as well as I do, but he has no fixed plan for him as yet."

"If this charge is just," said I, smiling, "I wonder what excuse ye grown babies have to offer for yourselves." "None," said the baronet, "we are the most mistaken pair in the kingdom; but it is chiefly Lady Aston's fault: if the boy remains a whole morning with his tutor, she takes fright at the pallidness of his looks when he makes his appearance in the drawing-room; and again, when she meets children, his juniors by some years, who are intelligent, and do credit to their instructors, she is full of regrets."—"My dear Sir George," retorted her ladyship, "it is you who are impatient; have you not frightened the poor boy by telling him that he is to be a counsellor, and that you expect he will study morning, noon, and night, till he has got through all the books in your library? and, between ourselves, Mr. Spencer is very harsh; George's nerves are delicate, he cannot bear contradiction."

"My dear madam," said I, "though the age and appearance of your son might justify the belief that he had made some proficiency in his learning, I am tempted to think that you have engaged a tutor for him somewhat too soon; unless you could reconcile yourself to yield your right in all that relates to the privileges of a tutor. When men of character and

science undertake a task of this sort, they are accountable for the manner in which they acquit themselves; they are in the situation of an author, who gives a work to the world, which is to tarnish his name, or carry it down to posterity with honor. And, though some few instances might be adduced of pupils dishonoring the care of their early guardians, I trust, and believe, there are thousands who look back to this happy period of their lives, and these kind friends of their youth, with feelings that do them honor. But, if you are only now beginning the education of your son, forgive me, if I say, that much caution is required to make learning appear, what it ever should be, a pleasure. I am unacquainted with the causes that have delayed his improvement; and, though I would recommend every gentle incitement to be offered that can rouse a love of knowledge, and would recommend such books as exemplify the uses and advantages of emulation, I would by no means dismay, by the vastness and profundity of abstruse learning."

"All this is true," said Sir George, "we have delayed the matter too long; but his mother has always been so full of fears, he was too delicate to bear reproof; in short, she has suggested so many obstacles to all my plans with regard to our son, that I am at this moment wholly undetermined how to act by him.—What would you advise?"

"Dismiss the idea of sending your child from home," said I; "a school, though eminently calculated to inspire emulation in a prepared mind, would, in this case, prove the tomb of intellect. Humiliations innumerable would as-

sail him in such a situation. Keep him under your eye, but consign the task of tuition to one in whom you have implicit confidence, and to that person give discretionary power of acting. It is by no means necessary that you should be restrained from interfering in every particular which relates to your son: but it is rarely, if ever, requisite, that children should be a party in any of the opinions, objections, or purposes, that may naturally result between parents and instructors. One of the most prominent traits in the infant character is that of imitation; and they are generally observed to shape their manners, and express their sentiments, by those of their parents; thus, the teacher, whom it is but natural and reasonable to suppose less esteemed by them, falls into disrepute on the most trivial expression of disapprobation that the parent shall utter. With Master Aston I should recommend very lenient and conciliating measures; his lessons should be short, but frequent; his rewards, uniformly, your moderate approbation. Visiting, presents, or toys, would break in upon the application so necessary to his advancement: and I must believe, that to confine the happiness of children to home, to that meed which it is always in the power of parents to bestow, is not only the most judicious method, but also the most effectual way of binding children to their parents, and teaching them to value their favor as it should be valued."

(To be continued.)

BIGOTRY and INTOLERANCE.

FROM a bigoted and illiberal writer, under the signature of

"*Orthodoxus*," we have received a long and angry Philippic, in which he rails at us, as "*traitors to the established church*" — "*abettors of schism and heresy*" — and "*disaffected to the civil government!!!*" And for *what* all this abuse? Would you believe it, gentle reader? for no other crime than the moderate expression of our wish (in page 45 of our last Number) to see England "*wisely imitate the liberal example of the American republic, in placing all religious sects on a footing of perfect equality, without any penalty or disqualification attaching to any description of our fellow men, for worshipping their God agreeably to the dictates of their own conscience.*"

If to express such a wish be a crime, we not only plead guilty, but declare our positive determination to persevere in our unrepented guilt, until we can, by fair argument and incontrovertible proofs, be convinced of three things — first, that God has not given equal capacities and abilities, mental and corporeal, to men of all sects indiscriminately, but has, in the distribution of talents, partially restricted his bounties to men of one peculiar religion; — 2d. that a man is rendered more or less fit for offices of trust, honor, and profit—for the army, the navy, the bar, the senate, the council, &c. &c. — by the single circumstance of saying his prayers in a building with or without a steeple and bells; — 3d. that any man has a right to interfere with the religious tenets of another, or to punish him for those tenets, when they are not injurious to society.

For our own part, though we have ever studied to keep our Maga-

zine wholly unconnected with party either in politics or religion, and are determined to persevere in the same moderate line of conduct, we cannot, on *this one* occasion, forbear to repeat our fervent wish that all religious animosities among us may speedily be consigned to oblivion by an act of parliament, which shall place all sects and persuasions on a footing of perfect equality — and to declare our firm belief that the day which shall witness the passing of that act, will be a happier day for Britain, than any which she ever yet has seen.

The writer of these remarks has no personal or party interest in the question; he belongs not to any persecuted sect: he is one of the favored cast, and therefore has nothing to gain by the happy change for which he so anxiously wishes. But his conscience tells him that the measure is loudly required by justice: common sense tells him it is required by sound policy; and ocular demonstration has convinced him of its utility, which he has seen experimentally proved in the American United States, where, with heartfelt delight, he has witnessed the happy effects of universal religious equality. There may be seen, sitting, side by side, on the benches of congress, the Protestant, the Catholic, the Calvinist, the Quaker, the Jew, the Deist, &c. &c. all in perfect harmony: and it does not appear, from experience, that any one of them is rendered a worse citizen or a less able legislator by his tenets: in fact, no man inquires *what* his neighbour's religion is. Indeed, if the Americans, at the beginning of the contest which finally established their independence, had split into religious factions, and refused to co-

operate with each other on account of differences of creed, they would not at this day have a Congress at all; or enjoy existence as an independent state. But they clearly saw, from European examples, the evil consequences of religious intolerance: they wisely determined to make no distinction of sect: and to the liberal principle, to which they are indebted for their independence, they still faithfully adhere; since the only religious test, at present required as a qualification even for the highest office in their republic, is, that the candidate profess his "*belief in the existence of a God, and a future state of retribution*"—which belief they have experimentally found sufficient for all the purposes of social life, and for the due and conscientious discharge of every public duty—leaving it to each individual to believe, in other respects, according to the convictions of his own mind—and justly considering that belief is not an act of the will—that a man cannot believe as he chooses—and that the taking of a test-oath, when interest is concerned, is not always a proof of conviction, or a security for the punctual performance of the duty undertaken.

In a word, the inference which we would draw from the premises, is a recommendation to our fair readers, to practise, each to the utmost of her power, those moral and social duties which all sects of Christians unanimously own to be enjoined on us by the sacred volume—in other respects, to follow her own religion to the best of her judgement, and leave others to follow theirs unmolested, unquestioned, and un-

censured*. Suppose my neighbour's creed to be absurd or ridiculous, what is that to me, so long as he is a good neighbour and a good citizen? As well might I hate or dislike him for believing in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, which supposes the sun to move round the earth, as for his believing in the doctrine of Athanasius, Arius, Luther, Calvin, Knox, or Wesley. As his false notions of astronomy do not deprive me of the genial light and fostering warmth of the sun, neither will his erroneous ideas of religion make my condition less happy in heaven, if I be so fortunate as to reach that mansion of bliss: and, if he do not choose to go thither himself, it will be his loss, not mine. I have no concern in the business: and, although I may, within my own breast, pity him for taking the wrong road, I do not conceive myself at liberty to interfere in his case; any more than in that of another neighbour who chooses to ruin his fortune and shorten his life by an intemperate indulgence of the bottle, but who, in the midst of his ebriety, is still harmless, cheerful, and good-natured.

Though it may be deemed somewhat inconsistent with the serious gravity of the subject, we cannot forbear to introduce here the jocular answer of a gentleman of our acquaintance to a person who maintained that the gentle-

* For an instance of outrageous intolerance and persecution, which occurred the other day—not in a remote province of Russia,* or the back settlements of Brazil—but in polished, cultivated, enlightened England—see the *Domestic Occurrences* in our present number.

man in question, and all who believed as he did, would "certainly be damned!"—"Well," replied the latter with a *sang-froid* and good-humour which formed a striking contrast to the fiery zeal of his reprover—"Surely *you* have no occasion to be angry on that account: *you* will be no loser by it: nay, *you* will be a gainer: there will be the more room in heaven for *you* and *your* sect."

Before we conclude, we must notice one remark made by Orthodoxus—that the extension of religious toleration would prove seriously injurious to the lower order of the established clergy, whose emoluments (he says) are already considerably reduced by the increase of the dissenting sects.—We are unfeignedly sorry that so meritorious a class of men as the officiating clergy should suffer any diminution of the few comforts which their scanty incomes allow them to enjoy, in return for their useful labors: but at the same time we must observe, that there is hardly any blessing that heaven can confer on mankind in general, which would not, for a time, prove disadvantageous to *some* individuals, or some entire classes of men—as, for example, the total abolition of disorders in the human frame would ruin all the professors of medicine and surgery;—and, in like manner, every other imaginable reform or improvement would be a disadvantage to *somebody*; so that, reversing Pope's maxim, we may safely assert, that

Each universal good is partial ill.
But we do not conceive that truth and justice ought to be sacrificed to partial considerations—especially as the legislature could

easily remedy the evil of which Orthodoxus complains, by providing the officiating curates with stated salaries, sufficient to maintain them in decent, comfortable independence; and this, we conceive, might be done without any diminution to the incomes of the superior clergy.—With respect to the means of accomplishing it, the wisdom of the legislature cannot fail to discover them, whenever they are pleased to take the subject into consideration.

We now conclude, by declaring to Mr. Orthodoxus, and other zealots of his stamp, that, in future, if they were to load us with whole quires, whole reams, of invective on the score of religious toleration, we never will again notice one of their letters—not even on the back of our title-page—but employ them in lighting our candles or our segars—the most appropriate use, to which such inflammatory papers can be applied.

DEFENCE of WOMEN. (Continued from page 34.)

CHAP. XIV.

I AM willing, however, to set aside the foregoing arguments, which proceed upon uncertain Aristotelian doctrines, and can only serve as retorts upon those who maintain every assertion of that writer.—Let us proceed to inquire whether the quality of *humidity*, in which women exceed us, causes any detriment to their intellectual powers.

This is the cloud on which those persons build, who desire to prove from physical causes the inferiority of females. And, at first sight,

it appears to be a solid foundation, because the excess of moisture, either by itself, or by the vapors which it exhales, may be supposed to impede the course of the animal spirits, by partly occupying the straitened canals in which those delicate bodies flow.—But such a deduction is inconclusive; since it tends to prove, not that women have less profundity of thought and solidity of judgment than men, but that their perceptions are slower and more embarrassed.—But, many men of great acuteness, promptitude, and profundity, are subject to catarrhal fluxions, which proceed from the profusion of excrementitious moisture which collects about the *meninges*, and in the very substance of the brain; as may be read in Riberius, on the subject of catarrhs. Therefore it is plain that the excessive humidity of the brain does not prevent an accurate or a prompt use of the understanding; and, if excrementitious moisture prevent it not, much less can that which is natural.

Pliny asserts that the human brain is more moist than that of all other living creatures—"Sed homo portione maximum, et humidissimum:" (*Lib. 11, cap. 37.*) and it is not credible that nature should endue the organ of the greatest intelligence with a quality which can destroy the accuracy of its operations.

If I be told that the natural humidity, in which the brain of man surpasses that of brutes, is furnished in the proportion which best conduces to the use of reason, and that the humidity of the female brain exceeds this proportion—I answer, that, supposing this moisture be not hostile to reason from its nature, no one

can ascertain in what quantity the brain should possess it in order to execute the functions assigned to that organ; and, consequently, it is optional to assert that it is more adequately proportioned in men than in women, or the contrary.

Against the vindication of humidity may be opposed the opinion of many, that countries which are wet and foggy produce minds of a heavy and stupid cast; while, in those which are light, dry, and clear, minds of ingenuity are mostly found. But, whether they be few or many who assert this doctrine, they have no reason for supposing that the vapors of the atmosphere overcloud the brains of those who live under them; as if, in rainy countries, the opacity of the ambient air were a shade which obscured the mind, or as if, in those which enjoy a serene sky, the greater resplendency of the day were to give a greater clearness to the understanding.

With greater plausibility might it be alleged, that, in the regions which are most luminous and clear, all external objects being more visible, the mind is more distracted by the impressions of the sight, and therefore less fit for internal cogitations. On this principle, we find, that, in the obscurity of the night, the chain of our thoughts is less interrupted, and we are able to prosecute our inductions and speculations further than in the light of day.

Let those who consider humid regions as ill calculated for the production of sensible men, turn their eyes to the Dutch and the Venetians, who are among the most subtle of European nations, and of whom the former live surrounded by lakes, and the latter have seized on a part of the em-

pire of the fishes. We have also in Spain the example of the Asturians, who, although they inhabit the province which is most infested by fogs and floods throughout the whole peninsula, are yet generally celebrated as intelligent, expert, and ingenious.—But why should we wonder at it?—The dolphins inhabit a region still more humid: they live in the depths of the ocean; and yet there is no animal which nature has endued with so noble an instinct, nor any which approaches so near to man, either from affection or imitation. It may be read in the works of Conrad Gesner, that they pay especial reverence to their old parents: they have been seen to guide men in navigation, and to assist them in fishing; and it has even been observed that they honor their dead, and rescue the carcasses of their companions, at the risque of being devoured by other marine monsters.—On the other hand, the birds, which taste the air in its greatest rarity and most purified from vapors, sometimes sailing on the winds, and sometimes rising among the heights of the mountains, ought, on the foregoing principles, to be more sagacious than the beasts of the earth; which is evidently not the case.

For the same reason, the Egyptians should be the most intelligent men in the world, because they enjoy the clearest sky. A cloud scarcely passes over their horizon during the year; and their soil would be totally unproductive, if it were not refreshed by the waters of the Nile. But, if antiquity venerated that country during several centuries as the great mistress of sciences, which is proved by the journeys that Pytha-

goras, Homer, Plato, and other Grecian sages made thither, to improve themselves in philosophy and mathematics—this does not prove that the Egyptians are brighter than all other mortals, but that the sciences have gone wandering over the earth, and in some centuries have smiled upon one region, in others upon another.—We might say the same of the valley of Lima, of which the sky is so serene, that rain is unknown in that country, and its fertility is derived from a light dew which creates a moderate temperature between heat and cold, without, however, bestowing on the inhabitants any great subtilty of understanding; since Pizarro, who conquered them, found it more easy to deceive the people of Lima by his art, than Cortes to subdue the Mexicans by his arms.

I am not ignorant that the inhabitants of Bæotia were anciently esteemed so rude as to render proverbial the phrases "*Bæoticum ingenium*," and "*Bæotica sus*," to denote a man of consummate dulness; and this stupidity was attributed to the gross and vapory atmosphere which covered that province, as is proved from a passage in one of Horace's epistles—"Bæotum in crasso jurares aere natum."—I think, however, that the ancients who are cited to the opprobrium of Bæotia, have been uncandid towards that country, by construing into incapacity the ignorance which resulted from want of application: and I am confirmed in this opinion by recollecting that Bæotia was on the confines of Attica, where literature flourished in all its vigor, so that, by the side of a province which was the theatre of learning, its neigh-

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hour appears a colony of hoors. It is certain, besides, that Bæotia produced some geniuses of a superior stamp; such as Pindar, the prince of lyric poets; and the great Plutarch, who, in the judgement of Bacon Lord Verulam, was equal to all the sages of antiquity. I even suspect, that, if we could penetrate into the annals of still more remote antiquity, we should find that there had been a time at which the Bæotians surpassed all their neighbours and all Europe in the culture of sciences and arts; because Cadmus, who brought alphabetic letters from Phœnicia into Greece, and first introduced writing and history into Europe, fixed his residence in Bæotia, where he founded the city of Thebes. To this maybe added, that, in this country, is Mount Helicon, the seat of the Muses, who are thence called *Heliconides*: and, from this mountain, descends the celebrated fountain Aganippè, sacred to the same fabulous deities, and the stream of which was called the poets' wine, because it enkindled a fiery enthusiasm in those who drank of it.

All these fictions appear as if they could have no other origin than the poetic spirit of that region at some remote period.

But, if we acknowledge the Bæotians to have been by nature stupid, how will this be proved to have resulted from the humidity of the atmosphere, and not from other occult causes? especially as we see other aqueous countries which do not incur this reproach: We must rather exculpate the quality of humidity from the accusations which have persuaded us of its incompatibility with genius, and remain satisfied, that, on this ground, it is impossible to prove

that women are necessarily our inferiors in understanding.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

If no other correspondent sends you a more satisfactory answer to Harriet's inquiry, in your last Number, respecting *Honni soit qui mal y pense*, you may, if you think proper, present her with the following.

The vulgar translation, viz. "*Evil be to him who evil thinks,*" is totally and ridiculously wrong, as must be evident to every person who understands French. Without entering into any disquisition respecting the occasion and origin of the motto, I content myself with simply translating it.

Honni, covered with shame [or confusion]—*soit*, be [the man]—*qui*, who—*pense* thinks—*mal*, ill [or amiss]—*y*, of it [or of this*]—"Confusion attend the man who thinks ill of this"—or, if Harriet would prefer a quaint and inelegant version which is more easy to be remembered,

"Confusion be his,
Who thinks ill of this."

N. B. *Honni*, with double *N*, as I have above written it, is the proper orthography. ALFRED.

LONDON MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

1. EVENING dress.—Shirt, of apple-blossom silk, buttoned down the front, and trimmed

* The particle *y*, though literally signifying *TO it*, or *TO this*, is here equivalent to our English *OF it*, or *OF this*, agreeably to the French idiom, which requires us "to think *TO* an object, as *Je pense à mes propres affaires*, I think *TO* [in English, *OF* or *ON*] my own business. — It may otherwise be rendered "*in it*," or "*in this*," i. e. "*Confusion be to him who entertains evil thoughts in this business.*"

round the bottom; sleeves and bosom with lace. Head-dress of the same materials. White gloves and shoes, with an Indian shawl either colored or white.

2. *Morning dress.*—Shirt of muslin, high to the neck, and a robe front, forming part of the dress, fastened at the waist—worked at all the edges and round the bottom. Bonnet of satin, with a feather.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or rhimes, to be employed in any species of metre, and on any subject, that the writer chooses.—(See our Number for January, the poetry for the present month, and the Notices on the back of the title-page.)

{...Spring	{.....Sworn
{.....Sing	{.....Thorn
{.....Rove	{.....Fear
{.....Love	{.....Sincere
{.....Hill	{.....Sigh
{.....Still	{.....Fly
{.....True	{.....Mine
{.....You	{.....Shine

POETRY.

Ode to the ÆOLIAN HARP.

Up the bright meridian steep
 Apollo drives his radiant wain.
 While the sultry moments creep,
 The reaper seeks the shaded plain,
 And, where the dappled daisy blows,
 Invokes the God of bland repose,
 Who, cheerful, granting his request,
 Enwraps him in his balmy vest.
 But I, to sleepless grief a prey,
 Seek the willow-shaded dell,
 And, shelter'd from the solar ray,
 Ask a charm my woe to quell—
 From thee, aerial lyre!
 For now, to cool the burning beam,
 Propitious from the lucent stream,
 Favonius springs,
 And in his train Harmonia brings,
 Attended by her choir.
 Around thy shell
 They anxious dwell:
 Fraught with emulative fire,
 The genial God expands his wings,
 Awakes thee from thy slumbering
 dream,
 And gently agitates the strings,
 And weaves the sweet impassion'd
 theme.
 Sounds, as sweet as Orpheus sung,
 In wild succession glibly roll,
 Enchant my breast, enchain my
 tongue,
 With bliss electric fill my soul.
 Hark! 'tis brisk—symphonious—slow—
 Now thou art touch'd by Adagio:
 And, ere the soothing sounds expire,
 Tremola shakes the trilling wire:
 Murm'ring sweetly, now she hies;
 And Allegro her place supplies.
 Sweet she spins the sprightly song:
 As o'er the chords her fingers glide,
 Exquisite passions on me throng,
 And bid my sorrows all subside.

Triletto's grace the various notes pro-
 long
 While deep-ton'd Basso lingers through
 the song,
 And yields a rich impressive grace,
 As softer airs may intervene.
 Thus shade displays each finer trace,
 While Sol illumines the sylvan scene.
 With choral shell, from yonder bow
 That greets the margin of the rill,
 Sweet Echo bids her numbers flow
 With Polyglotta's varied skill.
 Harp! that feel'st each glowing finger,
 Oh! lengthen out thy magic spell!
 When thy sounds no longer linger,
 With Melancholy I must dwell.

A. K.

*To Miss E. A. M. G***, Enfield.*

At Betsy's birth, imperial Jove
 To council call'd the pow'rs above,
 Resolv'd that all should lend their aid,
 With various charms to deck the maid.
 First, Pallas had the task assign'd,
 With Wisdom's pow'r to form her mind:
 Then Venus breath'd each winning grace
 Of female beauty o'er her face—
 A face, by which all hearts are won—
 Too lovely to be gaz'd upon;
 The charming shape, the heav'nly smile,
 At once to please and to beguile.
 The God of love his art supplies
 And shoots his lightning from her eyes.
 The sister Graces next prepare
 Their choicest gifts to deck the fair—
 Beauty, politeness, wit, and ease—
 Each charm to win, each charm to
 please.
 Diana next her breast inspires;
 And there she breathes her purest fires,
 Such heav'nly beauty to secure,
 And keep her virgin lustre pure.

Thus, form'd accomplish'd at her birth,
 The lovely maid descends on earth.
 How blest the happy youth will prove,
 On whom she shall bestow her love!
 And when young Cupid shall resign
 His fav'rite maid at Hymen's shrine,
 Form'd to adorn each stage of life —
 The shining belle or virtuous wife,
 Well skilled in ev'ry pleasing art
 T' attract the eye and keep the heart,
 Oh! may the envied happy youth
 Excel in virtue, love, and truth!
 May he, to whom she gives her hand,
 And joins her heart in Hymen's band,
 Make it his first, his constant care
 'To please th' enchanting lovely fair,
 T' anticipate each wish, each thought
 Of her who's form'd without a fault!
 Each other good would I resign,
 Could I but call Eliza mine.

*Hansard Place,
 Blackfriars Road.*

J. W.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

DEAR T****, excuse me for wasting this
 paper,
 This pen, and this ink, and my three-far-
 thing taper.
 The pen, by the bye, though it writes
 rather badly,
 Was a quill I pick'd up on the common
 of Hadly:
 But still for my purpose I think it will
 do;
 For if 'tis not good, it is perfectly new.
 And here let me say that the treatment
 so kind,
 I met with at Barnet, has place in my
 mind.

When I left you on Sunday preparing
 to pray,
 From the chapel to London I took my
 plain way.
 Nothing happen'd worth mention, save
 meeting the mail,
 Till at Highgate's Black Bull I'd a pint
 of good ale.
 From thence, slowly-pacing, I wander'd
 along,
 Cheer'd by nature's wild warblers, who
 pour'd the sweet song,
 Till, from Holloway turning, o'er hay-
 fields I came,
 To *White Conduit*, where lounge'd the fat
 cit and his dame.
 I walk'd down the room hung with lus-
 tres, and then
 Walk'd out, and reach'd home, as I
 meant, just at ten.

On Monday I call'd on your mother,
 and found,
 She was going to Old Street, to take a
 short round.
 She will write to you soon, and will send
 all the news:—
 Meantime, what I know, you must not
 now refuse.
 Your uncle and aunt have quite chang'd
 their old habits,
 And have taken to keeping both pigeons
 and rabbits.
 On the top of the pantry the pigeons'
 abode is;
 To the rabbits, straight forward the easy-
 found road is.
 Georgiana is gone, (whom for rhyme I'll
 call naughty)
 To visit Miss G***, who is fat, fair, and
 forty.
 Many miles now divide you:—your
 mother's not near 'em;
 And I need not tell you that the town's
 name is Dereham.
 As I write at full speed, pray excuse any
 blunder,
 For I hear the post-bell ringing loudly as
 thunder.
 My compliments give to the whole of
 your party;
 And tell them I wish my young friend
 soon quite hearty.
 Having thus told you all that I know,
 well and duly,
 Believe me to be, but in haste, yours
 quite truly.

June 10, 1810.

J. M. L.

THE BATTLE OF SABLA.

(From Carlyle's "Specimens of Arabian
 Poetry.")

SABLA! thou saw'st th'exulting foe
 In fancied triumphs crown'd;
 Thou heard'st their frantic festal throw
 These galling taunts around:
 "Make now your choice:—the terms we
 give,
 Desponding victims, hear!
 These fetters on your hands receive,
 Or in your hearts the spear."
 "And is the conflict o'er?" we cried;
 "And lie we at your feet?"
 And dare you vauntingly decide
 The fortune we must meet?
 "A brighter day we soon shall see,
 Though now the prospect low'rs;
 And conquest, peace, and liberty,
 Shall bless our future hours."

The foe advanc'd : — in firm array
 We rush'd o'er Sabla's sands ;
 And the red sabre mark'd our way
 Amid their yielding bands.
 Then, as they writh'd in death's cold
 grasp,
 We cried, " Our choice is made :
 These hands the sabre's hilt shall clasp ;
 Your hearts shall have the blade."

*Completion of the BOUITS-RIMES proposed
 in our last Number.*

Ah ! what reflecting mind can see
 Yonder, unmov'd, th' industrious bee,
 That seeks the richest, choicest flow'rs,
 Which deck yon lovely, fragrant bow'rs —
 Wand'ring still from green to green,
 Quitting ne'er the blithesome scene,
 'Till the joyous gairish sun
 The genial course of day has run,
 No longer from his orient blaze
 Darting forth his fervid rays —
 E'en king ring then, though full his store —
 Eager to gather more and more.
 Ah ! silly bee ! what's thy reward ? —
 To die for man, creation's lord !
 Ah ! quit thy toil ere yet too late ;
 Nor reckless urge thy cruel fate.

EUGENIA.

. We request that our fair correspondent
 EUGENIA will favor us with her address.

Another, by J. M. L. — To ELIZA.

MAID of my soul ! this rose-bud see,
 Where sips the bold, the happy bee.
 He roves amid a world of flow'rs,
 And steals the sweets from all the bow'rs :
 Yet, as we stroll o'er nature's green,
 Thou'rt the bright rose-bud of the scene.
 The bee delights to view the sun,
 And mourns when his bright course is
 run :

So I still court that eye's sweet blaze,
 And droop when you withdraw its rays.
 The flow'ret gives the bee her store,
 Who owns the joy, and asks no more :
 Then, dearest ! give me like reward,
 And make me of thy sweets the lord :
 Life's hours of gloom will then come
 late,

And bliss will bid us smile at fate !

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. P.

The INXITATION.

AWAKE, my fair ! already see,
 With honey'd thigh, th' industrious bee
 Returning from the op'ning flow'rs
 That breathe perfume around yon bow'rs.
 All nature smiles in liv'ry green,
 And birds, rejoicing, hail the scene.
 In majesty enthron'd, the sun
 His glorious race begins to run. —

Before he shades his fervid blaze,
 Or drinks the dew with thirsty rays,
 To work let's haste, t' increase our store : —
 And give but health, (we ask no more)
 Thou great disposer of reward,
 All-bountiful and gracious Lord !
 Then, should Death call us soon or late,
 Resign'd, we'll not contend with fate.

*Imitation of the French Epigram in our last
 The BEGGAR on Northchuck.*

ALL ragged and barefoot, Tom hence
 took his way : —

Return'd, now behold him all gorgeous
 and gay !

So haughty he struts — so disdainful he
 leers —

He is scarce recognis'd by his former
 compeers.

They may well be excus'd for not know-
 ing the elf,

Since, you see, he has wholly forgotten
 himself.

Another, by EUGENIA.

Mr friend Theodore left this place in
 distress :

But he lately return'd in a rich fashion'd
 dress.

Thus chang'd as I met him, I gaz'd in
 surprise ;

And scarce could I venture to trust my
 own eyes. —

Ah ! how could I wonder at not know-
 ing him,

Who knew not himself, in such elegant
 trim ?

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. P.

PHILEMON, late, half-naked, left the town :
 But now, return'd, behold his flaunting
 gown !

Amid such pomp he moves along the
 street,

I really don't know him, when we meet.
 At this I'm not surpris'd, since new-
 gain'd pelf

Has made Philemon e'en forget himself.

La maigre Magnificence.

En vaisselle d'argent tout est servi chez
 toi,

Et ta magnificence aux regards est com-
 plette :

Mais l'estomac, sans yeux, n'y trouve
 pas de quoi

Satisfaire à son gré la faim qui l'inquiète.
 Sers nous une autre fois comme en une
 guinguette —

Moins de faste, et plus à manger ;
 Ou laisse nous, mon cher, pour nous dé-
 dommager,

Emporter chacun notre assiette.

. A translation or imitation is requested.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Isle of Banda was taken by the British forces on the 9th of last August.—That isle and its dependencies annually export 900,000*l.* worth of spices to Batavia; and the captors found in it about 40,000 pounds' worth.

Mexico.—According to letters from Mexico of the 28th of September, a priest and two officers had endeavoured to raise disturbances in St. Michael and the places adjacent, but the most efficacious and energetic means were adopted severally to chastise the malcontents. In New Spain the most sincere loyalty and the most ardent patriotism prevails.

Buenos Ayres.—Advices from Buenos Ayres, of the 4th of November, state, that the new Junta is proceeding in its labors to the perfect satisfaction of the people, whom it is endeavouring by every proper expedient to enlighten; and for this purpose a college with suitable endowments has been established.

Santafé.—Accounts of the 9th of November, from Santafé, contain the particulars of an attempt made there to restore the old form of government, which had failed, after 200 lives had been sacrificed. On the day of the date of the dispatches all was perfectly tranquil, and no further apprehensions were felt.

General Miranda arrived at the Caracas on the 28th November, and was received with the most cordial welcome.

Caracas, Nov. 29. A decree has been issued, providing that all persons capable of bearing arms shall, if necessary, be called out to maintain the independence of the province; and it assigns a sum of 150,000 dollars to be raised for the purpose of arming this force, calculated at more than 50,000 men, if the entire strength of the revolted districts were to be called out. Thirteen natives of Old Spain, convicted of entering into a correspondence with the viceroy of Mexico, have been executed.

Caracas.—From Caracas advices have been received, dated the beginning of November, and from Curaçoa the end of the same month. All was at that time peaceable in those places and the neighbourhood, and the new Junta was proceeding without molestation in the exercise of its important duties.

Mexico.—It has been reported, that a sanguinary battle took place in Mexico

last November, between the army of Ferdinand VII. and the army of the insurgents, in which the latter was totally defeated, having lost between 6, and 7,000 in killed and prisoners. The authority of King Ferdinand is completely re-established in Mexico.

The Isle of France (on the 2d of December) surrendered to the British forces under the command of Vice-admiral Bertie and Lieut. General Abercromby. Twelve frigates and other armed vessels were delivered up to the captors, besides twenty-five others of various descriptions, and five gun-boats.—It is said that the quantity of produce taken at the Isle of France amounts to 27,000 ton weight.

Madrid, Dec. 4.—The intrusive government continues to exact, with the greatest cruelty, the contributions imposed on this town; and some persons, for not having paid them, have been sent to prison.—A decree has been issued by Joseph, ordering all the olive trees, in the roads leading to Andalusia, to be cut down, under pretext that they afford a retreat to the brigands.

The Toulon fleet put to sea on the 6th of December, but were driven back into port by a gale of wind.

Cádiz, Dec. 11. The French flotilla, to be employed in the siege, was dragged over land, upon rollers, from the river San Pedro to the Trocadero—a distance of five hundred toises [a thousand yards].—A bombardment immediately commenced, and a cannonade with red-hot balls.

Gibraltar, Dec. 16. The fever may now be considered as subdued, as we have had no new case these ten days past. We are extremely fortunate in having checked the disease, as it appears to be more malignant this year than it was in 1804. Both here and at Carthage it has killed more than the half of those who have been taken ill. Upwards of 3000 have died at the latter place. The accounts from thence decidedly confirm the fact of its not attacking any a second time, as all who had it formerly have now escaped.

Naples, Dec. 22. Tobacco has been cultivated with success in the province of Trasimene, as well as the sugar cane. This sugar is even of a better quality than what the English would sell us.

Mexico.—Advices from the Havanna, of the date of December 23, and from New-York, of January 6, state that tranquillity has been restored to the kingdom of Mexico—that the insurrection has been wholly suppressed—and that 7000 of the malcontents were slaughtered.

Martinique.—Jamaica papers, of December 23, state, that an ordinance has been issued at Martinique by Governor Brodrick, directing persons having arms or ammunition in their possession to deliver them up, in order to their being deposited in Fort Royal; also ordering search to be made for arms and ammunition, and imposing penalties on those having them in their possession in violation of the order.

British Merchandise.—An article from Warsaw, dated December 25, states, that two merchants, and another person, had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for dealing in English merchandise.

The Valais.—Letters from Marseilles, to the 26th of December state, that a considerable commotion had taken place in the Valais, upon attempting to carry into execution the decree for uniting that territory, under the name of the Department of the Simplon, to the French empire.—The populace overpowered the French troops, on the 3d of December, and were for two or three days triumphant; but a stronger force having arrived on the 6th, the unfortunate inhabitants of the Valais were compelled to submission, after a contest in which 300 of them were put to the sword, and twice that number wounded.

Vienna, Dec. 27. Tranquillity has been restored to Servia; but a dreadful revolt has taken place in Bosnia, by which 5000 lives have been lost.

Spain.—Jan. 1. The Cortes issued a proclamation, declaring that they would consider as null and void every act, treaty, or convention, made by Ferdinand VII. while under restraint of any kind, or under any direct or indirect influence of the usurper of his crown.

Tortosa.—On the 1st of January, Tortosa and its forts surrendered to the French at discretion. The garrison, consisting of 9,500 men, including 400 officers, 12 stand of colors, 193 pieces of artillery, two millions of cartridges, 10,000 muskets, 200,000 weight of powder, 500,000 weight of lead, and a great quantity of provisions, have fallen into the hands of the conquerors.

Saxony.—The opening of the states of Saxony took place on the 6th of January,

when an augmentation of taxes was adopted, with an exception in favor of the nobility.

Hamburg, Jan. 7. All correspondence up the Elbe, further than Cuxhaven, has been stopped.

Hamburg, Jan. 9.—A numerous detachment of Danish sailors arrived here yesterday morning, to man the French navy. They are going to Antwerp.

Cádiz, Jan. 10. A plan has been formed for the division of all the Spanish territory into six grand military divisions—each division is to have an army, commanded by a general in chief, who is to be invested with an absolute command in all its places.

Cádiz, Jan. 12. Provisions of every description are in abundance, but some of the necessary articles of life are high.—British manufactures of every kind are a complete drug. Sales could not at this time be effected without alarming sacrifices, say 30 per cent. on the invoice price.

Paris, Jan. 17.—A decree, signed by his majesty the emperor on the 6th instant, prohibits the importation of any pit-coal into Holland, except what is the produce of the French empire.

The Grand Duke of Frankfort has issued a decree for levying a conscription to complete his contingent of 1800 men. It comprehends all from 19 to 25 years, without exception of rank or employment.

Heligoland, Jan. 18. Tobacco is sold by auction at 3½d. to 4d. which hardly covers the charges. Fine London leaves are selling at 5½d. to 6½d.; good coffee at 5½d. No purchasers but the natives, who have bought up large parcels of colonial produce.

Lisbon, Jan. 21. The *Gazettes* contain a dispensation from Pius VIIIth, to allow the Portuguese army, during the present year, to eat flesh on fast days; and by a decree of the prince regent, this ecclesiastical indulgence is confirmed.

Jan. 23. Letters of this date, from Paris, announce several important failures, and one at Riga for half a million sterling. New licences have been granted by the French government. They direct that the ship using them shall be obliged to export a cargo, one third of which is to consist of brandy, one third of silk, and the remainder of French manufactures.

In letters received from the French coast, it is stated that a new decree has been promulgated, having for its object to restrict the convivial societies in

France, so that not any of them shall exceed in number twenty persons.

Cádiz.—On the 24th of January, the Cortes were coming into Cadiz, as a measure of precaution.—Tortosa had been given up by treachery, after one day's attack.

Paris, Jan. 27. By a decree of the minister of the interior, only sixty printers (particularised by name) are allowed to exercise their profession in Paris.

Lord Wellington.—His lordship's dispatches, of January 19, from Cartaxo, say, "there has been no alteration in the position of the enemy's troops in front of this army."—Private letters of the 30th state the French force at 70,000 men, and the allies at 86,000, of whom 34,000 are British.—Subsequent letters state the French at 60,000, and the allies at 90,000.

Quito.—Another dreadful massacre is stated, in a Trinidad paper, to have taken place at Quito, immediately after the former scene of bloodshed. The nobility of the country having been invited to assemble at the government-house, under pretence of congratulating them on their not having been comprehended in the conspiracy, they were shot to a man by the troops who surrounded the government-house; who were then ordered to disperse through the city, and put man, woman, and child to the sword, which was literally obeyed. It is computed that 700 persons were murdered upon this occasion. It is further stated, that this bloody project was concerted with the viceroy of Santa Fé, to whom the governor of Quito immediately dispatched an express, to acquaint him of the success; but the Junta of Santa Fé having intercepted the dispatch, the viceroy was apprehended, tried by law, convicted, and executed.

Feb. 3. Letters of this date from the continent state that military operations have recommenced between the Russian and Turkish armies in the vicinity of the Danube.

Feb. 4. The letters from Mexico state, that the insurrection is by no means overcome by General Venegas. The natives are in myriads against the Europeans, and must ultimately prevail. They had advanced to the gates of the city of Mexico, and were drawn into an ambuscade, by which they suffered considerably, but that was only a momentary check. The letters speak in the most sanguine terms of their determination to establish a government on sound and rational principles of liberty.

Feb. 8. An edict has been published at Petersburg, giving notice, that, on the 1st. of March next, the burning of British manufactures will be carried into effect in Russia.

The whole of the merchandise sequestered at Stettin and Pillau, has been ordered to be conveyed to Paris.

It is stated in the letters by the Anhalt mails, that the sales of cargoes seized in the Prussian ports began at Berlin on the 8th ult. that thirty-two cargoes, seized at Königsberg, had been sent to Mecklenburg on French account.

Letters from Hamburg of a late date, mention that the French had placed seals upon the Senate Chamber and the depôts of wines belonging to the city, but that they had given the strongest assurances that the Bank should be held sacred.

Feb. 11. Letters from the Baltic state, that accounts had been received at Stockholm, that the Russians had reinforced their garrisons in Finland, and had augmented their army in that country from 12 to 15,000 men, with a view of overawing the peasantry, who were averse to their yoke. The Swedes had also sent supplies of artillery, and a corps of 3,000 men, to their frontier towns.

Serius.—A Dutch paper of Feb. 20, mentions, in an article from Vienna, that the late efforts made by the Servians against the Turks, had inspired confidence in their own strength, and that they aimed at the establishment of their independence.

Persian Gulf.—It appears, by accounts from Bushire, that the French are active in their intrigues to obtain possession of a settlement on the shores of the Persian Gulf, under pretence of opening a trade with the Arab chiefs.

Hindoo Superstition.—Forty thousand Hindoo doctors visited, in the course of last year, the north-west bank of the Nuddy, where are several pagodas, dedicated to the God Kandaro, in expectation of witnessing a succession of miracles, which tradition reported would be performed by the idol.

France.—The criminal courts of France have sentenced in the last month more than fifty persons to imprisonment, who had endeavoured to evade the laws by screening their children and relations from the terrible scourge of the conscription.

Westphalia.—A capitation or poll tax has been imposed by King Jerome, on the people of Westphalia.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

Jan. 21. His majesty walked on Windsor Terrace for upwards of an hour.

During the remainder of this week the king did not come out of the castle, to repeat his walk.

Jan. 26. The Lord Chancellor and Mr. Perceval were admitted to the king's apartment, and continued with his majesty for an hour and a half.

Jan. 31. It is said, that his majesty has had a glimmering of sight for some days; which is considered as a proof that the blindness did not proceed from fixed humour in the organ; but the signs of improvement are too faint to give any ground upon which to reason, as to the ultimate recovery of his eye-sight.

Feb. 8. His majesty's mental faculties were so materially improved, that his physicians in attendance considered it would be conducive to further improvement if his majesty received a visit from a part of his family: accordingly her majesty paid the king a visit for the first time since his indisposition. She was accompanied by the Princess Augusta, and is said to have communicated to him, at his own desire, the particulars of the Princess Amelia's will. The interview lasted for half an hour, and was truly affecting. After the queen's departure, his majesty was a little agitated, but soon resumed a tranquil demeanour, and passed a good night.

Feb. 9. Her majesty again visited the king, and remained with him near an hour. This second visit was attended with the best effects; from the gratification which it afforded his majesty in the reflexion, that the time is at no great distance when, with the blessing of Providence, he may return once more to the bosom of his family. The interview was calm, serene, and affectionate. His majesty remained extremely comfortable after the queen's departure, and, in about half an hour, walked on all sides of the terrace, attended by the physicians, for above an hour. His majesty used his favorite gold-headed cane, and occasionally leaned his hand on the arm of one of the physicians, and conversed with each in his usual cheerful manner. His majesty appeared in very good health, not having lost much flesh, and in high spirits, conversing with the medical gentlemen the whole time. He was

dressed in a blue great coat, over his mourning.

Feb. 11. His majesty again walked on Windsor Terrace, from two o'clock till three, attended by Doctors. Heberden and Willis.

Feb. 16. His majesty, accompanied by the Duke of York, again walked on the terrace for near an hour. The physicians were in attendance as usual.

Those royal dukes who have been visitors at the castle in the course of the week, have been gratified with alternate audiences of his majesty, and most affectionately received.

Feb. 17. This morning Mr. Perceval arrived at the queen's lodge, and went from thence to the castle, where he was received by the Duke of York. They were both introduced to his majesty, with whom they had a conference for more than an hour.

After Mr. Perceval had retired, his majesty took his dinner, and soon after two o'clock, walked on the terrace in the company of the Dukes of York and Cambridge, for near an hour. The royal dukes very kindly were the occasional supporters of their royal father, who conversed with them very cheerfully, and appeared improving in health and spirits.

A most material change for the better has taken place in his majesty's system, within the last twenty-four hours. The medical attendants are in high spirits, and every day gives the most enlivening hopes of speedy recovery.

The Regent.

Jan. 23. The regency bill was read a third time in the House of Commons, and passed.

Jan. 27. His R. H. the Prince of Wales received the sacrament in the chapel royal at St. James's, as a preparatory qualification for the office of regent.

Jan. 29. The regency bill was passed in the House of Lords, with amendments, which were agreed to by the commons on the 31st.

Feb. 4.—The House of Commons agreed to a resolution passed by the House of Lords, "That it is expedient and necessary that letters patent under the great seal be issued for the purpose of giving an assent in the king's name to the regency bill."

Feb. 5. The great seal having, by order

of both houses of parliament, been affixed to a commission for that purpose, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the lord president of the council (Earl Camden), the lord privy seal (Earl of Westmorland) and the Duke of Montrose, took their seats in the House of Lords, as commissioners: and, the commons having been summoned, the chancellor "*declared and notified his majesty's royal assent*" to the regency-bill.—On this occasion, a ludicrous circumstance is said to have occurred, viz, that, just as the lord chancellor retired to put on his robes, to give the consent to the regency-bill, a black cat started from under the wool sack, and ran about under the benches. A burst of laughter took place, and, by an instantaneous consent, it was called the *phantom*.

Feb. 6. This being the day appointed, for swearing in the Prince of Wales as regent, before his taking upon himself that important office, about twelve o'clock a party of the flank companies of the grenadiers, with their colors, the band of the 1st regiment, drums and fifes, with white gaiters on, marched into the court-yard of Carlton House, where the colors were pitched in the centre of the grand entrance: the band struck up *God save the King*, and continued playing that national piece alternately with martial airs during the day till near five o'clock. Colonel Blomfield, one of the prince's principal attendants, having written to the Earl of Macclesfield, the captain of his majesty's yeomen of the guard, informing him it was his royal highnesses command, that as many of the yeomen of the guard should attend at Carlton House, as usually attend upon councils being held by the king in state; the noble earl not being in London, the letter was opened by the exon in waiting, who ordered six yeomen and an usher to attend at Carlton House, which they accordingly did, and they, together with the prince's servants in state, lined the grand hall and staircase: several of the life-guardsmen were also in some of the rooms, in a similar manner as on court-days at St. James's Palace.

About a quarter before two o'clock, the Duke of Montrose arrived, being the first of the privy counsellors who attended; he was followed by all the royal dukes, and a very numerous assemblage of privy counsellors, who had all arrived by a quarter before three o'clock. The whole of the magnificent suite of state apartments were opened, and the illus-

trious persons were all ushered into the gold room (so called from the style of the ornaments). Almost every privy counsellor now in town was present—and they were above a hundred in number.

About half past two o'clock, Earl Moira, of his royal highnesses council, being also a privy counsellor of the king, brought a message from the prince to the president of the council, Earl Camden, desiring his attendance on the prince in an adjoining room, according to the usual form, to communicate to him officially the return to the summons, &c. The noble earl accordingly went with Earl Moira, made the necessary intimation to his royal highness, and returned to the company; who, during this time of waiting, were highly gratified with seeing the Princess Charlotte on horseback, accompanied by two grooms, make the tour of the beautiful gardens in the front of the palace. His royal highness appeared to be in excellent health and spirits.

After Earl Camden's return, the prince approached in grand procession, preceded by the officers of his own household, and several of his council, among whom were Earl Moira, Lords Keith, Cassilis, Hutchinson, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. M. Angelo Taylor, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Colonel Mac Mahon, Colonel Blomfield, Gen. Hulse, Mr. Bicknell, &c. &c. (His chancellor was by accident not present, and there was a delay in consequence of his royal highnesses anxious desire of his presence). The prince was also accompanied by all the royal dukes. They passed through the room where the privy counsellors were assembled, through the circular 'drawing-room, into the grand saloon (a beautiful room in scarlet drapery, embellished with portraits of all the most distinguished admirals who have fought the battles that have given us the dominion of the seas), and here the prince seated himself at the top of the table—his royal brothers and cousin seating themselves on each hand according to seniority, and all the officers of his household, not privy counsellors, ranging themselves on each side of the entrance to the saloon. The privy counsellors then proceeded, all in full dress, according to their rank—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, the Archbishop of York, the lord president, the lord privy seal, &c. &c. &c. and, as they severally entered, they made their reverence to the prince, who made a graceful return to each, and

they successively took their places at the table, and, lastly, Mr. Fawkenor and Sir Stephen Cotterell took their seats, as clerk and keeper of the records.

The prince then spoke to the following effect:—

My lords.—I understand that by the Act passed by the parliament appointing me regent of the United Kingdom, in the name and on behalf of his majesty, I am required to take certain oaths, and to make a declaration before your lordships, as prescribed by the said Act. I am now ready to take those oaths, and to make the declaration prescribed.

The lord privy seal then rose, made his reverence, approached the regent, and read from a parchment the oaths as follows.—The prince with an audible voice pronounced after him:—

"I do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his majesty King George.

"So help me God."

"I do solemnly promise and swear that I will truly and faithfully execute the office of regent of the United Kingdom of Great-Britain and Ireland according to an Act of parliament passed in the fifty-first year of the reign of his majesty King George the Third (intituled, an Act, &c.); and that I will administer, according to law, the power and authority vested in me by virtue of the said Act; and that I will in all things to the utmost of my power and ability consult and maintain the safety, honor, and dignity of his majesty, and the welfare of his people. So help me God."

And the prince subscribed the two oaths. The lord president then presented to his royal highness the declaration mentioned in an Act made in the 30th year of King Charles II. intituled, "An Act for the more effectually preserving the king's person and government, by disabling papists from sitting in either House of Parliament;" and which declaration his royal highness audibly made, repeated, and subscribed. The lord president signed first, and every one of the privy counsellors in succession signed these instruments as witnesses—and the same was delivered into the hands of the keeper of the records.

The prince then delivered to the president of the council a certificate of his having received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the chapel royal of

* The privy council, when assembled, are entitled and addressed by the name of lords.

St. James, on Sunday, the 27th January ult. which was also countersigned and delivered to the keeper of the records, who deposited all these instruments in a box at the bottom of the table.

The lord president then approached the regent, bent the knee, and had the honor to kiss his hand. The royal dukes followed, and afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all the rest according to the order in which they sat at the long table, advancing to the chair on both sides. During the whole of this ceremony, his royal highness maintained the most dignified and graceful deportment. And there was not the slightest indication of partiality of behaviour to one set of men more than another.

Feb. 12. Commissioners, authorised by the prince regent, took their seats in the House of Lords, to declare "further causes for holding parliament," and read, in his name, a speech to both houses.

Feb. 14. The corporation of London waited on the Prince regent, and presented to him an address, expressive of their regret for the restrictions laid on him, and complaining of various grievances.—His R. H. returned a most gracious answer.

Quartern wheaten loaf in London.—Jan. 24, fourteen pence, three farthings.—31st, the same.—Feb. 7, the same.—14th, the same.—21st, the same.

Jan. 8. At a fox-hunt, in the parish of West Kilbride, Scotland, a young man fell from a place called the three sisters, the highest point of that elevated and precipitous ridge, called Arneil Bank, a height of about 180 feet, to the bottom, upon a bed of small stones, and, astonishing to tell, was taken up, not only alive, but without a broken bone, and walked a distance of about five miles the third day after.

Stratford, Jan. 22.—The new aqueduct bridge of the Grand Junction Canal over the Ouse River below this town, at Wolverton, was this day opened for the passage of boats. The whole length of the iron-work is 101 feet; it is wide enough for two boats to pass each other, and has a towing path of iron attached to it.

Jan. 23. In consequence of strong south-westerly winds having succeeded the late severe frost, great quantities of fish, particularly small eels and golden maids, have been driven on our shores.

Jan. 25. Last Thursday the maw of a fat ox, slaughtered by a butcher at Winchelsea, on being opened, presented the

blade of a clasp-knife, which had been productive of no apparent injury to the animal.

Four acres and a half of land, in the neighbourhood of Holmfirth, Yorkshire, not possessing the advantage of a waterfall, sold last week at the enormous price of three hundred pounds the acre!

Court of King's Bench, Feb. 7. Mr. Finnerty was brought up to receive judgement for a libel on Lord Castle-reagh. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in Lincoln jail, and afterwards to give securities for good behaviour during five years—himself in 500*l.* and two sureties in 250*l.* each.—He offered several affidavits, to prove the truth of the assertions which had been pronounced libellous; but such proofs were deemed inadmissible.

Feb. 10. A dreadful fire broke out at some oil and color warehouses near Limehouse-hole Stairs, by which four warehouses and 12 dwelling-houses were destroyed. The damage is estimated at upwards of sixty thousand pounds!

Court of King's Bench, Feb. 11. A rule to show cause, &c. was granted against several persons for conspiracy and riot, to the great annoyance of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters near Wycomb Market in Suffolk. Frequently, during the time of worship, intruders exhibited themselves among the congregation in masquerade dresses, making ridiculous faces, and putting on airs of mock devotion; while, without, was heard the sound of a gong, of drums, trumpets, &c. At times, there was a waggon at the door of the place of meeting, in which was a person dressed in a suit of black, with gown, white wig, &c. distributing loaves of bread, at the disposal of each of which, an immense clamor was made. At other times, fireworks were scattered up and down, and were even thrown into the church, and at the minister as he departed from it. Sometimes a gallows was erected in front of the church; and, in general, the ministers and congregation were pelted with filth and with stinking sprats, in going to and returning from the place of meeting, with a variety of other indecencies; and, finally, the house itself was nearly pulsed to the ground!

On the same day, Mr. Roach, editor of the "*Day*" newspaper, for a libel on the military employed near Sir F. Burdett's house, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the Marshalsea, and then to give securities for keeping the

peace for three years—himself in 500*l.* and two sureties in 250*l.* each.

Dublin, Feb. 13. The following circular letter was, last night, forwarded from the Castle, to every sheriff and chief magistrate in Ireland—

SIR,—It being reported that the Roman Catholics in the county of — are to be called together, or have been called together, to nominate or appoint persons as representatives, delegates, or managers, to act in their behalf as members of an unlawful assembly, sitting in Dublin, and calling itself the Catholic committee, you are required, in pursuance of the provisions of an Act of the thirty third of the king, chap. 29, to cause to be arrested, and to commit to prison, (unless bail shall be given) all persons within your jurisdiction, who shall be guilty of giving, or having given, or of publishing, or having published, or of causing, or of having caused to be given or published, any written or other notice of the election and appointment, in any manner, of such representative, delegate, or manager, as aforesaid; or of attending, voting, or acting, or of having attended, voted, or acted in any manner, in the choice or appointment of such representative, delegate, or manager. And you are to communicate these directions, as far as lies in your power, forthwith, to the several magistrates of the said county of —

"N. B. Sheriff, are to act under the warrant of magistrates, in cases where the crime has been committed.—By command of his grace the lord lieutenant,

W. W. POLE."

Stock-Jobbing, —Feb. 15. In an action, brought in the Court of King's Bench, to recover money intrusted to a stock-broker for a gambling speculation in the funds, the plaintiff was, on that ground, non-suited.

It is said that there are at present no fewer than ten thousand British subjects unlawfully detained in France.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 23. The lady of Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq. of a son.

Jan. 24. The R. Hon. Lady Montgomery, of a son and heir.

Jan. 25. Lately, the lady of Robert Williams, jun. Esq. M. P. of a son.

Jan. 26. The lady of Alderman Atkins, of a daughter.

Jan. 27. The lady of the Hon. Archibald Macdonald, of a son.

Jan. 28. The countess of Harrowby, of a daughter.

Jan. 29. Mrs. Barkly, Highbury Grove, of a daughter.

Feb. 5. The lady of W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M. P. of a son and heir. (*But, see DEATHS.*)

Feb. 7. The lady of Richard Neave, Esq. Bedford Place, of a daughter.

Feb. 9. The Countess of Mansfield, of a son.

Feb. 12. Lately, the lady of Charles Jenkinson, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

Feb. 15. The lady of J. F. Gyles, Esq. Upper Brook street, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 29. At Bath, Rev. E. Meyrick, rector of Ramsbury, Wilts, to Mrs. Abersham.

Jan. 29. William Brereton, Esq. of Brinton, Norfolk, to Miss Haue, of Tavistock square.

Jan. 29. J. Russel, Esq. of Ilam Hall, Staffordshire, to Miss Mary Watts, of Portland Place.

Jan. 31. The Rev. John Bond, of Troston, Suffolk, to Miss Emily Dixon, of Chertsey.

Feb. 1. Thomas Hughan, Esq. M. P. to Miss Milligan.

Feb. 4. John Goodwin, Esq. of Hull, to Miss Morgan, of West-Ham.

Feb. 6. The Rev. Robert Walpole, to Miss Caroline Hyde.

Feb. 12. At Bath, Thomas White, Esq. to Miss Louisa More, of Linley Hall, Shropshire.

Feb. 12. Richard Jennings Esq. of Portland Place, to Miss Louisa Judrell.

Feb. 13. Peter Mac Evoy, Esq. of York Place, to Miss A. Byrn.

Feb. 13. The Rev. Edmund William Estcourt, rector of Newington and Skipton, to Miss Bertha Wyatt, of Wargrave.

Feb. 14. Edward Bullock Douglas, Esq. of Devonshire Place, to Miss Harriet Bullock.

Marriage Extraordinary !!!

About the end of January, was married (for the fourth time) at Norton, near Gausby, in the county of Leicester, Lawrence Winsor a celebrated fiddler, and traveling brazier, and formerly noted as the leader of a gang of gipsies, aged 86, to Johanna Skelton, of Coxton in the Elms, aged 22.

DEATHS.

Jan. 16. In his 60th year, the Rev. John Verdill, rector of Skirbeck and Fishoft, Lincolnshire.

Jan. 23. Mrs. N. Solomons, of Finsbury Square, sister to the late A. Goldsmid, Esq.

Jan. 24. At Hinton House, Somerset, the Countess Poulett.

Jan. 25. Lately, Mrs. Loraine, wife of G. Loraine, Esq. Wallington, Surrey.

Jan. 25. At Woodcote, Epsom, G. Smith, Esq. a magistrate for the county of Surrey.

Jan. 26. Philip Stimpson, Esq. Devonshire street, Portland Place.

Jan. 29. Lady Rachel Sanford, daughter of the Earl of Antrim.

Jan. 29. Lately, Col. Luttrell, brother to J. Luttrell, Esq. M. P.

Feb. 9. At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in his 79th year, the Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, D. D. F. R. S., astronomer royal; which situation he held forty six years.

Feb. 10. After a few hours' illness, the Hon. Simon Fraser, banker.

Feb. 11. At Hammersmith, after a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. Girdler, wife of J. S. Girdler, Esq. Magistrate for Middlesex. This lady, after having borne her afflictions with firmness, resigned herself to the will of heaven without a murmur — She will long be remembered with the purest sentiments of respect and regret, by all who knew her.

Feb. 12. Lately, at Bath, Lady Liddell, relict of Sir G. H. Liddell, Bart.

Feb. 12. The R. Hon. John Smyth, member of the privy council, and for many years M. P. for Pontefract.

Feb. 18. The infant son, and presumptive heir, of W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M. P. (*See BIRTHS above.*)

APPENDIX.

Irish Catholics.—The Edinburgh reviewers, in their last number, state, that, of forty-six ships of the line successively stationed at Plymouth, the Catholics in the crews exceeded the Protestants in the proportion of three to two:—and, at one time, out of 470 patients in the naval hospital, 360 were Catholic. In the army, again, it is stated, that the Catholic recruits greatly exceed the Protestants. Of 8000 new levies that marched lately to the Isle of Wight, only 106 were Protestants:—and of the 4000 who fought at Monte Video, 3000, at least, were Catholics.

Catholics.—A striking contrast to this loyal and patriotic bravery of the Catholics is exhibited in a statement lately made to the Catholic committee in Dublin, by Mr. O'Connell, who pointed out about thirty-two thousand offices of honor or emolument, from which Catholics are debarred — exclusive of situations in the established church.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;
APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. THE RESURRECTION.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS and a VEIL.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;
Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

"*What might be.*"—Has the ingenious authoress, at any time lately, written us a *private* letter?—If so, it has unfortunately been lost; and our present ignorance of its contents leaves us under an awkward uncertainty, from which an explanation on her part can alone relieve us.—We request to be favored with a line *as soon* as convenient.

"*Orthodoxus*" has honored us with a second declamation against *heretics* and *schismatics*—and "*Quietus*" with a sensible, well-written piece in favor of *religious toleration*; but we must decline such discussions—being determined (as we have already announced in page 80 of our last number) to keep our Magazine wholly free from party questions, especially in *religion and politics*.

To a *young lady* we recommend to reconsider her letter, especially as she signs *her name*. Is she not, in some passages, too severe? Besides, we should wish her to extend her views beyond a *single branch*, and to dwell more minutely on the particular *advantages*. Her second thoughts, we doubt not, will be highly creditable to her.

G. W.'s second poem shall be inserted, if he will amend the *tenth* line, by striking out the concluding idea, which we wholly disapprove.—His stanzas cannot be inserted, without considerable amendments.

The "*Poetic Adieu*" contains several passages that are faulty in grammar, metre, or rhyme. We cannot insert it in its present state.

The "*Hymn by an Orphan*" has not sufficient merit to recommend it for publication.

The *Bouts-rimés* of a "*Norfolk Friend*" we cannot insert.

"*Mary's*" three stanzas are too defective for publication.

T. W.'s lines are too incorrect to meet the public eye.

The two packets of "*Sappho*" are received; and the accompanying hint shall meet with due attention.

"*Jane*"s communication is just come to hand.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



'The Resurrection'

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1811.

*The RESURRECTION;—a German
Anecdote.*

[With an illustrative Engraving.]

IN a retired part of Westphalia, lived an old woman, named Gertrude, who sold apples, nuts, and gingerbread, and who, by the inhabitants of her own and the neighbouring villages, was strongly suspected of being a witch, only because she was very old and decrepit, and withal very poor.

In entertaining this idea, they certainly proved themselves to be neither witches nor conjurors: for, if they had but possessed a few grains of common sense, a moment's reflexion would have shown them the absurdity of considering any poor decrepit old woman as a witch; because, if she were gifted with supernatural powers, and aided either by the angels of light or the angels of darkness, she could easily discover hidden treasures—whole mines of gold—and thus raise herself from abject poverty to more than royal wealth: she could also restore herself (as Medea is fabled to have restored the aged Æson) from wrinkled decrepitude to youthful bloom and vigor:—in short, she could perform ten thousand wonderful things, which no reputed sorceress was ever yet found able to accomplish. But the good folk never made these reflexions: and, if any better-informed person had attempted, by argument, to convince them of their folly, he would probably have lost his labor; so deeply rooted

were those superstitious notions which had been transmitted from generation to generation, and sucked in with their mothers' milk.

At length the time approached, which was to release poor Gertrude from the troubles and vexations of a wicked world; and, as she drew near to her end, she requested that a bag of nuts, which she had yet remaining of her little stock in trade, might be buried in the same grave with her. Strange as this request appeared to her neighbours, they thought it prudent to comply with her wish, lest she should haunt them after death, and perhaps strangle every individual who had tasted of the devoted nuts.

Gertrude and her nuts were accordingly buried together, and the earth well beaten down over the grave, to keep her from stirring. But this precaution was not effectual to secure the peace of the neighbourhood: for, scarcely had Night spread her sable mantle o'er the earth, when Wilhelm, an aged inhabitant of the village, happening to pass near the burial-ground, distinctly saw and heard old Gertrude sitting at the head of her own grave, cracking her nuts! So, at least, Wilhelm thought; and so his neighbours believed, upon his solemn asseveration; though we will venture to predict, that not one of our fair readers—not even the youngest, and least experienced—will, for a single moment, believe that he either saw or heard her, or

that poor Gertrude's inanimate *body* had any power to rise from the grave. As to her *soul*, in whatever region it had taken up its abode after death, there it was likely to remain:—if in a place of punishment, it was there a prisoner, and unable to escape from its confinement:—if in the mansions of bliss, it would feel no temptation to quit them for the pleasure of cracking nuts by night in a church-yard, and terrifying her former neighbours.

“But the Almighty” (it may be said) “might permit or even command her soul to re-animate its former body.”—True: he *might* do it, no doubt: but the Almighty, unlike to the foolish sons of men, never does any thing in vain—never any thing without a wise and beneficent intention: and *what* possible advantage can we conceive from his permitting the apparition of a spirit in an obscure village, only to frighten a few ignorant peasants?—None!—If, indeed, those rumored ghosts were to exhibit themselves in open day, in courts of justice, in legislative assemblies, in the councils of kings—to warn nations of their impending fate, and point out to them the means of averting the threatened blow—we should be blamable in refusing to credit the accounts of their appearance: but, so long as they shun the observation of sensible, well-informed people who would be capable of distinguishing between a disembodied spirit and a living impostor, and are only said to have appeared to stupid, illiterate, credulous rustics, or to persons who, in point of knowledge and intellect, do not rise above the level of such rustics—and without producing, by their appearance, the smallest benefit to mankind—every person of com-

mon sense and reflexion will instantly pronounce any story of such apparition to be an undoubted falsehood, fabricated either by credulous ignorance or designing knavery.

But, however that may be, certain it is that Wilhelm's story of the apparition—which was rapidly and extensively circulated through the vicinity, with many terrific additions and improvements—so alarmed all the neighbouring peasantry, that not even the boldest man among them would venture near the burial-ground after dark, and many were afraid to pass through it even in open day-light, after a dreadful discovery which had been made on the very next morning after her burial. On that memorable morning, which will never be forgotten in the village, behold! a quantity of nut-shells were found scattered near her grave—the shells of “*exactly such*” nuts as had been buried with her! and those shells were pointed out to the quaking spectators, as convincing proofs that “Gertrude, the wicked old hag, had actually risen to crack her nuts!”

Historic truth, however, requires that poor Gertrude be acquitted of all agency or concern in that affair of the nut-shells, which were scattered about her grave by means quite natural, and not at all calculated to excite any alarm in the minds of the peasantry, if they had only been acquainted with the circumstance.—A soldier, returning to his regiment on the expiration of his furlough, had arrived in the village on the preceding evening, and, after having rested and refreshed himself, strolled ^{about} to the burial-ground, to see what rustic epitaphs it might contain. There, close by the recent grave

of Gertrude, a painted inscription on a wooden monument particularly attracted his notice, and for a while fixed him to the spot; where, as he stood endeavouring to decipher the latter part of the epitaph, which was nearly effaced by time, he amused himself with eating some nuts which he had brought in his pocket, and of which he accidentally scattered the shells about Gertrude's grave. The soldier, whose visit to the cemetery had not been observed by any of the neighbours, had quitted the village to pursue his march, before the nut-shells were discovered: and, as there was nobody in the vicinity who could now account for their being there, the villagers unanimously concluded, that none but Gertrude could possibly have cracked the nuts to which those shells had belonged.

Thus passed three tedious days, and three more tedious nights of universal terror, when there arrived in the village two itinerant merchants or pedlars — by name Hermann and Conrad — who carried their commodities for sale about the country in a covered cart. Scarcely had they lodged their horse in a stable, and sat down to refresh themselves, when they were made acquainted with all the dreadful circumstances of the apparition, and of the nuts and the nut-shells.

Those pedlars were not such simpletons as the peasants: — like the generality of their itinerant brethren, they were sharp, shrewd, intelligent men: they had seen much of the world, had heard the observations of better-informed persons, had thus acquired a certain portion of knowledge in the course of their peregrinations — and, in short, were much too wise to believe any silly tales of ghosts

or hobgoblins. While they listened, however, an idea struck one of them, which, at the first pause in the conversation, he communicated in a whisper to his partner, who instantly approved the suggestion, and agreed to take a part in the execution of the proposed plan.

Pursuant to their pre-concerted scheme, they waited till deep night had closed the villagers' eyes in sleep, and then, descending from their lodging in the hay-loft, took their way to the burial-ground, to which they needed no guide, as they had passed close by it on their entering the village, had noticed the fresh grave, and could not miss the road.

As they approached the ground, " 'Tis a pity," says Hermann to Conrad, " that two men should lose time in doing the work of one. Suppose, that, while one of us is employed at the old woman's grave, the other should go and kill one of those fine fat wethers that we saw this evening in the fold beyond the church-yard? We can easily conceal the carcase in our cart, while the clowns here are all fast asleep; and it will be a valuable booty."

Conrad, as little scrupulous as his partner, applauded the proposal; and it was settled between them that Hermann should go and steal the sheep, while the other part of their adventure was to be achieved by Conrad, who was then to wait for his companion at Gertrude's grave, which was close by the road-side. Hermann accordingly marched forward on his expedition against the sheep-fold; and Conrad, meanwhile, so industriously exerted himself with a spade or shovel which he had brought with him from the stable, that he soon un-earthed old Gertrude's treasure, closed up the

grave again, and, to fill up the vacant time during his companion's absence, determined to treat himself to some of the nuts.

While he there stood cracking and eating them, it so happened, that a servant belonging to the rector of the parish was on his return from a market-town some miles distant, whither he had been sent to procure a medicine for his master's gout. This man, who was full as superstitious and timorous as any of the villagers, would willingly have chosen to lengthen his journey by a circuitous route, to avoid the dreadful necessity of passing near Gertrude's grave: but the recent fall of a bridge on the other road had put that out of his power, and compelled him, however reluctant, to take his way by the church-yard.

The night was dark: and, just at the moment when he was nearest to Gertrude's grave, Conrad happened to crack an uncommonly large and hard nut, which made a loud crash, that reached the ears of the servant, whose fears were already on the alert. Startled by the sound, he looked through the gloom, and, catching an imperfect glimpse of the pedlar, whose figure he could not distinctly discern in the obscurity of the night, he concluded that it was Gertrude herself in person! Alarmed at the terrific idea, he clapped spurs to his horse, and fled at full speed from the dangerous scene—fancying, each moment, that he heard the footsteps of Gertrude at his heels, and even the rattling of the nuts in her bag.

On his arrival at home, his wild, haggard looks, and his hair bristling on end, naturally induced his master to inquire into the cause of his terror. The man assuring him that he had seen

Gertrude risen from her grave, and actually heard her cracking her nuts, the rector laughed at him for his foolish credulity, and endeavoured to reason him out of it: but it was to no purpose; the servant still obstinately maintaining that he had clearly seen and heard her. At length the rector said, "Were it not for my gout, I would this instant go with you to the grave, and convince you on the spot, that it is only some stray horse or cow that you have mistaken for Gertrude's ghost."

The servant shook his head in token of unbelief, but added, "Sir, if you really are disposed to go, your gout needs not prevent you: for, as your Reverence can talk Latin to old Gertrude, and lay her quiet in the Red Sea, I almost think I might venture to carry you to her on my back:—she will hardly dare to do me any mischief, while under your Reverence's protection—though still, I own, my blood runs cold at the very idea of even seeing her again."

The clergyman having encouraged him, it was finally agreed that they should together sally forth on the adventure, in the manner proposed. The master accordingly mounted on the man's back, and they set forward toward the grave; while the other servants gave them both up as lost men—taking for granted that Gertrude would infallibly devour them alive, or, at least, strangle them, or tear them to pieces.

The rector had taken in his hand a lantern, to light them on their way: but, before they had reached the entrance of the burial-ground, he accidentally dropped it, and the candle was extinguished; a circumstance, however, which was of no material consequence, as they had a smooth,

straight, gravel path before them, and could not possibly miss the road. They therefore proceeded without a light: and, as they nearly approached Gertrude's grave, they were descried by Conrad, who was anxiously watching for the return of his companion. In the darkness of the night, on seeing a man move towards him with a burden on his back, he naturally supposed that it was Hermann coming with the stolen sheep; whereupon he asked, "Is he fat, Hermann? is he fat?"—The servant—whose name also happened to be Hermann—on hearing this abrupt interrogatory from Gertrude's grave, immediately concluded that she intended to eat his master for her supper; and, being alarmed lest she should devour himself too, he instantly flung his burden from his shoulders, exclaiming, "Fat or lean, there you may take him! but, for the love of God, spare me, who never wished to meddle with you!" and, so saying, he fled from the ground with breathless speed, leaving his master to parley with Gertrude's ghost, and make the best terms he could with her.

Thus taken by surprise, the rector, though far from believing in apparitions, was yet so confused by the suddenness and novelty of this strange adventure, that, without waiting for a moment's reflexion, he felt himself irresistibly urged by an unaccountable impulse to follow his servant's example. With eager efforts, he hastily raised himself from the ground, and, forgetting his gout, ran homeward with such unembarrassed agility, that he reached the house almost as soon as the affrighted Hermann.

Sketches of IRISH CHARACTER.

(Concluded from page 59.)

AN attachment to and a respect for females is another marked characteristic of the Irish peasant. The wife partakes of all her husband's vicissitudes, and accompanies him on all his occasions:—they are almost inseparable. She watches over him in his dissipation: she shares his labor and his miseries, with constancy and with affection. At all the sports and meetings of the Irish peasantry, the women are always of the company: they have a great influence; and, in his smoky cottage, the Irish peasant, surrounded by his family, seems to forget all his privations. The natural cheerfulness of his disposition banishes reflexion; and he experiences a simple happiness, which even the highest ranks of society might justly envy.

The miscellaneous qualities of the Irish character are marked and various*:—peculiarly polite—passionately fond of noise and merriment—superstitious—bigot-

* It is worth remarking, how little change has taken place in the Irish character during the last two hundred and fifty years. J. Good, an ecclesiastic, who resided at Limerick in the year 1566, gives the following character of the Irish of that day, which, in almost every material point, remains the true character of the nation at the present moment. "In general, this people are robust, and remarkably nimble—of bold and haughty spirit—sharp-witted, lively, warlike, prodigal of life—patient of want, heat, and cold—of amorous complexion—hospitable to strangers—constant in their attachments—implacable in their resentments—credulous, greedy of glory, impatient of reproach and injury.—They think it the highest wealth to live without work, and the greatest happiness to enjoy liberty."

ed—they are always in extremes; and, as Giraldus Cambrensis described them in the twelfth century, so they still continue—"If an Irishman be a good man, there is no better: if he be a bad man, there is no worse."

In his person, the Irish peasant is strong, active, hardy, and extremely swift. The finest men in Ireland are the descendants of the Spaniards, who, after so many centuries, are still distinguishable by their fine oval countenances, their large black eyes, their noble mien, and manly features:—the descendants of the Danes are red-haired and hard-featured, but remarkably hardy, though less active:—the offspring of the Scots are very similar, though in many respects inferior, to their kindred race in Scotland;—and those descended from the English settlers are the least remarkable of any Irishmen for any singularity of person or of character.

Possessed of these qualities, and suffering under these humiliating depressions, the Irish peasant, in 1780, was found uncultivated, ignorant, and wretched, but gifted, capable, and generous; and it was reserved for that celebrated period to introduce to the notice of Europe that calumniated people, and develop to general view those qualities, which, in other times, would probably have been either entirely overlooked, or certainly under-rated.

These were the intellectual qualities, which capricious nature had distributed, in varied and unequal proportions, among the inhabitants of this extraordinary island. Their fertile dispositions, adapted to the cultivation of almost every passion, produced individual characters of the greatest

variety, diversified by the gradations of rank, and influenced by the extent of their education.

The middle class of gentry, interspersed throughout the country parts of the kingdom, possessed as much of the peasant character as accorded with more liberal minds and superior society. With less necessity for exertion than the peasant, and an equal inclination for the indulgence of indolence, their habits were altogether devoid of industry, and adverse to reflexion:—the morning chase and evening conviviality composed the diary of their lives, cherished the thoughtlessness of their nature, and banished the cares and solitudes of foresight. They uniformly lived beyond their means, and aspired beyond their resources: pecuniary embarrassment only gave a new zest to the dissipation which created it; and the gentry of Ireland at this period had more troubles and fewer cares than any gentry in the universe.

These habits, however, while they contracted the distance between the lower and the superior order, had also the effect of promoting their mutual good-will and attachment to each other. The peasant looked up to and admired, in the country gentleman, those propensities which he himself possessed:—actuated by a native sympathy of disposition, he loved old customs: he liked to follow the track and example of his forefathers, and adhered to the fortunes of some ancient family, with a zealous sincerity; and, in every matter of party or of faction, he obeyed the orders of his landlord, and even anticipated his wishes, with cheerfulness and humility.

Thus the Irish country gentle,

man, without either the ties of blood or the weight of feudal authority, found himself surrounded by followers and adherents ever ready to adopt his cause, and risk their lives for his purposes, with as warm devotion as those of the Scottish laird or the highland chieftain; and this disposition, cultivated by family pride on the one side, and confirmed by immemorial habit on the other, greatly promoted the formation, the progress, and the zeal, of those armed associations which soon afterward covered the face of the country, and for a moment placed the name of Ireland on the very highest pinnacle of affective patriotism.

It was the fashion of those days to cast upon the Irish gentry an imputation—which though they by no means generally deserved, yet it would be uncandid not to admit that there was some partial ground for the observation—that they showed a disposition to decide petty differences by the sword, and too fastidious a construction of what they termed the “point of honor.” This practice certainly continued to prevail in many parts of Ireland, where time and general intercourse had not yet succeeded in extinguishing altogether the romantic but honorable spirit of Milesian chivalry: and, when we reflect on the natural warlike disposition of the Irish people—that indigenous impetuosity and love of battle which so eminently distinguished their aboriginal character—it is not surprising that hasty and unnecessary encounters should occasionally occur among a people perpetually actuated by the pride of ancestry and the theories of

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honor. But, even in these contests, the Irish gentleman forgave his adversary with as much readiness as he fought him: he respected the courage which aimed at his own life; and the strongest friendships were sometimes formed, and frequently regenerated, on the field of battle. It is natural to suppose that this practice should have been noticed, and perhaps exaggerated, by the English people, whose long enjoyment of police and of industry had endowed them with less punctilious and much more discreet propensities.

The cowardly crime of suicide, however, which prevailed and prevails so extensively throughout England, was almost unknown among the Irish gentry. Circumstances, which would plunge an Englishman into a state of mortal despondency, would only rouse the energies of an Irishman to bound over his misfortunes:—under every pressure, in every station and in every climate, a lightness of heart and openness of disposition distinguishes him from the inhabitants of every other country.

A circumstance, not unfrequently injurious to the concerns of Ireland, was that influence which the imposing condescensions of superior rank, and the flattering professions of power and of interest, occasionally acquired over the natural independence of the Irish gentry. This partial imbecility of mind was but too well ascertained, and often too successfully practised upon, for the political purposes of artful governments; and, on that interesting occasion, when every weapon, which the ingenuity of

P

man could invent, was used to impose the Union on a reluctant people, it will be seen that Ireland lost the active exertions of many a zealous friend, through the insidious blandishments of a noble visitor.

But this paralysing weakness was far from being universal: numerous instances will occur in the course of this memoir, where the public and individual spirit and integrity of the Irish gentry were tried to their full extent, and proved to be invincible: the reader will see exhibited frequent examples of patriotism, too precious to be forgotten, and which it would be ungrateful to the individual, and an injustice to the country, not to distinguish and commemorate.

On the whole of their characters, the Irish gentry, though far from being faultless, had many noble qualities:—generous, hospitable, friendly, brave—but careless, prodigal, and indiscreet—they possessed the materials of distinguished men with the propensities of obscure ones, and, by their openness and sincerity, too frequently became the dupes of artifice, and the victims of dissimulation.

Among the highest orders of the Irish people, the distinguishing features of national character had been long wearing away, and becoming less prominent and remarkable. The manners of the nobility, in almost every European country, verge to one common centre: by the similarity of their education and society, they acquire similar habits; and a constant intercourse with courts clothes their address and language, as it does their persons, in one

peculiar garb—disguising the strong points, and concealing the native traits, of their original characters.

DEFENCE OF WOMEN. (Continued from page 85.)

[Our next continuation of this piece will be accompanied with an elegant engraving, illustrative of a memorable scene, highly interesting to the fair sex.]

CHAP. XV.

FATHER Malebranche strikes out into another road, and denies the parity of understanding in the two sexes, on account of the greater *softness* and *flexibility* of fibres in the female brain. I know not whether what he asserts of this greater softness be true or not. Two anatomical works I have read, which do not say a word of it. Perhaps he accredited the greater humidity of the brain in women, and supposed that a greater degree of softness must result from it: but this does not necessarily follow:—the liver is humid, and is not soft; and quicksilver is soft, but is not humid. Perhaps, from the greater softness and docility of the female disposition, it may be thought that their whole material composition is more supple: some men may be superficial enough to form their ideas upon such an analogy; and afterwards, for want of reflexion, this supposition is adopted by the most intelligent.

However, for the sake of argument, I will admit it. But, what connexion has the greater softness of the brain with the imperfection of the reasoning powers?—I should rather imagine, that, since from this cause the brain will yield more readily to the impression of

the spirits, it will be an instrument or organ more fitted for the operations of the mind. This argument is even supported by Malebranche's doctrine, because he says in another part that the traces which are impressed on the brain by the animal spirits, are the outlines from which the imaginative faculty forms to itself the images of objects; and, therefore, the more numerous and distinct these impressions are, the more clearly and effectually will the understanding ascertain the objects themselves. "Cum igitur imaginatio consistat in solâ virtute, quâ mens sibi imagines objectorum efformare potest, eas imprimendo (ut ita loquar) fibrâ cerebri, certe quo vestigia spirituum animalium (quæ sunt veluti imaginum illarum lineamenta) erunt distinctiora et grandiora, eo fortius et distinctius mens objecta illa imaginabitur." (*Lib. 2, de Inquirenda Veritate, part. 1. cap. 1.*)

Now it is clear, that, from the brain being softer, and its fibres more flexible, it will be better fitted to receive distinct and ample impressions from the spirits. They will be more ample, because the matter offers less resistance; and more distinct, because, when the tone of the fibres is somewhat rigid, they make an effort, in consequence of their elasticity, to regain their original position, and thus in some degree obliterate the track in which the spirits had flowed. Thus, if the fibres in the female brain be more flexible than in ours, it follows that the images formed on their brain will be larger and more distinct, and consequently that they will have clearer perceptions than we obtain.

Yet let it not be imagined from what I have said, that I attribute more understanding to women than to men: I only wish to refute Father Malebranche, when he pretends that his doctrine establishes the advantage on our side. To my mind, with these philosophical arguments every thing might be proved, but nothing is proved. Every one has his own mode of philosophising; and, if I were writing to bestow incense, to gratify caprice, or to display my own ingenuity, it would be easy to draw such inferences from received principles, as would raise the female intellect many steps above ours. My intention, however, is, not meanly to flatter, but honestly to avow my own sentiments; and therefore I assert that neither Father Malebranche nor any other writer has yet ascertained the exact method, or specific process, by which the organs of the head administer to the faculties of the mind. We know not yet how it is that fire destroys, or that snow is formed; though they are operations of nature which are palpable to our sight and touch; and yet Malebranche and the other Cartesians would persuade us, that they have registered what passes in the most secret recesses of the thinking soul!

Those maxims which reduce every thing to mechanism, and represent the spirits imprinting material images on the brain, as the graver traces them on copper, do not appear to me well founded. I am also aware of the difficulties which mingle with Aristotle's system of metaphysics: but this only proves that both the one and the other, while they endeavour to explore the vast temple of nature, advance

no further than to the lowest steps of the threshold. We all go on blindfold ; and the blindest of all is he who thinks he sees most clearly, as it happened to Seneca's *Harpacta*, who, being deprived of sight, was infatuated enough to believe she possessed it.

It is certain that those who are the most satisfied with their own penetration, are the most liable to error ; because he who walks with the greatest confidence where there is little light, is most in danger of falling ; while, on the contrary, he is most exempt from that hazard, who is aware of the darkness of his road, and proceeds with greater caution.

According to the doctrine of Father Malebranche, we might imagine both that women understand better than men, and that they do not understand so well. The first is deduced from the passage which I before quoted ; and the second follows from his further explanation, in which he supposes that the vivid imaginations which result from these more powerful images, are inimical to the just intelligence of any subject : “Cum enim tenuiora objecta ingentes in delicatis cerebri fibris excitent motus, in mente protinus etiam excitant sensationes ita vividas, ut iis tota occupetur.” (*Lib. 2, part. 2, cap. 1.*)

But this second explanation is contrary to all reason, because the largeness of the images does not prevent the accurate representation of the objects, even when these latter are diminutive : on the contrary, we discern atoms more accurately, when magnified by a microscope. And the vivacity of the imagination, when it is not exalted to madness, contri-

butes greatly to the perspicacity of the understanding.

But, in reality, from this greater softness of the brain, it does not follow that the understanding of women is either greater or less than ours ; because it cannot thence be proved, that the impressions of the spirits are greater ; which is the supposition upon which both inferences are grounded. The impetus of the spirits may possibly be proportioned to the ductility of the matter on which they act ; and therefore, in women, they may not effect a deeper impression than that which is produced by more impetuous spirits on a brain of greater resistance. In the same manner, by tempering the force of the hand, we may trace lines upon wax with the graver, which shall be equally fine with those which are delineated, by the exertion of greater strength, upon lead. And, from all this system of craniology, it may be inferred that the corporeal impulses are less vigorous in women than in men ; since the nerves which take their origin in the fibres of the brain and in the medullar substance, are weaker, or impressible by feebler impulses : but nothing can hence be learned which affords a proof that their mental powers are more or less perfect than ours.

(*To be continued.*)

The MOTHER and the TUTOR.

(*Concluded, from page 79.*)

SIR George and his lady appeared to coincide in my sentiments, and before I took leave they had resolved on committing their son to the care of Mr. Spencer, with all the requisite privileges that could assist his education. In my

drive home, my reflexions fully established the remark used in the preceding part of this chapter. — What, but want of *order* had produced the lamentable deficiencies of George Aston? Want of health in infancy may and does frequently retard learning, but the earliest scene of convalescence should be seized by the watchful parent, to make a good impression; however slow the progress, the seed should be sown, and the culture attended to with the nicest care. The intellects of children vary: one shoots out luxuriantly, almost spontaneously; another produces rare and superior fruit, by slow and progressive care; while a third starts prematurely into society, bearing, even with its blossoms, the rankling weed: of how much consequence, then, is an early attention to order, a uniform regard to the time present! Yet even with some, who have imagined themselves actuated by this essential principle, there are many instances of vanity. I have heard children go through their regular business with all the order that had been suggested by their teachers, and have heard them exact some promised indulgence, when, in fact, their exertions have been of a sort to claim no such distinctions. To repeat a number of lessons, in a slovenly way, is to disgrace the understanding that it has pleased heaven to bestow upon you; to hurry through those prayers which are appointed for your morning and evening devotion, is not what has been asked of you. I know that some of you will find excuses “you are sleepy” or, “the night is cold,” “you have sat up later than usual.” Why did you so?—You reply, you just wanted to finish some trifle,

with which you were engaged. — Why not leave the trifle till tomorrow, and use the hour permitted to you in that service, which it is ungrateful to delay?

How frequently do these little subterfuges occur, and how often have I heard children entreat half an hour longer for their *amusement* in the ‘drawing-room, who have, by their imperfect devotional exercises, convinced me that they deserved no indulgence of the sort. — We do not expect from children, either that reflexion or forethought which experience alone can establish: but habits of order, may and should be inculcated, even in infancy. Order originates in duty to those who have charge of us. Delay is consequently a stranger to that child who is reared on this most amiable and virtuous principle.

In every important situation of our lives, the comfort derived from a just disposition, or division, of our time, is clearly demonstrated; and, in all the lesser objects that engage the attention, as applied to pleasure or convenience, its advantages are equally obvious. — Of George Aston, it would be ungenerous to say much; from misaken indulgence, and irresolute plans, his parents have brought him through the plastic season of infancy, unimpressed with the value of this peace-making quality; for my own part, I feel assured, that education might commence, even from the cradle. The disposition and temper might be in a state of improvement while intellect was dormant; for, as a learned and truly amiable writer has observed, “The mind is originally an unsown field, prepared it may be for the reception of any crop; but, if those to

whom the culture of it belongs, neglect to fill it with good grain, it will speedily and spontaneously be covered with weeds."

For the Lady's Magazine.

TREATMENT of a WIFE.

IN the choice of a companion for life, no one will be hardy enough to deny that great circumspection, and a proper knowledge of the disposition of each party by the other, is absolutely necessary. Yet how often do we find this unattended to, in the most material concern of life! Hasty matches are formed; and subsequent misery is but too often the result of them. But I am wandering from the intended subject of my trifling essay—the *treatment of a wife*. This, it strikes me, should, in every case, be mild, and, in most cases, affectionate.—If a man has unfortunately united himself with a female the reverse of every thing he had hoped to find—even if her temper is so sour as to render her a perfect *Xanthippe**—still he should ever remember that he is a *man*, and, as such, should never degrade himself by unmanly language to her—much less, sink himself below the level of a brute, by striking the woman he has sworn to protect.

Many years ago, I well knew a female, whose fortune was good, whose expectations were still better, and who had been brought up with every attention both as to useful and polite accomplishments. Her fund of learning was sufficient to render her a fit companion for a man of sense, while her knowledge of housewifery ren-

dered her capable of advantageously conducting a family.

I had many opportunities of seeing her in trying situations, as to temper; and I am positive she had by no means a bad one; on the contrary, I am persuaded that most men would have been happy in such a wife. She had reached the age of woman; and as yet no gentleman had seriously paid his addresses to her. Many had flattered around her; but their gaudy plumes pleased her not.

At length, by the management of an old villain, who was deeply interested in the affair, a young man of tolerable appearance, and of pretended good family, was introduced to her; and, in a *very short time*—long before she could judge of his disposition—by some means or other, she was induced to marry him.—It is an unpleasant theme; and I will not enlarge on it. In a few short months—ere half a year had passed over this young female's devoted head—her unworthy partner, that disgrace to human nature, had made away with all the ready money she brought him, which was very considerable—had proved faithless to his marriage-vow; and—to complete the black catalogue of his foul misdeeds—because his already too much injured wife would not assign over to him a little remaining property which she possessed, he beat her to an aggravated excess, and at length would have murdered her with a knife that lay in his way, but for the timely intervention of some person—a servant, I believe—who prevented the perpetration of the intended crime.

The result of all this was, that the wife of that scoundrel was obliged to return to her friends; and the wretch himself, after

* This termagant's name (like that of the river *Xanthus*) ought properly to be written with the aspirate—*Xanthippe*.

plunging deeply into debt, enlisted for a soldier, and eventually perished in a distant land.

So many years have elapsed since this happened, that I may possibly have misrelated some trivial parts of the story: but the prominent facts I cannot forget; and, as the two persons to whom it relates are now both at rest, there can be no harm in telling to the world a tale, which I humbly hope may be the means of saving many females from a gulf of so much horror, by awaking them to a sense of danger, and by inspiring them with a degree of prudent caution, in which they are too often deficient. M. L.

The DUTCH PATRIOTS of the Sixteenth Century.

(A free Translation, or Paraphrase, from the French of Mons. Bitauté, Member of the National Institute.)

[Of this history—for it is not romance, but real history, only embellished with poetic ornament—the proprietors of the *Lady's Magazine* published, a few years since, (under a different title) a very limited edition, of which the greater part fell a sacrifice to an accidental occurrence, not here material to be detailed.—The book being now out of print, and the aspect of the times not being propitious to its republication in the usual mode, we have, at the request of several respectable subscribers, determined to reprint it in our miscellany. And, that our fair readers may beforehand form a just idea of what they have to expect, we deem it proper, in the first instance, to present them with the author's preface, and an extract from that of the translator.]

Author's Preface.

THE foundation of the republic of the United Provinces is one of the most memorable events which occur in history. On the one part we behold Philip the Second, a monarch formidable by his strength and policy, supported by armies and generals trained in the school

of Charles the Fifth, and famous by the splendor of their victories: on the other, we see Holland and Zealand, two provinces of a barren and un-extensive country, supporting at first, by their unassisted efforts, the whole burden of the war, and triumphing over their opponents. When, in the sequel, the other five provinces took a share in their dangers, the Dutch successively combated three illustrious generals, displayed the same perseverance under the pressure of the greatest calamities, and gave permanency to the advantages acquired by their former successes: and, while the republic, yet in her infancy, was still engaged in that arduous contest; her fleets spread their sails on every sea, invaded the shores of Brasil and Peru, arrived in India, and searched for new passages to reach that region by a northern course.

Grotius thus characterises that nation and the Spaniards, in taking a view of them at the period in question*:

“From ages immemorial, both nations enjoyed an established reputation for martial prowess; but with this difference, that the valour of the one had for some time not been called into action, whereas that of the other had, in their Italian and transatlantic expeditions, been kept alive by constant discipline and the rich rewards of victory. The Batavians, whose characteristic features were un-remitting industry and the patient endurance of profitable toil, were of course lovers of peace and commerce, but not so far the slaves of those inclinations, as tamely to brook the inroads of injustice. As little inclined as any

* *Annal. Lib. i. p. 4. edit. 1657.*

the Batavian isles. A few of my episodes are the productions of pure fancy, introduced either with a view to convey useful instruction, or for the purpose of giving variety to the narrative, and rendering it more interesting.

The founder of that republic, William of Nassau, is portrayed in advantageous colors by the pencil of history. The friend of the virtuous Barneveldt, the learned Grotius, gives the following picture of William*—"He surpassed all his contemporaries in activity, penetration, and courtesy. . . . His soul was great, his designs impenetrable. . . . No mortal was ever less tainted with the detestable vices of cruelty and avarice. He excelled in the cultivation even of those branches of knowledge which were the least connected with his ordinary pursuits, and possessed a memory faithfully retentive of every idea which he had once acquired."—In the circumstances, therefore, in which he was placed, he must certainly have applied his mind to the study of those fundamental principles on which rest the rights of nations: and history informs us that such was the case†.

At that epoch, several nations—depending on their own experience, though it had more than once proved fallacious—contented themselves, in their attempts to reform their government, with es-

tablishing or meliorating a mixed constitution in which monarchy and republicanism were blended,—and thought themselves capable of fixing sure boundaries which should protect their liberties under the authority of hereditary chiefs. It appears, moreover, that the extremely critical situation in which the Dutch were placed, induced them to nominate a chief, with whose talents and character they were acquainted, and who might procure them alliances and succours by means of his influence over several princes of Europe, whose esteem he enjoyed. He was for a time set aside from the rank of pre-eminence, after he had been elevated to it: but his place was filled by the substitution of other chiefs who were elected with similar views. Barneveldt, who sacrificed his life in the cause of liberty, stepped forward after the assassination of William, and presented to the states young Maurice, the son of that prince. It was, doubtless, his idea that a chief who displayed such conspicuous valour, and such eminent talents for the management of war, would powerfully contribute to the support of a state, narrow in its territory, still tottering on its basis, and doomed to toil through numerous combats, before it could establish itself on a firm foundation. This action of Barneveldt suggested to me the discourse which I have put into his mouth after the death of Lewis, to console William for the loss of his brother, and to elevate his courage.

To exhibit a faithful picture of that revolution, it was my duty to describe the spirit of the age, or at least that of the people who accomplished it: and, if any man

* Amal. lib. i. p. 7.

† "History of William of Nassau," by Amelot. — Languet, author of the famous treatise intitled "Vindicia contra Tyrannos," and who, in publishing his book, concealed himself under the fictitious name of Junius Brutus, sought an asylum under the roof of that prince, and was employed by him in affairs of high importance. De Thou, L. lxxiv.

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be inclined to suppose that I was actuated by different views, I refer him to the conclusion of the work. Holland shook off at the same time the yoke of a double tyranny — the tyranny of Spain and of Rome, who were both preparing to invade whatever rights she had hitherto been able to preserve inviolate: she added strength to the protestant party,—contributed materially to form the necessary counterpoise to the power of Spain,—gave to all the nations of Europe an example which could not but be useful to them,—secured, by the consequences of her revolution, the ancient liberties of the Belgic provinces, who nevertheless had abandoned her in the hour of danger,—and attained a degree of prosperity which excited the astonishment and jealousy of the most powerful states.

Extract from the Translator's Preface.

In selecting this book to be presented to the public in an English dress, the translator was solely influenced by its superior merit as a work of genius, which had long before gained it the approbation and applause of impartial critics in the public Reviews of this country: and, if it do not now prove equally interesting to the reader as it did to the translator in its original dress, the failure must be wholly imputable to the defects of his version. He has indeed endeavoured—but, with what success, he leaves it to others to determine—rather to convey the ideas of his author, than to pay the same strict attention to his exact expressions as he would have done in ordinary prose in short, he has throughout aimed at the same style, as, from an attentive consideration of the original, he thought the ingenious author

would himself have used, if he had composed his work in English. If he has failed in his attempt, he claims the indulgence of the public, who, though they may perhaps read the performance with diminished pleasure, will nevertheless still derive from it sufficient gratification to compensate the time bestowed on its perusal.

(To be commenced in our next.)

JEALOUSY.

(Continued from page 62.)

MR. Patterson apologised to Ruhlberg for having made him wait so long: never was apology less requisite: Ruhlberg was unconscious how long he had been waiting, or that he had waited for Mr. Patterson at all. The change which Miss Patterson had made in her dress, might indeed have served to remind him of the progress of time. This lady had felt dissatisfied with her appearance upon the first visit of her supposed lover, and therefore availed herself of the pretext of acquainting Mr. Patterson with his arrival, in order to withdraw to her toilette.

The conversation now became general; and it was at length determined that they should go the next morning to visit the castle of Leitmankor. As Miss Patterson chose to be included in this party, it was most natural that Helmina should be so too: and, besides, her husband, still more self-interested than jealous, wished for her presence on this occasion, in order that Ruhlberg might imbibe the most favorable notion of the purchase he was about to make: and he knew that Helmina's praises of Leitmankor would be far more eloquent and forcible than his own.

During some days Ruhlberg had particularly shunned the society of the countess. This woman was an intolerable restraint upon him: she followed him for ever with her piercing eyes; and her conversation resembled a court of inquiry. It seemed as though she spoke for no other purpose than to discover or to contradict whatever was passing in his mind.

Such had the countess appeared to Ruhlberg before his conversation with Helmina: but, after that delightful interview, his heart was so filled with bliss, as to render him indulgent; and he was ready to accuse himself of having judged Madame Mulhausen too severely. Perhaps he was now unable to judge her at all; for he could think of nothing but Helmina, of the sweet confidential hour he had enjoyed with her, and of the prospect of accompanying her to Leitmankor the next day.

On his return home, he entered the apartment of the countess, and acquainted her with his intention of purchasing the castle; but he avoided naming Helmina. He plumed himself extremely upon this instance of discretion; yet every word he uttered communicated to Madame Mulhausen the secret of his heart, and conveyed the pangs of jealousy to hers. She made a thousand efforts to dissemble her feelings—efforts which were wholly needless; for Ruhlberg was incapable of observation: he was absorbed in the pleasure of speaking of his excursion to Leitmankor: the countess listened to him; and he was satisfied.

The hour, named for this excursion, and so impatiently awaited by Ruhlberg, at length arrived. Joy in his heart, wings upon his feet, he entered the house of Mr.

Patterson, and beheld the lovely Helmina adorned with smiles. Their setting out was delayed on account of Miss Patterson, who, anxious that every preparation for the day's entertainments should be in exact order, ran hither and thither without any settled scheme, and forgot that a servant had been already dispatched to Leitmankor for the purpose of arranging all things for their reception. A dinner, given to Mr. Ruhlberg, was, in the imagination of this lady, a sort of nuptial repast. She expected that he would observe her talents in the management of a house, and be sensible of the striking difference, in this respect, between a woman of sense and a giddy-brained girl.

At length they are in the carriage; and Ruhlberg and Helmina become pensive the moment they are seated there. They scarcely dare to look at each other; and when, for an instant, their eyes meet, it seems as though it were only to give a mutual injunction of prudence. Yet, if any one had said to them, "Why so serious? why so constrained?" they could not have explained why, even if they had wished to do so.—The castle, the dear castle, appears in view; and a gladness illumines their countenances, which grows more and more lively, as they more nearly approach the place of their destination.—Ah! foolish lovers! will you be more at liberty to communicate your sentiments in the castle, than you are upon the road? ah! foolish lovers! you never reason: all you can do is to feel.

They entered the castle in exact order; that is to say, all four together. Miss Patterson was the first who quitted the rank; for a

thousand cares demanded her attention.—They had not been at Leitmankor a quarter of an hour, ere the rattling of wheels and the sound of a whip in the court-yard announced the arrival of another carriage; and Mr. Patterson, much surprised, went to see who were his visitors. Ruhlberg and Helmina sat down together; and found no difficulty in entering upon an interesting conversation. The day before, they had spoken of Leitmankor with ease and delight: but now, whether it was that the presence of objects so tenderly remembered was too affecting to the heart, or whether the heart yielded to some unaccountable caprice, certain it is that Ruhlberg and Helmina could scarcely utter one word without a faltering of voice; and therefore they soon became silent. Their eyes sometimes met, and were quickly withdrawn, to wipe away the starting tears—tears, which were mutually more observable as they were mutually concealed with more care.

Mr. Patterson now entered; and he was accompanied by the count and countess Mulhausen! Helmina might have known the effect which this unexpected visit produced upon her countenance, by looking at that of Ruhlberg; and Ruhlberg might have beheld his own intolerable chagrin depicted in the eyes of Helmina.

The countess, dissembling her jealousy, began to laugh at the whim she had taken into her head, of surprising them with a visit at Leitmankor. “I proposed it,” said she, “to my husband, who relished the idea as much as I did. However, my dear Mrs. Patterson, I shall be extremely sorry, if you suffer us to put you to the

slightest inconvenience: if we do, I beg that you will frankly tell me so; and we will defer the pleasure of dining with you till another day.”

Mrs. Patterson, according to established custom, protested that the visit gave her infinite pleasure; and she looked at Ruhlberg, as requiring him to confirm her declaration. He therefore felt himself obliged to express satisfaction at an event which grieved him to the heart.—As for poor Miss Patterson, she could not hide her chagrin: the countess was a formidable rival: she would be the first in whatever company she appeared; and that, Miss Patterson thought, rendered her an ineligible companion to other women. By “*other women*,” Miss Patterson meant only herself. Helmina’s presence indeed was wholly unimportant: she was a mere girl in her teens, who made no claims upon the attention of others. Mr. Patterson and the count were the only persons of the whole party who spent an agreeable day: the one was pleased with the prospect of selling his estate to advantage; the other thought himself amused, because his wife had told him that he infallibly must be so at the sight of Leitmankor. The lovers were far from being at ease; and, to crown their bad luck, the countess, when they were to return home, so earnestly requested Ruhlberg to accept a seat in her carriage, that he knew not how to refuse. Miss Patterson was in an inward rage: Helmina was only sad; but her sadness was that of the heart.

Perhaps it may be asked, what could be Ruhlberg’s view in yielding to his passion for a woman who could not participate his feel-

ings without betraying her duty. — Let Ruhsberg himself satisfy the inquirer's curiosity; for lovers alone can solve such difficulties as these; and here follows the answer which he returned to a friend, who had asked him that very question.

(To be continued.)

Picture of HAMBURG in 1805.

(Concluded from page 65.)

THE taxes levied, and the duties received, in the city and state of Hamburg, are nearly the same as those of Bremen and Lubeck, and directed by the same principles. The people are not very numerous, and their zeal for their country resembles that of a father for his children; each individual consents with pleasure, and is eager to pay taxes and duties, which are universally acknowledged to be both useful and necessary: it is even thought shameful to be tardy in the payment.

Such conduct may give reason to believe that the people have some share in the administration, or at least that they are acquainted with the springs on which it moves; yet this administration is only confided to very few citizens, and no one is informed either of their views or operations; by this means they meet with no obstacles to their plans, nor suffer from the hatred or jealousy of their fellow-citizens.

Every citizen or inhabitant of Hamburg, who quits the city to reside elsewhere, is obliged to pay the tenth part of his fortune; except those indeed who are comprised in what is termed the contract, that is, who give an annual sum to be exempted from this tax,

and who are then only obliged to pay down at once the amount of the said annual sum.

The right of citizenship at Hamburg is personal, and does not extend to the children*, who are obliged to purchase it; and this is termed the duty on the freedom of citizens.

A foreigner, or Hamburger who does not choose to buy this freedom, is obliged to enter into the foreign contract, and to give an annual sum for permission to carry on trade in the city: he likewise pays all duties and taxes to which other citizens are subject.

The city of Hamburg has established a kind of public pawn-brokerage, where money is lent at six per cent. This is a great resource to the inhabitants, who save considerably by being taken out of the hands of the usurers, who, before this institution, frequently insisted on sixty, and even eighty per cent. If the articles are not taken out of pledge at the term agreed upon, they are immediately sold, but in such a manner as to bring their real value; and the remainder of the money is faithfully remitted to the owners of the pledges. The city is supposed to gain an annual sum of fifteen thousand crowns by this establishment.

The city cellar and the repository for drugs also yield a considerable revenue.

The former principally contains Rhenish wine of all ages, from a hundred years old† to the last

* This right, however, does extend to those children who, when of age, take the oath of allegiance.

† There was indeed wine of the year 1648 when the French entered Hamburg.

vantage. This cellar is immense, and forms a subterraneous city, divided into different apartments, to which both foreigners and natives frequently resort, and give entertainments.

The income tax is one fourth per cent. paid by inhabitants of every description for all their estates, both real and personal. This tax is not assessed: every citizen rates for himself, and carries the amount to the town-hall, where he makes oath that the payment is just, according to law.

Every inhabitant is bound to mount guard, or to find a substitute. There are people on purpose to serve this office, and the captain of the quarter is obliged to provide them, being, however, furnished with means to support the expense by a sum paid him by every citizen. The nobility, ecclesiastics, and indeed all persons bearing titles, are exempted from this tax.

Literature and the arts were at a very low ebb in 1790 at Hamburg; the greater part of the community applying themselves solely to commerce, there were very few towns where science of every kind was so totally neglected. It would, however, be unjust to assert, that Hamburg had never produced men worthy of being distinguished in the republic of letters; and I shall certainly not neglect mentioning some of the most celebrated in the Appendix, where a short account of their lives and different works will also be found. In 1790, there were neither good schools, sculptors, engravers, nor even a tolerable painter in the city of Hamburg. A French bookseller endeavoured to establish a reading-room, but he had so few subscribers, that he was forced to relin-

quish his plan. It was very extraordinary that all ideas of science should have been banished from so rich a city; and that French literature should have been so particularly in disrepute. All this, however, is now much changed, and there are great collections of French books, which have been considerably increased since the emigration, which has also contributed to make them sell speedily and well; consequently French literature is both more cultivated and better understood*.

Inundations are extremely frequent and sudden in Hamburg: the Elbe, indeed, is restrained by a dyke, but this, with the surrounding country, and almost the whole of the city, were overflowed in 1771: a pillar is erected to mark the height of the water, which was wonderful. Towards the end of November 1790, we were witnesses to the Elbe's rising more than twenty feet; the water deluged many cellars, and forced the inhabitants to quit their habitations. Whenever women with child, or sick persons, are obliged to leave these cellars at a minute's warning, those who lodge in the first, second, or third stories, are forced to grant them an asylum. This custom, though attended with inconvenience, is certainly a very humane one, as it enforces that assistance from the rich to which the poor have so just a claim. A sudden inundation, which took place on the night of the 21st of March 1791, did damage to the amount of many millions of French livres.

There are very few cities which can boast of such beautiful environs, or that give a higher idea

* French cookery is of all other things the most esteemed in Hamburg and Altona.

of the riches of the inhabitants. An assemblage of water, woods, groves, walks, with a variety of fine prospects, make Hamburg a delightful residence during summer. Almost all the merchants have expensive country-houses, which they visit as frequently as possible. Those without the Altona gate are in the Danish territory, and among the charming habitations which grace the banks of the Elbe, that of M. M. Boué was, in 1790, reckoned the pleasantest. Strangers should certainly visit the environs, especially on this side of the city, and towards the Alster. We made a short tour from Altona to Flotbeck; the road lies between rows of trees, and we were delighted with the charming gardens and pleasing country-houses which presented themselves on every side. Wandsbeck is without the gate called Sfeintlior. It is a handsome *château*, and, though not large, is the finest in that neighbourhood: it belongs to the Comte de Schimmelman, whose father amassed a considerable fortune in a short space of time in Denmark, where his brother was minister of finance in 1790. The park is pleasant, and, being open to the public, is the fashionable promenade on Sundays and holidays. The road, on these occasions, is crowded with open wagons, vehicles much used in this part of the world, with high wheels, and five or six benches across the carriage, which hold ten or twelve persons. Those belonging to people of fashion are hung upon springs.

For the Lady's Magazine.

ELLEN.—A Fragment.

RAMBLING one morning in an

adjacent grove, my attention was so much absorbed by the harmonious carol of the aerial songsters, that I did not perceive two elegant females till I had entered the grotto where they were sitting in close conversation. They appeared much surprised at my approach, and were on the point of retiring, when I addressed them in the following terms. "Lovely strangers! I crave pardon for my intrusion: but, if it be not deemed impertinent, may I inquire the reason of your appearance in this place at so early an hour?"

The one who appeared the elder, replied, "Actuated by feelings of benevolence, we came hither to alleviate the distress of an apparently distracted female, who daily, about this time, makes this enchanting spot resound with her woe-fraught lamentations."

"Some unfortunate maniac perhaps," returned I. "But see! is not the form just in view, the beautiful sufferer approaching?"

My companions immediately recognised her, and flew to execute their beneficent design.—I followed.—We were concealed from the object of our compassion by the richness of the foliage. Never did I behold so interesting an object. Her form was symmetry itself: her silken tresses, fanned by the gentle Zephyrs, luxuriantly waved over a neck, with which the lily would have been an inadequate competitor; but her expressive countenance seemed clouded with the most gloomy melancholy. In short, her whole appearance was such as must have excited sympathy even in a heart of adamant.

She spoke:—all nature listened to the music of her voice: and,

"Oh! my Henry," she cried—"my much-loved, long-lost, faithful Henry! why are we doomed to be the sport of fortune? Abandoned by thy cruel father, and forced by him upon the rolling waves, perhaps ere now thou sleep'st beneath the surging main. Dear, injured youth! thine Ellen will not long survive thee: she soon will sleep the sleep of death—to join thee where no separation can take place."

Filled with compassion, we emerged from our recess. The rustling of the leaves made her start; and, on discovering us, she uttered a frantic scream, and fled with incredible swiftness through the winding mazes of the grove.

Peace to thy gentle breast! and may thy ardent love

With love reciprocal be crowned!
And, when thy spirit drops its cumbrous load,

To soar above terrestrial things,
May'st thou, by kindred souls,
Be wafted into scenes of blissful immortality!

SAPPHO; an Historic Romance.
(Continued from page 72.)

SAPPHO had now attained that age when the affections are readily excited; and, like the rose which eagerly opens its calyx, and spreads its leaves to receive the pearly drops of the morning dew, her mind was feelingly alive to tender impressions. With other young girls of Mitylenè, she was a constant spectator at the athletic games, at the festivals of the Gods, and at the public assemblies of the people. When she beheld the youth of the other sex, her sensations were rather those of timid feminine curiosity natural to her years, than the effect of sympathy, or a determined feeling of the heart. — Like the inconstant bee,

which luxuriously wanders from flower to flower, her heart, light and free as air, was not confined to any single object; and, though the impressions which she excited were not produced by the effect of her beauty, yet the brilliancy of her wit and the solidity of her understanding gained her admirers, whose passion was the more profound, as it did not derive its source from perishable attractions, but from the more lasting influence of the mind.

Her dominion had already extended over the hearts of several young men of Mitylenè: but, more desirous of pleasing than of being loved, she imposed chains which she did not partake. Alas! she could not foresee that the day was not far distant when she herself should bend beneath the imperious yoke of love.

The fame of Phaon's beauty was not confined to Mitylenè alone: it had extended throughout the island of Lesbos, and even beyond the seas. — Like a proud hyacinth which towers above the common flowers, he not only excelled other young men in the graces of his person, but maintained a decided superiority in all those exercises which required strength and agility. His contemporaries beheld him with envy, the females with love, and the men with admiration.

Sappho had frequently heard of his surprising perfections; yet she still boasted her indifference. "Let others," she said, "have the weakness to wear the chains of love: I shall never submit to his tyranny." She was then far from thinking that the mortal wound which would destroy her peace, was to be received from the eyes of Phaon; and she had even the temerity to believe, that, if she

had an opportunity of conversing with him, his name would swell the list of her admirers.

Every year, at the new moon of the month *Hecatombæon*, the festival of Minerva was celebrated at Mitylenæ. To the pomp of the sacrifices and the splendor of the ceremonies, succeeded the athletic games, and the exercises of the gymnasium. Prizes were offered to the victors; but glory was considered as the highest reward.

The solemn rites were scarcely finished, and the sacred fires of the altars extinguished, when the trumpet sounds, to assemble the young men who intend to dispute the palm of victory.—At this well-known signal, their hearts beat with increased rapidity; their bosoms swell with anxious enthusiasm; and their emotion increases as the moment approaches for the contest—like the charger, trembling at the first sound of arms.

The games were commenced by the race of a thousand paces, from the temple of Minerva to the square. Ten young men, accustomed to this exercise, appeared in a line at the foot of the temple; eyeing each other with eager curiosity. After throwing aside their mantles, they waited in anxious suspense the signal for departure. At the first sound of the trumpet, they dart forward: the hope of victory is expressed in the impetuosity of their course, and in the anxiety of their looks, steadfastly directed toward the goal.

For some time they continued nearly on the same line, when at length one from the centre rushes forward with increased velocity:—the others, exerting every nerve to follow him, resemble a flock of cranes forming an angle in their flight, when, at the approach of

autumn, nature propels them to seek a more congenial climate.

They retain the same order for some moments, when the youth on the right with inconceivable velocity passed his rival from the centre. The air resounds with shouts of acclamation. More jealous of obtaining the applause of the multitude than of gaining the prize, the first, who had been passed, collecting all his strength, no longer runs—he flies, and soon appears at the head of the race.—The tide of popular applause again changes its object.

His rival, still cherishing hope, though nearly exhausted, continued to contest the victory: but the first, suddenly turning round, places his foot before him; and the other stumbles and falls amid the shouts and laughter of the multitude, while the victor pursues his course in the full enjoyment of their applause. The others abandon the race; and he arrived alone at the goal, where he detached the crown of laurel, and placed it on his head.—The victor was a citizen of Tenedos, whose agility in the course had gained him the title of the swift-footed Achilles.

(To be continued.)

Notices of ELFI BEY*, the Bichârè ARABS, and the Interior of AFRICA.

(From Hamilton's "Egyptiaca.")

We set out on a visit to Elfi Bey, who was above the cataracts [of the Nile], and who had sent his *haznaddâr*, or treasurer, to examine who we were, observe our force, and, if friends, to invite us to his

* Our fair readers will, no doubt, recollect the visit which that Mamaluke chieft paid to the British court, a few years since.

camp. It was a four hours' ride; and we found him encamped in the same spot which the advanced bodies of the French reached in the first year of their invasion.....

He mentioned to us eight languages that were spoken by natives in his camp. . . . and. . . he had servants in his camp from all those different people, besides several from the interior of Africa.

The Bichâre [an Arab tribe] wear their hair after a peculiar manner, very close at the top, and very thick and bushy at the sides; which is assisted by a quantity of grease. They have no covering whatever to their heads; eat chiefly meat, milk, and dates; and, in general, their meat is raw, though sometimes baked and dried in the sun. Their arms are a lance seven feet long, armed at both ends with an iron point, and a round shield of the hide of the hippopotamus, with a conical knob or boss in the centre, and which is proof against the cut of a sabre, or a musket-ball. The better sort, who ride on dromedaries, have also a long straight sword, broader at the point than at the hilt. These are the only guides among the mountains:—their knowledge of the roads is not only their own protection, but renders the Mamalukes, when in the neighbourhood, in a great measure dependent on them. They are equally vain and jealous of this knowledge,—active, of a small stature, and a prepossessing countenance—some of them with a cast of the negro, others with a very fine profile. Their complexion is nearly black. The women are reported to be handsome. When we asked them if they were accustomed to eat live flesh, they denied it, but spoke with pleasure

of the luxury of opening the veins of a dromedary or a sheep, and drinking their warm blood.

They are much more sensible, shrewd, and intelligent, than the Fellahs of Egypt. Even in this low state of civilisation, the mind of man may be naturally enlarged by a frequent change of scene; and the savage mountaineer may be more capable of feeling, as well as of acting, than the savage lowlander. . . .

The only information of any kind we could procure while at Es Souan, of the interior parts of Africa remote from Egypt, was given by two Moors, who were passing by, with a large body of their countrymen, on their way to Mecca. As they were able to make themselves intelligible to our pilot, who spoke the Commons and Berberi languages, we learned from them, that they belonged to a very extensive nation known to themselves and here by the name of *Secroua*, and that they inhabited a country called *Demourki*, at the distance of five months* journey from Egypt, and of two months from Sennaar and the Nile: that they were now engaged on a pilgrimage to Mecca, subsisting, as they travel, on the charity of those they meet: according as fortune favors or frowns upon them, they go from Kenneh to Cosseir, and thence straight to Jedda by sea; or if they cannot pay their passage, they go round by Cairo and the Desert on foot. This expedition and their return generally take them four or five years. When at Mecca, they receive from one of their countrymen (an African

* That is, that they had taken that time to perform the journey.

Moor), who has some eminent office there, a large *kaouk*, or high turban, marked with his seal, which they ever after wear on their heads, or carry on their shoulders, to show their countrymen that they have a right to the respect and esteem usually paid in Mahometan countries to the character of a pilgrim. Some of these, in undertaking this perilous journey, had in view merely their own spiritual advantage; others were proxies for their friends or masters, to whom they would carry back a passport for eternal life in return for a competence in this:—that they have a king or sultan, whose name is Abderrachman, and who resides in the capital, which is called Tendeldé, and which they describe as being so large, that to go round it on foot is a journey of six days. Drawing on the sand a kind of map of their country, which they describe as a plain surrounded on all sides by very high mountains, they placed to the west of the capital, *Maasy*, *Souron*, and *Teyer*,—to the south, *Kioné* and *Towula*—to the east, *Zamiel* and *Koodi*,—to the north, *Kincoma*, *Abouhouman*, and *Kobra*. The principal caravan which passes through their country comes from Kub-Kubbé, and proceeds as far as Koodi: their slaves come from Darfour and the westward. The chief productions of the soil are durra and doehl, the latter the most abundant. The sun they call Doulé, and the moon Doual. Their arms consist of a long lance pointed with iron, a bow and arrows, and an iron crow, with a hook. They wear an iron coat of mail, and their horses are armed in war with a complete covering of coarse

woollen cloth, to protect them from the arrows of the enemy, and which is also put upon their feet, to prevent their being heard at night. They have a few date and domm trees, and a plant called Delib, which they use as tobacco for smoking. Buffalo flesh is their common food, which they dress by laying it on a stone, and lighting a fire over it. They are very black, but not of the darkest hue, and have much of the Guinea Negro countenance; their hair short and curly, but not woolly.

When we made our second visit to Elfi Bey, we found him encamped about a league above his first position at Schiment Elwah, in a district called Debodé. This name is given to a narrow slip of cultivable land on each side of the Desert, varying from 50 to 500 yards in breadth. The doura we found just ripe; barley had been sown about ten days, for which the soil had been divided into small squares, for the convenience of watering from the channels which surrounded them. We found that the river, at this distance above the cataracts, had already fallen six-and-thirty feet, though at Assouan the fall was not yet of more than 15 feet. The river was about a quarter of a mile broad, with a current deep, majestic, smooth, and strong, uninterrupted by rocks, and forming a striking contrast with the turbulence below. In the few villages we passed, the people were civil, offered us youurt*, and saluted us cordially with the Salam aléikoum—Health be to you! As all the

* A preparation of milk peculiar to the Levant, and a very favorite food with Turks and Arabs of all ranks.

male inhabitants were at work in the fields, the women would rush from their cottages, built of mud bricks, or loose stones, to stare at us: these were unveiled, but had a kind of hood which they could draw over their faces at pleasure. The right nostril was pierced with a brass ring, and they were laden with necklaces and bracelets of beads, shells, and small bones; their hair dressed in front and at the sides in small short ringlets, plastered with butter or other grease.

We found the Bey sitting on the ground at the door of his tent, giving directions to three or four of the Bichâre Arabs, who were attendant on his camp, and whom he used as scouts and spies. He seemed to treat them with much condescension, and it was evident that he considered himself as very dependent on them for his safety and subsistence. They wore a long straight sword, which they held in both hands behind their backs: some had for shoes a piece of thick leather tied under the sole of their feet; but they were in general bare-footed, and their only clothing a plain coarse linen shirt, which reached to the knees. With this light apparel it was natural that the first remark they made on us, the first Europeans they had ever seen, should be on our superfluous dress, our gold buttons, our hats, and other parts of our cloathing, so strange to them. In return, however, we were surprised to find the dress of their hair the original of what appears such a very extraordinary projection on both sides of the head of the great sphinx near the pyramids of Gizeh: this is more or less common among all the original inhabitants immediately

south of the cataracts, and is simply the side hair frizzed out very thick, and stiffened with grease. They are, like all other Arabs, extremely greedy of money, the end of their activity, ingenuity, parsimony, and cunning—qualities they chiefly excel in. While we were talking with them, they were in the attitude, of darting from us, as if to run for a wager; and as soon as they had received a small present, they disappeared in an instant, to advance three or four days' journey into the Desert, and bring the Bey news of the arrival of the Sennaar caravan. The prospect of imposing on it a heavy contribution for the grant of a free passage, being his principal consolation for being driven so far to the south, away from the resources and wealth of Egypt. . .

He then began on his favorite topic of magic and astrology. He showed us his Book of Science, which was written in a beautiful Arabic character, with a great many painted drawings of monsters, or monstrous combinations of birds, plants, and human figures; un-intelligible characters, to which were attributed occult powers, and every thing which could give it an air of mystery and importance. The Bey read the book with ease, and professed to understand the whole, but would give us no explanation of what it contained. He studied it, applied to it in all trying cases, and regulated the days of his march by it. He delayed his departure from Debodé in compliance with it, that is, till the new moon; though, indeed, the Orientals in general consider it as inauspicious to begin a journey towards the end of a moon. At night he pointed out the north

star, and the Aldébaran in Taurus: as to the other stars whose names he pretended to know, he was generally mistaken; but, to make amends, he described to us the mystical meaning of each. On our expressing our doubts of his infallibility, and as we suggested that Europeans, with all their knowledge, did not pretend to look into futurity, he replied, "Tis true, indeed, you Franks know a great deal; but you know not how to turn what you know to any use." He added a great deal of nonsense and absurdity, which he had drawn from obsolete Arabic authors, on the theory of the universe, on topography, the manners of inhabitants, particularly of the Bramins, who, he believed, could, by fasting, so reduce themselves to air, that they ascended involuntarily to heaven, &c. &c. &c.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

I REQUEST permission to present to your fair readers the following narrative of a remarkable dream, taken from Valerius Maximus, who wrote at Rome in the reign of the emperor Tiberius Cæsar. It is found in his first book, chap. 7.

Two friends, traveling together, arrived at the town of Megara, where the one went to lodge at a private house, the other at a public inn. During the night, the former saw the latter appear to him in a vision, conjuring him to come to his assistance, and rescue him from the treacherous villany of the innkeeper—and adding, that, if he exerted due diligence, he would arrive in time to save him from the impending danger.

Startled by this alarming admonition, the dreamer sprang from his couch, and was preparing to go to the inn; when, upon reflexion, he considered the vision as a mere illusion of the fancy, and, deeming it wholly unworthy of notice, returned to his bed.

But scarcely were his eyes again closed in sleep, when his friend appeared to him a second time—not as before, but wounded, and streaming with blood. The phantom now earnestly entreated, that, although he had neglected to save his life, at least he would not refuse to avenge his death; adding that he had been murdered by his host, who, at that very moment, was proceeding to the city gate, and carrying out his dead body covered with dung in a cart.

Roused by this second vision, and impelled by the urgent entreaties of his companion, the other instantly ran to the city gate, and there found every circumstance corresponding with the indications in his dream—the cart, the dung, the dead body, and the inn-keeper, whom, upon such convincing proof, he brought to capital punishment for his crime.

What degree of credit your fair readers may be disposed to attach to this wondrous narrative, I know not:—for my own part, I do most firmly believe it—to be a fable—a tale ingeniously devised to tickle those ears which are fond of the marvelous. But, however that may be, the story has been from time to time revived, with alterations and embellishments suited to the taste and manners of the age. I perfectly well recollect to have read, some twenty or thirty years since, a similar tale, that was related in some

French publication, which very judiciously placed the scene of action in Hungary, Bohemia, or some other distant country, after the example of Valerius Maximus, who laid his scene in Greece, besides omitting names and date. The other day again we have had a new edition of it, which, with equal judgement, lays the scene in Ireland—a country, which it is now the fashion to represent as a land of savages. GIOVANNI.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

THOUGH I doubt not that the "*Elegant Cosmetic*," recommended in your last Number, is a very good one, nevertheless, as it is rather expensive, and troublesome in the preparation, I shall, with your permission, communicate to your fair readers a more simple and cheaper one, which may perhaps prove equally serviceable.

To half a pound of soft soap, melted over a slow fire with a gill of sweet oil, add two or three table-spoon-fuls of fine sand, and stir the mixture together, till cool.—The shelly sea-sand, sifted from the shells, has been found better than that which has no shells.

This simple cosmetic has for several years been used by certain ladies of my acquaintance, who are remarkable for the delicate softness and whiteness of their hands, which they in great measure attribute to the use of it; though they add, that they have found common soap, used in the ordinary way, with the addition of the above mentioned sand at the moment of washing, to answer the same purpose. W.

Memoirs of MONTALBERT.

(Continued from page 54.)

I DARTED forward, and sprang up to my love.—A blush, that rivaled the tints of the rose, overspread her angelic countenance, when, with the impetuous transports of a lover, I accosted her:—it was the blush of joy—it was the blush of love. I led her to join the dance: her soft hand trembled in mine, as I uttered a thousand tender rhapsodies: "she shone like the brilliant meridian sun,—she was a blaze of beauty,—even envy owned that she was fair."—I followed her sylph-like steps through the mazy dance: I committed a thousand blunders: I could do nothing but gaze on her heavenly form.

"Who is that pale, interesting youth?" asked Amelia of me, as she hung upon my arm—pointing to Arlingham, who stood aloof from all the rest of the company, pensively leaning against the wall, absorbed in deep thought.

"He is an intimate friend of mine," replied I: "his name is Arlingham."

"Then I am sure he is amiable, if he is a friend of yours," rejoined Amelia.

"Flatterer!" said I, pressing her soft little hand, as we approached to where Arlingham stood.—"Why don't you dance?" said I to him. "What a shame, while so many fair ladies are sitting, without partners!"

"I cannot: I never dance," replied he in an agitated voice.

"Your dancing-days are passed—are they?" said I, laughing.

"If they are passed, when did they begin?" said Amelia.

"My dancing-days have not been long," returned he:—"may

yours, Miss Colnbrook, be longer and happier than mine have been." He ended with a sigh that went to my heart, and turned from us. I pitied him from my soul: I would have given more than I was worth to have had the power of alleviating his grief.

Amelia was struck with the melancholy tone in which he spoke, and asked me the reason of his sadness. I was as ignorant as herself. — I looked round for Arlingham: — he was gone: he had quitted the ball-room.

My Amelia and her mother were on a visit to a Mr. Lethbridge, who was married to a sister of Mrs. Colnbrook. I was very intimate at that gentleman's house: I saw my sweet angel every day, and drank intoxicating draughts of love from her fine blue eyes.

One morning, that I had taken my gun, and gone out to amuse myself with shooting, I returned through a rich clump of trees that over-hung a beautiful river. It was an enchanting spot. I threw myself down on the bank; for I was weary with the morning's sport. — A hawthorn tree stood close by me: I stretched up my hand to pluck some of the flowers: one beautiful branch dropped: I stooped to pick it up, when my eye fell on a piece of paper half open. I took it up, and perceived the writing to be poetry. — There being neither direction nor subscription to mark its owner, I conceived myself at liberty to read it. On one side of the paper were written the following verses.

A wanderer, weary and wretched I go:
No bright beam of joy ever gladdens
my breast.

My years have been few, but my days
full of woe;

And I long, in the grave, from my suf-
ferings to rest.

Alone and forlorn, on this wide world I
stand:

My tears are unheeded; my wants are
look'd o'er.

Oh! have I not cause to be weary of
life?

Oh! have I not cause my sad fate to
deplore?

No eye of affection e'er beams upon
me:

No soft voice of tenderness cheers my
poor heart:

Neglected, forgotten, in silence I mourn;
And dejected and wan, I in life take no
part.

A wanderer, weary and wretched I go:
No bright beam of joy ever gladdens
my breast.

My years have been few, but my days
full of woe;

And I long, in the grave, from my suf-
ferings to rest.

And on the other side, in the
same hand—

Cease, little trembler,—cease, my break-
ing heart!

Oh! burst—oh! burst, and lay Maria
low.

Oh! come, pale Death! uplift th' un-
erring dart:

In mercy free me from a load of woe.

Alone, unheard, I waste my mournful
sighs,

In anguish wild, with tearless, bursting
eyes:

No tear will come to ease my burning
brain:—

All, all, is hopeless, comfortless within.

Montalbert!—Ah! that name, that mag-
ic name

In my poor bosom stirs a quenchless
flame.

To madness, I the charming youth
adore:

But fate forbids my hopes so high to
soar:

For I on earth Montalbert's ne'er shall
be:

Oh! never, never, must he know my
love:

But o'er my grave he'll drop a pitying
tear;

And I, well pleas'd, will fly to realms
above.

Who was Maria? — I knew not
a single lady of that name. I
thought over and over, who the

ments of the damned were ease, compared to what I felt.—Deloraine was gone, on leave of absence.—Arlingham, kind and gentle as the dew from heaven, sought to alleviate my grief, but sought not to inquire the cause. I wrote to Amelia. I will not transcribe the letter: it is too long. I implored her forgiveness: I besought her to accept my hand:—my heart she had been long in possession of.

Her answer was short—"Amelia is unworthy of you: she will never consent to be yours. Suffer her to live and die forgotten: it is the only favor she asks of you."

I raved like a madman.—Amelia was dearer to me at that moment than ever. I flew to Mr. Lethbridge's: the sitting-room was empty: I rushed regardless up stairs: The door of a room was half open; and there what a spectacle met my eyes!—Pale as a drooping lily surcharged with rain, lay Amelia extended on a couch: her mild-beaming, humid eye was raised towards heaven: her snow-white hands were crossed on her still whiter bosom: large pearly drops chased each other in torrents down her pale lovely cheeks!—I half uttered her name: she shrieked. and, in convulsive emotion, exclaimed, "Go! go!"—"Do you hate me, Amelia?" said I in a mournful voice.—She answered only by a burst of tears.—I took her silken hand: she hastily snatched it from my grasp, and, rushing from the room, exclaimed, "Inhuman Montalbert! we part for ever!"

How I got home, I know not.—A burning fever seised my brain: I raved of Amelia.—Arlingham

took his station by my bed-side, and for a tedious fortnight never quitted it by night or by day.—I recovered, only to learn that Amelia was gone with her mother to a distant part of the country.—I could not follow them, as the regiment was expecting every day to be ordered on foreign service.—Deloraine was returned: he endeavoured in vain to excite a smile on my countenance: he thought it was Amelia's absence that was the cause of my sorrow. Alas! he little suspected the canker-worm that gnawed my bleeding heart.

(To be continued.)

Remarkable Instance of REVIVISCENCE and LONGEVITY.

FROM Spain we learn, that, in the house of Don Fernandez Garcia, at Seville, there lately died a servant, at the advanced age of a hundred and six years. During an epidemic which raged, some years since, at Seville, he was supposed to be dead, was carried forth to be buried, and would, no doubt, have been consigned to the grave, if the scene had been in England. In Spain, however, instead of a closed coffin, it is customary to use an open bier, on which the dead body is carried to the place of sepulture, with the face exposed*. To this practice the good old man owed his fortunate escape from a most

* It is moreover customary to paint the faces of the deceased, at least those of females; and the writer of this remark has seen dead faces as highly *be-rouged*, as any of the living faces in Paris under the regal government.—Whether the faces of males are or are not thus painted, his recollection does not at the present moment enable him to decide.

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horrible death by subterraneous suffocation: for, at the moment of interment, he showed some slight symptoms of animation, which being noticed by the persons who carried him, he was recalled to life by pouring some wine down his throat.

Extracts from PALÆPHATUS.

(Continued from page 20.)

Story of NIOBE.

HAVING lost all her children by death, Niobe caused her own likeness in marble to be placed on their tomb: and this monumental erection gave rise to the fabulous story of her having been converted into stone.—Palæphatus adds that he himself had seen the statue in question.

EUROPA.

A Cretan commander, named *Tauros*, being engaged in war against the Tyrians, carried away captive to his own country several young women, and, among the rest, Europa, daughter of the Tyrian monarch. From the *double-entendre* in the raptor's name (*Tauros* signifying *Bull*), originated the story of her having been carried off to Crete by a real quadruped bull.

LYNCEUS.

Lynceus is fabled to have possessed so keen a penetration of eye, as enabled him to discern objects under ground.—The real fact is, that he first practised the miner's art, and, by digging, discovered veins of copper and other metals—using lamps to give him light in his subterraneous researches.—From these circumstances, he was said to see into the bowels of the earth, and there discover its concealed treasures.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

THE anecdote, related in your January Magazine, of the wonderful *docility* of a sow, together with the relation (in the same Number) of Mr. Milton's equestrian exploit, reminds me of an anecdote which I have heard from good authority, though I happen to have forgotten the material circumstances of time, place, and person. Your fair readers may nevertheless be assured that the fact is real.—The speed of *race-horses* has been pretty accurately ascertained: but that of *race-pigs* is not so well known. Some time since, however, a farmer (in Yorkshire, I think) put the matter to the test, and undertook, for a considerable wager, to produce a pig, that should, without either whip or spur—without either driving or dragging—fairly run a mile within a very short given time, provided that he himself were allowed to choose the ground.

The wager being accepted, the farmer—more cunning than Phædrus's pig-man*—immediately put his pig “into training.” First, having kept the animal fasting in his sty beyond his usual hour of feeding, and then liberated him, he, by the tempting sight and scent of a pail of savoury food, allured the hungry brute to follow him to a particular spot, at the distance of a full mile from his sty; and there he gave him his meal. After a few days of such training, he carried the food to the usual place before he let the pig loose, then leaving him to find the way thither himself: and the

* See Dodsley, book 1, fable 41, which is a tolerably fair translation of Phædrus's tale.

result justified his expectations; for the animal, accustomed to get his morning meal regularly at the same place every day, would naturally run to it without a conductor, as soon as set at liberty.

At length, on the day appointed for deciding the bet, the owner—who had taken care to keep his racer on short allowance the preceding day, for the purpose of improving his appetite and his speed—turned forth the ravening animal before a numerous crowd of spectators, who, with astonishment, saw him start forward, not in a heavy swinish trot, but in a full race-horse gallop, which made good his master's promise, and won for him the wager.

CARLOS.

The other WORLD.—An Anecdote.

WHEN the Duke of Cumberland was on his way to extirpate the rebels in 1745, a party of his dragoons were foraging near the manse of Newtown. The minister's man, seeing them, took fright, and hid himself, most unfortunately, under what they were in quest of, namely a quantity of straw. The straw was immediately removed, and the man seized. Guilt and fear are very like each other:—the poor man was instantly condemned for a rebel, and suspended on a tree. Scarcely, however, had he felt his own weight, when a distant voice informed the royal soldiers that it was only the minister's man.—The half-hanged ploughman was, of course, immediately cut down, and, after taking time to collect himself, and of course believing he was in the other world, roared out, with much terror, staring at

the party, "*Gude G—d! hae they sogers here tu ?*"

[This incident probably furnished the ground-work for the story of the *Excuse-man in the Coal-pit*, which has lately appeared in the newspapers.]

Anecdotes and Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 34.)

VOLTAIRE was much attached to a young eagle which he kept chained in his court-yard at Ferney. One day the eagle fought two cocks, and was grievously wounded.—Voltaire, in great anxiety, sent an express to Geneva to fetch a man who was in some repute as a farrier. In his impatience he did nothing but wander by turns from the eagle's niche to the window which commands the public road, when at length he perceived his messenger returning, with the much-desired *Æsculapius* mounted behind him. He utters a cry of joy, flies to meet them, receives his guest with the most distinguished attentions, and lavishes upon him both entreaties and promises, to interest him in favor of his patient. The rustic farrier, aghast at such a reception as he had never been accustomed to, examines the eagle's wounds. Voltaire watches his looks, and tries to read in them his hopes or fears. The doctor, in a consequential tone, replies, "that he cannot pronounce upon the case until the first dressing has been removed." he promises to visit the eagle again the next morning; and, after receiving a liberal fee, takes his leave. Voltaire in the interval endures the utmost solicitude. At length the doctor declares he cannot answer for the eagle's life. The solicitudes of Voltaire cannot now

he exceeded. His first question every morning to a servant called Madeleine, who came regularly to his chamber to tell him the hour, was, "How is my eagle?" — "Poorly, sir, very poorly."

At last Madeleine replies to his inquiries, with a laugh of satisfaction, "that the eagle is no longer ill." — "He is cured then? How fortunate!" — "He is dead."

"Dead! my eagle dead! and you laugh when you tell me this news?" — "Really, sir, he was so thin! It is much better that he should be dead." — "How thin!" cried Voltaire in a fury: "a pretty reason truly! You had better

kill me too because I am thin: insolent hussey! So you laugh at the death of my poor eagle, because he was thin! You think, because you are fat yourself, that no one has a right to live who does not resemble you! Out of my sight instantly!" — Madame Denis, hearing the vociferation of her uncle, runs to his apartment to inquire the occasion of his anger. Voltaire relates to her what had happened, with frequent repetitions of "thin! thin! . . . She would kill me too then!" . . .

In short he desired that Madeleine might be discharged. The considerate niece feigns obedience, and directs the poor girl to keep herself concealed in some part of the house. It was not till two months afterwards that Voltaire inquired what was become of her. "She is very unfortunate," said madame Denis; "she has been constantly rejected by the persons she offered herself to, as soon as she informed them she had been dismissed from Ferney." — "It is her own fault; why did she laugh at the death of my poor eagle because he was thin? . . . How-

ever, she must not starve: let her come back; but, do you hear? let me never see her face?" — "Oh! she will take care enough of that." — "Very well, I suppose so." — We now find Madeleine emerged from her hiding-place, and carefully avoiding the eye of her master. One day, however, Voltaire, at rising from table, falls precisely in her way; Madeleine, in the utmost confusion, blushes, looks down, and stammers out excuses. "Say no more about it," says Voltaire: "but recollect that it is not fair to kill all the persons who happen to be thin."

The PARLIAMENT-HOUSE. — An Anecdote.

[From Sir Jonah Barrington's, "*Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between G. Britain and Ireland.*"]

SOME time after the Union had taken place, the author of this memoir felt a melancholy impulse to look into the late Irish House of Parliament. The noble vestibule was occupied as a printing-office: the magnificent dome of the Commons' House had become the habitation of pigeons; and, on turning toward the House of Lords, he saw the word "EXHIBITION" displayed on a board in large golden letters. Surprised at the appearance, he proceeded, and found that a show of *English rams* had occupied the mansion of the *Irish peerage*!

LONDON MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.

1. **EVENING dress** of lace (joined) over a colored silk slip.—Head-dress of satin, made full behind, and hanging rather to one side, adorned in front with the regent feathers.

2. **Morning dress.** — A pelisse

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Morning & Evening Dress.

Nº 3. 1811.

of plain or figured silk, of a grave color, trimmed with feather-fur; that is, an imitation of fur, composed of feathers, which are dyed of various colors.—A bonnet the same as the pelisse.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or ends of verses to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option.

{.....Strain | {.....More
{.....Gain | {.....Store

{.....Hold | {.....Time
{.....Gold | {.....Crime
{.....Weep | {.....Ground
{.....Sleep | {.....Found
{.....Prize | {.....Sphere
{.....Eyes | {.....Cheer

They may be employed in any of these four ways—forward or backward, in the same order as here given—or transposed for alternate rhyme, thus—forward, Strain, more, gain, sore, &c.—backward, Cheer, found, sphere, ground, &c.—The completions will be admissible until the fifteenth of May.

POETRY.

On the Death of the Princess AMELIA.

Oh! say, for whom is toll'd that mournful knell? [fusely shed?

For whom this woe, those tears proclaim me! must I the doleful tidings tell?

'Tis for—alas! 'tis for Amelia dead!

Mourn, Britons! mourn! Let grief all hearts o'erflow, [breast:

And gen'ral sympathy pervade each Let 's share our sov'reign's great domestic woe, [the rest.

For his lov'd child thus sever'd from

Inexorable Death's uplifted hand

Long hung suspended o'er his matchless prize:

Long, by her couch, he kept his silent stand, [beaming eyes.

Then clos'd in night those lovely-

Old hoary Time perceiv'd th' approaching storm, [clad,

Saw fell Disease, in threat'ning terrors

With racking pains invade her tender form, [her spread.

And Death's untimely frost around

He saw; and—griev'd that such transcendent flow'r [cay—

Should in its vernal loveliness de- He long contended with th' opposing pow'r: [away.

But Death, triumphant, bore his prize

O thou relentless tyrant of the tomb!

Why so much virtue in its bloom destroy? [doom,

Why to the grave such spotless beauty And change to woe so rich a source of joy?

Thy triumph's o'er: the fine ethereal soul, [mortal clay,
Freed from th' encumb'rance of its
On Seraph wings, impatient of control,
Exulting soars to realms of endless day.

See hosts of angels! Each a golden lyre Strikes, as they see her pass rejoicing spheres. [tur'd choir,

With ravish'd ears she joins th' enrapt " Adds joy to heav'n, but leaves the earth in tears." ANONYMOUS.

N. Petherton, Feb. 11.

Lines, occasioned by hearing the Midnight Peal of BELLS that welcome the arrival of CHRISTMAS.

I LOVE to sit on Christmas Eve, and watch

The turn of midnight; and I love to hear The merry peal of bells that welcome Christmas— [fraught,

'Tis not a midnight hour with horror Nor full of dismal fancies: 'tis an hour

Full of kind recollections for the soul; It brings again the day, long sacred held

In mem'ry of a Saviour's blessed birth, Who came to sojourn here, a man of

grief, [frames,

Who came to learn the weakness of our 'To be upbraided—scold'd at—crucified!

And all to make man's peace with angry heav'n. [ploys:

It is an hour that mem'ry well em-'Tis fill'd with recollections of kind friends, [met,

Who still, as Christmas has arriv'd, have

And pass'd the day in peace and holy
joys : [heav'n,

Some of them gone perhaps to live in
And hail this hour's return with angel
choirs ; [dawn,

Others still left to greet the morrow's
And share another day of earthly bliss.

But most I love the hour for this : —

When young,

I lost a mother's care, a mother's love !

But still a father fill'd the place of both —

A father, kind as is the dew that falls

On summer's rose. — He, on this night,
would sit,

As I do now, to listen to the bells.

Then but a boy, he oft would say to me,

" Your mother lov'd this hour ; and so
do I. [peal."

For many years, we miss'd not yonder

A tear, that stood within his aged eye,

Explain'd the feelings that then check'd
his voice, [world !

Better than all the language in the

My father first, in such an hour as this,

Taught me the game of cribbage. — Well

I know, [horror ;

There are who hold the name of cards in

Who deem all those that dare to play

with them,

Outcasts of heaven, and unfit to live ;

Whose rancor would not hesitate to say,

That man is damn'd who dares to do

so. — Fie ! [these ! —

Fie on such would-be pious souls as

I'll hold with them that cards then sinful

are, [deep,

When us'd in wild excess ; when, gaming

Ruin may follow on the heels of chance !

Excess makes all things sinful : — even

those

Who make of Piety a surly monster,

And shut out ev'ry thing that sounds like

joy, [form'd,

I deem most sinful. — Man's so weakly

form'd,

That joy is necessary, now and then,

To keep his mind in tone : else should we

see

Madness more common than, alas ! it is !

I would not part with what small joy I

feel, [mean,

When playing cribbage — inward joy, I

In memory of him who taught it me —

No, not for all the gloominess of soul

Felt by whole sects of groaning misanthropes !

Hear then my humble pray'r, O

heav'n ! and grant

That many years I yet may live, to hear

This pealing welcome-in of Christmas-

day :

Fill my soul full of gratitude to God,
For so permitting me to live ; and grant,
That, as those years pass by, I yet may
find [cribbage.

A friend or wife to share my game of
I'll better all my feelings, and will be
A kind memento still to thank high
heav'n !

I fear I am the first who ever pray'd
That heav'n would give him life to play
at cards :

Yet, as the motive is the greatest thing,
(And heav'n can tell our motives best) I
hope [stain,

Mine will be found as free from sinful
As many a pray'r that sounds more
piously ! J. M. L.

BOUTS-RIMÉS.

[The Completions of the Bouts-rimés proposed in our last Number are postponed till next month, agreeably to the notice already given. Meantime, however, we present to our readers (though rather late) the following new Completions of those offered in our last year's Supplement and our Number for January — both from our ingenious correspondent, JOANNA SQUIRE, whose absence from town prevented her from seeing the proposed rhymes before the end of February.]

Supplement.

When spring, returning, melts the soul to
love, [grieve,
And wakes to joy each tenant of the
Oh ! how I love 'midst rural scenes. to
stray,
When sober twilight, clad in mantle grey,
Invites the mind contemplative to roun,
And sends the weary peasant, to his
home — [Plenty's horn,
That peaceful home, where though, from
No luscious draughts pour down, yet,
ev'ry morn, [care,
Hope, cheering hope, soft banisher of
Aid Health, who loves the rustic garb to
wear, [alone : —
Await him with sweet smiles ; nor these
Domestic sweets (which oft, with envious
moun, [scem light,
The rich man views) make the hard task
And charm him, when, to glad his anxious
sight, [end,
The shadows rise, the day's long toil to
And point to home, and rest, the poor
man's friend.

January.

HAIL ! queen of sweets ! whose beauteous
tribe we see [bee,
Expand their foliage to th' indutrious

Who, ever stooping to thy humblest
flow'rs, [*bow'rs,*
 Explores the wild, and wantons in the
 Sips healing sweetness on the painted
green, [*cultur'd scene,*
 And tastes each flow'r that decks the
 Nor quits the luscious labor, 'till the sun,
 Hast'ning in other climes his course to
run, [*blaze,*
 Charms distant beings with his cheering
 And bids fresh *flow'ers* blush beneath his
rays;— [*store,*
 Then, homewards flying with the balmy
 Regains the hive, nor seeks 'till morn for
more;
 Fearless, unconscious of the dire reward,
 The murd'rous purpose of his wily lord,
 Who, treach'rous, lurks unheeded, 'till
 too late

To 'scape the horrors of a dreadful fate*.

* An allusion to the cruel and ungrateful practice of smothering the bees, to obtain their honey. EDIT.

C. HENERT to MARY.

THE charms which blooming beauty
 shows

From faces heav'nly fair,
 We to the lily and the rose,
 With semblance apt, compare—

With semblance apt; for, ah! how soon,
 How soon they all decay!
 The lily droops; the rose is gone;
 And beauty fades away.

But, when bright virtue shines confess'd,
 With sweet discretion join'd —
 When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
 And wisdom guides the mind—

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire

Thy person to approve,
 They kindle gen'rous, chaste desire,
 And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate,
 These graces shall endure —
 Still, like the passions they create,
 Eternal, constant, pure.

Suspended FRIENDSHIP.

To William Mann, of Ashburton, Devon.

"Absent or dead, still let a friend be
 dear.

The absent claims a sigh, the dead a tear."

ALL hail, thou rarest of my friends,
 My mirror, and my Mentor too!
 The theme I sing my bosom rends —
 The soul-depressing, sad adieu.

Oh! from the heart-dejecting sound
 Disparted friendship's pangs accrue.
 Keen shall I feel dejection's wound,
 When mem'ry chimes thy kind adieu.

'Twas thou who bad'st my fancy wing
 Where scenes Arcadian rise to view —
 To sip the Heliconian spring,
 And sing the sorrows of adieu.

Hard was the task from thee to part:—
 'Tis rare to find a friend so true.—
 Thy tuneful lyre inspir'd my heart
 With joy—now sadden'd by adieu

Three times has Ceres deck'd the hills;
 Three times has Flora clad the yew,
 Three times has Boreas chain'd the rills,
 Since I receiv'd thy last adieu.

Ophthalmia then, with rigor dire,
 Had spread her veil of sombre hue —
 Had quench'd that lustrous visual fire,
 That sparkled at our first adieu.

Now Fancy views thee joyless stray,
 O'er plains that once could charm thy
 view,

With lyre unstrung, in wild dismay,
 Bidding to former joys adieu.

Where'er thou wand'rest, let me hear:
 Let Friendship now her theme renew:
 Her sacred mandates still revere:

Oh! blunt the barbed sting.—Adieu.
 A. K.

To a Lady, on seeing her blush.
 By the Khalif Rudi Billah.

(From Carlyle's "Specimens of Arabian
 Poetry.")

LEILA! when'er I gaze on thee,
 My alter'd cheek turns pale,
 While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
 A deep'ning blush prevail.

Leila! shall I the cause impart
 Why such a change takes place?
 The crimson stream deserts my heart,
 To mantle on thy face.

The Seven SISTERS; or, the Solitude of Bin-
 norie.

By Mr. Wordsworth.

SEV'N daughters had Lord Archibald,
 All children of one mother:
 I could not say in one short day
 What love they bore each other.
 A garland of seven lilies wrought!
 Sev'n sisters that together dwell;
 But he, bold knight as ever fought,
 Their father, took of them no thought;
 He lov'd the wars so well.

Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering.
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The sev'n are laid, and in the shade
They lie, like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left to right—
Of your fair household, father knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the sev'n fair Campbells fly;
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home.
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by
side,

Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was
steep;

There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plung'd into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the
lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For these sev'n lovely Campbells.
Sev'n little islands, green and bare,
Have ris'n from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,

And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

*Picture of WALLACE, the Scottish Hero, at
the Battle of Falkirk, A. D. 1298.
(From Miss Helford's "Wallace, or the
Battle of Falkirk.")*

Oh, Wallace thy bold unruffled brow
Speaks the calm of a noble mind,
Thou hast drank of the wave at the ebb
and the flow, [pests blow,
Thou standest like an oak, while tem-
Unbent by the wavering wind,
And the bursting flame, or the midnight
flood!

'Mid horror's wildest scene,
When the brooks of thy country are
swollen with blood,
Unshaken, thy soul still holds her mood,
And thy brow is still serene!
In the heat of destruction's fatal day
Thy cheek it wax'd not pale,
'Though the soul of a friend still flitted
away

On every passing gale:
Nor on their heads, how dear soe'er,
Dropp'd from thine eye one funeral tear,
Nor heav'd thy heart one farewell sigh,
As the soldier met his destiny;
Nor private joy nor grief he knows,
Whose bosom is fill'd with his country's
woes.

The Toads. — To a Naturalist.

You ask how it happens that toads are
ne'er seen

Near a nobleman's house, in his park or
his green? —

I'll tell you at once, for I'm certain I'm
able: —

The toads are all eating, my friend, at his
table.

Le Valet bien avisé.

Carz Cléon, grand dissipateur,
L'our le servit, un valet se présente.
"Votre nom?" dit Cléon. — "Je me
nomme Laseur:

J'ai l'humeur douce et prévenante;
Et je suis un garçon d'honneur." —
"Vous n'êtes pas valet de contre-
bande?

Des répondans — vous en avez?" —
"Expliquez moi, monsieur, comment
vous l'entendez;

Car c'est moi qui vous en demande."
* * * Translations or imitations will be re-
ceived till the fifteenth of May.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Bahama Islands experienced, in the month of November, some of the severest gales of wind ever known to have prevailed in that quarter—200 vessels were lost, many souls perished, and incalculable damage was sustained by the planters.

Mexico.—Advices of Novem. 10, state, that, in the government hall of that city, there had been a meeting, at which the principal officers and inhabitants attended, and the marquis de San Roman presided. It was on this occasion determined to raise a number of battalions, to be distinguished by the name of the regiments of Ferdinand the 7th. The viceroy was to be the commander of the whole; and all residents in the city, natives as well as Spaniards, above the age of 16, and not enlisted elsewhere, were to be enrolled in this corps.

Chili.—Letters of November 20 state, that the inhabitants of Chili had followed the example of those of Buenos Ayres, in electing a Junta.—The troops of the latter had arrived at Ingeoy, and were received with open arms. The governor of Paraguay, who was marching to Santa Fé, had returned to his government, finding the inhabitants very little inclined to assist him. No doubts were entertained of the ultimate success of the Juntas.

West Florida has been peaceably given up to the United States.

Buenos Ayres, Dec. 11.—The army of Buenos Ayres, which was sent to the interior, has had a decisive engagement with the opposite party in Chuquisarca in Potosi, and I have no doubt but by this time that part of the viceroyalty is completely subjected to the authority of the Junta. Belgrano, with a force of about 2,000 men, is in Paraguay, where as yet he has met with no resistance; for the people are almost unanimous in favor of the change.

Florida.—In a debate in the American Congress, (Decem. 30) on the subject of West Florida, a letter was read from Talleyrand to the American Secretary of State, dated in 1803 or 4, where he declared that "the government of France never intended to convey any title to the United States beyond the Iberville."

Ragusa.—Jan. 11, General Marmont, Vol. XLII.

duke of Ragusa, and governor of the Illyrian provinces, issued an edict, sequestrating the property of all Austrian subjects within those provinces.

Constantinople, Jan. 19.—The greatest activity prevails in our arsenal and docks. It is supposed that the Black Sea fleet will be increased by one-third against the beginning of Spring. A prohibition has issued against speaking of peace in the coffee-houses, the walks, or other public places.

Petersburg, Jan. 19.—A levy is ordered in Russia of 100,000 men. At the Russian capital, the stone theatre, more capacious than the late Drury-lane, has been burned to the ground.

Jan. 23.—The fate of Servia will be soon decided. Several Russian corps from Wallachia are on their march thither. It is reported that Georges Petrovitz has declared that he had no occasion for troops at Belgrade; that the enemy were not there but at Nissa, and on the banks of the Drina. It is said that the Russians have numerous partisans in Servia, who are desirous that that province should put itself under the protection of the Emperor Alexander.

Washington.—On the 23th of January, a committee was appointed from the House of Representatives, to examine into the state of the dock yards, with a view to naval preparations; and the War Department has issued an order for recommencing the recruiting service throughout the States.

Alicant, Jan. 25.—The whole number of the sufferers by the epidemia in Carthagena amounted to 4,469.

Frankfort.—On the 29th of January, an edict was issued by the Grand Duke of Frankfort, ordering a conscription of 2,800 men for the service of France, and declaring that no rank or situation can be considered exceptions, but every individual, without reserve, shall be compelled to serve or find a substitute.

St. Michael's (Azores).—On the 31st of January, a most awful and tremendous explosion of smoke and flames issued from the sea, at the distance of half a league, or two English miles from the shore, in the western direction of our island. From the bowels of the inflammatory substance, forming its passage

upwards of 80 fathoms deep in the ocean, issued smoke, fire, cinders, ashes, and stones, of an immense size. Innumerable quantities of different kinds of fish, some nearly roasted, and others as if broiled, floated on the surface of the sea towards the shore.

France.—A decree, of Feb. 3, directs 80,000 conscripts, out of the 120,000 of 1811, to be called into service.

Hamburg, Feb. 4.—Many counting-houses of the principal merchants are shut up; money is extremely scarce, and trade in a condition of total stagnation.

Vienna, Feb. 9.—Notwithstanding the rumours of peace which prevail, the Porte has given the strictest orders to all the Pachas to be ready with their contingents to commence the campaign in the spring, so soon as the season will allow.

The senates of Lübeck and Bremen were suppressed on the 10th of February, and that of Hamburg five days afterwards.

Portugal.—By dispatches from Lord Wellington, of Feb. 14, it appears that no event of importance had taken place previous to that date.

Russia.—A Russian general has been arrested and thrown into prison, on the charge of having traitorously disclosed to Caulincourt, the French minister, the strength, positions, and resources of the Russian military forces.

Rotterdam, Feb. 16.—Many *soi-disant* dramatic societies have been shut, by order of the governor-general, who has directed that those remaining should be carefully watched by the police, who are commanded to shut up all those whose institution or appearance affords ground of complaint.

Coruna, Feb. 16.—At Oviedo the French commandant issued an order, that all males should enlist in the armies of King Joseph, between the ages of 16 and 46, whether single or married. The inhabitants, on hearing of this mandate, fled to the mountains, and did not return until the rescript was withdrawn.

Lisbon, Feb. 19.—The number of the French sick in the hospitals of Santarem, where the magnificent convents are converted into receptacles for the infirm, is above ten thousand.

France.—A decree has been issued on the 23d of February, directing that the prisoners of war shall be organised into 30 battalions, namely, 15 for laboring on fortifications, and 15 for working on bridges and roads. Every battalion to

be composed of 400 prisoners, commanded by a French officer, and 12 sub-officers. The prisoners to be paid by the day, measure, or task, the same as other workmen. The expence of their food, clothing, fuel, lodging, and medical attendance on the sick, to be deducted from their pay, and the rest to be placed at their disposal as pocket money.

Artificial Memory.—At the Lyceum at Pau, a new system of artificial memory is taught, different from all preceding ones, and which, it is pretended, enables students, in three lessons, of two hours each, to undergo examinations in the most difficult and abstract sciences.

Hamburg, Feb. 26.—The bank of Vienna has been greatly embarrassed by the war contributions to France, and the nobles of Hungary have made (what is called) a voluntary contribution to alleviate the public distresses. The taxes are extremely burthensome to the subjects of Austria, and it is said that some resistance had been made to their collection.

A new decree has been issued by Bonaparte, prohibiting the postmasters, booksellers, and others, to circulate, in the departments of Holland and those of the Ems, any newspapers, periodical journals, or musical works printed in the department of the Mouths of the Rhine; and also interdicts the introduction of similar works printed in the two first into any part of the latter.

All the troops which had been stationed on the banks of the Elbe, the Ems, and the Weser, have marched into the interior; but, for what purpose, is not ascertained.

A shark, twenty-three feet long, was caught in February a little below New-York. In the maw of the animal were found the head and legs of a youth who had been drowned about an hour before.

Hamburg, March 1.—The Hamburg bank has not yet been seized, but the city troops have been marched off, in consequence of a part of them refusing to wear the French cockade.

Hamburg, March 2.—The French troops in this vicinity have received orders to march for the interior of Germany; and a considerable corps, say 20 or 30,000, are already said to have arrived on the frontiers of Prussia. The Duke of Oldenberg (brother-in-law to Alexander) received a courier from St. Petersburg, in consequence of which he has quitted his territory.

Hamburg, March 4.—It has been determined by France to annex Oldenburg to her empire: her troops have already taken possession of the territory; and the duke, with his whole family, has sought refuge in St. Petersburg.

Majorca.—An establishment is said to be now forming in Majorca, for the purpose of training the Spaniards under British officers. Arms, accoutrements, and cloathing are preparing in England for the equipment of 30,000 men in Majorca, all Spaniards, who are to be sent into Spain 10,000 at a time, when they are perfect in the use of arms, and the necessary manœuvres.

France.—The Sulpicians, latterly the bulwark of orthodoxy and discipline in France, are suppressed. Seven hundred priests, taken in the different parts of Spain, have been banished to the mountains in Valais, and allowed only three sols per day for their support. The cardinals, natives of the Ecclesiastical States, are in separate prisons in France, and prohibited to appear in any part of their costume dress, for refusing to swear allegiance to Bonapartè, as their rightful sovereign. Twenty-three bishops are, in like manner, imprisoned.

March 5. Norway is as near to a condition of tranquillity as wretchedness and penury will allow. The paper of the Danish government is in so little credit, that to the value of 500*l.* in that form has been given for 100*l.* in a negociable shape on England.

France, March 6.—The recent embargo has produced a stagnation of trade, attended with very mischievous consequences. Money is extremely scarce; and no fewer than 46 houses in Paris and Flanders have failed.

March 7.—The French emperor has decreed, that the knowledge of the dead languages is not necessary for holding any public situation, or taking any degree in the national institutions of France. All public proceedings are to be conducted and registered in the French language, and the prescriptions of physicians are likewise to be written in that tongue.

A gentleman, who has within these few days arrived from Hamburg, describes the situation of that city as most deplorable under the new administrator, Davoust. He says, that the rich are reduced to indigence, and that the poor subsist by pilfering and smuggling. The bank still continued its negotiations; but fears were constantly entertained of the strong arm of power being raised against it. The

senate, according to the ancient constitution, was dissolved.

Abyssinia.—By a ship lately returned thence to England, we learn that the king of that country received Mr. Salt, the British agent, with particular respect and distinction; and the few but well-selected presents delivered by the latter, produced a very favorable disposition in the personage on whom they were conferred. Much opposition had been given by some artful and industrious French itinerants, but the English interest had ultimately and completely prevailed, and for the first time in this remote Christian country, prayers are offered up for the life of George the Third, on the Sabbath day, in the same service with those for the native sovereign. Mr. Pearce, an associate of Mr. Salt, who was left at Massowah to learn the language of the country, was found by him in perfect health. Mr. Salt was introduced to the king of Abyssinia at his capital, Antalow: and we understand that an opening is made for commercial intercourse.

Diabolic Cruelty.—A most atrocious instance of cruelty is related in an American paper of a late date. A negro-woman, who had run away from a man of the name of Sledd, to whom she had been hired, having been brought back, her inhuman master deliberately prepared a strong decoction of red pepper and tobacco: the woman was stripped and tied up; and having been scored and cut, and bruised, was bathed and fomented with the decoction! She was then scored and cut again, and again fomented, and thus alternately, until Mr. Sledd's notions of necessary correction were completely glutted! The woman being then unbound, crawled to a rivulet near the house, and there expired! The counsel on the trial of Sledd maintained the master's right to correct the slave, and that there was no precise limit set for correction. He also maintained, that although the correction should eventuate in death, or that death should ensue, yet, unless the determination in the master to kill, was plainly proved, the crime did not amount to, or constitute murder. Sophistry was, in this instance, successful; and, instead of being hung, Sledd was only sent to the Penitentiary for two years!!

America.—An American paper states, that "1,037 persons are employed in the manufacture of women's shoes in the town of Lynn, Massachusetts. They produce annually 987,000 shoes, the materials of which cost about 500,000 dol-

fers, and when manufactured are worth about 800,000 dollars, giving 800,000 as the reward of the labor. Of this sum, 40,395 dollars, annually, is the product of the work of females, in binding, &c. the shoes."

Slave Trade.—The number of vessels

condemned at Goree, for having been found engaged in the slave trade on the African coast, was, up to October, 1810, two ships, six brigs, and eight schooners (Spanish and Portuguese), besides two ships, three brigs, and two schooners, detained for trial.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

From the best intelligence that we have been able to procure, it appears, his majesty has been in an un-interrupted state of rapidly progressive improvement for some time subsequent to the date of our last publication (*Feb. 17.*)—enjoying frequent interviews with different members of his family, and other persons—cheerfully conversing with them—and daily walking on the Terrace for air and exercise, when not prevented by the weather. In these walks, however, he was constantly attended by two or more of the medical gentlemen, of whom Dr. Willis was always one.

Early in March, it was reported, that, in consequence of the result of a council held by the queen on the 2d, his majesty had suffered some irritation, or "*exacerbation*" (as it was termed by Sir Harry Hallford, one of his physicians), of which neither the nature nor the degree has been sufficiently explained, to enable us to give our readers any satisfactory account of it. But, whatever it was, he was soon reported to have recovered from it, and returned to his former train of amendment.

On the 12th, he began to walk out unaccompanied by any of the physicians; and, after a few days, it was thought that they might soon be discharged from their attendance on him—all, except Dr. Willis. So flattering, indeed, were appearances at this time, that many persons fondly anticipated his speedy resumption of the regal office; which was likewise said to be earnestly desired by his majesty himself. At this period, too, it was announced to the public, as the opinion of his physicians, that the appearance of a fissure in the film which had so long obscured his sight, indicated the present moment as the precise time for his majesty to undergo the operation of couching, with a most flattering prospect of success. But,

Suddenly, on the morning of the 17th,

the lord chancellor waited on the regent with a report from the physicians, that "his majesty had relapsed into that state in which it had become necessary to prevent his seeing any of his family." It is said, however, that he has not suffered any paroxysm; but that the degree of irritation which he has felt since the prospect was held out of his return to public business, has excited, in the minds of the physicians, a doubt of the propriety of his continuing that familiar intercourse with his family, which has served to agitate his spirits, and to beget an impatience of mind unfavorable to the progress of his recovery.

His majesty, however, has since appeared in public—having, on the 19th, twice taken the air on the Terrace—the latter time, unaccompanied by any of his medical attendants.

On the 20th, his majesty again walked on the Terrace, in the morning and afternoon.

Irish Catholics.

In our last Number, we gave Mr. Secretary Pole's circular letter, of Feb. 12, ordering the imprisonment of all Catholics in any wise concerned in the election of delegates to the Catholic committee; and some arrests are said to have taken place in consequence of it. That measure (as Mr. Perceval explicitly declared in the house of commons) was adopted without the consent or knowledge of the regent; immediately after, viz. on the 13th, camp equipage was delivered out to the troops, and every preparation made for taking the field.

At Galway, a meeting of Catholics of the town and county having been intended to be held on the 18th, to appoint persons to act for them in the general Catholic committee, the mayor, in obedience to the circular letter, gave public notice on the 14th, that he would cause to be arrested all persons within his jurisdiction, who should be "guilty of giving or having given, or of publishing or

having published, any written or other notice of the election or appointment of any such representative, delegate, or manager."

Feb. 23. As the Catholic committee in Dublin were in the act of assembling, two magistrates entered, and announced that they had been directed by government to "order" the meeting to disperse. Lord French, being called to the chair, questioned the legality of such proceeding, and recommended to the magistrates to return to Mr. Secretary Pole for further instructions. One of them accordingly went, and brought back Mr. Pole's answer, that it was not the intention of government to prevent the Catholic committee from meeting to prepare or forward their petition, and that Mr. Pole would be happy to see Lord French.—His lordship refused to hold any "private solitary dialogue" with the secretary; and, with the approbation of the assembly, he nominated five gentlemen to accompany him at the proposed interview.—In the evening of the same day, Lord French received a note from Mr. Pole, stating that "if his lordship or any other of the Catholic gentlemen wished to see him," he would defer his departure for England, &c. Next morning, Lord French, for himself and the other gentlemen, returned an answer, expressing that it was not from any wish on their part, but merely in compliance with his wish "distinctly" expressed by the magistrate above mentioned, that they were ready to wait on the secretary; whereupon, Mr. Pole, the same day, wrote to Lord French a letter concluding thus—"As it now appears that your lordship has no communication to make to government, I have only to request your lordship to believe that I have no desire to give your lordship or the other gentlemen any further trouble."

March 8. At an aggregate meeting of the Catholics in Dublin, attended by three thousand of that body and a number of respectable Protestant gentlemen, it was unanimously resolved to present an address to the regent, praying "that he may order an inquiry to be instituted into the private evidence upon which the late circular letter, signed W. W. Pole, has been declared to have been grounded, and when it shall, on such inquiry, as it must, appear that no such evidence does exist, that his royal highness be graciously pleased to remove Charles, Duke of Richmond, and the Right Hon. W.

W. Pole, from their official situations in the government of this country."

March 25. The committee passed resolutions strongly reprobative of the measure adopted against the Catholics, and "pledging themselves to each other and to their fellow-sufferers, unremittingly to persevere in, and never to abate from, any constitutional effort; until they shall finally accomplish their common freedom."

Libels.

In the court of King's Bench *Feb. 22*, John Hunt and Leigh Hunt—the former printer and publisher, and both proprietors of the "Examiner" newspaper—were tried on a charge of libel, in republishing, from the "Stamford News," a piece animadverting on the British system of military discipline, and particularly on the sentence of "a thousand lashes" passed on a soldier—a publication, calculated (it was alleged) to "create disaffection in the minds of the soldiers of this country."—Verdict "Not guilty."

At Lincoln assizes, *March 13*, John Drakard, printer of the "Stamford News," was pronounced guilty of libel in the original publication of the piece above mentioned.—His counsel laying great stress on the acquittal of Messrs. Hunt, the counsel for the prosecution observed that they had omitted the most exceptionable part.

Mr. Finnerty—condemned (as mentioned in our last Number) to imprisonment in Lincoln gaol for a libel on Lord Castlereagh—is said to have remonstrated against his confinement in a felon's cell. He has, however, found some friends at Lincoln: Mr. Osbaldeston is said to have sent him a carpet; and others have also testified their desire to mitigate the severity of his confinement.—In London, a meeting took place on the 20th of February, to raise a subscription for him. Sir F. Burdett filled the chair; and the sums subscribed soon amounted to near two hundred and forty pounds.—Subscriptions have also been opened for him at Belfast, Newry, and Lisburn.

Quartern Wharfen Loaf.—*Feb. 21st*, fourteen pence three farthings.—*Feb. 28th*, the same.—*March 7th, 14th, and 21st*, the same.

Taxed Carts.—*Feb. 11.* On an appeal against the assessment on a taxed cart provided with a cushion, but in other respects conformable to the act, the judges at Westminster decided that it was liable to the higher rate of duty, viz. 2*l.* 10*s.*, instead of 1*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

Feb. 20. The Rev. Mr. Bingham was conveyed, from the house of correction at Lewes, (where he had been for some time 'previously confined) to Horsham goal, to be tried on a charge of having wilfully set fire to his own house.

Bigamy.—*Old Bailey, Feb. 26.* John Liles was sentenced to seven years' transportation, for having married a second wife while his first was yet living. He pleaded that he and his first wife had parted by mutual consent, and left each other at liberty to marry again; but this plea was of no avail.

At the Leicester sessions, a man was sentenced to be transported for seven years for having two wives; and his wife at the same time was sentenced to be imprisoned for one year, for having two husbands; and, at the Kent sessions, a man was sentenced to be imprisoned two years, for having three wives.

Feb. 26. Hadje Hassan, ambassador from the Poy of Algiers, had his first private audience of the regent, to deliver his credentials.

Feb. 28. Wm. Pinkney, Esq. the American minister plenipotentiary, had his audience of leave of the prince regent, preparatory to his quitting this country.

March 5. Ann Prowse, a pauper of the parish of Burgan, in Cornwall, who had for some time been confined in a state of derangement, contrived to make her escape from the person who had charge of her, and to set fire to two dwelling-houses at Burgan, both of which were entirely consumed; the unfortunate woman then hanged herself. She was found handcuffed, and the chains by which she had been fastened, were on her person.

Woman-selling.—At Sittingbourne, a few days since, a woman of the name of Coveney, was led by a halter into a public house, and there sold to the highest bidder, together with five children, a horse and cart, and all her household furniture.—The entire lot was knocked down for ten pounds.

Forgery.—A man having taken part of a furnished house in Francis-street, Bedford-square, without giving any reference (he having offered to deposit three months' rent in advance, and made a great show of money), hired a servant the next day, who had advertised for a situation, and sent him immediately with a check to a banking-house, for 2050*l.* which was paid without hesitation.—On receiving the money, the swindler decamped.

Broken heart.—A woman, of the name of White, whose son was executed at Newgate on the 7th of March, having taken leave of him on the preceding evening, immediately took to her bed, from which she never rose again, but fell a victim to excessive grief, on the 8th.

Painting.—Mr. West having nearly completed a masterly picture of our Saviour's Miracles, which he intended to send to America, the subscribers to the British Institution, wishing to keep it in the country, subscribed, for the purchase of it, three thousand guineas—the sum which Mr. West was to have received on sending it abroad.

March 11. The House of Commons voted a loan of six millions for the relief of merchants and manufacturers laboring under the pressure of the times.

A skate, of twelve hundred weight, is said to have been lately caught in the Frith of Forth, and presented to Lord Elgin.

Riots.—*March 12.* The workmen, at Nottingham, to the number of one thousand, assembled in the market-place, and from thence proceeded in a body to Arnold, a distance of about five miles, when their numbers were increased to between two and three thousand. Thus augmented in strength, they shortly evinced a determination to adopt measures of violence, and parties proceeded to enter the houses and destroy the frames of several of the manufacturers. The cause assigned for these afflicting outrages was the extreme distress suffered by themselves and families, in consequence of the stoppage of work.

Public Money.—From a late investigation by a committee of the house of commons, it appears, that, of an annual parliamentary grant of 1,628*l.* for the poor of St. Martin's in the Fields, the parish never receives above eighty pounds.

Westminster Address.—*March 18.* At a meeting of the inhabitants householders of Westminster, an address to the prince regent was proposed by Major Cartwright, and unanimously adopted by the assembly, congratulating him on his appointment—expressing regret for the restrictions on his power—reprobating, in very strong language, the conduct of ministers during the greater part of his present majesty's reign—and urgently calling for a reform in the parliamentary representation of the people.

Booking of Parcels.—*Court of Requests,*

March 19.—A person had paid for booking a parcel to be sent by a stage-waggon. It was not booked—it was lost. The owner swearing she had paid for booking it, the proprietors of the waggon were condemned to pay the value, and all expenses.

Stage-Coach.—*March 12*, at Hereford assises, a verdict, with 80*l.* damages, was obtained against the proprietors of a Cambridge coach, by a passenger who had been thrown from the roof, and severely bruised, in consequence of the carriage being overturned by furious driving.

March 20. The Bank of England announced by public advertisement that the token dollars are in future to pass for five shillings and sixpence.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 18. The Hon. Mrs. Thomas, Orchard street, of a son.

Feb. 19. Mrs. Peter, Woburn-place, of a daughter.

Feb. 26. Mrs. Bonham, Portland-place, of a daughter.

Feb. 27. Mrs. Robbins, Lincoln's-inn-fields, of a son.

Feb. 27. Mrs. Hornby, Portland-place, of a son.

March 1. Mrs. Trapand, Potter's-bar, near Barnet, of a daughter.

March 2. Mrs. Thomson, Charleton, of a daughter.

March 11. Mrs. Hayman, Montague-street, Russell-square, of a daughter.

March 12. Mrs. Curtis, Portland-place, of a daughter.

March 14. Mrs. Plummer, Streatham, Surrey, of a daughter.

March 15. Lady Georgiana Barnes, of a daughter.

March 16. Lady Elizabeth Loftus, of a daughter.

March 18. Lady Frances Bentinck, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 16. G. Brown, Esq. of Bombay, to Miss ——— Roberts, of Grittleton-house, Wilts.

Feb. 21. John Alnutt, Esq. Clapham Common, to Miss Eleanora Brandram.

Feb. 21. John Evans, Esq. Saltash, to Miss Mugg.

Feb. 22. Brigade-major, Captain Henry Grove, to Mrs. Barton, Tunbridge Wells.

Feb. 25. Sir John Twisden, Bart. to Miss Coppard.

Feb. 25. Colonel Charles Boye, of the

Bombay army, to Miss Ann Aldons, Fitzroy-street.

Feb. 26. Thomas Perrott, Esq. Lieutenant-Colonel of the Oxfordshire Militia, to Miss Davies.

March 2. R. M. Tighe, Esq. to the only daughter of Sir Patrick Macdermot, Bart.

March 2. Silvester D. Wilson, Esq. to Miss Battersbee, Stratford upon Avon.

March 2. Wm. Peere Williams, Esq. to Miss Blencowe.

Lately, Augustus Bayson, Esq. Nelson's-square, to Miss Elizabeth Chambers.

March 5. G. Trower, Esq. of Clapton, to Miss Kemble.

March 8. At Gretna Green, the Hon. Charles Evan Law, son of Lord Ellenborough, to Eliz. Sophia, sister of Sir C. Nightingale, Bart.

March 12. J. W. Paxton, Esq. of the India Company's service, to Miss Frances Patrickson.

March 14. Samuel Gower Poole, Esq. of Chelsea, to Miss Helen Hall.

March 15. Robert Wardlaw, Esq. to Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarrais.

DEATHS.

Feb. 12. Edward Manners, Esq. Goadby Hall, Leicestershire.

Feb. 14. The Rev. Philip Wodehouse, prebendary of Norwich.

Feb. 15. The Rev. Edward Stone, rector of Horundon, Bucks.

Feb. 18. The Duke of Albuquerque. This patriotic nobleman had published in Spain a spirited manifesto, to which a mercantile party in Cadiz printed an answer, vilifying and abusing him in terms that threw him into a paroxysm of rage, which produced delirium, and terminated in his death. He was buried, with great pomp, in Westminster Abbey.

Feb. 20. Lady Elizabeth Heron.

Feb. 24. In his 86th year, the Earl of Cardigan.

Feb. 25. In his 75th year, Henry Hope, Esq. formerly of Amsterdam, the most eminent merchant of his time. He was descended from the noble family of the Hopes in Scotland, though himself a native of Boston in New England; and has left a property of above a million sterling.

Feb. 26. The Rev. John Tucker, rector of Gravesend.

Lately, Rear-Admiral, George Countess.

March 1. The R. H. Charles Mar-
sham, Earl of Romney, &c.

March 3. Mrs. Moffat, Portman-
square.

March 3. Mrs. Lyell, Saville-row.

March 8. Mrs. Maling, daughter of
the late Sir W. More, Bart.

March 8. The Right Hon. John,
Lord Colville, of Culross, in his 88th
year.

Lately, the Lady of Lieutenant-Gen-
eral Sir Robert Stuart, Bart.

March 11. Mrs. Molyneux, sister of
Sir Francis Molyneux, Bart.

March 14. In his 75th year, the Duke
of Grafton.

March 18. Aged 87, Mrs. Leigh, re-
lict of the late Serjeant Leigh.

Longevity.—Feb. 27. Died, at Crimond,
in Scotland, John Cowie, in his 108th
year.

March 6. At Norwood Green, Mid-
dlesex, Mary Rouse, aged 102.

APPENDIX.

Small Pox.—We have great pleasure in
observing, that, from the augmenting
practice of vaccination, the mortality
from small pox is rapidly decreasing.
That fatal contagion has been until lately
disseminated, not only by the obstinacy
of a few advertising practitioners, but
also by an extensive inoculation of small
pox, carried on at the Finsbury Dispen-
sary. The governors of that institution
having become acquainted with this
practice, most humanely put a total stop
to it; and the good effects of this inter-
diction appear very strikingly in the bills
of mortality. For instead of between
thirty and forty dying weekly of small
pox, as occurred during a great part of
the winter, the deaths in the four last
weeks are from three to eight.

French Prisoners.—Near five hundred
French prisoners have lately been sent
home from England *gratuitously*, and a
still greater number are intended to be
liberated in the same manner.

Floating Island.—A small island of the
Danube, called Engel, near Pichment,
has exhibited the phenomenon of a float-
ing island. In the memory of the oldest
persons, it had remained stationary until
May last, when the rapidity and pres-
sure of the stream are supposed to have
detached its bottom: its inclination is
uniformly to the right bank of the river;
but its motion is not perceptible. Since
May, it has made a progress of about
eight miles; and, what is not the least

singular, it has, from the eager and un-
abated curiosity of the Germans, made
the fortunes of three persons who ob-
tained a temporary proprietorship of
it.

Shocking Accident.—During the repre-
sentation of a new tragedy at the Théâtre
de l'Imperatrice, in Paris, a short time
since, one of the principal characters,
having to draw his sword, and threaten
to plunge it into the bosom of another,
from the latter neglecting to draw back,
or fall upon his knees, and before the
former could command his weapon, the
point inflicted a deadly wound, and the
unfortunate man expired before he could
be removed from the stage. The acci-
dent made so deep an impression on
the survivor, that, after an illness of four
days, during which he incessantly be-
wailed the deed, he died, bequeathing
the greater part of his property to the
family of him he had unintentionally
slain.

There have been issued by the Bank
between the 8th of February, 1810, and
the 19th February, 1811, stamped dollars
No. 1,970,574.

The Bank had advanced to govern-
ment, on the 3th of January last, on
mort duty, supply, and loan, in all
8,070,749*l*.

The whole amount of silver and gold,
imported and deposited in the bullion of-
fice of the Bank, between the 30th
March, 1810, and the 14th February,
1811, is—

Silver . . .	£896,000
Gold . . .	174,500

Total . . . £1,070,500

Total estimate for the army this year,
13,510,925*l* 4*s* 3*d*.

An account of the value of corn and
other grain, and flour, imported into
Great-Britain (except from Ireland), from
the year 1800 to the year 1810, both in-
clusive:—

	Real value (at the average prices of the market.)
1800	£ 8,155,995
1801	10,119,098
1802	2,155,794
1803	1,104,592
1804	1,855,333
1805	3,754,831
1806	1,106,540
1807	1,878,521
1808	336,460
1809	2,705,496
1810	7,077,865

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. DONNA ISABELLA DE JOYA before the CARDINALS.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and EVENING DRESS.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a DRESS SHIRT, or a TUCKER.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

Our next publication, in addition to the usual number of plates, will contain a fac-simile from an original etched likeness of the celebrated Greta-Green Parson, lately deceased.

“What might be.”—For a particular reason, interesting to the ingenious authoress as well as to ourselves, we request to be favored with her address as speedily as convenient.

The “*French Epigram*,” with the English “*Imitation*,” is indelicate; and therefore, witty as it is, we will not wound the delicacy of our fair readers by offering it to them.—The same objection, to a certain degree, lies against the accompanying “*Completion of the Bouts-rimés*,” though, merely as a poetic composition, we allow it to possess considerable merit.

Mr. “*Bickham*”’s collection of *Anagrams*, &c. would not suit us.—If, however, he choose to exercise his genius in such trifles, and to attempt the *Logogriph*, which is not quite so hackneyed and obsolete as the common anagram, we may perhaps admit an occasional *bagatelle* of the kind, provided that it be well executed.

“*Jane*”’s first communication has not sufficient novelty or poetic merit to recommend it.—Perhaps the “*future*” contributions, which she announces, may have a better claim to public notice: and, if so, they shall meet with due attention.

Of the offer, signed “*Roran, Saffron-Walden Vicarage*,” we do not clearly understand the import. At all events, we do not prescribe limits to the genius of our correspondents, except in the single article of the *Bouts-rimés*.

The “*Invocation to Peace*” requires considerable amendment, to render it fit for publication.

W. F.’s “*Sonnet*” is in the same predicament, as likewise the “*Stanzas*” by “*Jurenis*.”

The pièces signed “*Floribci*”—“*T. W. F.*”—and “*Penseroso*”—are come to hand.

“*Amator*” should have paid the postage of his letter, and directed it to us at the publisher’s, No. 25, Paternoster-Row.—Any future communication, directed as his last, will, in all probability, never reach us.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



*Donna Isabella de Joya
before the Cardinals.*

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1811.

DIFFERENCE OF WOMEN.

(Continued from page 108, and accompanied with an illustration Engraving.)

IT is now time to quit the aspenities of metaphysics for the amenities of biography; and to prove from examples that the understanding of women is not less calculated, than that of men, for the reception even of the most abstruse sciences: and this is the better way of convincing the generality of mankind, who yield more readily to facts than to reasons. —To collect all the instances of female erudition which have occurred, would be too troublesome: I shall therefore content myself with mentioning only a few of those women who have been illustrious for their literary attainments during the latter centuries, either in our Spain, or in the neighbouring kingdoms.

Spain, whose literary honors have often been stolen by strangers, has produced many women of signal merit in every branch of knowledge. The chief of them are the following.

Dona Ana de Cervatin, lady of honor to Queen Germana de Fox, the second wife of Ferdinand the Catholic, was even more celebrated for the *belles lettres* and for her extraordinary talents, than for her unrivaled beauty; though the latter was acknowledged to surpass that of every lady of the court. In the works of Lucio Marineo Siculo, are preserved the Latin letters which he

wrote to *Dona Ana*, together with her answers in the same language.

Dona Isabella de Joya, in the sixteenth century, was eminently learned. It is related of her, that she preached in the church of Barcelona, to the wonder of an innumerable concourse of people who attended her, and to the admiration of the bishop, who permitted it, under the persuasion that St. Paul's prohibition of women's speaking in churches admitted some exceptions; even as the rule, in which he forbids them to teach, was infringed by *Pamilla*, who is related, in the Acts, to have instructed *Apollas* in the doctrine of the evangelists. *Dona Isabella* afterwards proceeded to Rome, during the pontificate of Paul III., and expounded before the cardinals, to their general satisfaction, many difficult passages in the writings of *Scotus*.* But the circumstance which most ennobles her, is her having, in that

* In the original, "*the Subtile Scotus*." — John Duns, surnamed *Scotus* — by which adventurous appellation he is best known — was distinguished, in his day, as an eminent scholastic divine, and, from the acuteness of his reasoning, acquired the title of the "*Subtile Doctor*." He was born within the limits of these now united kingdoms, but, whether in England, Scotland, or Ireland, is uncertain: for, although his surname of *Scotus* would seem to point out Scotland as his native country, it does not amount to a proof, as the name of *Scot's* was formerly applied to the Irish. — He flourished at the close of the thirteenth century, and the beginning of the fourteenth, and died in 1308. EDII.

capital of the world, converted a great number of Jews to the catholic religion.

Louisa Sigca, a native of Toledo, though of French extraction, besides having a good acquaintance with philosophy and the *belles lettres*, was singularly ornamented with languages. She understood the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, and wrote a letter to Pope Paul III. in those five languages. Her father, Diego Sigco, being summoned to the court of Lisbon, as preceptor to Theodosius of Portugal, Duke of Braganza, and to the Infanta Donna Maria, daughter of King Manuel by his third wife, Leonora of Austria—that queen, who was much attached to literature, desired to have the accomplished Sigca in her suite, and married her to Francisco de Cuevas, Lord of Villanar, and Cavalier of Burgos. Their descendants still flourish in Castile, according to *Louise de Salazar*, in his *History of the House of Farnese*.

Donna Oliva Sabuco de Nantes, a native of Alcaráz, possessed a sublime penetration, and an exalted genius. She excelled in natural philosophy, medicine, morality, and politics, as may be seen in her writings. But her greatest glory was her new physiological and medical system, in which, contrary to all the received opinions of the ancients, she maintained that the blood is not that which nourishes our bodies, but the white chyle which is distributed from the brain through all the nerves; and she attributed almost all our infirmities to the diseases of this vital dew. This system, which met with no attention from Spanish apathy, was eagerly embraced by English curiosity; and we now receive it from the

hands of strangers, as their invention, while in fact it is our own. Fatal propensity of Spaniards! that, to insure their acceptance of the native produce of their country, it is necessary that others should monopolise and vend it to them.—It appears also that *Donna Oliva* preceded René Descartes in the opinion that the brain was the only residence of the soul, though she extended its dwelling through the whole cerebral substance, and did not, like him, confine it precisely to the pineal gland. The confidence which she placed in her own powers of defending these singular dogmas was such, that, in her epistle dedicatory to Count de Barajas, President of Castile, she entreated him to employ his authority towards assembling together the most learned physiologists and physicians of Spain, in order that she might convince them that the system of physics and medicine which were taught in the schools were totally erroneous. She flourished in the time of Philip II.

Donna Bernarda Ferreyra, a Portuguese, and daughter of Don Ignacio Ferreyra, of the order of Santiago, besides understanding and speaking fluently many languages, excelled in poetry, rhetoric, philosophy, and mathematics. She has left several poems; and our great Lopez de Vega so highly appreciated the extraordinary merit of this lady, that he dedicated to her his elegy, entitled “*La Phyllis*.”

Donna Juana Morella, of Barcelona, was a prodigy of learning. Her father, having committed a homicide, fled his country, and took her with him to Lyons in France, where this extraordinary child made such rapid progress in her

studies, that, at twelve years of age, she defended several philosophical propositions, which she dedicated to Margaret of Austria, Queen of Spain. At the age of seventeen, according to Gui Patin, who lived at the same period, she began to dispute publicly in the Jesuits' college at Lyons. She understood theology, philosophy, music, and jurisprudence; and spoke fourteen languages. She afterwards became a Dominican nun, in the convent of St. Praxedis, at Arignon.

The celebrated Mexican nun, *Sister Juana Ines de la Cruz*, is so well known for her erudite and pleasing poetry, that I shall be excused from attempting her eulogium: I will only say that her least talent was that of poetry, though it is the one for which she has been most celebrated. Many Spanish poets may have surpassed her in invention; but perhaps none has ever equaled her in the universality of her information on all subjects. She wrote with elegance, but not with energy.—Her critique on the discourse of Padre Vieyra does honor to her ingenuity, though, in justice, I must own her acumen to have been inferior to that of the inimitable Jesuit whom she attacked: but is it wonderful that a woman should be inferior to that man, who, for elevation of thought, neatness of expression, and perspicuity of explanation, has never yet been equaled by any preacher?

It is also useless to panegyrisé the *Duchess of Aveyro*, because her talents and charins are still mourned and admired at the court and throughout all Spain.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes and Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page 132.*)

DURING his visit to Paris in 1778, every one was eager to behold the great man who had so eminently adorned his age and country. Several ladies of the court were one day assembled at M. de Villette's for the purpose of procuring themselves that pleasure. Voltaire happened to be in a fit of ill humour, and refused to make his appearance in the 'drawing-room; but, forced at length to yield to the entreaties of madame de Villette—who implored as a favor that he would show himself, if but for a single instant—he descends, opens the door of the 'drawing-room, takes two or three turns, and says, "Look, ladies! here is the bear: satisfy your curiosity: this is he: examine him well." He then abruptly returned to his apartment.

(*To be continued.*)

Account of the Inhabitants of SUMATRA.

(*From Marsden's "History of Sumatra."*)

The persons of the inhabitants of the island, though differing considerably in districts remote from each other, may in general be comprehended in the following description; excepting the Achinese, whose commixture with the Moors of the west of India has distinguished them from the other Sumatrans.

They are rather below the middle stature; their bulk is in proportion; their limbs are for the most part slight, but well shaped, and particularly small at the wrists and ankles. Upon the whole,

they are gracefully formed; and I scarcely recollect to have ever seen one deformed person among the natives. The women, however, have the preposterous custom of flattening the noses, and compressing the heads, of children newly born, whilst the skull is yet cartilaginous, which increases their natural tendency to that shape. I could never trace the origin of the practice, or learn any other reason for moulding the features to this uncouth appearance, but that it was an improvement of beauty in their estimation. Captain Cook takes notice of a similar operation at the island of *Ulitea*. They likewise pull out the ears of infants, to make them stand at an angle from the head. Their eyes are uniformly dark and clear, and, among some, especially the southern women, bear a strong resemblance to those of the Chinese, in the peculiarity of formation so generally observed of that people. Their hair is strong, and of a shining black; the improvement of both which qualities it probably owes, in great measure, to the early and constant use of cocoa-nut oil, with which they keep it moist. The men frequently cut their hair short, not appearing to take any pride in it; the women encourage theirs to a considerable length, and I have known many instances of its reaching the ground. The men are beardless, and have chins so remarkably smooth, that, were it not for the priests displaying a little tuft, we should be apt to conclude that nature had refused them this token of manhood. . . . This particular attention to their persons they esteem a point of delicacy, and the contrary an

unpardonable neglect. The boys, as they approach to the age of puberty, rub their chins and upper lips with *chunam* (quick lime), especially of shells, which destroys the roots of the incipient beard. The few hairs that afterwards appear, are plucked out from time to time with tweezers, which they always carry about them for that purpose. Were it not for the numerous and very respectable authorities, from which we are assured that the natives of America are naturally beardless, I should think that the common opinion on that subject had been rashly adopted, and that their appearing thus at a mature age, was only the consequence of an early practice, similar to that observed among the Sumatrans. Even now I must confess that it would remove some small degree of doubt from my mind, could it be ascertained, that no such custom prevails*. Their complexion is properly yellow, wanting the red tinge that constitutes a tawny or copper color. They are in general lighter than the Mestees, or

* It is allowed by travellers, that the Patagonians have tufts of hair on the upper lip and chin. Captain Carver says, that, among the tribes he visited, the people made a regular practice of eradicating their beards with pincers. At Brussels is preserved, along with a variety of ancient and curious suits of armour, that of Montezuma, king of Mexico, of which the visor, or mask for the face, has remarkably large whiskers; an ornament which those Americans could not have imitated, unless nature had presented them with the model. See a paper in the *Phil. Trans.* for 1786, which puts this matter beyond a doubt. In a French dictionary of the Huron language, published in 1632, I observe a term corresponding to "*arracher la barbe*."

half breed, of the rest of India ; those of the superior class, who are not exposed to the rays of the sun, and particularly their women of rank, approaching to a great degree of fairness. Did beauty consist in this one quality, some of them would surpass our brunettes in Europe. The major part of the females are ugly, and many of them even to disgust: yet there are those among them whose appearance is strikingly beautiful; whatever composition of person, features, and complexion, that sentiment may be the result of.

The fairness of the Sumatrans, comparatively with other Indians, situated as they are, under a perpendicular sun, where no season of the year affords an alternative of cold, is, I think, an irrefragable proof, that the difference of color in the various inhabitants of the earth is not the immediate effect of climate. The children of Europeans born in this island are as fair as those born in the country of their parents. I have observed the same of the second generation, where a mixture with the people of the country has been avoided. On the other hand, the offspring and all the descendants of the Guinea and other African slaves imported there, continue in the last instance as perfectly black as in the original stock. I do not mean to enter into the merits of the question which naturally connects with these observations; but shall only remark, that the sallow and adust countenances, so commonly acquired by Europeans who have long resided in hot climates, are more ascribable to the effects of bilious distempers, which almost all are subject to in a greater or

less degree, than of their exposure to the influence of the weather, which few but seafaring people are liable to, and of which the impression is seldom permanent. From this circumstance, I have been led to conjecture that the general disparity of complexions in different nations might possibly be owing to the more or less copious secretion or redundancy of that juice, rendering the skin more or less dark according to the qualities of the bile prevailing in the constitutions of each. But I fear such an hypothesis would not stand the test of experiment, as it might be expected to follow, that, upon dissection, the contents of a negro's gall-bladder, or at least the extravasated bile, should uniformly be found black. Persons skilled in anatomy will determine whether it is possible that the qualities of any animal secretion can so far affect the frame, as to render their consequences liable to be transmitted to posterity in their full force*.

The small size of the inhabitants, and especially of the women, may be in some measure owing to the early communication between the sexes: though, as the inclinations which lead to this intercourse, are prompted here by nature sooner than in cold climates, it is not unfair to suppose, that being proportioned to the period of maturity, this is also sooner attained, and consequently that the earlier cessation of growth

* In an "Essay on the Causes and Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species," published at Philadelphia in 1787, the permanent effect of the bilious secretion, in determining the color, is strongly insisted on.

of these people is agreeable to the laws of their constitution, and not occasioned by a premature and irregular appetite.

Persons of superior rank encourage the growth of their hand-nails, particularly those of the fore and little fingers, to an extraordinary length; frequently tinging them red, with the expressed juice of a shrub, which they call *inci*, the *henna* of the Arabians; as they do the nails of their feet also, to which, being always uncovered, they pay as much attention as to their hands. The hands of the natives, and even of the half breed, are always cold to the touch; which I cannot account for otherwise than by a supposition, that from the less degree of elasticity in the solids, occasioned by the heat of the climate, the internal action of the body, by which the fluids are put in motion, is less vigorous, the circulation is proportionably languid, and of course the diminished effect is most perceptible in the extremities, and a coldness there is the natural consequence.

The natives of the hills, through the whole extent of the island, are subject to those monstrous wens from the throat, which have been observed of the Vallaisans, and the inhabitants of other mountainous districts in Europe. It has been usual to attribute this affection to the badness, thawed state, mineral quality, or other peculiarity of the waters; many skilful men having applied themselves to the investigation of the subject. My experience enables me to pronounce without hesitation, that the disorder, for such it is, though it appears here to mark a distinct race of people

(*oxang-gunong*); is immediately connected with the hilliness of the country; and, of course, if the circumstances of the water they use contribute thereto, it must be only so far as the nature of the water is affected by the inequality or height of the land. Bpt in Sumatra neither snow nor other congelation is ever produced; which militates against the most plausible conjecture that has been adopted concerning the Alpine goitres. From every research that I have been enabled to make, I think I have reason to conclude, that the complaint is owing, among the Sumatrans, to the fogginess of the air in the valleys between the high mountains, where, and not on the summits, the natives of these parts reside. I before remarked, that, between the ranges of hills, the *kabut* or dense mist was visible for several hours every morning; rising in a thick, opaque, and well-defined body, with the sun, and seldom quite dispersed till afternoon. This phænomenon, as well as that of the wens, being peculiar to the regions of the hills, affords a presumption that they may be connected; exclusive of the natural probability that a cold vapor, gross to an uncommon degree, and continually enveloping the habitations, should affect with tumors the throats of the inhabitants. I cannot pretend to say how far this solution may apply to the case of the goitres: but I recollect it to have been mentioned, that the only method of curing the people, is by removing them from the valleys to the clear and pure air on the tops of the hills; which seems to indicate a similar source of the distemper to what I have pointed

out. The Sumatrans do not appear to attempt any remedy for it, the wens being consistent with the highest health in other respects.

The personal difference between the Malays of the coast, and the country inhabitants, is not so strongly marked but that it requires some experience to distinguish them. The latter, however, possess an evident superiority in point of size and strength, and are fairer complexioned, which they probably owe to their situation, where the atmosphere is colder; and it is generally observed, that people living near the sea-shore, and especially when accustomed to navigation, are darker than their inland neighbours. Some attribute the disparity in constitutional vigor to the more frequent use of opium among the Malays, which is supposed to debilitate the frame; but I have noted that the *Limun* and *Batang Asei* gold-traders, who are a colony of that race settled in the heart of the island, and who cannot exist a day without opium, are remarkably hale and stout; which I have known to be observed with a degree of envy by the opium-smokers of our settlements. The inhabitants of Pasummah, also, are described as being more robust in their persons, than the planters of the low country.

The original clothing of the Sumatrans is the same with that found by navigators among the inhabitants of the South Sea islands, and now generally called by the name of Otaheitean cloth. It is still used among the *Rejangs** for their working dress;

and I have one in my possession, procured from these people, consisting of a jacket, short drawers, and a cap for the head. This is the inner bark of a certain species of tree, beaten out to the degree of fineness required; approaching the more to perfection, as it resembles the softer kind of leather, some being nearly equal to the most delicate kid-skin; in which character it somewhat differs from the South Sea cloth, as that bears a resemblance rather to paper, or to the manufacture of the loom. The country people now conform in a great measure to the dress of the Malays, which I shall therefore describe in this place, observing that much more simplicity still prevails among the former, who look upon the others as cocknobs, who lay out all their substance on their backs, whilst, in their turns, they are regarded by the Malays with contempt, as unpolished rustics. •

A man's dress consists of the following parts. A close waistcoat, without sleeves, but having a neck like a shirt, buttoned close up to the top, with buttons, often of gold filagree. This is peculiar to the Malays. Over this they wear the *baju*, which resembles a morning gown, open at the neck, but generally fastened close at the wrists and half way up the arm, with nine buttons to each sleeve. The sleeves, however, are often wide and loose; and others again, though nearly tight, reach not far beyond the elbow; especially of those worn by the younger females, which, as well as those of the young men, are open in front no further down than the bosom, and reach no lower than the waist, whereas the others hang loose to the knees, and sometimes to the

* One of the nations or tribes who inhabit the island.

ankles. They are made usually of blue or white cotton cloth; for the better sort, of chintz; and for great men, of flowered silks. The *kain sarong* is not unlike a Scots highlander's plaid in appearance, being a piece of party-colored cloth about six or eight feet long, and three or four wide, sewed together at the ends; forming, as some writers have described it, a wide sack without a bottom. This is sometimes gathered up, and slung over the shoulder like a sash, or else folded and tucked about the waist and hips; and in full dress it is bound on by the belt of the *kris* (dagger), which is of crimson silk, and wraps several times round the body, with a loop at the end, in which the sheath of the *kris* hangs. They wear short drawers, reaching half way down the thigh, generally of red or yellow tuffeta. There is no covering to their legs or feet. Round their heads they fasten, in a particular manner, a fine colored handkerchief, so as to resemble a small turban; the country people usually twisting a piece of white or blue cloth for this purpose. The crown of their head remains uncovered, except on journeys, when they wear a *tudong* or umbrella-hat, which completely screens them from the weather.

The women have a kind of bodice, or short waistcoat rather, that defends the breasts, and reaches to the hips. The *kain sarong*, before described, comes up as high as the armpits, and extends to the feet, being kept on simply by folding and tucking it over, at the breast, except when the *tali-pending*, or zone, is worn about the waist, which forms an additional and necessary security. This is usually of embroidered

cloth, and sometimes a plate of gold or silver, about two inches broad, fastening in the front with a large clasp of filagree or chased work, with some kind of precious stone, or imitation of such, in the centre. The *baju*, or upper gown, differs little from that of the men, buttoning in the same manner at the wrists. A piece of fine, thin, cotton cloth, or slight silk, about five feet long, and worked or fringed at each end, called a *salendang*, is thrown across the back of the neck, and hangs down before; serving also the purpose of a veil to the women of rank when they walk abroad. The handkerchief is carried, either folded small in the hand, or in a long fold, over the shoulder. There are two modes of dressing the hair, one termed *kundei*, and the other *sanggol*. The first resembles much the fashion in which we see the Chinese women represented in paintings, and which I conclude they borrowed from thence, where the hair is wound circularly over the centre of the head, and fastened with a silver bodkin or pin. In the other mode, which is more general, they give the hair a single twist as it hangs behind, and then doubling it up, they pass it crosswise, under a few hairs separated from the rest, on the back of the head, for that purpose. A comb, often of tortoiseshell, and sometimes filagree, helps to prevent it from falling down. The hair of the front, and of all parts of the head, is of the same length, and, when loose, hangs together behind, with most of the women, in very great quantity. It is kept moist with oil, newly expressed from the coconut; but those persons who can afford it make use also of an em-

pyreumatic oil extracted from gum benzoin, as a grateful perfume. They wear no covering, except ornaments of flowers, which, on particular occasions, are the work of much labor and ingenuity. The head-dresses of the dancing girls by profession, who are usually Javans, are very artificially wrought, and as high as any modern English lady's cap, yielding only to the feathered plumes of the year 1777. It is impossible to describe in words these intricate and fanciful matters, so as to convey a just idea of them. The flowers worn in undress are, for the most part, strung in wreaths, and have a very neat and pretty effect, without any degree of gaudiness, being usually white or pale yellow, small, and frequently only half blown. Those generally chosen for these occasions, are the *bungatanjong*, and *bunga-mellur*: the *bunga-chumpaka* is used to give the hair a fragrance, but is concealed from the sight. They sometimes combine a variety of flowers in such a manner as to appear like one, and fix them on a single stalk: but these, being more formal, are less elegant than the wreaths.

Among the country people, particularly in the southern countries, the virgins (*anak gaddis*, or goddesses, as it is usually pronounced) are distinguished by a fillet which goes across the front of the hair, and fastens behind. This is commonly a thin plate of silver, about half an inch broad: those of the first rank have it of gold; and those of the lowest class have their fillet of the leaf of the *nipah* tree. Beside this peculiar ornament, their state is denoted by their having rings or bracelets

of silver or gold on their wrists. Strings of coins round the neck are universally worn by children; and the females, before they are of an age to be clothed, have, what may not be inaptly termed, a modesty-piece, being a plate of silver in the shape of a heart (called *chaping*) hung before, by a chain of the same metal, passing round the waist. The young women in the country villages manufacture themselves the cloth that forms the body-dress, or *kain-sarong*, which, for common occasions, is their only covering, and reaches from the breast no lower than the knees. The dresses of the women of the Malay bazars, on the contrary, extend as low as the feet; but here, as in other instances, the more scrupulous attention to appearances does not accompany the superior degree of real modesty. This cloth, for the wear both of men and women, is imported from the island of Celebes, or, as it is here termed, the *Buggis* country.

Both sexes have the extraordinary custom of filing and otherwise disfiguring their teeth, which are naturally very white and beautiful from the simplicity of their food. For files, they make use of small whetstones of different degrees of fineness, and the patients lie on their back during the operation. Many, particularly the women of the *Lampong* country, have their teeth rubbed down quite even with the gums; others have them formed in points; and some file off no more than the outer coat and extremities, in order that they may the better receive and retain the jetty blackness, with which they almost universally adorn them. The black used on these occasions is the em-

pyreumatic oil of the coco-nut shell. When this is not applied, the tiling does not, by destroying what we call the enamel, diminish the whiteness of the teeth; but the use of betel renders them black, if pains be not taken to prevent it. The great men sometimes set theirs in gold, by casing, with a plate of that metal, the under row; and this ornament, contrasted with the black dye, has, by lamp or candle light, a very splendid effect. It is sometimes indented to the shape of the teeth, but more usually quite plain. They do not remove it either to eat or sleep.

At the age of about eight or nine, they bore the ears and file the teeth of the female children; which are ceremonies that must necessarily precede their marriage: and these operations are regarded in the family as the occasion of a festival. They do not here, as in some of the adjacent islands, (of *Nias* in particular) increase the aperture of the ear to a monstrous size, so as in many instances to be large enough to admit the hand, the lower parts being stretched till they touch the shoulders. Their ear-rings are mostly of gold flagee, and fastened, not with a clasp, but in the manner of a rivet or nut screwed to the inner part.

Memoirs of MONTALBERT.

(Concluded from page 129.)

SOMETIMES, with the fallaciousness of hope, while lying on my weary sleepless couch, I would think that *Amelia* might still be mine, still think that I might call her by the beloved name of wife, and in her dear arms find shelter from the adverse gales of life. I

would paint her, in fancy, sitting by my side—my wife, and nursing on her knee a cherub babe. I would fancy she took the child in her arms, and, holding it out to me with a sweet maternal smile, bade me kiss the soft pledge of our love. I would start from my bed, and stretch forth my arms to clasp the fond visions to my breast:—I was alone—dark, and miserable! I threw myself back and gave way to tears of remorse and despair. I might have enjoyed in reality what I painted in my imagination: it was myself alone who had dashed the cup of bliss from my lips, and raised that of repentance and misery in its stead.

The long-expected orders came: our regiment was ordered to ****, at that time the seat of dreadful war. *Deloraine* had begun to feel the soft influence of love: the bright eyes of a *Miss Montague* had taught him that he had a heart. She was a sweet, gentle girl, and requited his love with an equal return. We quitted England; and, as the white cliffs of *Dover* receded from our sight, we each heaved a sigh, which seemed to say that we had now seen England for the last time.

Arlingham was more cheerful than I had ever seen him. I could not help thinking—and I sickened at the thought—that his cheerfulness proceeded from a hope that he should soon be no more. *Deloraine* grew lively, by continually dwelling upon the idea of returning covered with laurels, and laying them at *Miss Montague's* feet: for she had promised to share his fortunes when he returned.

After a pleasant passage, we were landed on the bloody shores

of ***. Carnage seemed to have claimed the place for his own: mangled and lifeless bodies strewed the ground. Arlingham turned pale at the sight. I caught him in my arms, and saved him from falling. We were eagerly expected by the troops already there: we were four days before we came to actual battle, though many skirmishes took place. In one of these rencounters I was slightly wounded: had the wound been mortal, Deloraine and Arlingham could not have shown more grief and anxiety. They would hardly believe that I was not in danger, though they saw me walk with ease to my tent, and heard me, as well as the surgeon, make light of the matter. I was not confined one moment to my bed; and in four days I was again capable of doing duty.

It was thought, that, next day, the two armies would meet. Deloraine, Arlingham, and I, spent the night together. Deloraine was in excellent spirits, and tossed off bumpers to Rosa Montague and Amelia Colbrook. "Away with melancholy, my boys!" said he. "We shall all be sitting here to-morrow night, relating the perils we have undergone, and the surprising feats of arms we have performed. I assure you, I intend to do nothing less than kill the French general, he made a colonel for my pains, and return to Old England, and marry my soul's delight, Rosa Montague." He had risen while he spoke, and poured out a bumper. I never saw him look so beautiful as at that moment:—he looked like the god of war.

"To arms! to arms!" resounded about five in the morning. We rushed from the tent:—in

half an hour the battle raged with fury and determined valor on both sides. I saw Deloraine once or twice in the thickest part of the action: Arlingham fought by my side, and behaved with great bravery. For seven hours we fought like lions, and met a vigorous resistance from the foe: but what army could withstand the sons of Britain? The enemy gave way, and retired in confusion. But, though they were put to flight, we were not absolutely conquerors.

The unhurt were bestowing every care on the braye fallen. Arlingham was safe; but Deloraine I did not see. I asked several times where he was; but no one could tell me. Distracted by my fears for his safety, I flew across the field of battle, calling on his name. Perceiving a crowd at a distance, I rushed to the spot, and heard the name of Deloraine pronounced. I pressed forward—Oh, God! Deloraine, the noble, generous, exalted Deloraine, lay breathless and weltering in his blood!

My God! words cannot tell what I felt. Deloraine killed! Almighty powers! had that best and noblest of hearts ceased to beat? would that soul-expressive eye of bright lustre open no more? was he gone? was Deloraine dead? I raved: I screamed. The officers endeavoured in vain to hold me: I broke from them with the phrensy of madness: I threw myself on the body: I clasped it in my arms, and I entreated him by every tie of friendship to answer me. Those ruby lips moved not: never more was I to hear his kind, sweet voice: it had ceased for ever. With frantic violence I strained

him to my bosom: his manly form was stiff and cold. "He is dead!" I shrieked, and sunk senseless on his inanimate breast.

I awoke like one from a trance.—On looking around, I found myself in my tent, and saw Arlingham sitting alone beside me.—His eyes were red with weeping.

"I now have none left but you," I cried, throwing myself on his neck.—He pressed me to his bosom, and burst into tears. Deloraine was dead, yet I could not bring myself to believe he was really gone for ever. Every time I heard the sound of a foot approaching, I looked with the strange hope that it might be he. I listened to hear his light, elastic tread:—I listened in vain: he was lying cold on the field of battle.

—Rosa Montague! hapless maid, for whom he was so anxious to be promoted, that he might share his honors with thee—never, never more, unfortunate Rosa, shalt thou behold thy love! Mangled and bloody lies that comely form; and closed for ever is that bright sparkling eye.

I saw Deloraine laid in the grave: I covered his cold remains myself: it was an office I thought too sacred for any other to perform.—Before he was interred, I cut off two ringlets of his dark-brown hair: often had I admired them straying on his white polished forehead. One I reserved for myself, and the other I kept for Miss Montague.

Rain began to fall towards evening. I sat alone in my tent.—I sat in the exact place which I had occupied the preceding night. The chair that Deloraine had sat in had not been removed: the glass from which he had drank was still before it; I took it as a pilgrim

would take the reliques of a saint, and pressed it to my lips. Last night Deloraine was alive and well, gaily figuring to himself scenes of future happiness! I remembered his words, "We shall all be sitting here to-morrow night, relating the perils we have undergone, and the surprising feats of arms we have performed."

—That night was come:—where was Deloraine? Cold and in his grave!—The chill rain fell upon the turf that inclosed his generous breast!

I rushed from the tent: I flew to the spot where he was buried, and threw myself in agony on the damp mould that covered him. A soft voice aroused me:—it was that of Arlingham. He had awoke in my absence, and, missing me, guessed whither I was gone, and had come to seek me, though the rain was falling in torrents, and the wind blew piercing cold. I allowed him to lead me where he pleased. I was stupid with grief: the name of Deloraine put me in a phrensy:—it was never repeated in my hearing.

Bellona again sounded her brazen trumpet: again fierce Mars laid low many a father, husband, brother, and friend.—I fought with desperation: I was regardless of my safety.—Arlingham, like my guardian angel, shielded me from all danger. Twice I saw his blood spring in my defence. "I am not much hurt," said he in a low voice, as he sunk fainting on the ground. Like the fiend of destruction, I fought my way: fury and despair led me on: my sword was irresistible: blood flowed at every stroke. Careless of my life, I laid myself open to a thousand dangers: but fate reserved me for severer torments.

The day was decided in favor of the English: a complete victory was gained on our side.

At the close of the action, I sought the spot where Arlingham fell. I found him in the exact spot. He had half raised himself on one arm, and, with the other, he was endeavouring to stop the blood that flowed from his wounds. He lifted his pale face, as I approached, and smiled like an angel. I thought my feelings would have choked me. I could not speak. I raised him in my arms, and bore him to my tent. He fainted with the motion. I laid him gently on the bed. There was no one near to send for a surgeon: I could not leave him in the state he was in. I opened his waistcoat, to examine his wound. Merciful heaven! the alabaster breast of a woman presented itself to my view! "Am I in my senses?" exclaimed I: "Arlingham a woman!"—Yes, my friend: Arlingham and Maria were one and the same.—I stood like a statue. She opened her eyes: she pressed my hand. "You know all," said she in a soft mournful tone. "I have loved, I have died for you. Think kindly of me when I am gone.—I was left a forlorn orphan, and had none to help or advise me. At the first sight of you, fled the peace of my poor woe-begone heart. I loved, I adored, without the smallest hope of a return. God bless you! I feel I am dying: I do not wish to live, after the confession I have made." I clasped her in my arms:—with a gentle sigh, her mild spirit fled to its Maker; and the beautiful body fell back lifeless on my breast.—And Arlingham was a woman! I might have guessed it: her form and face but ill agreed with a

warrior's dress. Peace to thy manes, sweet saint! In my day and night thoughts I think of thee and Amelia! And thou, Deloraine, art thou forgotten? No! never, till this heart forgets to beat, shall thy memory depart from it.

Behold me, my friend, on my return to England, friendless and forlorn.—The white cliffs of Dover gladdened the mariners' hearts. The last time I had beheld them, Deloraine and Arlingham were standing by my side: now they were both gone, and in their graves. I covered my face with my hands: I wished myself at rest, as they were.

Amelia was all I lived for. Injured angel! what tears flowed down my wasted cheeks, when I thought of thee!—Emma was married, and Elinor resided with her. They started back when they beheld me:—I was only the ghost of my former self. I asked for Amelia. Emma and Elinor burst into tears; and their answer parted me and happiness for ever.—Amelia Colnbrook was dead!

I have hurried over the latter part of this memoir: my mind was in a state of distraction while I wrote even what I did. Do you now wonder, my friend, that I was melancholy and unhappy? With Amelia fled all my remaining hope of joy and comfort. I looked upon myself, and with justice, as her murderer—the destroyer of innocence. I have sinned deeply; and deeply have I suffered and repented. Mercy is the attribute of heaven; and the penitent has hopes of being forgiven: my repentance is sincere: may it atone for my crime! Amelia! Deloraine! Arlingham! I yet hope to meet you in heaven. Dear sainted

parents! you will welcome your erring but repentant son to the mansions of eternal joy and bliss.

Emma fell the victim of an unfortunate marriage. Elinor still lives happy in an adoring husband and lovely promising children. My brother is at present at Eton: he will soon be called upon to represent the house of Montalbert. To-day I have completed my twenty-eighth year: I shall not see the completion of another: the grave will be closed over me.—Farewell, my friend! May every earthly happiness be yours! Sometimes think of Montalbert; and remember that one moment of forgetfulness stamped his whole life with misery and remorse.

Montalbert died on the sixth anniversary of Amelia's death, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was, at his own request, buried by her side.

The DUTCH PATRIOTS of the Sixteenth Century.

[For the Preface and Introduction to this highly-interesting piece, see our last Number, page 111.]

BOOK I.

My theme shall be the gallant exploits of that generous people, who, with inferior numbers encountering the most formidable armies, and rising superior to every difficulty and defeat, achieved their liberty, revived their pristine glory, and—worthy descendants of the ancient Batavians—rescued their provinces from the Spanish yoke, and united them in happy accord. In vain a monarch, whose weighty sceptre threatened to crush the universe, rose up in arms to annihilate that valiant nation, who struggled against his

power: in vain those hell-born monsters, Tyranny and Fanaticism, seconding the efforts of the despot, plunged her into the abyss of misfortune: the Batavian burst his chain, and, rearing his victorious head amid surrounding ruin and desolation, laid the foundations of a new republic.

O Liberty! thou darling object of the first the noblest passion implanted in every human breast by that Almighty Independent Being who created the universe!—descend from heaven—inspire my voice—in my recital let mortals recognise thy energetic accents, and that æthereal flame which thy breath has kindled in my bosom! At sight of thee, may thy proud enemy, Despotism—may Licentiousness and Anarchy, who falsely assume thy name—disappear from the earth; and may thou alone, and equal laws, govern mankind! O Liberty! tutelar deity of the Batavian! 'twas you that fought so many battles in his defence; 'twas you that covered the bosom of the ocean with his numerous fleets; you created the soil on which he exists; you dug his canals; you erected his dykes; and 'tis your powerful arm that still supports them, unshaken by the rage of the warring elements. O Liberty! retrace before my eye the arduous toils which conducted him to that pinnacle of glory; render immortal, as the Batavian race, the name of the hero whom you thought worthy to be their guide.

The Belgian and the Batavian, united in one nation, groaned under the heavy pressure of an iron yoke. Philip, the most haughty of despots, had overthrown the sacred barrier of the laws, which had, during so many revolving

ages, marked the boundaries between the people and the throne. Those dauntless men, long accustomed to revere their chief as a father, not to dread him as a tyrant, now saw both force and fraud combined to compass their destruction; while the sceptre, which, in more virtuous times, had ever been the symbol of justice, was converted into a rod of oppression, a bloody instrument of murder and carnage.

Alva, at the bare sound of whose name every bosom shrinks with terror—Alva, who might deservedly claim the title of the darling son of victory, were he not deaf to the cries of the unfortunate—the savage Alva, brandishing the sword of tyranny which the Spanish monarch had committed to his hand, and smeared with the blood of heroes whom he had leveled in the dust—makes his appearance in Brussels at the head of his army, flushed with all the pride of insolent triumph. The unfortunate citizens see themselves henceforward bereft of defenders: of the number of their chiefs, some have perished in the field, others languish in chains; while that hero, whose prudence could foresee and whose courage could either avert or brave each impending danger—that chief, who had been called forth to support the liberties of Belgium—William—after the most brilliant successes, followed by a combat in which base treachery had snatched from his brow the palm of victory—seemed to have laid down his arms. No traces of him are any-where to be found: the report of his death spreads through every part of the country, like a rapid and destructive plague wafted on the baleful wings of a

pestilential blast. With downcast eye the citizens contemplate the tomb of their liberty; while the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Meuse, re-echo in their winding course the mournful sighs of the afflicted cities and plains.

The appalling sound reaches the gloomy dungeons where the illustrious defenders of their country's liberty lie entombed: chilled with horror, those heroes now for the first time feel the whole weight of their galling chains.

The nations of Europe, whose eyes were fixed in anxious expectation on the fate of Belgium, are penetrated by the most lively regret and indignation, while they see, from the example exhibited to their view, that there no longer exist any bulwarks, no longer any asylum, capable of screening mankind from the inroads of lawless tyranny. Rome, intoxicated with triumphant exultation, fondly anticipates the day when she shall again rear her humbled head, and see the prostrate world once more pay obeisance to the tiara; and Philip, whose proud heart now swells with additional arrogance, cherishes the flattering persuasion that no sublunary power shall henceforward be able to shake the solid foundations of his throne.

But Coligni*, who, on the banks of the Loire, was engaged in opposing the tyranny of the Medici, and that of the Guises, those turbulent chiefs of an audacious league, which, under the cloak of religion, concealed the most inordinate ambition—Coligni, together with the patriot troops around him, are plunged in the

* For an account of this hero's tragical death, see our Number for January, page 25.

most profound sorrow. The leader of this little army—the young Henry, whose name was destined one day to become so dear to the French nation, and to whom Coligni served both as a guide and a father—deeply regretted the loss of the hero.

“Your grief,” said he to Coligni, “is well founded: the Belgians are unfortunate: they have lost their defenders; and you are deprived of a friend, whom you have ineffectually supported in favor of that nation. The hero himself I have never seen: but, from the mouth of Famie, as well as from yours, I have heard of his noble designs, his valor, his victories. I feel a lively interest in his fate—in the fate of that nation which is persecuted by our common enemies, Philip and the Medici, and which henceforward seems to have hardly a remaining hope of escaping the evils of slavery—evils, under which we ourselves would perhaps soon be condemned to groan, if we had not still our weapons in our hands.”

“Your sorrow does honor to your feelings,” replied Coligni. “Alas! he has been snatched away by an untimely death! he, whom heaven seemed to have sent into the world as a saviour, to rescue a nation from the gripe of tyranny!—Already, in imagination, I hear the bitter taunts, the exultation, of the Spaniards sent by Alva to the camp of the Guises, and who persecute us, as the friends of the Belgian and of that renowned chief. But we shall yet humble their proud crests to the dust, and prove to mankind that the world is not totally destitute of men who have courage to unsheath the sword in defence of the injured rights of humanity.”

While yet he spoke, he fancied he heard the rumbling of distant thunder; and, turning his eyes, he saw the horizon obscured by a thick cloud of dust, which, increasing at each moment, rolled its dark volume over the echoing plain, and, suddenly bursting, disclosed to his view a warrior troop mounted on foaming steeds.—Struck with the features of their chief, Coligni was about to address him by name; but, the tide of sorrow recoiling on his imagination, he banished, as a delusive dream, the idea of his being yet in existence; when suddenly the two heroes rushed into each other's arms, and, closely locked in friendly embraces, mingled their souls in expressive silence.

“What!” at length exclaimed Coligni—“does William yet breathe the vital air? The Belgian has not then lost all his gallant defenders? and you come yourself in person to wipe away those tears which I shed for your supposed death?—Your fortunate arrival is to us a sure presage of approaching victory!”

“On the Belgic plains,” replied William, “we had a right to expect it: nor do we yet, my Coligni, despair of seeing the happy day which shall crown our efforts with ultimate success. But, lately victorious on the banks of the Meuse, you see us now betrayed, defeated, and compelled—though for no long period, I hope—to abandon to the fury of our tyrants that nation whom we had sworn to emancipate.—Happy, meanwhile, shall I esteem myself, if I can render any service to the cause in which you are embarked, and thus discharge at once the duties both of friendship and of gratitude.”

Henry was struck with admiration on contemplating the air of greatness and intrepidity, which, un-eclipsed by the clouds of misfortune, still beamed from the countenance of the hero.—Such is the rapture of the youthful architect in surveying an antique temple, which, supported by a stately range of durable columns, and triumphing over the destructive rage of time, looks down majestic on the surrounding ruins of meaner edifices, and becomes more venerable from the contrast. William; on the other hand, fixes his penetrating glance upon Henry, the pupil of nature and adversity: that noble frankness which is congenial to great souls—together with the conformity of their fate—instinctively unites their hearts by a sudden, an indissoluble tie: they rush into each other's embraces, and mutually pledge their vows of eternal friendship.

Coligni and Henry alternately embrace Lewis and Adolphus, the brothers of William, and his youthful son, Maurice, who had joined him on his route. They receive with due honor the brave Lumey—Douza, equally the favorite of Mars and of the Muses—Aldegonde—the other chiefs—and the valiant band of Batavians who marched under the auspices of the hero.

Approaching night now began to spread her sable mantle o'er the plains, when Coligni conducted his friend and the other chiefs to his pavilion, where darkness yielded to the blaze of numerous flambeaux, and a joyous banquet was prepared, to celebrate their arrival. Past grief is for a while drowned in social festivity: yet William from time to time casts his wistful eyes on the partners of

his fate:—in the mutual exchange of sorrowing looks, their griefs are renewed, and the deep-drawn sigh heaves their generous bosoms.—At the conclusion of the entertainment, Coligni conducts the Belgian hero to a lofty pavilion adjoining to his own.

Scarcely had Aurora tinged the blushing sky, when William quitted his tent, and, in search of solitude, was retiring to a sequestered rural spot which lay within the bounds of the camp. A band of Gallic warriors followed his steps at respectful distance, none presuming for a while to accost him. At length one of the number, laying aside his timid reserve, ventured to approach the hero, and thus addressed him—

“ Illustrious defender of an oppressed and ill-fated people! we penetrate the secret thoughts of your soul: the sight, the words of your friend have not been able to dispel the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your mind:—deign to seek relief from your cares by depositing them in our bosom. Long since have we heard the false reports disseminated throughout Europe by the industry of Philip, who fondly imagines that he has for ever crushed you. A voice, however, more observant of truth—the voice of Coligni—has given us more certain information respecting you and the Belgians: but, since heaven has favored us with an opportunity of hearing yourself in person, from your own lips let us learn the history of the misfortunes of Belgium—of your glorious exertions in the cause of freedom—and of the obstacles which fate has thrown in your way. Condescend to display to our eyes the eventful picture of the convulsions and struggles of

an extensive country, once a celebrated division of ancient Gaul. We Frenchmen feel a peculiar interest in its fate; nor are the other nations of the earth indifferent to the issue.—The valor of your warriors, the spirit of your patriots, are not yet subdued: the palm of liberty is not for ever snatched from their grasp: the hero who so brilliantly began his noble career, will, no doubt, resume it: your past misfortunes will only enhance your future glory.—But, while your friends lamented you as dead, by what providential interference has heaven screened you from the plots and the rage of your enemies, and safely conducted you to the arms of Coligni? Let the interesting story be imparted to us, as a spur to our courage, a support to our constancy.”

Henry, who from the foot of the Pyrenees had lately arrived in the camp, testifies the same desire. His youthful heart, fraught with the principles of justice, is a stranger to pride: he has not been corrupted by flattery; and, far from being offended by the language of liberty, he is worthy to hear it. Coligni, on the other hand, expresses his wish that his friend should, in its true colors, portray to Henry and the Gallic warriors that hideous despotism which arrogates to itself a right to load mankind with chains. The Batavians crowd around, and listen with attentive ear to the recital of events in which they are so deeply interested.

(To be continued.)

Notices of TURKISH Manners.

(From Abu Taleb's Travels.)

A TURK of the smallest conse-

quence never thinks of walking; and, to save this trouble, there are 100,000 small boats plying about Constantinople. These are all open, but handsomely painted, carved, and gilded, with soft cushions to sit on: they are rowed by one, two, or three men, and are procurable at all hours. On the quays, and in that part of the town which is not accessible to boats, there are a number of horses standing ready saddled for hire; so that a person may travel all over the city without walking twenty yards. The streets are narrow, badly paved, and, in winter, up to the horse's knees in mud: the concourse of people is notwithstanding so very great, that a stranger has much difficulty in getting along. The coffee-houses and barbers' shops in this city are innumerable. The Turks, though very indolent, are not fond of retirement or solitude; they therefore, immediately after breakfast, go to one of these places, where they sit, smoking, drinking coffee or sherbet, and listening to idle stories, the whole day. Their conversations are carried on in a loud tone of voice, and sometimes eight or ten persons talk at the same time; it is therefore impossible for a foreigner to understand what they are saying; and, in short, the societies in these coffee-houses are little better than an assembly of brutes. The rooms are also exceedingly dirty, and seldom afford any thing but thick coffee, and tobacco cheroots.

The inns of Constantinople are horrid places; and the only good accommodation for a traveller in this city, is at the French and English hotels in Galata.

The hot baths are also innume-

nable, but very filthy, and common to both sexes. The men use them from day-light till ten o'clock, and the women from noon till evening.

The Turkish dress is more expensive than that of any other people in the world, and is composed of the choicest manufactures of various nations. They use a great quantity of European broad-cloths and satins. From India they are supplied with muslins, and from Persia with shawls and embroidered silks. The trowsers of the higher classes are made of fine broad-cloth, but so wide that the skirts of half a dozen coats are with ease inclosed in them, and a person unaccustomed to wear them cannot move in them. Their caps, which they call *cavuk*, are also made of broad cloth, and do not weigh less than twelve or fourteen pounds. They wear four or five coats, made after the Arab fashion, over each other; the upper ones are of broad-cloth, and the inner one of satin; and over all they throw an immense long cloak: in short, their dress would be a heavy load for an ass; on this account, they avoid moving as much as possible, and, consequently, are deprived of taking exercise, or enjoying themselves in the fresh air, both of which would contribute greatly to their health and happiness.

During my travels in Turkey, I spent several days at the houses of the pashas; and I invariably observed, that, at an early hour of the morning, they entered the hall of audience, by a small door which communicated with the *haram* (women's apartment), and that they remained there till midnight, after which they retired into the *haram* by the same door.

During the whole day they never even looked into the garden, much less thought of going out, to walk or refresh themselves.

In Turkey, if a party consists of eighteen persons, there are three cloths laid in different parts of the room, on each of which are placed six cakes of bread. The master of the house, with the five superior guests, take their places at the upper table; the six next in rank take the second table; and the others the inferior one. A large tray is then brought in, containing a single dish, which is placed on the upper table: the master of the house, and his guests, immediately take one or two mouthfuls with their hands; the dish is then changed, and carried to the second table, when the party having helped themselves in the same manner, it is carried to the bottom table, and thence, in a few minutes, taken out. In this mode a succession of thirty dishes are frequently produced; but, before a person can tell whether he likes any particular dish, it is taken off, and perhaps replaced by a much inferior one. For soups, custards, rice, milk, &c. they make use of wooden spoons, which, being very shallow, and quite round, scarcely hold any thing, and only serve to dirty the table cloth, and spoil a person's clothes.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

A Tale, by MARGARET B.

(Continued from Vol. XLI. page 494.)

ELLEN laid her head upon her pillow, not to sleep, but to think of Captain Legoxton; and, when she did fall asleep, it was only to dream of the handsome officer.

"Well, Ellen," said Sir Fre-

derick to her the next morning at breakfast, "what do you think of my friend Legoxton?"—"He is very well," replied Ellen.—"Very well!" said Sir Frederick archly. "Do you think him nothing more?"

Ellen blushed.—"Why do you blush?" asked her brother.—"I don't blush," said Ellen.—"Ah! poor girl!" rejoined Sir Frederick: "I am afraid this formidable red-coat has robbed you of your heart."—"I wish you would hold your tongue: I am very angry with you."—"Ah!" said Sir Frederick, "I shall make amends for my fault before night."

About two o'clock, a thundering rap announced visitors: Ellen's heart beat: the door opened; and Sir Frederick, accompanied by Captain Legoxton, entered.

"Am I forgiven?" said Sir Frederick in a low voice.—Ellen smiled, and pushed him away.

"You see, madam," said Captain Legoxton, "I have not been long in making use of the invitation you so kindly gave me last night."—"I am happy to see you here," answered Lady Montgomery. "As the friend of my son, you are doubly welcome; and I hope you will soon cease to think yourself a stranger under my roof."

Captain Legoxton bowed, and thanked her in the most polite terms. "I hope," added he, looking towards Ellen, "that Miss Montgomery has experienced no bad effects from her last night's dance."—"None in the least," replied Ellen. "I hope you can tell the same."

"A soldier, Miss Montgomery," rejoined the captain, "would not need to be knocked

up with dancing, or I am afraid Britain would be but poorly guarded. She would long since have added to the triumphs of Bonaparte."

"By the bye, Ellen," interrupted Sir Frederick, "I must not forget to tell you that your beauty, Lady Charlotte Norington, was married last night."—"Indeed!" said Ellen: "pray, who is the happy man?"—"Nay, but you must guess," said Sir Frederick.—"Then I would guess Lord Stanly."—"No! no! you are far from the happy person: guess again."—"Oh! she has so many admirers, that I might guess the whole day, and never guess right."—"I really believe you would not," said Captain Legoxton.

"Whom says my mother?" asked Sir Frederick.—"Upon my word," answered Lady Montgomery, "I am as much at a loss as my daughter: but is it the Earl of Brudnell?"—"Pshaw! pshaw!" cried Sir Frederick: "you are worse than Ellen. I see I must tell you. It is that fascinating, elegant gentleman, Signor Squalini, to whom Lady Charlotte has given her fair hand."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lady Montgomery and Ellen.—"It is true, however," said Sir Frederick. "She eloped from her father's house last night, and was married; and, this morning, like a dutiful daughter, she begged her parents' blessing for their new son-in-law."

"Infatuated girl!" said Lady Montgomery. "Bitterly will she repent this step.—I pity her father and mother from my heart."—"They will have no more singing-masters for their daughters, I suppose," rejoined Sir Frederick,

"lest they should get another Italian for a son-in-law."

"Where is she now?" asked Ellen. "Has her father forgiven her?"—"Forgiven her!" repeated Sir Frederick. "He has turned her from his house, and forbidden even her name to be mentioned in his hearing."

Captain Legoxton protracted his visit as long as possible, and at last reluctantly took his leave.

Sir Frederick had now been nearly two months in London:—he observed with sincere pleasure the attachment that subsisted between his sister and Captain Legoxton, although no disclosure of their sentiments had yet taken place.—One morning, Sir Frederick was agreeably surprised by a visit from Captain Legoxton, who, in the most glowing terms, declared his love for Ellen, and requested Sir Frederick's permission to address her. To say that the consent of Sir Frederick followed this disclosure, is needless. Ellen, the modest, amiable Ellen, above the little arts of her sex, avowed at once the preference with which she regarded her lover, and, blushing as the orient morn, presented him her hand. Captain Legoxton received the precious present with rapture, and, on that day month, received from the hand of Sir Frederick the richest gift the world could bestow—a lovely, virtuous wife.

The happy couple, attended by Lady Montgomery and her son, set out for Broomly Park, the family seat of Captain Legoxton, and were welcomed, on their arrival, with every mark of attachment and respect. The neighbouring gentry vied with each other in paying them every attention in their power. Captain Legoxton

and his Ellen, happy in themselves, diffused happiness and joy to all around; and Broomly Park was the residence of mirth and gaiety.

After spending two months with the new-married couple, Lady Montgomery and her son bade them adieu, and set off for Montgomery Hall. On their arrival there, Sir Frederick received a letter from Sir Henry Fitz Allan, informing him of his mother's death, and of his intention of passing over to England that summer, along with Lady Fitz Allan, whom he stated to be in rather weak health. This letter gave Sir Frederick and his mother much pleasure, though it was considerably damped by hearing of Agnes's bad state of health.

In three weeks from the date of his letter, Sir Henry and his lady arrived at the Hall.—The meeting between Lady Montgomery and her daughter was truly affecting. It was three years since they had met.—But the joy of Lady Montgomery was not without alloy: the wasted form and pale countenance of Lady Fitz Allan raised dreadful alarms in her maternal heart. She snatched her little grandson to her heart, and on his innocent face shed the tears of anguish which the altered appearance of his once beautiful mother caused to flow.

Sir Frederick too observed the change, and, with great anxiety, mentioned it to Sir Henry, who attributed it to her close attendance on his deceased mother, but expressed his hopes that her native air would soon restore her to her usual health.

Sir Henry had not been long at the Hall, ere Sir Frederick inquired after the fair cottager:—

"I should rather ask that question of *you*," said Sir Henry laughing.—"Of me?" repeated Sir Frederick: "how could you ask it of me?"—"Upon my soul," repeated Sir Henry, "you affect astonishment most rarely. You are a sly rogue! Come! confess! was she not the companion of your journey from Ireland?"

"Explain yourself," demanded Sir Frederick: "for you speak in enigmas to me."—"The explanation will soon be made," returned Sir Henry. "The lady quitted the cottage on the same day that you quitted Killarney Castle; and it was generally reported and believed that she had gone off with you."

"It is a consummate falsehood," retorted Sir Frederick. "Till this moment I believed her in Ireland."—"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Sir Henry—"you are as much enraged as if I had laid swindling to your charge.—To be serious, then, the lady quitted the cottage on the same day that you quitted the castle, and has never since been heard of. Whether she be with you or not, I seek not to inquire."

"With me she is not," replied Sir Frederick: "and I am at a loss to guess what could have been the meaning of such a sudden flight."—"I am as ignorant as yourself," replied Sir Henry. "Her conduct has been all along a perfect mystery. But have done with the fair unknown: let us seek the ladies: they will think us the most stupid companions, to have left them the whole morning."

Sir Henry and Lady Fitz Allan spent the whole summer at the Hall: Lady Montgomery and Sir Frederick, with much difficulty,

prevailed on them to winter with them in London; and, in the latter end of autumn, they set off for the metropolis. The two ladies went in a close carriage, preceded by the gentlemen in a superb chariot of Sir Frederick's.

The gentlemen had arrived at Barnet, where they intended to remain for the night: the window of the room where they sat overlooked the inn yard: they were standing by it, when a chaise and four drove up to the door. A gentleman, closely wrapped up in a great coat, and with his hat slouched over his eyes, alighted, and, after speaking a few words to his servant, entered the house.

"The air from the open window feels rather chill," said Sir Henry. "I think I had better shut it."—"I think so too," replied Sir Frederick. "I will ring for the waiter, and order him to bring candles."

Lights were brought in obedience to their call; and, drawing their chairs towards the fire, they began to converse on different subjects. Sir Henry had addressed a question to his friend, and, surprised at not receiving an answer, raised his eyes.

(To be continued.)

RULES for the Preservation of BEAUTY.

(From the "Mirror of the Graces," by a Lady of Distinction.)

THE rules which I would lay down, for the preservation of the bloom of beauty during its natural life, are few, and easy of access. And, besides having the advantage of speaking from my own wide and minute observation, I have the authorities of the most eminent physicians of every age, to support my argument.

The secret of preserving beauty lies in three things:—Temperance, Exercise, Cleanliness. Under these few heads we shall find much good instruction. *Temperance* includes moderation at table, and in the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasures. A young beauty, were she fair as Hebe, and elegant as the Goddess of love herself, would soon lose these charms by a course of inordinate eating, drinking, and late hours.

I guess that my delicate young readers will start at this last sentence, and wonder how it can be that any well-bred woman should think it possible that pretty ladies could be guilty of either of the two first-mentioned excesses. But, when I speak of *inordinate* eating, &c. I do not mean feasting like a glutton, or drinking to intoxication. My objection is not more against the quantity than the quality of the dishes which constitute the usual repasts of women of fashion. Their breakfasts not only set forth tea and coffee, but chocolate and *hot* bread and butter. Both of these latter articles, when taken constantly, are hostile to health and female delicacy. The heated grease, which is their principal ingredient, deranges the stomach; and by creating, or increasing bilious disorders, gradually overspreads the before fair skin with a wan or yellow hue. After this meal, a long and exhausting fast not unfrequently succeeds, from ten in the morning till six or seven in the evening, when dinner is served up; and the half-furnished beauty sits down to sate a keen appetite with Cayenne soups, fish, French patées steaming with garlic, roast and boiled meat, game, tarts, sweetmeats, ices, fruit, &c.

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&c. &c. How must the constitution suffer under the digestion of this *mélange*! How does the heated complexion bear witness to the combustion within! And, when we consider that the beverage she takes to dilute this mass of food, and to assuage the consequent fever in her stomach, is not merely water from the spring, but Champagne, Madeira, and other wines, foreign and domestic, you cannot wonder that I should warn the inexperienced creature against intemperance. The superabundance of aliment which she takes in at this time is not only destructive of beauty, but the period of such repletion is full of other dangers. Long fasting wastes the powers of digestion, and weakens the springs of life. In this enfeebled state, at the hour when nature intends we should prepare for general repose, we put our stomach and animal spirits to extraordinary exertion. Our vital functions are overtaken and overloaded. We become hectic, (for observation strongly declares, that invalid and delicate persons should rarely eat solids after three o'clock in the day, as fever is generally the consequence) and thus, almost every complaint that distresses and destroys the human frame, may be engendered. Besides, when we add to this evil the present mode of bracing the digestive part of the body, in what is called *long stays*, to what an extent must reach the baneful effects of a protracted and abundant repast! Indeed, I am fully persuaded that long fasting, late dining, and the excessive repletion then taken into the exhausted stomach, with the tight pressure of steel and whalebone on the most susceptible parts of the frame then called into

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action — and the midnight, nay, morning hours, of lingering pleasure, — are the positive causes of colds taken, bilious fevers, consumptions, and atrophies. By the means enumerated, the firm texture of the constitution is broken ; and, the principles of health being in a manner decomposed, the finest parts fly off, and the dregs maintain the poor survivor of herself, in a sad kind of artificial existence. Delicate proportion gives place either to miserable leanness or shapeless fat. The once-fair skin assumes a pallid rigidity or a bloated redness, which the vain possessor would still regard as the roses of health and beauty.

To repair these ravages, comes the aid of padding, to give shape where there is none ; long stays, to compass into form the chaos of flesh ; and paints of all hues, to rectify the disorder of the complexion. But useless are these attempts. Where dissipation, disease, and immoderation, have wrecked the fair vessel of female charms, it is not in the power of *Æsculapius* himself to refit the shattered bark ; or of the Sirens, with all their songs and wiles, to conjure its battered sides from the rocks, and make it ride the seas in gallant trim again.

It is with pleasure that I turn from this ruin of all that is beautiful and lovely, to the cheering hope of preserving every charm unimpaired ; and by means which the most ingenuous mind need not blush to acknowledge.

The rules, I repeat, are few. Three have clearly been particularised ; namely *Temperance* : a well-timed use of the table, and so moderate a pursuit of pleasure, that the midnight ball, assembly, and theatre, shall not occur too often.

My next specific, is that of gentle and daily *Exercise* in the open air. This may be almost always obtained, either on horseback or on foot, in fine weather ; and, when that is denied, in a carriage. Country air, in the fields or in gardens, when breathed at proper hours, is the finest bracer of the nerves, and the surest brightener of the complexion. — But these hours are neither under the mid-day sun in summer, when its beams scorch the skin and set the blood in a boil ; nor beneath the dews of evening, when the imperceptible damps, saturating the thinly-clad limbs, send the wanderer home infected with the disease that is to lay her, ere a returning spring, in the silent tomb ! — Both these periods are pregnant with danger to delicacy and carelessness.

The morning, about two or three hours after sun-rise, is the most salubrious time for a vigorous walk. But, as the day advances, if you choose to prolong the sweet enjoyment of the open air, then the thick wood or shady lane will afford refreshing shelter from the too intense heat of the sun. — In short, the morning and evening dew, and the unrepelled blaze of a summer noon, must alike be ever avoided, as the enemies of health and beauty.

Cleanliness, my next recipe, (and which is, like the others, applicable to all ages,) is of most powerful efficacy. It maintains the limbs in their pliancy ; the skin in its softness ; the complexion in its lustre ; the eyes in their brightness ; the teeth in their purity ; and the constitution in its fairest vigor.

The frequent use of tepid baths is not more grateful to the sense

than it is salutary to the health, and to beauty. By such ablution, all accidental corporeal impurities are thrown off; cutaneous obstructions removed; and, while the surface of the body is preserved in its original brightness, many threatening disorders are put to the rout. Colds in the young, and rheumatic and paralytic affections in the old, are all dispersed by this simple and delightful antidote. By such means do the women of the East render their skins softer than that of the tenderest babes in this climate; and by such means is that health preserved, which, otherwise, the sedentary confinement of their lives must destroy.

This delightful and delicate oriental fashion is now, I am happy to say, embraced almost all over the Continent. From the villas of Italy, to the chateaux of France; from the castles of Germany, to the palaces of Muscovy; we may every where find the marble bath under the vaulted portico or the sheltering shade. Every house of every nobleman or gentleman, in every nation under the sun, excepting Britain, possesses one of these genial friends to cleanliness and comfort. The generality of English ladies seem to be ignorant of the use of any bath larger than a wash-hand basin. This is the more extraordinary to me, when I contemplate the changeable temperature of the climate, and consider the corresponding alterations in the bodily feelings of the people. By abruptly checking the secretions, it produces those chronic and cutaneous diseases so peculiar to our nation, and so heavy a cause of complaint.

This very circumstance renders

baths more necessary in England than any where else; for as this is the climate most subject to sudden heats and colds, rains and fogs, tepid immersion is the only sovereign remedy against their usual morbid effects. Indeed, so impressed am I with the consequence of this regimen, that I strongly recommend to every lady to make a bath as indispensable an article in her house as a looking-glass.

(To be continued.)

Recipe for ROSE-WATER.

(From the same Publication.)

TAKE two pounds of rose-leaves: place them on a napkin tied round the edges of a basin filled with hot water; and put a dish of cold water upon the leaves. Keep the bottom water hot; and change the water at top, as soon as it begins to grow warm. By this kind of distillation, you will extract a great quantity of the essential oil of the roses, by a process which cannot be expensive, and will prove very beneficial.

LIP-SALVE. — *From the same.*

A QUARTER of a pound of hard marrow, from the marrow-bone. Melt it over a slow fire. As it dissolves gradually, pour the liquid marrow into an earthen pipkin: then add to it an ounce of spermaceti, twenty raisins of the sun, stoned, and a small portion of alcanna-root, sufficient to color it a bright vermilion. Simmer these ingredients over a slow fire for ten minutes: then strain the whole through muslin; and, while hot, stir into it one teaspoon-ful of the balsam of Peru. Pour it out into the boxes in which it is to remain: it will there stiffen, and become fit for use.

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 121.)

SIX chariots now appeared at the foot of the temple, each drawn by four horses abreast, whose loud neighings, resounding hoofs, and trembling manes, express their impatience of delay, and their ardor for the course. Their drivers, standing erect in the chariots, holding in their left hands the reins, and in the right the whip ready to strike—their eyes fixed on the herald—anxiously wait the signal for departure. The trumpet is now raised to his lips; and they feel their hearts palpitate with increased emotion.

The trumpet sounds; and the trembling coursers rush forward with impetuosity. Their drivers slacken the reins, and animate them by their shouts, and by the application of the whip; bending forward, either that their voices may be better heard, or from their anxiety spontaneously impressing this attitude.

The multitude preserve the most solemn silence. The only sounds which are heard, are the strokes of the whip, the motion of the wheels, the voices of the charioteers, and the echoing hoofs of the coursers. The rapidity of the chariots raised a volume of dust in the air, previously calm and serene; and, like the moon in a clouded sky, which is alternately visible and concealed, so were the chariots by turns perceptible, and lost in the cloud of dust.

Presently a chariot, drawn by bay horses with black manes, gained sensibly on the others. The driver cherishes, with fond illusion, the hope of victory, and, in responsive sympathy to the applause which rends the air, flourishes his whip in triumphant cir-

cles. But his exultation was of short continuance; for a chariot, drawn by brown coursers, advanced with inconceivable swiftness:—they seemed to fly: to the eye of fancy, 'twas Pluto carrying away Proserpine. Their nostrils extended, their breath inflamed, their mouths covered with foam, and their eyes flashing fire, they ran, rapid as the wind, furious as the tempest.

Already their heads were on a line with the axle of the wheels of the chariot which preceded them, whose driver, observing their approach, felt his heart beat with violent agitation; and, calling aloud to his horses by their names, he endeavoured to animate their renewed exertions: and they, hearing the sound of their rivals' hoofs, redouble their efforts. The others dispute the victory with equal ardor; and, like a wave impelled by the fury of the tempest, advance with increasing rapidity. For a few paces they continue on the same line: the heads of the eight horses appear to belong to the same chariot.—The victory is doubtful, and the acclamations of the multitude are suspended: but, by a cruel caprice of fate, this noble struggle, of which the prize ought to have been gained by merit alone, is terminated by misfortune.

At the moment when the brown coursers were straining every nerve to outstrip the bays, the bolt, which held the wheel to the axle, was suddenly forced from the socket, and struck with violence one of the bays, which immediately fell, and in his fall carried the other three. The charioteer was instantly precipitated to the ground: the other chariot, having lost a wheel, is dragged along in

the dust:—the driver is overturned on the course; but the chariot, without a guide, still advanced towards the goal.

The four remaining chariots, which had been considerably behind, now that their drivers felt their hopes revived by the accident they had just witnessed, dispute the victory with energy. The chariot, drawn by white horses spotted with black, won the race. The victor advanced to the judge of the games, who presented him with a helmet and cuirass of steel, richly embossed with silver; on which was engraved a chariot, with this inscription in letters of gold—"The pains taken to acquire glory are well rewarded by its possession."—The unsuccessful competitors quit the course, to conceal their shame and disappointment; and the fallen charioteers receive every assistance from the nearest spectators.

The race was scarcely ended, when the sound of musical instruments was heard on the other side of the course, inviting the multitude to witness a new exhibition. The populace hastily crowd to the scene, like a swarm of bees, whom the shepherd recalls to their abandoned home by the attractive sound of the tinkling cymbal. The lists are opened for gymnastic exercises: a group of pugilists, armed with the gauntlet, appear ready for the combat. Joy and exultation is expressed on the features of many, who will be carried away, covered with blood, and dying, in the arms of their friends.

Phaon had not yet appeared, though he was celebrated for his skill in these games:—perhaps he wished to make his presence desired; for the multitude already

expressed their impatience by repeatedly calling for him.

Sappho, according to her usual custom, was an attentive spectator: and, when she heard the cries of the populace, she felt the most ardent curiosity to behold the object whose renown excited such universal expressions of desire. She wished to compare his person with his reputation. At length murmurs of approbation are heard, which swelling into tumultuous shouts of applause, Phaon, to the great mortification of his rivals, and to the extreme satisfaction of the spectators, appeared at the barrier.

This day, he had chosen the exercise of wrestling: a light buskin displayed to advantage the beauty of his naked leg: an azure tunic, fastened round his waist with a golden belt, fell gracefully on his knees. His looks, full of manly assurance, are directed to the wrestlers, and seem to challenge a rival; when a native of Crete, of extraordinary size, stepped forward, and, throwing aside his cloak, showed himself entirely naked, with the exception of the cincture worn by wrestlers according to custom. His limbs, inured to this exercise, were embrowned by the burning rays of the summer's sun: his body was covered with hair; and his strong-marked muscles expressed the strength of a Hercules.

Phaon immediately threw off his tunic, and exhibited to the delighted spectators the most perfect forms of beauty combined with strength: his limbs were not of so powerful a proportion as those of his rival; but they were moulded with the most exquisite harmony: his muscles were not so strongly expressed; yet their swell was

distinctly marked: his cheeks, shaded with a light down, were fresh as the rose in the morning; and, in attempting to paint their beauty, it would be necessary to recur to the old comparisons of roses and lilies.

The minds of the spectators are in suspense; but all accord in their secret wishes. Charmed with the beauty of the young wrestler, they anxiously hope that he may gain the prize, or, at least, that he may retire from the combat without receiving any serious injury: and, when the monstrous strength of his rival was compared with the delicacy of Phaon's members, it was natural to feel the most tender interest.

While the minds of the spectators remained in doubtful suspense, the two wrestlers examine each other with minute attention: they advance—retire—approach slowly, and at length close.—The Cretan came with his arms widely extended, less with the intention to clasp Phaon, than to suffocate him: but Phaon, eluded his embrace with agility, and, suddenly stooping, passed under his arms; he then turned round with the rapidity of lightning, and fastened on his adversary's right side. The Cretan tears himself from his grasp by an immense effort, before his rival had time to fix his hold: they examine each other afresh—the Cretan trembling to behold, that, even at the beginning of the combat, he had been on the point of falling under the address of a youth whose courage appeared to him the height of temerity. His wounded pride shuts out all feeling of pity from his soul: revenge adds rage to his cruelty; and, with his head bent down, he rushes on Phaon like a

furious bull assailed by the shepherd.

The agility of Phaon increases with the danger; and, seising with both hands the head of his adversary directed against his breast, with surprising address he placed himself by a leap on the back of his antagonist, who, having exerted all his strength, to bear down his rival, and not meeting with the expected resistance, fell, with his face on the ground, and measured his length in the dust.

Phaon, according to the laws of wrestling, waited till his adversary got up again. Meantime, the spectators, who had remained mute and motionless while the combat continued doubtful, now gave utterance to their applause, and vented their laughter at the weighty fall of his gigantic antagonist, who arose slowly from the ground, his face covered with dust.

The Cretan, furious with revenge, gnashing his teeth, and his eyes flashing fire, soon recovered from his fall, and returned to the combat. The wrestlers approach, and hold each other closely embraced. In this position they remain for some time, each cautiously endeavouring to take advantage of his adversary, and exhibit to the delighted eyes of the multitude the contrast of a most beautiful youth engaged in combat with a hideous satyr. Impatient for victory, the Cretan began to shake his rival, in order to throw him to the ground: but, like the reed which bends to the violence of the winds, Phaon yields with agility to all the movements of his adversary.—At last, seising a favorable opportunity, he slides dexterously his right

foot on the inside of the left leg of his rival, and, striking him at the same moment on the breast, the colossus totters and falls. Phaon remains firm on his feet, freed from the embrace of the Cretan, whose arms quit their hold, to save his fall.

Phaon, proclaimed victor by the unanimous voice of the assembly, turned on the people his eyes sparkling with joy and delight; and their lustre was increased by the glory he had just acquired. The Cretan arose confused and ashamed, and retired amid the hisses and derision of the multitude.

(*To be continued.*)

Curious Mode of collecting TITHES in Ireland.

(From Sir Jonah Barrington's "*Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between Great-Britain and Ireland.*")

THE following mode of collecting tithes in parts of the county of Mayo, Sligo, &c., being those very parishes and districts where the French army under General Humbert was so cordially received by the unfortunate peasantry in 1803, may give some idea, &c.

The protestant clergyman generally lets his tithes to a proctor, or farmer: the wealthy parishioners rent *theirs* from the proctor upon reasonable terms, which prevents their interference. The remaining tithes of the parish, being those of the peasants, are then advertised to be *canted* (a sort of auction) at some alehouse: the bidding commences at *night*, frequently so late as eleven or twelve o'clock:—the proctor (and in *some* instances the rector) superintends the sale; each cottager's tithe is set up distinctly; and every bidder, according to the liberality of his advance, gets a

glass or two of strong whiskey, to *encourage* him: the cottager's pride to purchase his own tithe increases with his ebriety; puffers are introduced; the sale raised; and, when the cottager is at length declared the buyer, a promissory note is drawn *for* him; he, being totally illiterate, puts his *mark* to it; and, when he awakes next day from his intoxication, he is informed of the nature of his purchase. This *cant* generally lasts several nights. The cottager (if not punctual) is then served with a law process, called a civil bill, for the amount of the note; a decree, with *costs*, of course, issues against him; and the blanket (his children's covering), or the potatoes (his *only* food), are sold to pay the expenses of the proceeding.—The attorney and proctor understand each other, the costs of recovering a *crown* often exceeding a guinea;—and the catholic peasant, instead of a *tenth*, frequently yields up the *whole* of his scanty, miserable crop, to support a pastor of the protestant establishment.

Unable either to bear or counteract the oppressions of tithe-proctors, the beggared peasant becomes discontented, gradually riotous, and at length desperate; and the catastrophe generally concludes by the parishioners (*illegally*) cutting the proctor's ears off, and the proctor (*according to law*) hanging the parishioners.

Tithes of a very uncommon description are also occasionally demanded in Ireland.—One species of tithing is peculiarly proper to be recorded.—The Reverend L*** B***†, protestant rector of

† We forbear to name the parson, though named by Sir Jonah. EDIT.

S** (County Sligo), thought proper, without any lawful authority, to levy a sum of one shilling and eight pence, each, from the cottagers in his parish, under pretence of *tithe*, which he denominated "*Family-Money*."—This imposition was at length resisted by a peasant of the name of Gilgan: however, two magistrates of that county, T** S** and W** G**, Esqrs. summoned Gilgan before them, and S** absolutely granted a warrant to sell the peasant's furniture (such as it might be) for *one shilling* and eight pence, *family-money*, with *nine shillings* and eleven pence halfpenny costs; and, accordingly, an iron pot, in which this wretched peasant boiled his potatoes, was sold by public auction for 9s. 2d. and the Reverend Mr. B** pocketed the *purchase-money*.—But Mr. Barrett, a humane attorney, having taken up the case, damages were recovered against the parson.—It is unfortunate, however, that this transaction never came either before the Bishop or the Chief Justice—and both the clergyman and magistrate remain *in statu quo*.

MYSTERIOUS WARNINGS.

(From "*Wieland or the Transformation, an American Tale*," by B. C. BROWN.)

WIELAND, the hero of the tale, sees and hears, at different times and in different places, strange sights and mysterious voices, which he conceives to be divine warnings—clear expressions of the will of Heaven, commanding him to do certain things to which he naturally felt a repugnance. In the sequel, he thus describes the transactions, together with his own sensations and motives

It is needless to say that God is the object of my supreme passion. I have cherished in his presence a single and upright heart.

I have thirsted for the knowledge of his will. I have burned with ardor to approve my faith and my obedience.

My days have been spent in searching for the revelation of that will; but my days have been mournful, because my search failed. I solicited direction. I turned on every side where glimmerings of light could be discovered. I have not been wholly uninformed: but my knowledge has always stopped short of certainty. Dissatisfaction has insinuated itself into all my thoughts. My purposes have been pure; my wishes indefatigable; but not till lately were these purposes thoroughly accomplished, and these wishes fully gratified.

I thank thee, my Father, for thy bounty; that thou didst not ask a less sacrifice than this; that thou placedst me in a condition to testify my submission to thy will! What have I withheld which it was thy pleasure to exact? Now may I, with dauntless and erect eye, claim my reward, since I have given thee the treasure of my soul.

I was at my own house: it was late in the evening: my sister had gone to the city, but proposed to return. It was in expectation of her return that my wife and I delayed going to bed beyond the usual hour; the rest of the family, however, were retired.

My mind was contemplative and calm; not wholly devoid of apprehension on account of my sister's safety. Recent events, not easily explained, had suggested the existence of some danger; but this danger was without a distinct form in our imaginations, and scarcely ruffled our tranquillity.

Time passed, and my sister did not arrive; her house is at some distance from mine, and though her arrangements had been made with a view to residing with us, it was possible that, through forgetfulness, or the occurrence of unforeseen emergencies, she had returned to her own dwelling.

Hence it was conceived proper that I should ascertain the truth by going thither. I went. On my way, my mind was full of those ideas which related to my intellectual condition. In the torrent of fervid conceptions I lost sight of my purpose. Sometimes I stood still; sometimes I wandered from my path, and experienced some difficulty, on recovering from my fit of musing, to regain it.

The series of my thoughts is easily traced. At first every vein beat with raptures known only to the man whose parental and conjugal love is without limits, and the cup of whose desires, immense as it is, overflows with gratification. I know not why emotions that were perpetual visitants should not have recurred with unusual energy. The transition was not new from sensations of joy, to a consciousness of gratitude. The Author of my being was likewise the dispenser of every gift with which that being was embellished. The service to which a benefactor like this was entitled could not be circumscribed. My social sentiments were indebted to their alliance with devotion for all their value. All passions are base, all joys feeble, all energies malignant, which are not drawn from this source.

For a time my contemplations soared above earth and its inhabitants. I stretched forth my

hands; I lifted my eyes, and exclaimed, "O! that I might be admitted to thy presence! that mine were the supreme delight of knowing thy will, and of performing it! —the blissful privilege of direct communication with thee, and of listening to the audible enunciation of thy pleasure!"

"What task would I not undertake, what privation would I not cheerfully endure, to testify my love of thee? Alas! thou hidest thyself from my view: glimpses only of thy excellence and beauty are afforded me. Would that a momentary emanation from thy glory would visit me! that some unambiguous token of thy presence would salute my senses!"

In this mood, I entered the house of my sister. It was vacant. Scarcely had I regained recollection of the purpose that brought me hither. Thoughts of a different tendency had such absolute possession of my mind, that the relations of time and space were almost obliterated from my understanding. These wanderings, however, were restrained, and I ascended to her chamber.

I had no light, and might have known by external observation that the house was without any inhabitant. With this, however, I was not satisfied. I entered the room; and the object of my search not appearing, I prepared to return.

The darkness required some caution in descending the stairs. I stretched my hand to seize the balustrade, by which I might regulate my steps. How shall I describe the lustre which at that moment burst upon my vision?

I was dazzled. My organs were bereaved of their activity. My eye-lids were half closed, and my

hands withdrawn from the balustrade. A nameless fear chilled my veins, and I stood motionless. This irradiation did not retire or lessen. It seemed as if some powerful effulgence covered me like a mantle.

I opened my eyes, and found all about me luminous and glowing. It was the element of heaven that flowed around. Nothing but a fiery stream was at first visible; but, anon, a shrill voice from behind called upon me to attend.

I turned. It is forbidden to describe what I saw. Words, indeed, would be wanting to the task. The lineaments of that being, whose veil was now lifted, and whose visage beamed upon my sight, no hues of pencil or of language can portray.

As it spoke, the accents thrilled to my heart. "Thy prayers are heard. In proof of thy faith, render me thy wife. This is the victim, I choose. Call her hither, and here let her fall."—The sound, and visage, and light vanished at once.

What demand was this? The blood of Catharine was to be shed! My wife was to perish by my hand! I sought opportunity to attest my virtue. Little did I expect that a proof like this would have been demanded.

"My wife!" I exclaimed: "O God! substitute some other victim. Make me not the butcher of my wife. My own blood is cheap. This will I pour out before thee with a willing heart; but spare, I beseech thee, this precious life, or commission some other than her husband to perform the bloody deed."

In vain. The conditions were prescribed; the decree had gone

forth, and nothing remained but to execute it. I rushed out of the house, and across the intermediate fields, and stopped not till I entered my own parlour.

My wife had remained here during my absence, in anxious expectation of my return with some tidings of her sister. I had none to communicate. For a time I was breathless with my speed. This, and the tremors that shook my frame, and the wildness of my looks, alarmed her. She immediately suspected some disaster to have happened to her friend, and her own speech was as much overpowered by emotion as mine.

She was silent, but her looks manifested her impatience to hear what I had to communicate. I spoke, but with so much precipitation as scarcely to be understood, catching her at the same time by the arm, and forcibly pulling her from her seat.

"Come along with me: fly: waste not a moment: time will be lost, and the deed will be omitted. Tarry not; question not; but fly with me!"

This deportment added afresh to her alarms. Her eyes pursued mine, and she said, "What is the matter? For God's sake, what is the matter? Where would you have me go?"

My eyes were fixed upon her countenance while she spoke. I thought upon her virtues; I viewed her as the mother of my babes; as my wife: I recalled the purpose for which I thus urged her attendance. My heart faltered, and I saw that I must rouse to this work all my faculties. The danger of the least delay was imminent.

I looked away from her, and

again exerting my force, drew her towards the door—"You must go with me, indeed you must."

In her fright she half resisted my efforts, and again exclaimed, "Good heaven! what is it you mean? Where go? What has happened? Have you found Clara?"

"Follow me, and you will see," I answered, still urging her reluctant steps forward.

"What phrensy has seised you? Something must needs have happened. Is she sick? Have you found her?"

"Come and see. Follow me, and know for yourself."

Still she expostulated, and besought me to explain this mysterious behaviour. I could not trust myself to answer her; to look at her; but grasping her arm, I drew her after me. She hesitated, rather through confusion of mind than from unwillingness to accompany me. This confusion gradually abated, and she moved forward, but with irresolute footsteps, and continual exclamations of wonder and terror. Her interrogations of "what was the matter?" and "whither was I going?" were ceaseless and vehement.

It was the scope of my efforts not to think; to keep up a conflict and uproar in my mind, in which all order and distinctness should be lost; to escape from the sensations produced by her voice. I was therefore silent. I strove to abridge this interval by my haste, and to waste all my attention in furious gesticulations.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
Sir,

I WAS in hopes that some of your correspondents, better quali-

fied than your humble servant, would, in your last Number, have furnished Miss *Hannah Home-spun* with the information which she requested in your Magazine for February (p. 77) respecting the use of *negatives*, and the power of *two negatives* to produce *an affirmative*; but, as I do not see that any one else has undertaken the task, I shall, with your permission, endeavour to satisfy her as well as I can.

One *negative*, added to any assertion, *denies* what that assertion affirms—destroys its meaning, and makes it to signify something either diametrically opposite, or at least very different. For example, "*He is alive*"—add the negative, and say "*he is NOT alive*"—you make it quite the reverse, viz. "*he is dead*:"—"He feels sickness"—"*he feels NO sickness*"—then "*he enjoys good health*:"—"He moves"—he NEVER moves"—then "*he ALWAYS rests*;"—"He will eat"—"*he will eat NOTHING*"—then "*he will fast*."

This effect of the single negative is so clear and obvious, that I should not have thought it worthy of notice, but for the purpose of showing, from it, how one negative operates against another.

As the added *negative* destroys the effect of an *affirmative* phrase, so it likewise destroys the meaning of a *negative* phrase:—in short, it equally destroys the effect of any phrase, negative or affirmative, to which it is joined. Then, "*He will eat nothing*," being (as above shown) equivalent to "*he will fast*"—the addition of another negative, viz. "*he will not eat nothing*," produces a quite contrary sense, viz. "*he will not fast*," but "*he will eat*," so that "*he will not eat nothing*" is pre-

cisely equivalent to "he *will* eat *something*." So the school-boy correctly understood the matter, under the following circumstances. On his complaining, at an undue hour, that he was hungry, and had "*nothing to eat*," his master jocularly replied, "Eat *that* first,"—meaning that he should "*eat nothing*," i. e. that "he should *fast*;" to which the boy archly replied, "I *don't* like it, Sir," i. e. "I *don't* like to eat *nothing*," or "I *don't* like to *fast*;" but "*I do like to eat SOMETHING*."

The same rule applies to the other negatives; and one more example will be sufficient. "He has *never* told the truth" is equivalent to "He has *always* told *falsehoods*:"—add another negative, viz. "He has *not never* told the truth;" and it becomes equivalent to "He has *not always* told *falsehoods*," or "he *has*, at some time or other, told the truth."

Hence Miss Homespun will perceive that her brother—however reprehensible on the score of politeness—is grammatically correct in maintaining, that, when she "*does not* tell a secret to *nobody*," she "*does* tell it to *somebody*"—and that, if she "*does not* care *nothing*" for the amiable and accomplished Mr. Mildmay, she certainly "*does* care *something*" for him. A moment's consideration will convince her of this: for, if she "*cares nothing*" for him, she "*is indifferent*" with respect to him: then, by adding the negative (*not* care *nothing*), she "*is not* indifferent," but feels for him a regard, or an interest, or an affection, or whatever else she may think proper to term it.

And here let me add, that this point is so clearly understood by all well-educated persons, that

they would as soon say "*No*" to mean "*Yes*," or "*Yes*" to signify "*No*," as use a double negative, when they mean to *deny*. And such are, in general, their ideas on the subject, that the utterance of a single phrase with the plebeian junction of two negatives is, in their estimation, sufficient to affix on the speaker the brand of *vulgarity*, and want of education; wherefore I would earnestly caution your fair readers (*if* any of them need to be cautioned) against ever imitating the vulgar practice of combining *two negatives* for the purpose of *denying*.

In the above remarks upon negatives, I do not include the adverb "*NO*," as that single monosyllable always forms a complete sense by itself, and *cannot* be connected with any other negative. For example, "*Have you seen him?*"—"No: *never*." Here the two negatives are wholly independent of each other, and make two distinct answers. "*No*" is, of itself, equivalent to "*I have not seen him*," and is a complete answer; while "*Never*" is a repetition of the same answer, only somewhat more forcibly expressed, "*I have never seen him*."

Exclusive of the adverb "*No*," there are cases where two negatives may properly be used, but in a very different sense from that in which they are employed by the vulgar. For example, "He will *not* work for *nothing*;" which means, not that he "*is unwilling to work at all*," but that "*he will not work gratuitously*"—that "*he does not choose to work without being paid*"—leaving us to suppose that "*he is willing to work, if he be paid*."

Before I conclude, allow me to trespass a little further on your

patience and your paper, to describe a simple mechanical contrivance, by which I practically impressed the rule for negatives on the memory of a young lady of my acquaintance, who, from the effects of a country education, was in the constant habit of vulgarly combining them in pairs.

On the top of a card, I wrote the word "*Nothing*;" and, reversing the card to bring the other end uppermost, I there wrote "*Something*;" on other cards, in like manner, I wrote "*Nothing*" and "*Any thing*"—" *Nobody*" and "*Somebody*"—" *Nobody*" and "*Any body*." Then, sticking these cards by turns in the card-rack, and reversing them as occasion required, so as to expose to view sometimes the *affirmative*, and sometimes the *negative*, while, in each case, the opposite writing was concealed from her sight, I asked her to tell me what she *did* see, and what she *did not* see; to which questions she of course answered, according as either end of the card was uppermost, "I see *nothing*, and I do *not* see *any thing*"—"I do *not* see *nothing*, and I do see *something*"—"I see *nobody*, and I do *not* see *any body*"—"I do *not* see *nobody*, and I do see *somebody*."

By a frequent repetition of this simple exercise, I soon succeeded in reclaiming my young friend from her vulgar habit of doubling the negatives.

And now, Sir, I shall conclude my remarks on the subject, by quoting, for the amusement of your fair readers, a most notable example of accumulated negatives, which I lately heard a teacher propose to his pupil as a grammatical problem, viz. "I *don't never*

care *nothing* for *nobody*—*no, not* 1;" and the question to be solved was, whether this curious phrase amounted, on the whole, to a *negation* or an *affirmation*. JUAN.

GREY HAIR.—*An Anecdote.*

Mr. B***t, a member of the American congress, was remarkable for grey, or rather snow-white hair, with a very florid complexion; while, notwithstanding a considerable degree of vigor and activity, the hand of Time had very legibly written on his forehead that he had seen his best days.—This gentleman had, from books and conversation, collected many curious anecdotes of premature hoariness, and of hair suddenly turned grey by the effect of excessive grief, terror, &c.; and these anecdotes he was fond of repeating in company.

One day, when he had, to a numerous circle, related some of the most wonderful of those stories, a gentleman present observed that he felt not the smallest hesitation in believing the truth of them, after what he had himself witnessed: "for," continued he, "a friend of mine, being benighted on a journey, and having mistaken his road, came to the high, steep bank of a river, instead of a ford where he had intended to cross. Not seeing his danger in the dark, he fell headlong into the water with his horse: but, luckily keeping his seat, he escaped drowning, as the animal swam with him down the stream, until he came to a safe and easy landing-place. So great, however, was the shock and fright which he experienced in his fall, that it suddenly turned to grey a black scratch wig, which he had on at the time!!!"

LONDON MORNING and EVENING FULL DRESS.

1. *EVENING dress*, actually worn at the Duchess of Gordon's ball.—A slip of yellow satin under a black lace dress. Turban hat of yellow crape and satin, with two brown feathers.

2. *Morning dress*.—A pelisse of pale yellow silk, spotted with purple, and trimmed with ribbon of purple, with a yellow edge. Bonnet of the same materials as the pelisse.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or ends of verses to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option.

{.....Lend	{..... Seems
{..... Attend	{..... Beams
{..... Prime	{..... Spray
{..... Clime	{..... Play
{..... Sphere	{..... Rose
{..... Appear	{..... Disclose
{..... Ground	{..... Few
{..... Abound	{..... Review

They may be employed in any of these four ways—forward or backward, as here given—or transposed for alternate rhyme, thus—forward, Lend, prime, attend, clime, &c.—backward, Review, disclose, few, rose, &c.—The completions will be admissible until the fifteenth of June.

P O E T R Y.

The SNOW-DROP.

FET. Winter rude has ceas'd to reign,
Or summon'd hence his boisterous train,
The snow-drop dares appear.
Emerging from its icy bed,
With modest grace it lifts its head,
To hail the new-born year.

Emblem of innocence and youth!
Of virgin purity and truth!
First seen of Flora's train,
Fro, on young Zephyr's top'd wing,
We hail the renovating spring
Descending on the plain!

Thou, rob'd in nature's simplest white!
To me thy form imparts delight;

For now, with Fancy's aid,
All Flora's page I read in thee,
Her endless, gay variety,
That soon will be display'd.

The crocus, daisy, primrose pale,
With cowslips, lilies of the vale,
And violets blue, and white;
And all that spring from nature's womb,
I'erhale around their rich perfume,
Or charm the ravish'd sight.

Then, little flow'r, should Boreas blow
With chilling sweep, and drifting snow
Thy tender frame invest—
I'll pluck thee gently from the storm,
And place thy little pensile form
Upon Louisa's breast.

N. Petherton.

ANONYMOUS.

The TWO NEGATIVES.

Two negatives, 'Chloe, (our grammars declare)

To produce an affirmative, join.---

My suit you've twice negativ'd! Thus, my sweet Fair, [mine!

You have clearly affirm'd you'll be

Come! name but the day! to the altar we'll haste, [love.

That young Hymen may sanction our
Without negative, then a pure bliss, we shall taste,

That will ever affirmative prove. J.C.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed in our Magazine for February.

Hymn, by EUGENIA.

WHAT various beauties round me spring,
Where'er my wand'ring footsteps rove!
To thee, my God! I'll grateful sing
The countless bounties of thy love.

The flocks that graze the verdant hill,
Each bird that flies—to instinct true—
Shall bless the hand that feeds them still,
Shall raise the note of praise to you.

To thee, my God! my vows I've sworn:
Oh! may my heart thy judgements fear!

'Tis guilt alone can plant a thorn:
But guilt ne'er dwells in heart sincere.

Should adverse fortune raise a sigh
Within this recreant breast of mine,

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



London: Fashionable Morning & Evening Dress

Nº 4 1811

To thy blest courts, my God! I'll fly,
Where glorious saints around thee shine.
* * * We are sorry to observe to the inge-
nious author that one or two letters appear
to have miscarried.

Another Completion, by J. M. L.

"FROM love what pangs of sorrow spring!"
Thus may the love-sick poet sing:
Wild as the bee, still let me rove;
Nor give me grief, in giving love.
Love is, for me, too steep a hill:
And, if the summit's grief, oh! still
Let me, my Muse, to thee be true,
Contented still with verse and you:
Yet for Love's vot'ry I'd be sworn,
Did I not dread a hidden thorn.
Oh! then some fair one end my fear:
Show me what 'tis to be sincere:
No more I then shall heave the sigh,
No more from Love's enchantments fly.
Bliss with some fair may then be mine,
And peaceful moments round us shine!

PARANOMASION LUXURY.

An Imitation of the French Epigram pro-
posed in our Magazine for February.

YOUR treats are serv'd on costly plate, so
bright, [light:
Thy eyes may feast with exquisite de-
But hunger, Sir, the stomach's foe, will
tell ye, [the belly:
That, while you feast the sight, you starve
For hunger's blind: then what avails a
dish

Of glitt'ring silver, without flesh or fish?
When next you wish to give your friends
a treat, [the meat;
With half the pomp, pray give us twice
Or, for poor stomach balk'd, to compen-
sate,

Permit each guest to bear away his plate.
N. Pitherton. ANONYMOUS.

Another, by EUGENIA.

YOUR table, I grant, Sir, is cover'd with
plate; [great--
And all, to appearance, is splendid and
A feast for the eyes—a fine show to be
seen--

But nothing at all for the appetite keen.
I wish, that, in future, you'd treat us with
meat, [to eat,
And present us, at table, with something
Or allow, else, each guest with his plate
to repair

The loss of a dinner, or seek it elsewhere.

Another, by J. C.

BORN your taste and your riches your
table displays, [a blaze:
While with high-fashion'd silver 'tis all in

But, amid this vain splendor, so scant is
your treat, [to eat.
That our hunger can't find half sufficient
For mercy, when next you invite us, we
cry-- [the eye;
Give us more for the belly, and less for
Or--to make us amends for thus fasting
in state-- [his plate.
Did each guest, after dinner, to pocket

EDWARD'S GRAVE.

(From Mr. Skurray's Poems.)

UNDER you tufted billock's hallow'd
mould,
In quiet silence sleeps the prattling boy.
Close'd are thine eyes: thy little heart is
cold-- [joy!
Thy mother's darling, and thy father's
The modest flowret open'd to the sun,
Show'd its faint blush, and sipp'd the
sparkling dew:
Its color faded, and its tints were gone,
While yet it blossom'd in the parents'
view.

The father's frantic bosom knows no rest;
Through the long night the childless
mother weeps.-- [breast:
Cease, parents! cease to beat the tortur'd
The lovely Edward is not dead, but sleeps!

THE MINER.

(From "Feeling," a Poem.)

..... MY thoughts dejected stray
Where the poor miner wears his youth
away. [light,
In Idria's depths, hid from the day's fair
He plies his toil in never-ending night.
In vain for him the year's sweet changes
roll: [soul.
They bring no transport to his joyless
Let winter come, array'd in sombre
charms, [warms.
'Tis Freedom's sons his awful beauty
Let smiling Spring pour her fresh op'a-
ing bloom,

It glads not him pent in a living tomb.
The summer bow'r, the path which would
invite [night,
The lover's step, the stroll at closing
The converse chaste, beneath the starry
heav'n, [giv'n,
Where a pure foretaste of its joys is
Lost, lost to him! as vain shall Autumn
spread [bed,
Her yellow leaves, to form a fragrant
Where, at his ease, in sweet repose re-
clin'd, [mind,
The child of feeling cons, with pensive
The awful lesson on his heart impress'd,
By with'ring groves, so late in verdure
dress'd.

The Pause of Suspense before Battle.
(From Miss Holford's "Walter, or the
Fight of Falkirk.")

Yes, it is come! that pause of dread,
Whose silent interval precedes
Men's falt'ring footsteps, as they tread
Tow'rd sanguinary deeds!
There is an hour, whose pressure cold
Comes even to the hero's breast!
Each warrior's heart of human mould,
Howe'er intrepid, fierce, and bold,
Has still that hour confess'd.
It is not where the battle-storm
Hurles along th' affrighted skies,
It is not where Death's hideous form,
His threat'ning voice and piercing cries,
Shriek in our ears, and scares our eyes;
It is not where the slogan shout
Has sent the deathword 'mid the rout,
Nor 'mid the hail of the arrowy show'r,
Nor when we see the life-blood pour;
It comes not then—that ghastly hour!
'Tis in the breathless pause before,
While yet unwash'd with human gore,
Our thoughts 'mid dreams of terror roam,
And sadly muse on things to come!
Then shudd'ring nature half recoils,
And half forbids th' inhuman toils!
But 'tis too late; the die is cast!
The Furies bid to the repast!
Oh! from the cradle to the tomb,
Comes there no hour so fraught with
gloom, [other's doom!
As that ere nations meet, to seal each

Picture of the Negro.
(From Mr. Montgomery's Poem of the
"West Indies.")

In these romantic regions* man grows
wild; [child,
Here dwells the negro, Nature's outcast
Scorn'd by his brethren; but his mother's
eye, [sky,
That gazes on him from her warmest
Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
Pow'r on his forehead, beauty on his
face; [rove,
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions
The heart of friendship, and the home of
love; [reigns,
Sees in his mind, where desolation
Fierce as his clime, uncultur'd as his
plains, [might shoot,
A soil where Virtue's fairest flow'rs
And trees of science bend with glorious
fruit; [night,
Sees in his soul, involv'd with thickest
An emanation of eternal light,

* Of Africa.

Ordain'd, 'midst sinking worlds his dust
to fire, [pire.
And shine for ever when the stars ex-
Is he not man, though knowledge never
sped [head?
Her quick'ning beams on his neglected
Is he not man, though sweet Religion's
voice [joice?
Ne'er bade the mourner in his God re-
Is he not man, by sin and suffer'ing
tried? [died?
Is he not man, for whom the Saviour
Bleed the negro's pow'rs: in headlong
will, [him still;
Christian! thy brother thou shalt prove
Bleed his virtues; since his wrongs be-
gan, [him man.
His follies and his crimes have stamp'd

*At an entertainment lately given by ALBINEA,
Countess of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, the fol-
lowing Compliment was paid to her by a
French Gentleman, one of her guests.*

ALBINE, toujours nouvelle,
Du Temps, qui fuit, semble arrêter le cours.
Pour l'admirer, il s'arrête auprès d'elle:
Pour plaître aux Grâces, il prolonge ses
jours.

Imitation.

No wonder, Albiniu, thy charms are con-
fess'd, [caress'd.
When by Venus and Pallas adorn'd and
Time stops his swift course, on thy beau-
ties to gaze; [to thy days.
And, to please all the Graces, adds length

On a gay WIDOW.

Her mourning is all make-believe:
She's gay as any linnnet.
With weepers she has tipp'd her sleeve,
While she is laughing in it.

To SCRIBLERUS.

In verse and prose, alike you're bad:
You ev'ry thing transpose:
Your poetry is prose run mad—
Rank poetry, your prose.

*Epitaph pour JEAN LAW, le fameux Fi-
nancier.*

Ci gît cet Ecossois célèbre,
Ce calculateur sans égal,
Qui, par les règles de l'algèbre,
A mis la France à l'hôpital.

* A translation or imitation is requested
—to be sent on or before the fifteenth of June.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

St. Domingo.—In November, a meeting, styling themselves deputies of the people, appointed Rigaud commander in chief of the south quarter, with very extensive powers. Christophe made to him proposals of accommodation, but without success. Hostilities were recommenced: and, on the 30th of December, Christophe issued a proclamation, declaring the ports possessed by "the rebels" to be in a state of blockade, and ordering his "admirals and other sea officers" to capture all vessels, "of whatever nation," attempting to enter the said ports.

Buenos Ayres, Decem. 3.—*Order of the Junta.*—The English, Portuguese, and other foreigners not at war with us, may freely come to this country: those who dedicate themselves to the arts and the cultivation of the country, shall enjoy all the rights of citizens.

Buenos Ayres, Jan. 1.—The patriots have triumphed over all their antagonists throughout the immense region of the Peninsula, from the shores of the southern Atlantic to the confines of Peru. Their principal enemies are in their power, and the authority of our provisional government has been acknowledged in Potosi, Chuquisaca, La Paz, and Cochabamba.

St. Domingo, Jan. 3.—Christophe, unable to obtain payment of a sum due to him from two merchants at Baltimore, ordered all the American property in his dominions to be secured as an indemnity.

Hacamah, Jan. 17.—All is quiet in this island, and is likely to continue so.—Mexico is desolated by a most bloody rebellion. The object there is independence; and by all accounts they will soon effect it.

Mexico.—The government gazette announces a signal victory gained by general Callega, on the 17th of January, over a very numerous army of insurgents, at a short distance from Zapollanejo: and letters from the Havannah, of the 24th of February, confirm the account of the complete re-establishment of the Spanish authority in Mexico.

Constantinople, Jan. 25.—A great council of state was held three days since, at which the Grand Signor presided in person, and the Mufti was present. The measures for prosecuting the war are

continued with great energy; and there is no doubt existing that the grand Signor will put himself at the head of the army in the next campaign.

Naples.—A decree of Jan. 28 commands every surgeon or physician, who, in the course of his practice, shall obtain knowledge of a crime committed on [we rather suppose by] any of his patients, to give information of it to the magistrates within twenty-four hours, on pain of being fined ten ducats for neglect.

Monte Video.—At the end of January, the viceroy, appointed by the regency of Spain, had reached this place, and was cheerfully acknowledged. A message had been sent to Buenos Ayres, requiring obedience to his authority; which the junta have peremptorily refused. Much confusion prevailed, and a sanguinary conflict was apprehended.

Accounts from *New Orleans*, to the beginning of February, communicate information of a very serious insurrection which had taken place among the negroes, who had set fire to many plantations, and destroyed property to a vast amount. The military, however, had been called in; and, in order to subdue the rioters, they shot every man of color that came in their way: the slaughter was immense, and the insurrection was quelled.

Constantinople, Feb. 2.—The headquarters of the grand vizier are still at Schumla. Nothing new has taken place between the two armies. The preparations, both by sea and land, for the ensuing campaign, are continued with vigor, and without interruption.

The fermentation caused by the janissaries is far from being calmed. We are in continual fear of an explosion, and every day the ministers of the divan are obliged to employ extraordinary severity in arresting the mutinous, and causing them to be decapitated.

Vienna, Feb. 6.—One of our papers announces that the Russians and Persians are continually skirmishing together, but nothing of consequence has happened. The Persians lately surprised a small Russian fort, called Beati, in the province of Schurakol.

Frontiers of Hungary, Feb. 16.—The Serbian chiefs have assembled for the pur-

pose of settling the fate of Servia, and to give to that fine province, independent for the future, a constitution of organised laws.

Charleston, S.C. Feb. 21.—Under the sanction of the president's proclamation, French privateers are admitted into this port.

Washington.—On the 20th of February, the question for renewing the charter of the United States' bank was negatived by the casting vote of the vice-president.

Albany, Feb. 25.—The bill incorporating the Stockholders of the Union Bank, in the city of New-York, has passed both houses of the legislature [the local, state legislature, not the congress.]

Messina, Feb. 25.—The preparations which Murat has already begun to make on the coast of Calabria, give us more than a hint of what we must expect in the summer. His gun-boats, which were laid up for the winter, are brought out, are refitting, and many new ones building, with great alacrity; while we have it not in our power to disturb them.—On our part, we are preparing to receive him by every means we possess; and, besides raising along the coast very formidable batteries, we have collected three new regiments of Sicilians, who, with some training, are likely to be serviceable.

Washington.—The bill, prohibiting commercial intercourse with Great-Britain, passed the house of representatives, Feb. 27.

St. Thomas's (Leeward Islands), Feb. 27.—Since the declaration of war by Sweden, the British cruisers have blockaded the island of St. Bartholomew, and detained all American vessels going thither or coming thence.

Semlin, March 1.—There is still much iniquitude at Constantinople; there exists among the janissaries a fermentation, and an explosion is feared every day. The Ottoman ministers are obliged to have recourse to the most severe measures, in imprisoning and decapitating some of the mutineers. The last sitting of the Serbian national assembly was boisterous. The question relative to the occupation of Servia by the Russians was discussed with much heat by the different parties into which the nation is divided.

Hamburg, March 2.—For some days back, many Danish naval officers, at the head of detachments of sailors collected in Denmark, Jutland, Norway, and the duchies, have passed through this city, on their way to Antwerp.

Pirates of St. Domingo.—From a Jamaica paper of March 4, it appears that Christophe's cruisers from St. Domingo have lawlessly captured several British and American vessels. A more daring insult to the British flag took place in one of his own ports. The frigate *Hyperion* (Capt. Brodie) having entered Gonaïves to water, a British subject (Mr. Simpson of Jamaica), taken on board a Spanish vessel, and unlawfully detained by Christophe as a prisoner, was admitted on board the frigate by Captain Brodie; whereupon, by order of the black commandant, and without any previous notice, the forts fired on the frigate's boats, and killed three men. The officer commanding the boats was compelled to give up his sword, and detained as a hostage, until Mr. Simpson was sent on shore.

Portugal.—The French army under Massena, greatly distressed by want of provisions and clothing, and unpaid for six months, retreated from Santarem on the 5th of March. Lord Wellington pursued them, had frequent skirmishes with their rear, daily cutting off and capturing great numbers, and finally drove them beyond the frontiers of Portugal. The French, in their retreat, have committed the most wanton and cruel ravages and devastations, burning villages and whole towns, destroying property of every kind, and murdering in cold blood the defenceless inhabitants. To put a stop to their atrocities, Lord Wellington, by a flag of truce, forwarded a note to Massena, in which, after pointing out many of the horrid and barbarous acts of his troops, he assured him, that, if a check was not immediately put to such proceedings, retaliation would be necessary, and he should not be able to preserve the French prisoners from the fury of the Portuguese troops under his command.

Spain.—On the same day, (March 5) on which Massena commenced his retreat, General Graham, with a very inferior force, defeated, at the heights of Barrosa, near Cadiz, about 8000 French under Marshal Victor, with very considerable loss on their part. Had the British general been seconded by the Spanish troops, who were inactive spectators of the unequal combat, he would, that day, have raised the siege of Cadiz.—Their general, La Pena, has since been arrested and brought to trial for his behaviour on this occasion. He was acquitted of cowardice, but convicted of gross misconduct.

Basle, March 6.—During the last week, 6000 recruits from the eastern cantons passed through this town, to join the Swiss regiments in the service of France.

Dorsten, March, 10.—His excellency Baron Bach has, in the name of the French emperor, taken possession of the county of Mappen, which was united to the French empire by a *Senatus Consultum* of the 15th December, 1810.

Spain.—On the 11th of March, the town of Badajoz, with a numerous garrison, surrendered to the French, not without strong appearances of treachery on the part of the governor.

Vienna, March 11.—The Russian garrison, which was in the town of Belgrave, has not yet been reinforced, and the citadel is still occupied by the Servian troops. Czerni Georges appears to be entirely reconciled to the Russians.

Heligoland, March 16.—A considerable emigration has taken place from Hamburg, in consequence of the rigorous execution of the law of conscription; and it has been ordered, that no passports should be granted from that city, or from any of the Hanse towns, to all which the law extends, to persons travelling either into the Prussian states or the Russian empire.

Stockholm.—By a proclamation, dated March 17, the king announces his temporary resignation of the regal power, on account of illness. The royal functions are to be performed in the mean time by the Crown Prince, Bernadotte, against whom a conspiracy is said to have been formed, of which the discovery has excited a considerable sensation in the public mind.

Intelligence from Norway, of March 17, says that a new requisition has been published in Denmark, for mariners to man the Flushing fleet. They had been marched off from Sweden to the number of 1500. At Christiansand a second commotion took place, in consequence of a fresh demand. The seamen raised refused to march, and were seconded by several merchants. The sailors were fired upon: several were killed, and they were not subdued until a large body of military was collected from the neighbourhood. In this situation, finding themselves overpowered, they consented to proceed to the Scheldt.

France.—March 17, in a speech from the throne, in answer to a deputation from Hamburg, &c. Bonaparte observed, that, from the late increase of his empire, he can now annually build, equip, and

arm twenty-five sail of the line, without the slightest delay or obstruction from the existence of a maritime war.

March 19.—Intelligence, this day received from Russia, mentions that Prince Kourakin, minister of the home department, well known for his attachment to French politics, has been dismissed.

By an edict issued at Berlin, all ships, of whatever nation, conveying British merchandise, are subjected to confiscation—even Prussian vessels not excepted.

Petersburg, March 20.—Troops and artillery continue to be forwarded to the Polish frontier; and a war with France is generally and confidently talked of.

Mr. Droop has lately been arrested at Hamburg, he having been guilty of the offence of visiting England; and also Mr. Keiser, at Berlin, who has been charged with the double crime of visiting England, and writing in mysterious characters, commonly called short-hand.

France.—On the 20th of March, an hour after the birth of Bonaparte's young King of Rome, Madame Blanchard set off in a balloon, to spread the intelligence through the country. She alighted at St. Thiebault, near Luny; and the balloon, rising after her departure, descended at a town six leagues further, whose inhabitants, finding nothing in the car but some clothes and provisions, concluded that the bold aeronaut was lost.—Just at the moment when the report of her death reached Paris, she herself arrived there safe.

Hamburg, March 22.—The city guard, on being ordered to assume the French cockade, had shown a refractory spirit, which portended serious consequences. They had threatened the house of the French commandant, and had actually taken possession of the gates of the town, before a sufficient number of French troops assembled, and forced them to desist. They were afterwards marched out of the town; and 150 of them, who continued to show a disposition for mutiny, were brought back, chained together two by two. Ten of them, in crossing from Hamburg to Harburg, threw themselves into the river, and were drowned.—The spirit of the Hamburgers now appears completely broken, and despair and consternation are every where visible. Several have put an end to their existence; and the final extinction of their importance, as a state, is fixed. The disposition to emigrate is general; and some individuals have already withdrawn to Russia.

Stockholm, March 26.—The illness and imbecility of the king daily increase. The idea that he will ever be able to resume the reins of government is completely abandoned.

Isle of Anholt.—*March 27*, a Danish armament, of near 5000 men, attacked the British garrison in this island. The latter, only 380 in number, bravely sustained the attack, and, after a close combat of four hours and a half, completely defeated and repulsed the assailants, of whom they killed a great number, and took upwards of 500 prisoners.

The kingdom of Westphalia has become an integral part of the French empire.

Bonaparte has extended his burning system to letters. All letters, whether coming from or going to England, have been ordered to be burned, together with their contents.

Hamburg, April 1.—By letters from the neighbourhood of Antwerp, we are informed that 1000 seamen had arrived there, raised in the Netherlands, to man the Scheldt fleet. A few mariners from Sweden, and the crews of some Russian

ships at Toulon, will complete the armament for sea.

Oporto, April 3.—We are sorry to observe, that a fever very generally prevails in those parts of Portugal which have been lately the theatre of war; but it is not of a very malignant character.

[*London, April 3.*]—The Archduke Francis, brother to the Austrian monarch, lately embarked at Salonica for England, with about three millions of money, besides jewels.

Sweden has been called upon to furnish 12,000 men for the French marine, and 10,000 land troops: part of the seamen have already marched through Hamburg, and, it is said, have manifested the greatest discontent. The land forces have been refused; the king of Sweden alleging they were necessary for the defence of the country against any attempt that might be made by the English.

[*London, April 9.*]—By a late decree, the people of Hamburg, and the new departments, are commanded, under the severest penalties, to deliver up their arms, cannon, ammunition, &c. to the French government.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

FROM the bulletins, and the supplementary intelligence regularly sent, by authority, from Windsor to all the daily papers, it appears that His Majesty, from the date of our last publication, to the present day (*April 27*), has been in a continued state of progressive improvement, and walked every day on the Terrace.

March 31.—The prayer for his recovery was omitted at the Chapel Royal; and on the same day it was announced that the bulletin would be published but twice a week.

April 6.—At a council held by the Queen, His Majesty's medical and other attendants were examined on oath; after which, the council, agreeably to the provisions of the Regency Act, drew up the following declaration, which has since been formally presented to both houses of parliament—

“That the indisposition with which his Majesty was afflicted at the time of the passing of the said Act, does still so far exist, that his Majesty is not yet restored to such a state of health as to be

capable of resuming the personal exercise of his royal authority;

“That his Majesty appears to have made material progress towards recovery since the passing of the Act; and that all his Majesty's physicians continue to express their expectations of such recovery.”

April 20. The Queen again held a council, at which His Majesty made his appearance, and the physicians were examined.—The council consider His Majesty to have made rapid advances towards recovery during the whole of the preceding week, and expect soon to have the satisfaction of declaring him qualified for the personal discharge of the regal duties. The bulletin is henceforward to be published only once a week.

April 23. It is said that his Majesty has had the key of the cabinet restored to him, that he may, by the aid of Colonel Taylor, as heretofore, be made acquainted with the official business.—It is added, that, for five days prior to the last examination of the physicians, he had no access of his complaint.

The Regent.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has

ing lately proposed to the Regent to appoint Earl Harcourt to be Governor of Windsor Castle, and General Craufurd to be governor of the military college at Marlow, the Prince consented to the former appointment, "because he knew that it would be perfectly agreeable to His Majesty:" but he objected to the latter, because General Craufurd was already very well provided for, while many other gallant officers had not an equal provision.—On Mr. Perceval's urging the general's great merits, and adding, that his claims were powerfully seconded by his son-in-law, the Duke of Newcastle, "*whose support in parliament was most essential to his Majesty's administration—perhaps of more consequence to them than that of any other individual*"—the Prince replied, that "he had not expected to hear such a reason assigned; but that he must declare, once for all, that he never could or would consent to bestow any place or appointment, intended to be an asylum or reward for the toils and services of our gallant soldiers or seamen, on any person upon account of parliamentary connexion, or in return for parliamentary votes;—that such was his fixed determination; and that he trusted he should never again be solicited in the same way."

March 19.—The Regent ordered an additional allowance for the regimental mess of every regiment or corps, when stationed in Great-Britain.—The addition is an annual sum of twenty-five pounds per company or troop, to be reckoned from Christmas, 1809.

Irish Catholics.

[We have to apologise for an awkward typographic error in page 141 of our last Number. The first paragraph of the second column ("The committee passed resolutions," &c.) was inadvertently transposed from its proper place, and mis-dated March 26:—it ought to have been dated February 26, and placed before the preceding paragraph.]

Agreeably to the resolution of the general committee on the 8th of March (noticed in our last number), an address to the Regent, for the removal of the Duke of Richmond and of his secretary Mr. Pole, was produced and read at a subsequent meeting; and, it being adopted by the committee, directions were given for obtaining the signatures of the Catholics of Ireland.

March 25. The Catholics of the county of Down held a meeting in Newry, at which they passed resolutions approving the proceedings of the aggregate meeting,

and protesting, in strong language, against the exclusive principle of the protestant yeomanry associations.

On the same day, a meeting of the Protestant freeholders of the county of Down was held at Ennis; where a petition to both houses of parliament, in favor of the Catholics, was proposed, and unanimously voted, as was likewise an address to the Regent, praying him to recommend the Catholic claims to the immediate attention of parliament.

The business of the Protestant meeting being terminated, a meeting of the Catholics succeeded, and the petition of the general committee of the Catholics of Ireland to the legislature was unanimously adopted.

April 16. It was stated in the general committee, that the petition, for the removal of the vice-roy and secretary had already, in Dublin alone, received *fifteen thousand* signatures—*five thousand* obtained in one day, at two Roman Catholic chapels.

Quarter wheaten Loaf.—March 28, fourteen pence, three farthings—April 4, the same—April 11, fourteen pence—April 18, and 25, the same.

Riots.—The riotous spirit, displayed at Nottingham on the 12th of March, has since extended to the vicinity; and much mischief has been done at Sutton-in-Ashfield, Bullwell, Kirkby, Woodborough, Lambley, Ilkestone, &c.

Pedestrian feat.—March 16, a man, named Hopper, ran 63 miles on the Deal road in eleven hours and 39 minutes.

Dollars.—March 23, in consequence of the increased nominal value of the Bank dollars, bullion rose in price: dollars were sold at 5s. 8d each, and gold at 5 pounds per ounce.

Riot.—March 23, a riot took place in Bristol market, in consequence of fresh butter having advanced to 2s. 6d. per lb. A party of workmen and colliers forcibly seized all the butter, sold it at a price fixed by themselves, and returned the money to the owners. Six of the most active of the rioters were taken into custody, and lodged in the Bridewell.

A new lottery device was practised a day or two since, by a considerable part of the impression of a respectable evening paper being transmitted to its country customers under *lottery-puff* covers, which the post-office very properly charged, to the amount, it is said, of 400l.

A spacious new ward is ordered to be erected on the north-west wing of Greenwich hospital, adjoining king Charles's

ward, which will enable the directors to admit 150 more veteran tars into this national asylum.

Extraordinary Fecundity.—A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Welchpool has about 140 ewes in an inclosure of about six acres, which this year, with the exception of four only, have yeanned two lambs each.

An Edinburgh paper states, that many farmers in that country, dissatisfied with the prices given for fat cattle in the market, compared with that taken from the public, have commenced butchers on their own account, and find they can sell the principal pieces of beef at 6d. per lb. with a considerable profit.

Horsham, March 26.—The rev. Robert Bingham was tried on two charges, viz. of having written a threatening letter, and wilfully set fire to his own house.—He was honorably acquitted of both.

A cannon-ball, weighing ninety-six pounds, and measuring upwards of 30 inches in circumference, has within a few days been dug out from the ruins of the old castle in Berwick-upon-Tweed.

March 18.—A sturgeon, weighing one hundred pounds, was caught at Hampton, and, agreeably to custom, was carried to the lord mayor. His lordship immediately sent it to the Prince Regent.

Extortion.—*March 21*, at the assises at Maidstone, three revenue officers, by name Phillips, Barefoot, and Eastland, were found guilty of having extorted a sum of money for the release of certain contraband goods which they had seized.

Intolerance.—At the same assises, *March 22*, another disgraceful instance of intolerant bigotry and persecution came under the cognisance of justice*. A fellow, of the name of Burton, was, with several associates, indicted for pelting with stones, bricks, &c. a Methodist congregation at Wye in Kent. On the defendants' begging pardon, however, the prosecution was dropped: but the judge bound them in recognisances of 50 pounds each, for their good behaviour for five years.

Peacock.—A fine peacock, belonging to Mr. Henwood, of Cullingham, near Bodmin, was lately attacked by a ferocious hog, and literally torn to pieces. It was more than ninety years of age.

March 27.—A letter from Plymouth states, that an American vessel, bound

from New York to Bourdeaux, had been taken by a British cruiser, and sent into that harbour under the orders in council. There are now nearly 30 ships belonging to the United States in the same situation. The court of admiralty has postponed its decisions in all these cases.

Depredation.—A revenue officer in the West Indies, from a salary of five hundred a year, has saved, in two years, eighty thousand pounds! A commission has been sent out to investigate this affair, and others of similar kind.

Gambling.—*March 31 (Sunday Morning)* a young gentleman of family and fortune lost seven thousand pounds at a gaming-house in the neighbourhood of Pall-mall; and, a few days afterwards, another young gentleman lost four or five thousand in a house of the same description.

Hard Times!—*April 3*, at the late Duke of Queensberry's sale, his old, ponderous, unfashionable plate was sold at eight shillings per ounce; his Tokay wine, at eighty four pounds per dozen, making just seven pounds per bottle! In the advertisement announcing the sale, thirty-six different species of wine were enumerated.

Revisitation.—*April 3*, at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Humane Society for the recovery of persons apparently dead, it was stated, that, since the commencement of the society, 7,410 cases had come under its notice; of which 3,731 were successful, or nearly one-half. In the present year the cases were 153; and of those 133 were successful, or nearly seven in every eight—a success before unparalleled.

Swindler.—Last week, a gentlemanlike swindler purchased a house in Baker-street for six thousand pounds; and, having given one hundred in deposit, he sold it again to a neighbouring gentleman for five thousand, and obtained a deposit of five hundred pounds, with which he has disappeared.

April 4.—The royal assent was given to the bill authorising a loan of six millions for the relief of commercial credit; and, on the 6th, the commissioners under this act held their first meeting, at the South Sea House.—They are authorised to receive applications for loans of less amount, than 4000l. but not less than 2000l. on a tender of security in wares and merchandise, to the amount of double the sum applied for.

Dendand.—*April 8*, two old houses in Ironmonger Row, Old Street, which

* See our Magazine for February, page 95.

were under repair, but full of inhabitants, suddenly fell to the ground; by which accident several persons were killed, and others severely hurt.—As a punishment on the proprietor, the coroner's jury have since awarded a *Deadend* of a hundred pounds, the estimated value of the fallen materials.

A very singular discovery has been made at Colchester, respecting the sex of a servant who had lived thirty years in a family in that town, as house-maid and nurse. Having lately paid the debt of nature, it was discovered, on examining the body, that the deceased was a male.

Dublin, April 8.—Several foreigners have lately been sent out of Ireland under the Alien Act.

Riot.—*April 10*, a riot took place at Brighton, between a strong party of the South Gloucester militia, unarmed, and a party of the inhabitants of the town. The interference of the high constable proved insufficient to quell the tumult. The piquet guard was at length called out, and tranquillity, but not without difficulty, restored and preserved.

Love and Heremism.—William Gibbs was condemned to death at the late Surrey assises for stealing a watch and trinkets, though it has since appeared that the robbery had been committed by his sweetheart; but, rather than impeach her, he consented to sacrifice his own life. On a discovery of this fact, Mr. Sheridan hastened to present to the Prince Regent a memorial on the subject. The Prince was at dinner, but instantly read the paper, and, without a moment's delay, dispatched a reprieve (*April 10*) just in time to save the poor fellow—He still persists in asserting his sweetheart's innocence.

Dollars.—*April 15*, three hundred thousand dollars were sent from the bank to Mr. Bolton's at Soho, to be stamped and the same quantity are to be forwarded in a few days.—They are expected to be in circulation in the course of three weeks.

April 16.—A singular but dreadful accident occurred, a few days ago, on board his majesty's ship *Menelaus*. A sailor, having over-reached himself, fell from the main-top, just as the sentinel was passing beneath, pitched directly on the point of his bayonet, and was literally empaled. The violence of the shock wrested the piece from the arms of the sentinel, and threw it, with its wretched burden, over the gunwale: thus the poor fellow found, in one instant, a death-blow, and a grave.

Fire.—*April 17*, about midnight, a fire broke out in the dwelling-house belonging to Lady Montague, in Portman-square, Oxford-street which entirely destroyed the whole of the building.

Fictitious Characters.—*April 18*, three men, of the names of Harvey, Coster, and Monkhouse, servants of lost character, were taken into custody, on charges of having combined together in instituting an office for the purpose of giving fictitious characters to servants and others; by which means many families have been robbed. These characters were issued at 7s. 6d. each at the office, as appeared by the books, which were seized; and the firm consisted of four-teen.

April 21. A meeting was held at the city of London tavern, to open a subscription for the relief of the Portuguese. In half a hour, above eleven thousand pounds were subscribed.

Mr. Finerty.—*April 25*, a public advertisement announced the receipt of above seven hundred and twenty pounds subscribed for him.

BIRTHS.

March 20. The Empress of France, of a son and heir, immediately created King of Rome.

March 24. The Marchioness of Lansdowne, of a son and heir.

March 24. The Hon. Mrs. Morris, lady of Edw. Morris, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

March 24. The lady of Major Gen. Burr, of a son and heir.

March 27. Lady Bagot, of a son and heir.

March 29. The lady of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., Harley-street, of a son and heir.

April 3. The lady of W. Shipley, Esq., M. P., of a daughter.

April 5. The lady of the Hon. H. Augustus Dillon, of a son.

April 7. The lady of Dr. Sutherland, Parliament-street, of a son.

April 10. The Marchioness of Bath, of a daughter.

April 15. Lady Brownlow, of a daughter.

April 15. The lady of C. W. Taylor, Esq., M. P. of a daughter.

April 16. The lady of Roger Kynaston, Esq. Saville-row, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 16. Rob. Edw. Murphy, Esq., of Mountjoy-square, Dublin, to Miss Wellmore.

March 19. John Edward Carter, Esq. of Scraptoft, to Miss Elizabeth Markland, of Leicester.

March 23. William Gordon, Esq. of Devonshire-street, to Miss Charlotte Douglas Dalrymple.

March 27. Capt. Gordon Brinier, of the navy, to Mrs. Glasse, of Rochester.

March 28. Bryan Troughton, jun., Esq., of Coventry, to Miss Maria Goolden.

March 30. Thomas Harrison, Esq., barrister at law, to Mrs. Shepley, of Carshalton.

April 2. The Rev. L. W. Eliot, rector of Peper Harow, Surrey, to Miss Matilda Elizabeth Halsey.

April 5. Henry Fellowes, Esq. of Shottisham, Norfolk, to Frances, youngest daughter of Sir John Frederick, Bart.

April 6. The Rev. Sam. Holworthy, vicar of Croxall, Derbyshire, to Miss Diana Sarah Bayly.

April 9. Geo. Green, Esq., of Welbeck-street, to Miss Harriet Ross.

April 13. John Ireland Blackburne, Esq., M.P. to Miss Pemford.

April 16. The Rev. S. Birch, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, to Miss Margaret Browning.

April 17. John Baines, Esq., of Bolton-row, Mayfair, to Miss Cooper, of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

April 18. Wm. Edward Tomline, Esq., eldest son of the Bishop of Lincoln, to Miss Francis Aulcr.

Marriage extraordinary!—Lately was married, at Batley, Mr. G. Sheard, aged seventy-two, to Miss E. Cowling, aged nineteen!—The bridegroom has six children, forty-six grand-children, and six great-grand-children, all living.

DEATHS.

March 16. Lieut.-gen. Loftus Tottenham, of the 55th infantry, in his 95th year.

March 24. John Trayton Fuller, Esq., Ashdown House, Sussex.

March 26. Rev. Dr. Price, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Lately, at St. Alban's, Anna Maria Jones, a maiden lady, in her 96th year.

March 27. Lady Gardner, wife of Rear-admiral Lord Cardner.

March 27. At Preston in Lancashire, Lady Mary B. Beddingfield, abbess of the convent of Benedictine nuns, formerly at Ghent in Flanders.

March 28. The Turkish ambassador to this country.—He was interred at St. Pancras. On arriving at the burial-ground, the body was taken from a white deal shell, in which it had been conveyed in a hearse, and was wrapped in rich robes, and then thrown into the grave; after which, a large stone, with a Turkish

inscription, was immediately laid on the body.

March 29. B. Hollingsworth, Esq. of Dalston, Middlesex.

March 29. Wm. Combes, Esq., formerly of Chandos-street, aged 88.

Lately, Mrs. Maria Catharine Gell, of Upper Wimpole-street, aged 88.

April 4. In her 82d year, the Hon. Mrs. Cholmondeley, relict of the Hon. and Rev. Rob. Cholmondeley.

Lately, the Rev. John Coe, rector of St. Peter's, Sandwich.

April 6. At Ashford Hall, Shropshire, G. Crawford Ricketts, Esq., formerly attorney-general and advocate-general in Jamaica.

April 7. At Bath, aged 83, Sir Wm. Addington, Knt., who, for upwards of 28 years, was a magistrate of the police-office, Bow-street.

April 7. The Rev. Sir Henry Worsley Holmes, Bart.

April 11. The Hon. Miss Henrietta Dillon, daughter of Viscount Dillon.

April 13. In his 80th year, the Rev. J. Houghton, upwards of 50 years vicar of White Colne.

April 15. In his 78th year, Giles Earle, Esq. of Beningbrough Hall, York.

April 16. John Hammet, Esq. M. P. for Taunton.

Longevity.—Died lately Mr. William Furnish, of York, in his 100th year.

APPENDIX.

Plate and jewels, to an immense amount, have been discovered in various parts of France, and particularly in the environs of Paris, which had been buried, before their flight, by the nobles attached to the fortunes of the House of Bourbon. The spots where these valuables were deposited, were discovered by the ingenious application of watering-machines; the unbroken ground retaining the water a considerable time on the surface, while that which had been broken very quickly absorbed it.

The Maelstrom, that wonderful and tremendous whirlpool off the coast of Norway, has, within the last two years, undergone a remarkable change. It now stands fifteen minutes every fifth hour; and it seems to have extended the influence of its vortex; for, when agitated by a storm, it will now attract vessels at the distance of ten miles. Last summer, two vessels from Norway, having been driven within nine miles of it, were irresistibly hurried away by its whirling eddy, and swallowed up in the abyss.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The MASQUERADE.
2. An etched likeness of JOSEPH PAISLEY, the celebrated Giletta-green Parson.
3. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
4. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS of a LADY'S DRESS.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;
Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

"*The Highland Hermitage*."—Wishing for a communication with the author of this novel, we request to be favored with an address for that purpose.

To "*a constant Reader*," and all others whom it may concern, we have to observe that we *never* insert any *Births, Marriage, or Deaths*, unless duly authenticated.

"*W. E. junior*"'s packet is received: but, before we determine on the subject, we wish to be favored with a sight of "*L* B*** P******."—If sent *early* in June, it shall be returned, with our decision, in very few days.

We return thanks to "*J. G. N.*" for his obliging hint, of which he will see that we have availed ourselves in a subsequent page.

"*N. F.*"'s *Souts-rimés* have merit: and we would have inserted them with pleasure, but for some unpardonable violations of grammar and metre.—If he can avoid such blemishes in future, his productions will experience a favorable reception.

The communications of "*Floribel*" and "*Penseroso*" might, by a few amendments, be rendered fit for publication. In their present state, they are not so.

"*W. L. M.*"'s *Impromptu*, &c. came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



THE MASQUERADE.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR MAY, 1811.

J EALOUSY.

(Continued from page 117, and accompanied
with an illustrative plate.)

" I HAVE said ten thousand times that your calm reasoners are the torment of those who really feel:—I now re-iterate my assertion; and you may appropriate it to yourself, if you please. Do not, however, expect that I shall answer questions, merely because you choose to ask them. I premise that the sole intention of my writing to you is to gain an opportunity of speaking of Helmina. And you—cold-hearted being—you, who take upon you to censure my passion, ought to felicitate yourself upon its excess; for to that only are you indebted for those long descriptive letters which you are so fond of receiving, and which, till now, you have never received from me. Love itself may sometimes contribute to the gratifications of friendship.

" You ask me if I have purchased the estate of Leitmankor with the design of settling for ever at Sleswick.—My friend, I formerly made projects in order to give some interest to existence: but, now that my soul expands to her utmost powers, rises to her utmost energies, can schemes and projects be wanting to relieve the tedium of the passing hours? Be such then for ever renounced. Were Mrs. Patterson to quit Sleswick, no more would I set my foot there: if I could inhabit the self-same spot with her, there for ever would I fix my abode: if I could only approach towards it, I would approach as

near as I could: if that also were impossible, I would bury myself in the dear shades of Leitmankor; for it is there only that I can be happy, when Helmina is not present: and, alas! how rarely is she personally present to me!

" You ask me what are my hopes. —Foolish questioner, who can believe that the nourishment of hope is necessary to my passion! I cannot hope; for I cannot recall that impious sacrifice which was made of Helmina by her father. Had she a husband worthy of her, I swear by heaven that my desires would be wholly circumscribed to a wish of hearing sometimes how happy the lovely creature was: but, as it is, abhorred be the shadow of a thought which tends towards her seduction. I would not, even if I could, receive from her lips the blissful assurance of a mutual passion. Oh! she does love me, solely and unchangeably as I love her. That she may dare to give me those innocent proofs of it which she does at present, I must bury my feelings in eternal silence. If once I breathed a rumor of my passion, Helmina would be to me nothing but Mrs. Patterson: and now, while we are together, I please myself with the hope that she is not always occupied with the idea of her unpropitious union; for, alas! I feel the recollection of it press with intolerable weight upon my spirits.—Oh! let me never be the cause of one pang, one regret, to my beloved Helmina! may she derive from my influence a happiness as

pure as is my devotion to her—a devotion, which locks up my heart from every sensation, every thought, that has not Helmina for its object. My friend, if you reflect on all that I have said, you may perhaps conceive something of the nature of true love; at least as far as a man can conceive it, whose own heart is not his instructor.

“Had I weakened the powers of my soul by multiplicity of pleasures, I might indeed be fearful of losing the happiness actually in my possession, by my continual efforts to augment it. But you may recollect that my temper has always led me to disdain pleasures which could not satisfy my heart. You, and our mutual friends, have often reproached me for this, and told me that I was cold to pleasure:—there you were mistaken:—I only felt that your enjoyments could not be mine, and that mine could not be comprehended by you.

“Enjoyment now flows in upon me. The time seems too short for the full relish of all that is presented to my acceptance. I am at Leitmankor: the very air whispers of my Helmina; and I inhale her influence with the morning breeze. A sacred charm spreads itself over all the little embellishments with which she has adorned this beloved domain. I inquire of the old steward, what further alterations she intended; and then, when I am so fortunate as to see her, I speak to her of those alterations, as of such as I had myself projected. She looks at me:—oh! what sweetness in her looks! what tenderness and gratitude they speak! She must feel obliged to me for reminding her of those days when she was the happy Helmina: she must feel obliged to me for adorning, according to her pecu-

liar taste, that dear dwelling, which she has rendered sacred by her presence, and by the unfading memorials of her virtues.—How sweet to my ear are the praises which are continually given to Helmina in this place, where she is so well known! Full of her idea, I go to the enjoyments of her conversation; I consult her upon my meditated improvements at Leitmankor; and, sometimes, I am honored by her advice. While I am executing plans conceived by Helmina, can I fail to be interested and delighted? My mind's eye takes in at a glance the past, the present, and the future. The future! what may it produce? Oh! how great is my plenitude of existence, since I have devoted that existence to Helmina!

“I should fill whole volumes, were I to detail those means of enjoyment that each day brings me as it flies away. Read what I am about to communicate: even you may be able to comprehend that: it certainly describes not the species of happiness which you would most desire; but it has some association with your ideas, and indeed with those of all men.

“A few days ago we had a masked ball. I had learned of Miss Patterson that Helmina was to be there; and I might have learned, by the same means, what character she was to assume; for that lady is as communicative as I could possibly desire, and acquaints me with the minutest circumstances of Helmina's life. Such details often sadden my heart: yet, for the world, I would not forego them; for afterwards, when I am admitted to the presence of my beloved, I understand so intimately the state of her spirits, and the influences which have affected her, as to adapt my conversation to these: and thus I

give her all the pleasure, and keep from her all the pain, that existing circumstances will permit me to do. How frequently, in the common intercourse of the world, do we mortify and pain each other, without the least consciousness of what we are doing! This truth has been so often presented to my observation, as to render me cautious of hastily entering into conversation with those persons whose looks and demeanour announce a too keen susceptibility of soul. With such, one feels that gaiety might oppress, and that serious attention might offend; for what is so proud as grief which seeks retirement?

“To return to my subject—I managed matters in such a way as to hinder Miss Patterson from telling me in what character her sister-in-law was to appear at the masked ball: and this was no easy thing; for the lady, though scrupulously reserved upon the subject of her own intended disguise, was willing to be very communicative upon Helmina’s. However, I so parried her hints, as to reserve to myself the charming gratification of discovering my beloved through her assumed character.—I went myself in a domino.

“While I was passing through the different rooms, and searching in each motley group for the light figure of Helmina, a Calypso, whom I believe to be Madame Mulhausen, endeavoured to stop my course, and to detain me in conversation: and, almost at the same instant, I beheld two women enter, who fixed my whole attention. One was a Diana, with her crescent, her buskins, and her bow; and her I recognised for Miss Patterson. The other, oh! the other was in the habit worn by the peasants of Holstein—that modest simple habit, which is become so familiar to my

eyes since I have resided at Leitmankor. I recognised my Helmina in this charming disguise; and my presumptuous heart breathed a hope that it was for my sake she had assumed it. She has often told me, that her father delighted to see her thus attired: to her lover the dress must be far more enchanting—a dress, which clasps with such Attic simplicity her beautiful neck and shoulders; and which allows her to display such a foot, such a leg, as might throw into despair the Countess Mulhausen, who, were it not for Helmina, would, in these personal advantages, be unrivaled among women.

“I followed the lovely peasant and her companion.—There was a great crowd: I was in hopes that Helmina would be separated from her party; and I was not deceived. I should have discovered her merely by the uneasiness she evinced the moment she found herself alone, had any doubt remained upon my mind whether it were actually Helmina. I accosted her—she sought to avoid me:—I spoke in my natural voice; and she instantly stopped: she even deigned to accept my arm: yet I could perceive she wished me to suppose that she did not recollect me; and I was glad to favor her wish; for, since she affected not to recognise me, I might do the same by her; and thus I gained the liberty of saying to the little peasant a thousand things which I could not have addressed to Helmina, and which I would not, even in jest, have addressed to any other woman. She alone could fully comprehend me on the subjects I chose. At first she answered me in a disguised voice, and afterwards in one more natural. It might be said, that we had made a mutual agreement to appear under

assumed characters, in order to be mutually known; and that we disclosed our real sentiments in perfect freedom, reserving to ourselves the liberty of appearing to be in jest. Such are the advantages of the mask!

"Helmina found her party, and quitted me, still affecting to be ignorant who I was. — She was lost in the crowd: again I found her: again she was hidden, and even long enough to make me uneasy. Had I not cause for impatience? Perhaps such another opportunity as the present might never again occur. I was vexed with Helmina for disappearing before I had obtained her confession that she really knew who I was—that the answers of the little peasant had been made to Ruhlberg alone. After such a confession, it must result that we had mutually understood each other, and that we must do so to the end of our lives. While I was passing swiftly through the different apartments, I saw Helmina, in the utmost perturbation, run towards me: she threw herself into my arms: she untied her mask, and cried, "Save me! Oh! save me, Mr. Ruhlberg!" — Heavens! how lovely she was! This expression comes naturally to my pen in detailing the circumstance, because it was the first idea that occurred, when in reality I gazed upon the charming fugitive, and clasped her to my heart.

"Two men in dominoes had followed Helmina; and they appeared in the utmost confusion when they saw her unmasked. They entreated her pardon—protested they had mistaken her for another, and never could have designed to insult Mrs. Patterson. — I trembled with rage; and Helmina, perceiving it, was eager to answer, for the sake

of peace. "I am well assured, gentlemen," said she, "that you intended me no disrespect: but the crowd approaches: leave me, I entreat you, lest your apologies should draw me into notice"—The two dominoes retired; and Helmina begged that I would take her to her husband and her sister-in-law.

"While we were seeking them, Helmina desired me not to mention before Mr. Patterson the behaviour of the two gentlemen; and I readily promised that I would not, without considering her reasons for the request; for I could think on one subject only. Helmina had recognised me through my disguise: she must have observed me very exactly too, before she would throw herself into the arms of a man who was dressed like so many others—before she would exclaim, "Save me! Oh! save me, Mr. Ruhlberg!"—Were I to live a thousand ages, the echo of those dear words would rest upon my ear. I hear them, while they are traced by my pen: I repeat them to myself a hundred times a day: I start from my sleep at the fancied voice of Helmina, which again exclaims, "Save me! Oh! save me, Mr. Ruhlberg!" What would it avail me now that Helmina could have liberty to speak to me of her love? Henceforth she may be eternally silent; for even her eloquence itself could add nothing to that vivid idea of her love which is now pictured on my soul.

"I passed the remainder of this eventful night in the lodgings which I have lately hired at Sleswick. I could not stay for ever at Count Mulhausen's; and, besides, I love to enjoy my own thoughts in freedom; which cannot be done in a continual round of company. I visited Miss Patterson the morning after the ball, in order to find out,

through her means, whether Helmina felt any bad consequence from her alarm: I heard that she was perfectly well, and then set out for Leitmankor.

"Can you conceive my present bliss? Can you imagine those various contemplations, and those delightful employments, with which the events of a single evening have furnished me? I have begun to paint the portrait of Helmina, and have chosen, for the picture, that memorable moment when she ran to throw herself into my arms. It is seldom, I believe, that a lover can be satisfied with the portrait of his mistress, even when it is drawn by himself. I dare say I shall begin twenty times over: but I shall succeed at last—I am sure I shall.—I see Helmina already—her attitude, her features, her dress, the mask that she is throwing off. Her countenance must express a mixture of fear and confidence: various emotions are to be depicted in it: but one sentiment, the sentiment most dear to the heart of a lover, is to predominate over all. I discern the whole; and the whole, I am assured, I can execute. I pursue my delightful task in the very room, which, this time twelvemonth, was the bed-chamber of the lovely Helmina. I will ornament this sacred apartment according to a plan which I have conceived; and the portrait of my beloved shall hang there. There too shall I enjoy a species of happiness not to be understood by men in general, and perhaps not even by you.

"Adieu, my friend! whenever you are kind enough to think of me, assure yourself, that, whatever may be my destiny, I shall not die without having known the full value of life."

(To be continued.)

RULES for the Preservation of BEAUTY.

(Continued from page 171.)

So far, my fair friends, I have thrown together my sentiments on the aggregate of the female form; I shall now descend to particulars, and leave it to your judgement to adopt my suggestions according to the correspondence with your different characters.

The preservation of an agreeable complexion (which always presupposes health) is not the most insignificant of exterior charms. Though we yield due admiration to regularity of features (the Grecian contour being usually so called) yet, when we consider them merely in the outline, our pleasure can go no further than that of a cold critic, who regards the finely-proportioned lineaments of life as he would those of a statue. It is complexion that lends animation to a picture; it is complexion that gives spirit to the human countenance. Even the language of the eyes loses half its eloquence, if they speak from the obscurity of an inexpressive skin. The life-blood in the mantling cheek—the ever-varying hues of nature glowing in the face, "as if her very body thought"—these are alike the ensigns of beauty and the heralds of the mind; and the effect is an impression of loveliness, an attraction, which fills the beholder with answering animation and the liveliest delight.

As a Juno-featured maid with a dull skin, by most people, will only be coldly pronounced *critically* handsome; so a young woman with very indifferent features, but a fine complexion, will, from ten persons out of twelve, receive spontaneous and warm admiration.

This experience (when once we admit the proposition that it is *right*

to keep the casket bright which contains so precious a gem as the soul) must induce us to take precautions against the injuries continually threatening the tender surface of the skin. It may be next to an impossibility to change the color of an eye, to alter the form of the nose, or the turn of the mouth; but, though heaven has given us a complexion which vies with the flowers of the field, we yet have it in our power to render it dingy by neglect, coarse through intemperance, and sallow by dissipation.

Such excesses must therefore be avoided; for, though there may be a something in the pallid cheek which excites interest, yet, without a certain appearance of health, there can never be an impression of loveliness. A fine, clear skin, gives an assurance of the inherent residence of three admirable graces to beauty; Wholesomeness, Neatness, and Cheerfulness.—Every fair means ought to be sought to maintain these vouchers, for not only health of body, but health of mind.

I have already given some hints to this purpose; at least as far as relates to the purity of the alimentary springs of sublunary life: those which are in the heart, and point through time into eternity, must not be less observed; for, unless its thoughts are kept in corresponding order, and the passions held in peace, all prescriptions will be vain to keep those boiling fluids in check, which, in spite of Roman fard and balm of Mecca, will spread themselves over the skin, and there show an outward and visible sign of the malignant spirit within. Independent of these intellectual causes of corporeal defects, disorders of the skin, arising from accidental circumstances, are more frequent in

this country than in any other: and the fashions of the day are still more inimical to the complexion of its inhabitants, than the climate. The frequent and sudden changes from heat to cold, by abruptly exciting or repressing the regular secretions of the skin, roughen its texture, injure its hue, and often deform it with unseemly, though transitory, eruptions. All this is increased by the habit ladies have of exposing themselves unveiled, and frequently without bonnets, in the open air. The head and face have then no defence against the attacks of the surrounding atmosphere; and the effects are obvious. The barouche, for this reason, and the more consequential one of subjecting its inmates to dangerous chills, is a fatal addition to the variety of English equipages. Our autumnal evenings, with this carriage and our gossamer apparel, have already sent many of my young female acquaintance to untimely graves.

To remedy these evils, I would strenuously recommend, for health's sake, as well as for beauty, that no lady should make one in any riding, airing, or walking party, without putting on her head something capable of affording both shelter and warmth. Shakspeare, the poet of the finest taste in female charms, makes Viola regret having been obliged to "throw her sun-ex-pelling mask away!" Such a defence I do not pretend to recommend; but I consider a veil a useful as well as elegant part of dress; it can be worn to suit any situation; open or close, just as the heat or cold may render it necessary.

The custom which some ladies have, when warm, of powdering their faces, washing them with cold water, or throwing off their bonnets, that they may cool the faster,

are all very destructive habits. Each of them is sufficient (when it meets with any predisposition in the blood) to spread a surfeit over the skin, and make a once beautiful face hideous for ever.

The person, when over-heated, should always be allowed to cool gradually, and of itself, without any more violent assistant than, perhaps, the gentle undulation of the neighbouring air by a fan. Streams of wind from opened doors and windows, or what is called a *thorough air*, are all bad and highly dangerous applications. These impatient remedies for heat are often resorted to in balls and crowded assemblies; and as frequently as they are used, we hear of sore throats, coughs, and fevers. While it is the fashion to fill a 'drawing-room like a theatre, similar means ought to be adopted to prevent the ill effects of the consequent corrupted atmosphere, and the temptation to seek relief by dangerous resources. Instead of the open balcony and yawning door, we should see ventilators in every window, and thus feel a constant succession of pure and temperate air.

Excessive heat, as well as excessive cold, is apt to cause distempers of the skin; and, as the fine lady, by her strange habits, is as prone to such changes as the desert-wandering gipsy, it is requisite that she should be particularly careful to correct the deforming consequences of her fashionable exposures. For her usual ablution, night and morning, nothing is so fine an emollient for any rigidity or disease of the face, as a wash of French or white brandy, and rose-water; the spirit making only one third of the mixture. The brandy keeps up that gentle action of the skin which is necessary to the healthy appearance of its parts. It also cleanses the surface. The

rose-water corrects the drying property of the spirit, leaving the skin in a natural, soft, and flexible state. Where white or French brandy cannot be obtained; half the quantity of spirits of wine will tolerably supply its place.

The eloquent effect of complexion will, I hope, my fair friends, obtain your pardon for my having confined your attention so long upon what is generally thought (though in contradiction to what is felt) a trifling feature, if so I may be allowed to name it.

I am aware of your expectations, that I would give the precedence, in this dissertation, to the eye. I subscribe to its super-eminent dignity; for none can deny that it is regarded by all nations as the faithful interpreter of the mind, as the window of the soul, the index in which we read each varied emotion of the heart. But, how increased an expression does this intelligent feature convey, when aided by the glowing tints of an eloquent complexion! Indeed, it is the happy co-incidence of the eye and the complexion which forms the strongest point of what the French call *contenance*.

The animated changes of sensibility are no-where more apparent than in the transparent surface of a clear skin. Who has not perceived and admired the rising blush of modesty enrich the cheek of a lovely girl, and, in the sweet effusion, most gratefully discerned the true witness of the purity within? Who has not been sensible to the sudden glow on the face, which announces, ere the lips open, or the eye sparkles, the approach of some beloved object? Nay, will not even the sound of his name paint the blooming cheek with deeper roses?

Shall we reverse the picture? I have shown how the soul proclaims her joy through its wondrous medium; shall she speak her sorrows too? Then let us call to mind, who have beheld the deadly paleness of her who learns the unexpected destruction of her dearest possessions—perhaps a husband, a lover, or a brother, mingled with the slain, or fallen, untimely, by some dreadful accident. We see the darkened, stagnant shade which denotes the despair-stricken soul. We behold the livid hues of approaching phrensy, or the blacker stain of settled melancholy! Heloise's face is paler than the marble she kneels upon. In all cases, the mind shines through the body; and, according as the medium is dense or transparent, so the light within seems dull or clear.

Advocate as I am for a fine complexion, you must perceive that it is for the *real*, not the *spurious*. The foundation of my argument, *the skin's power of expression*, would be entirely lost, were I to tolerate that fictitious, that dead beauty which is composed of white paints and enamelling. In the first place, as all applications of this kind are as a mask on the skin, they can never, but at a distant glance, impose for a moment on a discerning eye. But why should I say a *discerning eye*? No eye that is of the commonest apprehension can look on a face bedaubed with white paint, pearl powder, or enamel, and be deceived for a minute into a belief that so inanimate a "whited wall" is the human skin. No flush of pleasure, no shudder of pain, no thrilling of hope, can be descried beneath the encrusted mould; all that passes within is concealed behind theummy surface. Perhaps the painted creature may be admitted

by an artist, as a well-executed picture; but no man will seriously consider her as a handsome woman.

White painting is, therefore, an ineffectual, as well as dangerous practice. The proposed end is not obtained; and, as poison lurks under every layer, the constitution wanes in alarming proportion as the supposed charms increase.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.
(Continued from page 164.)*

THE spot where they stood, presented them with elevated seats of turf, formed by the hand of nature, and canopied by the fragrant foliage of encircling trees. To the most exalted seat Coligni conducted William; while the attendant throng, French and Batavians, united by the same sentiments, promiscuously seated themselves around him. Beside them flowed the stream of the Loire, which the sun now gilded with his orient beam; while the playful Zephyrs, having refreshed their light pinions by fluttering over the watery expanse, gently agitated the foliage, and spread in eddying circles through the air the sweet fragrance which the genial earth exhaled under a calm and serene sky.

As, amid the Pyrenees, enormous piles of rock arrest for a while the traveler's attention, but are suddenly forgotten at the sight of a majestic mountain which fills the horizon, and whose lofty summit, penetrating the clouds, bids defiance to the lightning's blaze, and seems alone to support the incumbent vault of heaven,—such appeared William in the midst of that assembly, when preparing to open his lips in the name of an injured nation, and in the cause of humanity.

The most profound silence reigned—William continued rapt in

deep meditation. He seldom indulged in long discourses, and his soul took a pleasure in silent musing: but, when once he gave vent to the concentrated fire which glowed in his bosom, he inflamed every heart by his manly eloquence.—He thus began,—

“The empire of Tyranny has once been established on earth, and still continues to prevail. In the infancy of society, man comes free from the hand of nature; and some nations formerly possessed, or at least seemed to have received as a sacred deposit, the precious gift of liberty: but its traces are now no longer to be found, except on those ancient marbles, those ruins of antiquity, thinly scattered over the globe, which have for ages remained covered with the dark veil of oblivion, and which devouring Time is daily laboring to destroy, and will at length completely obliterate from the face of the earth. Shall Liberty herself be swallowed up in the same gulf in which those venerable ruins are to be entombed?

“I must, however, retrace to your eyes the ancient glory of the Belgians and the Batavians, of which the remembrance was preserved among the nations of Europe, as a sacred monument, that bade defiance to the destructive scythe of Time: I must describe that love of liberty which characterised those heroes—which was respected even by their conquerors—and which all the rage of despotism is still unable to subdue:—a happy presage! a sure pledge of the courage which they are still capable of displaying for the recovery of their lost rights.

“The Romans, after having imposed their yoke on other nations, directed their march against ours: but they attacked her not without fear; and, when at length she was

obliged to bow beneath the prevalence of that superior fortune which rendered them masters of the world, she had the glory of having valiantly opposed them, and was the last to yield the palm to those universal conquerors. Rome, still dreading the spirit of the Batavians, suffered them to retain numerous vestiges of that liberty which she had everywhere else destroyed: they preserved their own laws, and long remained unconscious of having a master.

“Harassed by foreign princes who successively invaded the country, the Batavians still exhibited striking features of the liberty of their progenitors. Charlemagne, who often exerted in its fullest extent the savage right of conquest, did not spoil them of their ancient privileges; and, although some of the dukes of Burgundy attempted to undermine those privileges, the chiefs and the people unanimously asserted and successfully maintained them.

“At length that emperor who swayed the sceptre over a new-found world—Charles, whose extensive dominion emulated that of ancient Rome in the zenith of her glory—Charles, reared among the Belgians, endeavoured to oppress them. But even he was obliged to yield to the energy of their untamable spirit, and to leave them in quiet possession of their own laws, together with the enjoyment of that liberty, which—having triumphed over so many dangers, and defeated the attempts of so many usurpers from different nations, each too strongly inclined to arrogate to himself a despotic authority—still preserved such features of resemblance as clearly evinced her ancient origin.

“Abundance reigned in the

country, and her population became proportionally numerous. While haughty and inactive Spain bartered her sons for the treasures of a distant world, the Netherlands, where commerce and industry had established their abode, enjoyed those dear-bought treasures without purchasing them by such a sacrifice; and through Antwerp flowed, in a copious tide, the wealth of both hemispheres. Charles adopted the manners of the Belgians: from among them he selected his ministers: in the hour of battle, he was ever surrounded by a faithful band of their warriors: their country was the chosen spot where he delighted to repose from the fatigues of war and government; and, even on the car of triumph, he still showed himself popular.—Before that period, our disturbances had only resembled those transient gusts, which, in their passage, disturb for a while the peaceful limpid lake, but soon leave its glassy surface smooth again, to serve as a mirror to the surrounding landscape.

“Ah! if the ancient rulers of our nation had been able to bend her neck beneath the yoke of tyranny,—perhaps, habituated at length and reconciled to that yoke, she would, like other nations, have lost even the remembrance of her former liberty—a remembrance, which, like a strong light reflected on the chains of slavery, renders them more conspicuous, more galling—and may be considered as the last departing ray of human glory.

“Heaven still smiled propitious on our plains, when suddenly a report was spread that Charles intended to abdicate the sovereignty. As when, in the middle of his æthereal course, the bright luminary of day is un-expectedly veiled from mortal eyes by the intervention of

some unfriendly planet which intercepts his rays, while grief and dismay seize on the inhabitants of the earth,—such was the general consternation which pervaded our provinces, already alarmed by the most gloomy anticipations. At the moment when age was now beginning to moderate and check his ambition, that monarch, terrified to contemplate the instability and inanity of worldly greatness, prepared to abandon the throne—to fly from that unsubstantial phantom of glory, to which he had sacrificed the blood and peace of nations—and to resign the reins of empire into the hands of his son, yet so young, and whose bosom he well knew to be the habitation of pride and cruelty. Fortunately nature has set bounds to the ambition of conquest: but has she prescribed any limits to the generous ambition of maintaining and extending the happiness of mankind?—peaceful conquests! glorious laurels! capable of spreading their benignant shade to the remotest corners of the most extensive empire!

“Roused by the report, I hastened to the palace of the emperor.—‘Nassau!’ said he, ‘your silence sufficiently explains your sentiments: but it is too late to attempt to shake my firm purpose. Shall I display on the throne the humiliating spectacle of an emperor enfeebled by age? My enemies, who have hitherto been unable to overthrow the firm fabric of my power, await, for the purpose of forming a general league against me, the period when, bending under the weight of years and infirmities, I shall scarce have a sufficient remain of strength to poise the tottering sceptre. But, to disappoint their hostile views, I transfer it to a youthful and more vigorous hand.

Let my son—let another chief of the empire—pursue the traces of my steps, and accomplish the vast plans which approaching death will not suffer me to carry into execution. If Francis, the rival of my valour, were still in existence, I would not descend from the throne; even on the brink of the grave, I would still contend with him for the glorious meed of victory.—Let us both be revived in our two sons; and may the gates of Madrid be once more thrown open for the entrance of a captive monarch!—But whither am I hurried by this last impulse of expiring ambition?—Conquest has already lost all its attractions in my eyes; and I, who heretofore took no delight but in noise and tumult, henceforward sigh for the sweet enjoyments of calm repose. Let me at once lay down the diadem, and disburden my feeble shoulders of the overwhelming weight of cares annexed to it.—Such were the monarch's words.

“All Flanders assembled in Brussels:—the chiefs of the states, the knights, and the deputies of the people, repaired to the palace, attended by a countless multitude of citizens. In the midst of that august assembly, appeared Charles and Philip. Charles, enfeebled by age, and still more by the emotion of his heart, leaned for support on my arm. Seated on a throne more lofty than that where sat the youthful monarch, he descended from it, and, with his own hand investing his son with the regal purple—

“‘My son,’ said he, ‘better pleased to see you reign with glory and moderation than to retain the sovereign power in my own possession, I spontaneously resign the sceptre to your hand, before death comes to wrest it from my grasp.’—He

then gave a short summary of his own exploits: he regretted—fardly, un-availing repentance!—he regretted the tyrannic use he had made of his authority—the blood he had spilled—and laid his injunctions on Philip to repair his father's errors, and alleviate the miseries of his subjects.

“Thus it is that princes, when nearly arrived at the concluding stage of their worldly career, shudder with horror at the retrospect of the black catalogue of crimes with which they have sullied their reign, and implore their successors to avert the fatal consequences; while these, in their turn, often increase the evil, repeat the same request to their own descendants, and, at the approach of death, vainly bequeath to their successors the obligation to govern with wisdom and justice.

“Philip dropped on his knees before his father, who uttered the most affecting prayers for his welfare; while the people, deeply impressed by this heart-touching spectacle, burst into tears. The moment was now come, when, in conformity to an established custom held sacred by our progenitors, Philip was to bind himself by a solemn oath to respect our laws. Then it was that his native pride, his secret designs, betrayed themselves to view. He long remained in silent hesitation: at length he pronounced the oath—pronounced it in a disdainful tone:—but heaven and earth were witnesses to his words.

“Charles, then—turning toward that people among whom he had spent the chief portion of his life, and whom he now beheld for the last time—attempted to address to them his parting adieux: but grief choked his utterance; and the sentiments he wished to express were

no otherwise conveyed to the assembly than by the impassioned language of his eyes and whole countenance. At this moment the people were wholly absorbed in their regret: sobs and cries alternately echoed through the crowd. Charles, now shaken by increasing emotion, was seen to totter: I myself was affected to the soul, and could scarce support my trembling frame.—Philip alone envied his father this last testimony of national sensibility: he labored however to dissemble his resentment: but the scrutinising eye of the public detected the inward workings of his soul; and every heart was frozen with fearful anticipation of futurity.

"On the day of his departure, Charles interrupted his adieux to his son; and, presenting me to him, 'I leave you Nassau,' said he: 'let him enjoy your confidence.'—After these words, he commenced his journey.—I accompanied him to the Flemish frontier; and there his embraces and my grief. . . . The recollection even now calls forth these tears—the spontaneous tribute of my gratitude, and of that attachment which I vowed to him in the first days of his reign.

"In his retreat, the mind of Charles was totally eclipsed.—Perhaps, internally goaded by remorse for his past conduct, he hoped to expiate the ravages of his ambition by monkish mortifications, by the daily contemplation of the spectacle of death, and the funereal representation of his own obsequies performed in his presence:—a striking example for kings, and for human nature!—an example, however, from which his son derived no salutary lesson.—In infancy, man can hardly be said to exist: in old age, he often ceases to hold his rank in the scale of intellectual beings:—where then

is the mortal—unless his greatness be founded on the solid basis of truth and virtue—who can hope to retain it during the whole period of his existence, and only resign it with his expiring breath?"

"Your grief," interrupted Cologni, "does honor to your feelings."
(*To be continued.*)

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN CHESHIRE.

(*From Lysons's "Magna Britannia."*)

OF the customs and ceremonies peculiar to certain parts of the kingdom, Cheshire has its full share; we shall notice some of those which are most remarkable. There is a custom among the young men, of placing, on the first of May, large birchen boughs over the doors of the houses where the young women reside, to whom they pay their addresses*; and an alder-bough is often found placed over the door of a scold.

Another singular custom which prevails in this county, is that of *lifting*, at Easter. On Easter Monday, the young men deck out a chair with flowers and ribbons, and carry it about, compelling every young woman they meet to get into it, and suffer herself to be lifted, as high as they can reach into the air, or be kissed, or pay a forfeit. On Easter Tuesday the young women deck out their chair, and lift the men, or make them pay a fine. This custom, which also prevails in some of the neighbouring counties, or something very like it, seems to

* Mr. Owen, in his Welch Dictionary, under the word *bedw*, birch, says, that it "was an emblem of readiness, or complacency, in doing a kind act. If a young woman accepted of the addresses of a lover, she gave him the birchen branch, mostly formed into a crown; but if he was rejected, she gave him a *colln*, or hazel."

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



JOSEPH PAISLEY,
the celebrated Gretna-Green Parson!

Dec^d. January 9, 1811, aged 79.

have been admitted among the highest ranks in the thirteenth century: for it appears, from a wardrobe account preserved among the records in the Tower, that King Edward the First, in the eighteenth year of his reign, paid a large sum of money, more than equivalent to four hundred pounds at this time, to the Queen's seven ladies of the bed-chamber and maids of honor, on a similar occasion.

Rush-bearing, or carrying rushes to the churches, and there strewing them, was a custom which formerly prevailed generally in Cheshire, but has been much disused for many years, since close pews have been erected in most churches. It took place on the day of the wake, and was attended with a procession of young men and women, dressed in ribbons, and carrying garlands, &c. which were hung up in the church: we saw these garlands remaining in several churches.

The most prevalent custom of this county is the shouting of the *marlers*, when any money has been given to them. When a *marle-pit* is to be dug, the set of laborers, or *marlers*, as they are called, who undertake it, choose one of their number to be lord of the pit. When at work, they never ask for money: but, if any is given them, they are summoned together by their lord, and after announcing with great solemnity the donation, and the name of the donor*, they join their

arms, forming a ring, and make four bows towards the centre of it, shouting every time; the fourth time they give a lengthened and much louder shout, letting the sound die away gradually: this ceremony is repeated several times, in proportion to the sum given; they shout four times for silver, though only six-pence; six times for a shilling; for half a crown, the shouts are continued as long as their breath will hold out. My lord keeps the money till the next Saturday evening, when it is spent at the next ale-house; and the shouts are there renewed, as the healths of the givers are repeated in succession. When the *marlers* have finished their work, they dress up a pole, with flowers and ribbons, and hanging their silver watches, spoons, and other glittering articles upon it, carry it about to collect money; this is called carrying the garland."

Account of JOSEPH PAISLEY, the celebrated GREYNA-GREEN Parson.

(With an etched Likeness.)

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.
SIR,

I inclose you an Account (from the Carlisle Journal) of the *Gretna-Green Parson*, who died a few days ago, as also an etching, which is an excellent likeness, and was taken, some years ago, by a neighbouring country lad, without the knowledge of the Parson; he not being willing to sit for such a purpose. If you think them worth publishing, they are at your service. In addition to the printed account, I can assure you, that, about eighteen months ago, in the presence of a friend of mine, who called upon him, (although in the afternoon, and having previ-

* One stepping aside, cries *eyes* three times; another says with great solemnity, "Mr. A. B. dwelling at the township of C., has been here to-day, and given to my lord and all his men, part of a thousand pounds: I hope another will come by and by, and give us as much more, and we will return him thanks therefore, and shout *large*." The last word is evidently a corruption of *largess*.

guage; her mother was a great proficient in it, and, under her tuition, Andromache had made considerable progress. A French emigrant of distinction, a constant visitor at Mrs. Davison's, beheld Miss Delaine with partial fondness—his bosom glowed with every manly virtue, his handsome face with every amiable and engaging grace. His heart was sincere, and fair was every action of his spotless character. Ferdinand Le Blanc to Miss Delaine was the most pleasing and amiable of men, and nearly equally so with Mrs. Davison, who, with real delight, beheld the fondness of her adopted daughter for the worthy Frenchman. Andromache blushed, her heart acknowledged his numerous virtues, and she could not say nay, when he laid his hand and fortune at her feet for acceptance. Mrs. Davison presented her fair friend with a present of five thousand pounds, as a tribute of her sincere affection, and Andromache Delaine returned to Aimwell Cottage and Eliza, the wife of Ferdinand Le Blanc, a youth every way worthy to possess such an inestimable treasure.

Norwich,
February 9.

THE VISIT:

With STRAICTURES ON MODERN FEMALE EDUCATION.

(From the Novel entitled, '*Caleb in Search of a Wife.*')

SOME days after, while we were conversing over our tea, we heard the noise of a carriage; and

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Mr. Stanley, looking out from a bow-window in which he and I were sitting, said it was Lady and Miss Rattle driving up the avenue. He had just time to add, 'these are our *fine* neighbours. They always make us a visit as soon as they come down, while all the gloss and lustre of London is fresh upon them. We have always our regular routine of conversation. While her ladyship is pouring the fashions into Mrs. Stanley's ear, Miss Rattle, who is about Phœbe's age, entertains my daughter and me with the history of her own talents and acquisitions.'

Here they entered. After a few compliments, Lady Rattle seated herself between Lady Belfield and Mrs. Stanley, at the upper end of the room; while the fine, sprightly, boisterous girl of fifteen or sixteen threw herself back on the sofa at nearly her full length, between Mr. Stanley and me; the Miss Stanleys and Sir John sitting near us, within hearing of her lively loquacity.

'Well, Miss Amelia,' said Mr. Stanley, 'I dare say you have made good use of your time this winter. I suppose you have ere now completed the whole circle of the arts. Now let me hear what you have been doing, and tell me your whole achievements, as frankly as you used to do when you were a little girl.'

'Indeed,' replied she, 'I have not been idle, if I must speak the truth. One has so many things to learn, you know. I have gone on with my French and Italian of course, and I am now beginning German. Then comes my drawing-master; he teaches me to paint flowers and shells, and to draw ruins and buildings, and to

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take views. He is a good soul, and is finishing a set of pictures, and half a dozen fire-screens, which I began for mamma. He *does* help me, to be sure, but, indeed, I do some of it myself, don't I mamma?" calling out to her mother, who was too much absorbed in her own narratives to attend to her daughter.

'And then,' pursued the young prattler, 'I learn varnishing, and gilding, and japanning. And next winter I shall learn modelling and etching, and engraving in mezzo-tinto and aquatinta; for Lady Di. Dash learns etching, and mamma says, as I shall have a better fortune than Lady Di., she vows I shall learn every thing she does. Then I have a dancing master, who teaches me the Scotch and Irish steps, and another who teaches me attitudes, and I shall soon learn the waltz; and I can stand longer on one leg already than Lady Di. Then I have a singing-master; and another who teaches me the harp, and another for the piano-forte. And what little time I can spare from these *principal* things, I give by odd minutes to antient and modern history, and geography, and astronomy, and grammar, and botany. Then I attend lectures on chemistry and experimental philosophy; for, as I am not yet come out, I have not much to do in the evenings; and mamma says there is nothing in the world that money can pay for but what I shall learn. And I run so delightfully fast from one thing to another, that I am never tired. What makes it so pleasant is, as soon as I am fairly set in with one master, another arrives. I should hate to be long at the same thing. But I

shan't have a great while to work so hard; for, as soon as I come out, I shall give it all up, except music and dancing.'

All this time Lucilla sat listening with a smile, behind the complacency of which she tried to conceal her astonishment. Phœbe, who had less self-control, was on the very verge of a loud laugh. Sir John, who had long lived in a soil where this species is indigenous, had been too long accustomed to all its varieties to feel much astonishment at this specimen, which, however, he sat contemplating with philosophical but discriminating coolness.

For my own part, my mind was wholly absorbed in contrasting the coarse manners of this voluble and intrepid, but good-humored girl, with the quiet, cheerful, and unassuming elegance of Lucilla.

'I should be afraid, Miss Rattle,' said Mr. Stanley, 'if you did not look in such blooming health, that, with all these incessant labors, you did not allow yourself time for rest. Surely you never sleep.'

'O yes, that I do, and eat too,' said she; 'my life is not quite so hard and moping as you fancy. What between shopping and morning visitings with mamma, and seeing sights, and the park, and the gardens (which, by the way, I hate, except on a Sunday when they are crowded), and our young balls, which are four or five in a week, after Easter, and mamma's music parties at home, I contrive to enjoy myself tolerably; though, after I have been presented, I shall be a thousand times better off, for then I shan't have a moment to myself. Won't that be delightful?' said she.

twitching my arm, rather roughly, by way of recalling my attention, which, however, had seldom wandered.

As she had now run out her London materials, the news of the neighbourhood next furnished a subject for her volubility. After she had mentioned in detail one or two stories of low village gossip, while I was wondering how she could come at them, she struck me dumb by quoting the coachman as her authority. This enigma was soon explained. The mother and daughter having exhausted their different topics of discourse nearly at the same time, they took their leave, in order to enrich every family in the neighbourhood; on whom they were going to call, with the same valuable knowledge which they had imparted to us.

Mr. Stanley conducted Lady Rattle, and I led her daughter; but, as I offered to hand her into the carriage, she started back with a sprightly motion, and screamed out, 'O no, not in the inside, pray help me up to the dickey; I always protest I never *will* ride with any body but the coachman, if we go ever so far.' So saying, with a spring, which showed how much she despised my assistance, the little hoyden was seated in a moment, nodding familiarly at me, as if I had been an old friend.

Then with a voice emulating that which, when passing by Charing-cross, I have heard issue from an overstuffed stage vehicle, when a robust sailor has thrust his body out at the window, the fair creature vociferated — 'Drive on, coachman.' He obeyed, and turning round her whole person, she continued nodding at me till they were out of sight.

'Here is a mass of accomplishments,' said I, 'without one particle of mind, one ray of common sense, or one shade of delicacy! Surely somewhat less time, and less money might have sufficed to qualify a companion for the coachman!'

'What poor creatures are we men!' said I to Mr. Stanley, as soon as he came in. 'We think it very well, if, after much labor, and long application, we can attain to one or two of the innumerable acquirements of this gay little girl. Nor is this, I find, the rare achievement of one happy genius; there is a whole class of these miraculous females. Miss Rattle

'Is knight o' th' shire, and represents them all.'

'It is only young ladies,' replied he, 'whose vast abilities, whose mighty grasp of mind, can take in every thing. Among men, learned men, talents are commonly directed into some one channel, and fortunate is he, who in that one attains to excellence. The linguist is rarely a painter, nor is the mathematician often a poet. Even in one profession there are divisions and subdivisions. The same lawyer never thinks of presiding both in the king's bench and the court of chancery. The science of healing is not only divided into its three distinct branches, but, in the profession of surgery only, how many are the subdivisions! One professor undertakes the eye, another the ear, and a third the teeth. But woman, ambitious, aspiring, universal, triumphant, glorious woman, even at the age of a school-boy, encounters the whole range of arts, attacks the whole circle of sciences!'

'A mighty maze, and quite without a plan,' replied Sir John, laughing; 'but the truth is, the misfortune does not so much consist in their learning every thing, as in their knowing nothing; I mean nothing well. When gold is beaten out so wide, the lamine must needs be very thin. And you may observe the more valuable attainments, though they are not to be left out of the modish plan, are kept in the background, and are to be picked up out of the odd remnants of that time, the sum of which is devoted to frivolous accomplishments. All this gay confusion of acquirements, these holiday splendors, this superfluity of enterprise, enumerated in the first part of her catalogue, is the *real business* of education, the latter part is incidental, and, if taught, is not learned.

'As to the lectures so boastfully mentioned, they may be doubtless made very useful subsidiaries to instruction; they most happily illustrate book-knowledge; but, if the pupil's instructions in private do not precede and keep pace with these useful public exhibitions, her knowledge will be only presumptuous ignorance. She may learn to talk of oxygen and hydrogen, and deflagration, and trituration, but she will know nothing of the sciences except the terms. It is not knowing the names of his tools that makes an artist; and I should be afraid of the vanity which such superficial information would communicate to a mind not previously prepared, nor exercised at home in corresponding studies. But, as Miss Rattle honestly confessed, as soon as she comes out, all these things will die away of themselves, and

dancing and music will be almost all which will survive of her multifarious pursuits.

'I look upon the great predominance of music in female education,' said Mr. Stanley, 'to be the source of more mischief than is suspected; not from any evil in the thing itself, but from it's being such a gulph of time as really to leave little room for solid acquisitions. I love music, and were it only cultivated as an amusement should commend it, But the monstrous proportion, or rather disproportion of life which it swallows up even in many religious families, and this is the chief subject of my regret, has converted an innocent diversion into a positive sin. I question if many gay men devote more hours in a day to idle purposes, than the daughters of many pious parents spend in this amusement. All these hours the mind lies fallow, improvement is at a stand, if even it does not retrograde. Nor is the shreds and scraps of time stolen in the intervals of better things that is so devoted; but it is the morning, the prime, the profitable, the active hours, when the mind is vigorous, the spirits light, the intellect awake and fresh, and the whole being wound up by refreshment of sleep, and animated by the return of light and life, for nobler services.'

'If,' said Sir John, 'music were cultivated to embellish retirement, to be practised where pleasures are scarce, and good performers are not to be had, it would quite alter the case. But the truth is, these highly-taught ladies are not only living in public where they hear the most exquisite professors, but they have them also at their

own houses. Now one of these two things must happen. Either the performance of the lady will be so inferior as not to be worth hearing, on the comparison, or so good that she will fancy herself the rival instead of the admirer of the performer, whom she had better pay and praise than fruitlessly emulate.'

'This anxious struggle to reach the unattainable excellence of the professor,' said Mr. Stanley, 'often brings to my mind the contest for victory, between the ambitious nightingale, and the angry lutanist in the beautiful *Proslusion of Strada*.'

'It is to the predominance of this talent,' replied I, 'that I ascribe that want of companionableness of which I complain. The excellence of musical performance is a decorated screen, behind which all defects in domestic knowledge, in taste, judgement, and literature, and the talents which make an elegant companion, are creditably concealed.'

'I have made,' said Sir John, 'another remark. Young ladies, who, from apparent shyness, do not join in the conversation of a small select party, are always ready enough to entertain them with music on the slightest hint. Surely it is equally modest to say as to sing, especially to sing those melting strains we sometimes hear sung, and which we should be ashamed to hear said. After all, how few hours are there in a week in which a man engaged in the pursuits of life, and a woman in the duties of a family, wish to employ in music. I am fond of it myself, and Lady Belfield plays admirably, but with the cares inseparable from the conscientious discharge of her duty with so

many children, how little time has she to play, or I to listen! But there is no day, no hour, no meal in which I do not enjoy in her the ever ready pleasure of an elegant and interesting companion. A man of sense, when all goes smoothly, wants to be entertained; under vexation to be soothed; in difficulties to be counselled; in sorrow to be comforted. In a mere artist can he reasonably look for these resources?'

'Only figure to yourself,' replied Mr. Stanley, 'my six girls daily playing four hours a-piece, which is now a moderate allowance! As we have but one instrument they must beat in succession, and night to keep pace with their neighbours. If I may compare light things with serious ones, it would resemble,' added he smiling, 'the perpetual psalmody of good Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, who had relays of musicians every six hours to sing the whole psalter through every day and night! I mean not to ridicule that holy man; but my girls thus keeping their useless vigils in turn, we should only have the melody without any of the piety. No, my friend! I will have but two or three singing birds to cheer my little grove. If all the world are performers there will soon be no hearers. Now as I am resolved in my own family that some shall listen, I will have but few to perform.'

'It must be confessed,' said Sir John, 'that Miss Rattle is no servile imitator of the vapid tribe of the superficially accomplished. Her violent animal spirits prevent her from growing smooth by attrition. She is as rough and regular as rusticity itself could have made her. Where strength

of character, however, is only marked by the worst concomitant of strength, which is coarseness, I should almost prefer inanity itself.'

'I should a little fear,' said I, 'that I lay too much stress on companionableness; on the *positive duty of being agreeable at home*, had I not only learned the doctrine from my father, and seen it exemplified so happily in the practice of my mother.'

'I entirely agree with you, Charles,' said Mr. Stanley, 'as to the absolute *morality* of being agreeable, and even entertaining in one's own family circle. Nothing so soon, and so certainly, wears out the happiness of married persons, as that too common bad effect of familiarity, the sinking down into dulness and insipidity, neglecting to keep alive the flame by the delicacy which first kindled it; want of vigilance in keeping the temper cheerful by Christian discipline, and the faculties bright by constant use. Mutual affection decays of itself, even where there is no great moral turpitude, without mutual endeavours, not only to improve, but to amuse.'

'This,' continued he, 'is one of the great arts of *home enjoyments*. That it is so little practised, accounts in a good measure for the undomestic turn of too many married persons. The man meets abroad with amusement, and the woman with attentions to which they are not accustomed at home. Whereas a capacity to please on the one part, and a disposition to be pleased on the other, in their own house, would make visits appear dull. But then the disposition and the capacity must be cultivated antecedently to marriage. And whose whole education has been rehearsal

will be dull, except she lives on the stage, constantly displaying what she has been sedulously acquiring. Books, on the contrary, well-chosen books, do not lead to exhibition. The knowledge a woman acquires in private, desires no witnesses; the possession is the pleasure. It improves herself, it embellishes her family society, it entertains her husband, it informs her children. The gratification is cheap, is safe, is always to be had at home.'

'It is superfluous,' said Sir John, 'to decorate women so highly for early youth; youth is itself a decoration. We mistakingly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most. It is for that sober period when life has lost its freshness, the passions their intenseness, and the spirits their hilarity, that we should be preparing. Our wisdom would be to anticipate the wants of middle life, to lay in a store of notions, ideas, principles, and habits, which may preserve, or transfer to the mind that affection, which was at first partly attracted by the person. But to add a vacant mind to a form which has ceased to please; to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, and especially no substitute when it is departed to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary.'

'The reading of a cultivated woman,' said Mr. Stanley, 'commonly occupies less time than the music of a musical woman, or the idleness of an indolent woman, or the dress of a vain woman, or the dissipation of a fluttering woman; she is therefore likely to have more leisure for her duties, as well as more inclination, and a

sounder judgement for performing them. But pray observe that I assume my reading woman to be a religious woman; and I will not answer for the effect of a literary vanity, more than for that of any other vanity, in a mind not habitually disciplined by Christian principle, the only safe and infallible antidote for knowledge of every kind.'

Before we had finished our conversation, we were interrupted by the arrival of the post. Sir John eagerly opened the newspaper; but, instead of gratifying our impatience with the intelligence for which we panted from the glorious Spaniards, he read a paragraph which stated 'that Miss Denham had eloped with Signor Squallini, that they were on their way for Scotland, and that Lady Denham had been in fits ever since.'

Lady Belfield, with her usual kindness, was beginning to express how much she pitied her old acquaintance. 'My dear Caroline,' said Sir John, 'there is too much substantial and inevitable misery in the world, for you to waste much compassion on this foolish woman. Lady Denham has little reason to be surprised at an event which all reasonable people must have anticipated. Provoking and disgraceful as it is, what has she to blame but her own infatuation? This Italian was the associate of all her pleasures, the constant theme of her admiration. He was admitted when her friends were excluded. The girl was continually hearing that music was the best gift, and that Signor Squallini was the best gifted. Miss Denham,' added he, laughing, 'had more wit than your Strada's nightingale. Instead of dropping down dead on the lute for envy, she thought it better to run away

with the lutanist for love. I pity the poor girl, however, who has furnished such a commentary to our text, and who is rather the victim of a wretched education than of her own bad propensities.

OBSERVATIONS on the IRISH NATION.

By the late Bishop Lowth.

(From an unpublished Sermon preached by Bishop Lowth for the Benefit of the Irish Charity Schools.)

THAT the native Irish so closely connected with England should have continued for so many centuries, and should, in some degree still continue, in such a state of darkness and barbarism, might seem incredible and inexplicable, were not the fact evident, and did not history point out to us the causes of it.

The fate of that nation has been somewhat singular, and the disadvantages under which it has labored in a manner peculiar to itself. No time can be assigned within the period of certain history, in which Ireland had any favorable opportunity of making those improvements which its natural capacity admitted, or its happy situation even pointed out. As it escaped the dominion of the Romans, so was it likewise deprived of the benefits which this government generally introduced; order, laws, civility, cultivation; and being separated from other nations in a remote corner of the world, and unskilled in navigation, it had little inclination or oppor-

tunity to profit by intercourse with them.

We have indeed notices from undoubted history, of a subsequent age in which Ireland was celebrated for literature and sanctity. Learning, driven out of the rest of Europe, by the incursion of the northern nations, seemed for a while to take refuge there; and from thence letters and religion were propagated to the neighbouring countries. But this bright age was of no long continuance; the light of it was soon obscured, and at last utterly extinguished, by repeated invasions of still more northern barbarians. And it must also be observed that their learning at best was such as could only have shined in dark times; and that their religion consisted chiefly in the extravagant austerities of the monastic life, unfavorable to improvement of every kind as it encouraged and sanctified inactivity, and considered the cultivation of the arts of life as profane, and even sinful.

Whatever their former attainments might have been, the English certainly found them relapsed into a state of complete barbarism, in respect of science, manners, laws, and religion; without arts, manufactures, and almost without agriculture, that first mark, and most essential part of civilization; in a country eminently fruitful, and abundantly supplied with every thing proper for the accommodation of its inhabitants, in a manner destitute of the conveniences and even the necessities of life. To this state they were reduced by a perpetual succession of domestic wars between their several elective kings, under whom they were contended; and of

foreign invasions, to which they lay entirely open and exposed; and whatever short intervals there might be of either, public depredation only gave place to private rapine, and military law was only exchanged for tyranny or anarchy. Nor was their condition mended when their dissensions had thrown them into the hands of the English: the same series of contentions either among themselves or with their invaders succeeded. In despite of many solemn acts of forced and insincere submission, they perpetually revolted against an ill-established ill-supported, a weak and unsteady government; the effect of which was little more than to keep up their resentment against their new governors ever fresh and keen, and to mature it at length into an inveterate hatred.

Thus, for many centuries this unfortunate nation labored under all the disadvantages of subjection to a superior power without partaking of any of the advantages with which it is often accompanied. The conquerors even refused to impart the benefit and protection of their laws to the conquered. Unable to reduce them to order by force, they would not condescend to try the gentle but more powerful influence of benevolence; and, instead of reforming the natives, suffered even their own people, settled among them, to degenerate and become barbarians. The constitution of the times, the manners of the people, were unfavorable to every kind of civil improvement. Those who are accustomed to live by plunder and rapine, always look upon manual labor, and the arts that depend on it with contempt and aversion;

though it must be allowed that his intemperance was proverbial, yet he reached his 82d year. He was accustomed to relate with great pleasure a celebrated achievement, in which he and a jovial companion, a horse-breaker, were once engaged; when they consumed the amazing quantity of *ten gallons of pure brandy* in the short space of sixty hours; and, what is more, these two thirsty souls kicked the empty cask in pieces with their feet, for having run dry too soon. It may be conjectured that the conversation of such a character could not be very engaging: juvenile feats of activity, and his beloved brandy, formed the chief topics of his discourse, which, until very lately, never turned upon religious subjects.

But let justice be done to the character of the man. It must be allowed, indeed, that he was too fond of a *stoup* of liquor, and was of coarse and unpolished manners; but he certainly was not addicted to profane talking, and obscene discourse, as a neighbouring journalist has roundly asserted. Without hazard of contradiction, it may be averred, that he was a very honest and charitable man, an inoffensive neighbour, and that he was generally respected by all who knew him.

Paisley is succeeded in the capacity of coupler by a young man, a friend of his; and there is no fear that the business will fall off, as three weddings have already taken place since the interment of the old man.

Picture of the SPANISH LADIES.

(From Laborde's "View of Spain.")

THE females of Spain are naturally beautiful, and owe nothing to art. The greater part are brown; the few that are fair are chiefly to

be found in Biscay. They are in general well proportioned, with a slender and delicate shape, small feet, well-shaped legs, a face of a fine oval, black or rich brown hair, a mouth neither large nor small; but agreeable, red lips; white and well-set teeth; which they do not long preserve, however, owing to the little care they take of them. They have large and open eyes, usually black, or dark hazel, delicate and regular features, a peculiar suppleness, and a charming natural grace in their motions, with a pleasing and expressive gesture. Their countenances are open, and full of truth and intelligence; their look is gentle, animated, expressive; their smile agreeable. They are naturally pale; but this paleness seems to vanish under the brilliancy and expressive lustre of their eyes. They are full of graces, which appear in their discourse, in their looks, their gestures, in all their motions, and every thing that they do. They have usually a kind of embarrassed and heedless manner, which does not fail, however, to seduce, even more perhaps than wit and talents. Their countenance is modest, but expressive. There is a certain simplicity in all they do, which sometimes gives them a rustic, and sometimes a bold air, but the charm of which is inexpressible. As soon as they get a little acquainted with you, and have overcome their first embarrassment, they express themselves with ease; their discourse is full of choice expressions, at once delicate and noble; their conversation is lively, easy, and possesses a natural gaiety peculiar to themselves. They seldom read and write: but the little that they read they profit by, and the little that they write is correct and concise.

They are of a warm disposition;

their passions are violent, and their imagination ardent; but they are generous, kind, and true, and capable of sincere attachment.

Account of the PARAGUAY HERB.
(From "Notes on the Viceroyalty of La Plata.")

To the use of this herb the inhabitants of Monte Video are universally and immoderately addicted. It is not entirely confined to the natives of the country; but strangers, and those from Old Spain, after living some time among them, become equally fond of it. It serves them for breakfast; the use of tea, coffee, and chocolate, being uncommon in families. They seldom take any thing in the morning besides this herb; which they drink as soon as they rise, and at all hours of the day, frequently even at their meals. They never eat until they have first refreshed themselves by sucking their beloved beverage.

The manner in which it is taken is not perfectly consonant with European ideas of delicacy. Instead of drinking it as we take tea, they put the plant into a calabash, sometimes mounted with silver, and pour boiling water upon it; many prefer it mixed with sugar and milk. The vessel out of which it is drank, is called a *muté*; from which the same name is also vulgarly given to the plant. The real name however is *Paraguay*, as it is chiefly produced in that extensive province. A globular cup or goblet of silver, placed on a high stand of the same metal, is commonly made use of among the richer class. Hot as it is, and it is usually enough so to scald the tongue of a European, they drink it, summer as well as winter, the instant that the water is poured in from the kettle. The infusion is sucked through a silver tube. The end which is put into the cup is

swelled into a bulb with a number of small holes perforated through it, like a strainer, to keep the floating fragments from coming through. The liquor is thus drank without swallowing the leaves of the plant. A whole family or a large party is supplied from the same bowl, and with the same tube. "They suck, one after the other, as it is passed from hand to hand, far from considering it a breach of decorum, and without any of those sentiments of repugnance with which a European is usually infected. After the liquor is drank by one, a second infusion of hot water is poured upon the plant that remains in the cup, for the use of another. This is often repeated five or six times without adding a fresh quantity of the herb, which retains its strength and taste for a long while before it is exhausted. The use of this plant is universal, being confined to no class. The slave drinks it as well as his master, and usually out of the same vessel too. The taste is not unpleasant, and, when mixed like tea, it is very good. From the manner in which it is drank, I did not get much addicted to it.

DEFENCE of WOMEN. (Continued from page 149.)

CHAP. XVII.

IN France there have been many learned women; for that country affords them greater opportunity, and perhaps greater impunity in studying, than our own. I shall restrict their enumeration to the most celebrated.

Susanna de Habert, wife of Charles du Jardin, who was an officer of Henri III.—She understood philosophy and theology, was well versed in the writings of the Fathers, knew the Spanish, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, and was still more eminent

for her extreme piety, than even for her extensive knowledge.

Maria de Gournay, a Parisian of high birth, on whom the learned Dominic Baudius conferred the title of the French Siren, acquired so glorious a reputation for genius and literature, that there was scarcely a man of celebrity in her time who did not think himself honored by an epistolary correspondence with her; and, after her death, letters were found in her cabinet from Cardinals Richelieu, Bentivoglio, and Du Perron; from St. Francis de Sales, and other enlightened prelates; from Charles, first Duke of Mantua, from the Count de Alès, from Erycius Puteanus, Justus Lipsius, Mons. Balzac, Maynard, Heinsius, Cæsar Capacio, Charles Pinto, and many others of transcendent erudition in those days.

Madeleine Scuderi was deservedly called the Sappho of her age, since she equaled that celebrated Grecian in the elegance of her compositions, and surpassed her greatly in the purity of her morals. She was wonderful in science, but incomparable in judgement, as is proved by her numerous and excellent works. Her *Artamencs* or *Cyrus the Great*, and her *Clelia*, contain much real history under the drapery of romance: they are somewhat in the manner of Barclay's *Argenis*; and, if we except that work, they surpass every thing which has been written in the same style, either in France or in other nations. The nobleness of the thoughts, the harmony of the narrative, the depth of the pathos, the vivacity of the descriptions, and the purity, majesty, and excellence of the style, form an admirable assemblage, which receives additional lustre from the delicacy with which she describes the loves of her he-

roes—from her representing the moral virtues in the most attractive colors, and adorning the heroic ones with the most dazzling effulgence.

As a testimony to the prodigious talents of Mademoiselle Scuderi, she was solicited to become an associate in every academy which admitted persons of her sex. In the French Academy she obtained the prize of eloquence given in the year 1671; by which that noble body virtually declared her to be the most eloquent person in the French dominions.—Louis the XIVth, by whom no eminent merit was neglected, conferred on her a pension of two hundred livres per annum. Cardinal Mazarin had, prior to this donation, bequeathed her a considerable sum in his will; and she received further assistance from the learned Louis de Boucherat, Chancellor of France, which was continued to her, till she terminated a long and regular life in the year 1701.

Antoinette de la Garde, an illustrious Frenchwoman, whose mind and person were so equally lovely, that it was said of her that nature had exerted herself to unite all the mental and personal graces in this one woman. She was so great in poetry, that, at a period in which this art was diligently cultivated and highly esteemed in France, there was not a man throughout that extensive kingdom who could surpass her performances. Her works are collected into two volumes, which I have not seen. She died in the year 1694, leaving a daughter, who inherited her genius and taste, and who gained the prize of poetry in the French Academy.

The lady Marie Madeleine Gabrielle de Montemart, daughter to the Duke de Montemart, and a Bene-

dictine nun, received from nature all the dispositions which are necessary for comprehending the most occult and difficult sciences, as she was endowed with a retentive memory, a subtle genius, and a sound judgement. In her early youth, she learned the Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek languages; and, at the age of fifteen, being presented to Maria Theresa of Austria, Queen of France, she acquired the admiration of the whole court by speaking Spanish with propriety and elegance. She acquired all that is at this day known in ancient and modern philosophy, was deeply versed in theology, whether scholastic, dogmatic, expository, or mystical. She made some translations, among which, that of the first books of the Iliad is particularly esteemed. She wrote upon various moral and critical subjects; and her letters were highly valued, even by the great Louis XIVth, to whom some of them were addressed.—Her poetry was excellent; but she wrote little of it; and, after a single reading, condemned her verses to the flames. This sacrifice her humility prompted her to make of all her works, had her own wishes been complied with.—Her piety and her talents for government were equally illustrious with her literature; and, in consequence of so many and such distinguished excellencies, she was elected abbess general of the Benedictine congregation, of Fontevraud, which institution has this peculiarity, that, being composed of a vast number of monasteries for both sexes, which are scattered through four provinces, they all recognise the abbess of Fontevraud as their general governess. This order is no less a refuge for nobility than a friend to virtue,

since it numbered, among its superiors, fourteen princesses, five of whom were of the royal house of Bourbon: and the jurisdiction of the abbess of Fontevraud at one time extended even beyond the confines of France, as we are told by the chronologist Yepes, that the two convents of monks, Santa Maria de la Vega, of Oviedo, situated in the principality of Asturias, and Santa Maria de la Vega de la Sezzana, in Tierra de Campos, were subject to the superiors of Fontevraud before they united themselves to the Benedictine congregation of Valladolid.—Madame de Montemart filled that high station with such satisfaction to all the world, and such edification and augmentation of her own flock, that, if, in the aggregate of merits, she was not superior to all the men of her age, at least there was none superior to her. She died, covered with honors, in the year 1704.

Marie Jacqueline de Blémur, a Benedictine nun, composed, as the learned Mabillon informs us*, an elaborate work, in seven quarto volumes, and the eulogies of many illustrious members of the Benedictine order, in two volumes of the same size.

Anne le Fèvre, commonly known by the name of *Madame Dacier*, was the offspring of a learned father, Tannegui le Fèvre, and became his equal in erudition, but his superior in eloquence, and in the talent of writing her native language with delicacy and propriety. She was a critic of the first merit, inasmuch that there was not a man, either in France or elsewhere, who excelled her in discussing the works of the ancient classics. She made many translations from the Greek, and

* *Etudes Monastiques, Biblioth. Ecclésiast.*

illustrated them by excellent commentaries. Her enthusiasm for Homer induced her to write several dissertations to vindicate his superiority over Virgil; and, in these essays, the vivacity of her wit and the rectitude of her judgement are equally displayed. She failed, however, of convincing some members of the French Academy; and Mons. de la Motte was particularly violent in maintaining the pre-eminence of Virgil's genius, although even his own partisans confess that his testimony against Homer was of little weight, compared with Madame Dacier's in his favor, since he was unacquainted with the Greek language, of which his fair opponent was perfect mistress. And, as a further proof of the justice of her preference, it may be remarked that Virgil is thought superior or equal to Homer only by a few Latin authors, while no Grecians allow it; Homer, on the other hand, has all the Greek authors on his side, and even many Latin ones, among whom the historian Paternulus gives him this high eulogium, that "he neither was preceded by any other poet whom he could have imitated, nor was succeeded by any one capable of imitating him."—Anne le Fèvre died in the year 1720.

(To be continued.)

MYSTERIOUS WARNINGS.

(Continued from page 179.)

In this state of mind we reached my sister's door. She looked at the windows, and saw that all was desolate.—"Why come we here? There is nobody here. I will not go in."

Still I was dumb; but, opening the door, I drew her into the entry. This was the allotted scene: here she was to fall. I let go her hand,

and pressing my palms against my forehead, made one mighty effort to work up my soul to the deed.

In vain; it would not be; my courage was appalled; my arms nerveless: I muttered prayers that my strength might be aided from above. They availed nothing.

Horror diffused itself over me. This conviction of my cowardice, my rebellion, fastened upon me, and I stood rigid and cold as marble. From this state I was somewhat relieved by my wife's voice, who renewed her supplications to be told why we came hither, and what was the fate of my sister.

What could I answer? My words were broken and inarticulate. Her fears naturally acquired force from the observation of these symptoms; but these fears were misplaced. The only inference she deduced from my conduct, was, that some terrible mishap had befallen Clara.

She wrung her hands, and exclaimed in an agony, "Oh! tell me, where is she? What has become of her? Is she sick? Dead? Is she in her chamber? Oh! let me go thither and know the worst!"

This proposal set my thoughts once more in motion. Perhaps what my rebellious heart refused to perform here, I might obtain strength enough to execute elsewhere.

"Come then," said I, "let us go."

"I will, but not in the dark. We must first procure a light."

"Fly then, and procure it; but I charge you, linger not. I will await for your return."

While she was gone, I strode along the entry. The fellness of a gloomy hurricane but faintly resembled the discord that reigned in my mind. To omit this sacrifice must

not be; yet my sinews had refused to perform it. No alternative was offered. To rebel against the mandate was impossible; but obedience would render me the executioner of my wife. My will was strong, but my limbs refused their office.

She returned with a light; I led the way to the chamber; she looked round her; she lifted the curtain of the bed; she saw nothing!

At length she fixed her inquiring eyes upon me. The light now enabled her to discover in my visage what darkness had hitherto concealed. Her cares were now transferred from my sister to myself, and she said in a tremulous voice, "Wieland! you are not well. What ails you? Can I do nothing for you?"

That accents and looks so winning should disarm me of my resolution, was to be expected. My thoughts were thrown anew into anarchy. I spread my hand before my eyes, that I might not see her, and answered only by groans. She took my other hand between hers, and, pressing it to her heart, spoke with that voice which had ever swayed my will, and wafted away sorrow.

"My friend! my soul's friend! tell me thy cause of grief. Do I not merit to partake with thee in thy cares? Am I not thy wife?"

This was too much. I broke from her embrace, and retired to a corner of the room. In this pause, courage was once more infused into me. I resolved to execute my duty. She followed me, and renewed her passionate entreaties to know the cause of my distress.

I raised my head, and regarded her with steadfast looks. I muttered something about death, and the injunctions of my duty. At these words she shrunk back, and looked at me with a new expression of au-

guish. After a pause, she clasped her hands, and exclaimed—

"O Wieland! Wieland! God grant that I am mistaken; but surely something is wrong. I see it: it is too plain: thou art undone—lost to me and to thyself." At the same time she gazed on my features with intensest anxiety, in hope that different symptoms would take place. I replied to her with vehemence—

"Undone! No; my duty is known; and I thank my God that my cowardice is now vanquished, and I have power to fulfil it. Catharine! I pity the weakness of thy nature: I pity thee, but must not spare. Thy life is claimed from my hands; thou must die!"

Fear was now added to her grief. "What mean you? Why talk you of death? Bethink yourself, Wieland! bethink yourself; and this fit will pass. O why came I hither? Why did you drag me hither?"

"I brought thee hither to fulfil a divine command. I am appointed thy destroyer, and destroy thee I must."

Saying this I seized her wrists. She shrieked aloud, and endeavoured to free herself from my grasp; but her efforts were vain.

"Surely, surely, Wieland, thou dost not mean it. Am I not thy wife? And wouldst thou kill me? Thou wilt not; and yet—I see—thou art Wieland no longer! A fury resistless and horrible possesses thee—Spare me—spare—help, help—"

Till her breath was stopped, she shrieked for help—*for mercy*. When she could speak no longer, her gestures, her looks appealed to my compassion. My accursed hand was irresolute and tremulous. I meant thy death to be sudden, thy struggles to be brief. Alas! my heart was infirm; my resolves mutable. Thrice I slackened my grasp, and

life kept its hold, though in the midst of pangs. Her eye-balls started from their sockets. Grimness and distortion took place of all that used to bewitch me into transport, and subdue me into reverence.

I was commissioned to kill thee, but not to torment thee with a foresight of thy death; not to multiply thy fears, and prolong thy agonies. Haggard, and pale, and lifeless, at length thou ceasedst to contend with thy destiny.

This was a moment of triumph. Thus had I successfully subdued the stubbornness of human passions: the victim which had been demanded was given: the deed was done past recall.

I lifted the corpse in my arms, and laid it on the bed. I gazed upon it with delight. Such was the elation of my thoughts, that I even broke into laughter. I clapped my hands, and exclaimed, "It is done! My sacred duty is fulfilled! To that I have sacrificed, O my God! thy last and best gift, my wife!"

For a while I thus soared above frailty. I imagined I had set myself for ever beyond the reach of selfishness; but my imaginations were false. This rapture quickly subsided. I looked again at my wife. My joyous ebullitions vanished, and I asked myself who it was whom I saw. Methought it could not be Catharine. It could not be the woman who had lodged for years in my heart; who had slept, nightly, in my bosom; who had borne in her womb, who had fostered at her breast, the beings who called me father; whom I had watched with delight, and cherished with a fondness ever new and perpetually growing; it could not be the same.

Where was her bloom? These dead and blood-suffused orbs but

ill resemble the azure and ecstatic tenderness of her eyes. The lucid stream that meandered over that bosom, the glow of love that was wont to sit upon that cheek, are much unlike these livid stains and this hideous deformity. Alas! these were the traces of agony; the gripe of the assassin had been here!

I will not dwell upon my lapse into desperate and outrageous sorrow. The breath of heaven that sustained me was withdrawn, and I sunk into *mere man*. I leaped from the floor: I dashed my head against the wall: I uttered screams of horror: I panted after torment and pain. Eternal fire, and the bickerings of hell, compared with what I felt, were music and a bed of roses.

I thank my God that this degeneracy was transient, that he deigned once more to raise me aloft. I thought upon what I had done as a sacrifice to duty, and *was calm*. My wife was dead; but I reflected, that, though this source of human consolation was closed, yet others were still open. If the transports of a husband were no more, the feelings of a father had still scope for exercise. When remembrance of their mother should excite too keen a pang, I would look upon them, and *be comforted*.

While I revolved these ideas, new warmth flowed in upon my heart.—I was wrong. These feelings were the growth of selfishness. Of this I was not aware; and, to dispel the mist that obscured my perceptions, a new effulgence and a new mandate were necessary.

From these thoughts I was recalled by a ray that was shot into the room. A voice spake, like that which I had before heard—"Thou hast done well; but all is not done—the sacrifice is incomplete—thy

children must be offered—they must perish with their mother!"

In the sequel, it is discovered, that these supposed expressions of the will of heaven are only the wicked contrivances of an artful villain, who, together with the faculty of a ventriloquist, possesses other still more astonishing powers, which enable him to deceive the eye as well as the ear.

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.
SIR,

To some of your country readers it may probably be agreeable to learn a simple and efficacious mode of preserving eggs fresh and sweet for a considerable length of time.—The process is attended with very little trouble, and still less expense: it is only to smear them all over with fresh butter; and less than the size of a nutmeg will be sufficient for a dozen eggs, which may be completely coated with it in three or four minutes, thus—

Rub the butter between the hands, until the palms are thoroughly greased, and likewise such parts of the fingers and thumbs, as are to touch the eggs in handling. Then take an egg, and roll it between the hands, till you have touched it all over; after which, though there is hardly an appearance of greasiness on the surface, the egg may be kept for several months; the butter closing all the pores of the shell, and preserving its contents from being affected by the air.

For the efficacy of this simple process I can vouch from my own experience—having heretofore enjoyed the benefit of it for several years, and been thus enabled to treat a friend at Christmas with a nice fresh egg, laid perhaps in August, July, or June, but still as sweet and delicate, as if it had not been two days old. I have to observe, however, that I always took care to butter my eggs as soon after they were laid, as possible; and, during

the laying season, I made it a rule to perform this operation every morning before breakfast. Besides, I laid by the buttered eggs, not on wood, or hay, or straw, from any of which they might perhaps have contracted a disagreeable taint, but in clean earthen-ware vessels.

Sea-faring people, I understand, are accustomed to pack eggs in salt for long voyages, and find this mode to answer tolerably well. Perhaps, if the buttered eggs were likewise packed in salt, this might be some little improvement: but I never had recourse to that expedient, as I found the buttering alone to be fully sufficient.

MARTHA.

SAPPHO; an Historic Romance.

(Continued from page 175.)

SAPPHO was an anxious spectatress of the combat. When Phaon first appeared, she instantly felt an increased palpitatio of the heart: she turned pale; and, in an instant, her cheeks were tinged with the deepest crimson. In the course of the combat, when she beheld, in all his movements, courage, grace, and strength, so happily united, her mind became a prey to sensations which she had never before experienced: she wished to contemplate his beauty more attentively, to listen to the expressions of such lovely lips, and to know more intimately all the qualities of a mind which the gods had placed in so lovely a body.

She was seated by her sister Dorilla, whose beauty powerfully affected the hearts of others, while her own preserved its habitual indifference. Happy are they who enjoy that internal tranquillity!—they may boast the possession of Olympus; for such is divine felicity, according to the descriptions of

the sacred poets, where, placed on the summit of a hill, sated with nectar and ambrosia, the indolent gods, free from care, gently recline on the clouds, and resign themselves to sleep.

Dorilla, though the same blood flowed in her veins, had a character entirely different from her sister. Sappho considered the combat with the most lively sensibility: Dorilla looked on with tranquillity: sometimes indeed her approbation was expressed by a smile.—“Is he not,” said Sappho, “the most beautiful youth of Mitylene?”—“Possibly he is,” replied Dorilla—“though . . .”—“What agility in all his actions! what grace in his attitudes!” added Sappho.

Her sister made no answer—attentive to the issue of the combat, which alone excited her curiosity.—Sappho’s anxiety and exclamations increased. When Phaon is pressed by his adversary, her heart beats with violent rapidity:—if he gains the least advantage, she expresses aloud her joy. When victory declared in his favor, she arose instantaneously, hurried by a powerful influence, which, though it is the baneful effect of love, she believes to be merely an impulse of innocent curiosity. She mingles with the multitude that surround the conqueror: but, still artless and timid, and yet un-acquainted with the meaning of that tumultuous agitation which heaves her bosom, she dreads to approach him, even at the moment when she most wishes it: confused and dumb in the midst of the crowd who fondly close around him, she is satisfied with casting a stolen glance on the object which so powerfully excites her interest.

Presently, however, she was no longer able to contain the expression of her feelings; and, under the

impulse of a passion which she is not able to control, she draws from her breast some flowers attached by a ribbon, and, advancing to Phaon, presents them to him—accompanying the present with two lines, the spontaneous effusion of the moment—

“What youth is this, of Grecian youths
the flow’r,

“Of Cupid’s form, but with Alcides’
pow’r!”

Till this moment she had been totally un-acquainted with the rules of metre and the charms of harmony: but, now, a sensation, altogether new to her, at once broke down the barriers of reserve and timidity which she observed beneath her father’s roof. She now passed to an excess of assurance, and to a public violation of decorum. Phaon gracefully accepted the flowers: but, raising his eyes to her who presented them, he felt none of those sensations which glowed in her bosom: he politely thanked her for the present, and then turned his steps another way. Sappho, to conceal her confusion, which was extreme, let down her veil, and retired.

Meantime, the victor, surrounded by young maidens, who strew flowers on his path, and accompany their songs with the lyre and the timbrel, advances in triumph to the stand.

The judge of the games arose, and placed a crown on his brow, presenting him with the reward of victory—a polished helmet ornamented with long flowing white hair, and a large shield, in the centre of which was engraved the head of Medusa.

Let us quit these scenes of noise and tumult for the domestic circle of Scamandronymus.—Sappho, hurt at the cold reception of her present, and the slender expression

of praise bestowed on her verse, had quitted, in disgust, a scene which no longer had any attractions for her—and returned with slow and pensive step towards the paternal mansion. Immediately on her arrival, she shut herself up in her apartment, a prey to the bitterness and anguish of her present feelings: and she would not have left her room at the accustomed hour of repast, but for the repeated summons of the slaves.

Silent and melancholy, she at length makes her appearance, takes her seat at table, but refuses, or scarcely touches the viands which are presented to her:—her hands on her breast, and her eyes fixed on the ground, sufficiently reveal the affliction of her mind. “What cause,” said Scamandronymus, “affects my dear daughter with that grief, which is so visibly expressed on her countenance?”—But Sappho, like all those who in profound affliction endeavour to conceal the reality by vain efforts, immediately replied, “Why! am I not as usual?”—“No, Sappho!” said Cleïs tenderly. “My heart bleeds, to behold the excess of your grief: but confide your distress to us: the repast will be more grateful, if my beloved daughter will resume her wonted gaiety.”

“Be not uneasy on my account,” said Sappho peevishly:—“the sky is not always clear; then how can the mind retain constant serenity?”—“But what is the reason,” said Scamandronymus, “that you do not, with your accustomed enthusiasm, relate to us what you have seen, and thus impart to your parents some pleasure by the description of those games, which their age prevents them from enjoying in the exhibition? You are melancholy and sad, and have more

the appearance of having assisted at a funeral than at the games.”—“Tell us, Dorilla,” said Cleïs, “if any accident has happened; which, however, I do not think, as you appear with your usual tranquillity.”

Dorilla, who had never felt the pangs of love, replied, “I am ignorant of any accident,” and continued to distribute the viands. In offering a portion to her sister, she said, “take some nourishment and support, that you may be able to see the handsome wrestler again.” Simple girl! she thought to furnish an agreeable subject for conversation, and added, “He was well pleased with your flowers; but he was better pleased with a young girl who took them from him.”—“And what did he say?” cried Sappho impatiently.—“Nothing: he only smiled at the theft. I afterwards saw her in the midst of the crowd, when you so hastily retired; and I rejoined you, when I heard that she is one of the most distinguished and beautiful maids in the whole island—and a maid whom he loves to distraction.”—Sappho, with increasing agitation, asked her name. “I did not hear it,” replied the innocent Dorilla, again offering her sister some refreshment; but Sappho, bewildered, arose, and fled to her chamber. Her parents are grieved at her agitation: Dorilla is astonished; and the slaves are fixed in mute surprise.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

(Continued from page 168.)

BUT, good heavens! how great his surprise on perceiving Sir Frederick with all the appearance of insanity! His face was livid and distorted; his eye-balls seemed starting from their sockets, and gleamed by turns with despair and horror.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Sir Henry—"what is the matter?"—Sir Frederick answered only by a hollow groan, and, uttering a convulsed and phrensied shriek, sunk senseless at his feet.

Sir Henry, hardly conscious of what he did, vehemently pulled the bell:—the room, in a few minutes, was filled, and every restorative tried, but without effect. "He is dead," whispered every heart.—Sir Henry gazed in agony on the inanimate body of his friend. "My God!" he exclaimed—"he is gone! A surgeon, for heaven's sake!" Every one flew at the words; and, in a few minutes, Mr. Hemly, a neighbouring practitioner of surgery, entered the room.

Sir Henry spoke not; but his agitated looks declared to the surgeon what his thoughts were.—"Do not alarm yourself, my dear Sir," said Mr. Hemly: "it is only a fit: he will soon recover:—let the room be cleared." His orders were no sooner uttered than obeyed.—"He will require to be bled," continued the surgeon.—"Any thing, dear Doctor, that may restore him," returned Sir Henry, raising Sir Frederick in his arms, and pulling off his coat.

Mr. Hemly applied the lancet; and, as the blood flowed from the incision, the eyes of Sir Frederick slowly began to open. Drawing a long and convulsed breath, he cast a fearful glance around the apartment.

"How do you feel now, my dear Montgomery?" asked Sir Henry, pressing the cold, clammy hand of his friend within his.—Sir Frederick raised his languid eye, returned the pressure, but spoke not.

"We must get him conveyed to bed," said Mr. Hemly:—"he is very weak: his spirits seem much

agitated."—"Will you go to bed?" said Sir Henry.—Sir Frederick was silent: his eye rolled vacantly: it seemed to look for an object which it feared, yet wished, to view.

"Powers of heaven!" exclaimed Sir Henry—"his senses are gone!"—"They have been dreadfully disturbed," returned Mr. Hemly. "May I take the liberty of asking what brought on this fit?"—"I am as ignorant as yourself," answered Sir Henry. "We were conversing on the most uninteresting topics, when he fell, with a dreadful groan, at my feet."

"May I ask," said Mr. Hemly, "whether he is subject to such attacks?"—"I may safely answer that he is not," rejoined Sir Henry: "I am pretty sure he never was affected so before."—"It is very strange," said Mr. Hemly. "However, let us get him to bed by all means."

Sir Frederick was led, almost carried, to his chamber by Sir Henry and the surgeon. His breathing was all that distinguished him from a corpse.—Mr. Hemly and Sir Henry watched by his bed the whole night:—towards morning he fell into a profound slumber, and, about nine, awoke in perfect recollection.

Sir Henry, transported with joy, exclaimed, "Dear Frederick! you alarmed me terribly last night."—"I am very sorry for it indeed," said Sir Frederick; "but surely you have not sat up all night?"—"Pshaw!" returned Sir Henry, smiling—"What would have been the good of going to bed, when you had frightened sleep away from me?—This worthy gentleman kept me company."

"I have been a great trouble to you both," said Sir Frederick.—"The discharge of humanity is ne-

ver troublesome," answered Mr. Hemly: "and we are amply repaid by the favorable state in which we find you this morning."—Sir Frederick returned a suitable answer.

"Pray, my dear fellow," asked Sir Henry, "what occasioned your last night's illness? I never knew you were subject to fits before."

The agitation into which this question threw Sir Frederick, made both the gentlemen believe that he was going into another fainting-fit.—He took the hand of Sir Henry, and, in a low and broken voice, said, "My friend! excuse my weakness. A more miserable wretch than Frederick Montgomery crawls not on this earth.—Let the last night be for ever obliterated from your memory.—Would to God it were possible to erase it from mine! I conjure you both to bury it in your own breasts, and forget that such an occurrence ever happened."—The gentlemen, in the utmost astonishment, promised what he so earnestly requested.

Contrary to the advice of Mr. Hemly and Sir Henry, Sir Frederick set off for London that day: and, two days after, they were joined by Lady Montgomery and Lady Fitz Allan.—They found Captain and Mrs. Legoxton arrived before them. Ellen's *accouchement* was very near; and her husband wished her to be with her mother.

The day after his arrival, Sir Frederick went to call on his sister. He was told Mrs. Legoxton was at home, and was shown into the sitting-room.—A beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen, rose at his entrance: Sir Frederick bowed: but, ere he had time to speak, his sister entered.

After the first effusions on their meeting were over, Mrs. Legoxton said, "I am sure, my dear brother

will welcome to London the sister of my Henry."—"Indeed!" said Sir Frederick, advancing towards the young lady, and taking her hand—"Have I the pleasure of seeing Miss Legoxton?"—"My dear Caroline," said Mrs. Legoxton, "allow me to introduce to you my brother, Sir Frederick Montgomery."

Sir Frederick gazed with unfeigned admiration on the beautiful sister of Legoxton. Every feminine grace played round her exquisitely moulded form; and, in her face, was combined all that could attract the fancy of man. Her azure eyes beamed with genius and sensibility in their most refined state: candor, innocence, and benevolence, irradiated her heavenly countenance: the lily vied not with her skin in whiteness, nor the Damask rose with her cheek.

Sir Frederick gazed upon the angelic Caroline, till his whole soul was dissolved in rapture: but memory, that foe of the wretched, only slumbered for a few moments, to plant its stings with tenfold anguish, and recall to his distracted mind the accursed action which had blighted his happiness for ever. With a precipitate motion he quitted the room, and wandered, lost in thought, along the crowded streets.

When he reached his own house, his servant delivered to him a letter, which, he said, had been left for him about an hour after he went out.—Sir Frederick no sooner cast his eyes upon the writing, than a violent emotion shook his whole frame. With trembling hands he tore up the seal, and had no sooner glanced over the contents, than he exclaimed, "Merciful God! I thank thee! he lives; and I am no murderer!"—The letter that gave such happiness to the long-agonised mind of Sir Frederick, ran thus:

"Impressed with the deepest sense of my ill conduct towards you, it is with diffidence that I take up my pen to address you: yet, though not doubting that my presumption will be punished with indignation and contempt, I cannot refrain from endeavouring in some measure to vindicate myself in your eyes.—When chance introduced me to you, I had, about two months before, been introduced to Lady Gertrude Montravers. To describe the charms of her person is needless: you felt their fatal effects as well as myself.—I believed myself a favored lover, and imagined her artless in mind, as she was faultless in form:—but I was deceived. While I fondly fancied myself secure in her affection, I was only the dupe of her unfeeling coquetry. Rage, madness uncontrolled, seized my soul, when I learned that you too enjoyed her countenance. Resentment against a favored rival prompted me—madman as I was—to send you a challenge. We met, fought, and fell, for a fickle, deceitful coquette, who felt equal indifference for us both. We were both wounded: *you* were hurried into your carriage, and fled to Italy. I believed myself dying, and informed you of the cause of my challenge.—Never shall I forget your agony at that moment: you fainted, and, in that state, were carried to your chariot, and hastily conveyed from the field.—I closed my eyes—in death, it was thought—and was carried to an obscure lodging, where I remained concealed until my wounds were healed. Worlds would not have bribed me to remain at Paris. I feared to meet the shafts of ridicule, which would be aimed at me; for the character of lady Gertrude was well known; and the report of my folly had

spread like lightning: but still more I dreaded to meet the friends of Sir Frederick Montgomery, whose every look would proclaim me a murderer, and accuse me of the blackest ingratitude; for it was generally believed that you had died of your wounds. In the deepest remorse and despair, I returned to England, and found an order waiting me to join my regiment, then under orders for foreign service. It was already at Portsmouth; and, had I been a day later, it would have embarked without me.—Nine months I remained abroad.—When we were recalled, the order gave universal joy to the whole regiment: to me alone it imparted sorrow. I must again return to England, where every circumstance would remind me of my crime!—When I stepped on board the ship that was to convey me to my native land, I felt like a condemned criminal.—I little knew the happiness that was in store for me.—O heavens! what were my sensations, when I learned that you still lived! Oh! I felt as if I had quitted hell, for heaven.—Yesterday I arrived in town, and heard you were in it. The remembrance of former days prompted me to write. Can you forgive me? Alas! I fear, not:—my monstrous ingratitude must have steeled your heart against me.—Good heavens! when, only the week before, you rescued me from a prison—and, the next, I... My soul shudders when I reflect,—No! you cannot forgive me: I do not ask it; neither do I deserve it. Pity me: I am worthy of your compassion. Adieu! this is the last time you shall hear of the wretched

CHARLES BEAUCHAMP."

Sir Frederick's feelings, on the perusal of this epistle, cannot be described. He had accused him-

self as a murderer: for it had been reported that Major Beauchamp had died of his wounds; and the cause of Sir Frederick's illness at Barnet was the un-expected appearance of that gentleman. It was he who had arrived in the carriage, and by mistake had entered the room where Sir Frederick and Sir Henry were, but had instantly withdrawn unperceived by Sir Henry. Sir Frederick caught a glance of his receding figure; and no wonder that the appearance of one whom he conceived long since in his grave, should dreadfully agitate his feelings.—Major Beauchamp did not observe Montgomery, as he was almost obscured by the opening of the door from his view.

"Dupes of lady Gertrude!" exclaimed Sir Frederick—"O God! he knows not to what an extent I have been her dupe."

(To be continued.)

THE CAT-MERCHANT; an Anecdote. (From "The Shipwreck, or Memoirs of an Irish Officer and his Family," by T. Edgeworth, Esq.)

"* * * We would not thus quote an anecdote from a novel, but that we actually believe this story to be founded in truth. At least we can safely assure our readers, that we ourselves, about five and twenty years ago, heard it related as a real fact, only with some little difference in the circumstances."

HAVING concerted his scheme with a brother chip of the law, from Dublin, who paid him a sporting visit, and who was as great a proficient at humbugging as himself, Pilsworth appointed a time for introducing this stranger at the club, which he did, in quality of a Russian agent, commissioned with imperial orders to purchase certain commodities, the produce of Ireland, for the use of the government in his own country: and for this agent he solicited the justice for the

privilege of trading in this district: which being granted in form, under seal and signature, Pilsworth took an opportunity of intimating to Higgins that now was the time to make his fortune at a single stroke; telling him a long story of the Russian envoy, and offering to introduce him privately, and obtain him a profitable order, if he would make it worth his while by a proper gratuity.

Higgins pricked up his ears at this news; and longed for nothing so much as the introduction; promising his friend Pilsworth to reward him on the spot, in proportion to the nature of the order he should receive, provided it was within his power to execute.

A private room was immediately prepared for the negotiation of this commercial treaty; and the parties being met, and Pilsworth agreeing to act as interpreter, the envoy commenced his proposals in a kind of jargon accompanied by strange contortions of his articulatory faculties, that passed on Higgins just as well as genuine *Russ*, and which his interpreter explained to this purport—"That the empire of Russia being over-run with rats, the said envoy was dispatched to England in order to purchase ten thousand cats for the service of the state; that the reason for resorting to England was, that the famous cat of *Whittington* was brought from thence to Russia, where it was sold for an immense price; and where its image was still worshipped in remembrance of its eminent services; but that being unable to complete his order among the British merchants, he was advised to visit Ireland; and, on his arrival, was directed to that part of the country, where he was told those animals abounded; that he still

wanted about five thousand of his complement, for two thousand of which he gave Higgins a commission, at one guinea each, to be paid as soon as they should be delivered at his hotel in Dublin."

Higgins, overjoyed at the success of this negotiation, slipped twenty guineas into Pilsworth's hand, who very gratefully made him a compliment of his trouble in drawing up articles of agreement: and the next day did this punctual broker proceed to the execution of the order, by posting up advertisements against all the church and chapel gates, and market crosses in the whole county, offering a premium of five shillings each for all the cats that should be brought to him: in consequence of which, all the poor old women in the country, who were proprietors of such quadrupeds, came trotting to him in droves, with their tabby mousers under their cloaks; and returned highly satisfied with the success of their journeys in the advantageous sale of their commodities.

The kitchen at the Red Bull continued to exhibit every day, for the space of two months, a better stocked cat-market than perhaps was ever seen before or since, in Smithfield, or any other mart, for the disposal of cattle, in Europe. All the garrets and store-rooms in and about the house were cleared out for the reception of those purring guests. And, had any doubts arisen from their various sizes and colors, respecting their genus, it would soon have become discernible to the nose of any ordinary naturalist who should enter the inn, that they were none of the *civet* kind.

The population of this new colony increased so fast during the existence of Higgins's edict, that he

found himself under the necessity of either quitting the house, or providing another for their accommodation.

Having lately taken a farm, whereon stood an old Cromwellian castle, under which there were several large vaulted caves for the accommodation of its original inhabitants; he thought, that, by properly fortifying the subterraneous part of this ancient citadel, it might afford a safe repository for the accommodation of his furred recruits. The place being accordingly put into a proper state for their reception, their removal was commenced in detachments of about a dozen each, in large hampers; and their whole body, amounting to about five hundred strong, completed their march in about three days, and were put in full possession of the place. A governor being appointed for this garrison from among the gentlemen of Higgins's household, and the necessary contracts entered into for their provisions, with the surrounding butchers and other dealers in cat's meat, all the additional forces that were afterwards raised, were directly marched to these quarters.

Higgins's scheme, the whole time, remained a profound secret to all the neighbourhood, except the justice and his party. The scarcity of cats occasioned by his purchases, obliged him to raise his price; and having nearly completed his first thousand, he had some notion of forwarding them *as per order*, when part of his forces, either irritated by the scantiness of provisions, the want of drink, the tyranny of their keeper, or some other cause unknown, taking the advantage of a dark night, effected a breach in one of their prison windows, and sallied forth to the num-

ber of about three hundred; and, rendered desperate by long confinement, ravaged the neighbouring sheep-folds and farm-yards, and made strange havoc among the young lambs and poultry, continuing their nocturnal depredations for some months afterwards. The cat-broker now thought it high time to secure the remainder of his merchandise; and accordingly set about hiring horses for their conveyance. Having provided as many hampers, panniers, and other inclosures, as he could, for the purpose, the good folk at the garrison were conveyed into their travelling vehicles, and proceeded on their way to Dublin (Higgins undertaking the department of supercargo) and arrived safe in that city in a few days.

In searching for the hotel of the Russian envoy, he pursued the directions given him by that illustrious foreigner; but instead of the superb house in which he expected to meet him, he was led by the letter of their reference to a paltry ale-house, distinguished by the sign of the *Horse-Shoe and Nagpie*, at Temple-bar, equally celebrated in the annals of low nocturnal revel, with our Brown Bear in Bow-street, where this envoy and a number of his facetious companions usually spent their nights.

Higgins finding all his enquiries for his Russian patron in vain, perceived he was fairly gulled: and thinking it prudent to rid himself in the speediest manner possible of his hungry charge, who were by that time become exceedingly clamorous; as he did not chuse to be at the further expense of a breakfast on their account, he resolved to give them an opportunity to gratify their longing on their favorite delicacy, *fish*, by committing them,

panniers and all, to the hospitable waves of the river Liffey; and then set out on his way homewards, not in the most cheerful mood.

On his arrival at his own castle, he was greeted by the authors of this *feline conspiracy*, who enquired very anxiously after the success of his journey. He had, besides, the mortification to find actions commenced against him for the damages committed by his deserters from the garrison, who had not yet thought proper to cease hostilities. He agreed, from motives of policy, to employ lawyer Pilsworth in defending and compromising those suits, which finally swelled his expenses on the whole joke to upwards of five hundred pounds.

*Particulars respecting TYCHO BRAHE,
and the Castle of URANIBURG.*

(From Huel's *Memoirs*.)

In the Danish strait called the Sound, there is a small island named Huen, gently rising above the sea, so as to afford a free prospect on all sides. This spot appeared to the king extremely well accommodated to the studies and observations of Tycho; and sending for him, he presented him for life with the usufruct of the island (it is royal property), and gave him it to inhabit. At the same time he settled upon him ample revenues, and further promised that he would never withhold his assistance either in erecting buildings on the island, or in providing astronomical instruments. Tycho gratefully and gladly accepted this gift, and laid the foundation of the castle of Uraniburg*

* This name, which appears partly borrowed from the Greek, is, in that case, equivalent to *Heaven-burg*, or *Heaven-town*,—in allusion, no doubt, to the astronomical purposes, for which the edifice was erected.

On the 8th of August, 1576, the first stone being at his desire placed by Charles Danzée, the French king's ambassador in Denmark. This island is by some called *Venusia*; by others the *Scarlet Isle*, of which last appellation I suppose the origin to have been the following incident related to me upon good authority, as having taken place in the reign of Frederic II. Some English at Copenhagen had offered to the king that if he would sell them this island, they would pay him, as its price, as much English scarlet cloth as would go round its outmost margin, adding moreover a piece of gold for every fold in the cloth. The king inconsiderately accepted the offer, not reflecting that if the English were to fortify the island, they might shut up the Sound with their fleets, and deprive the crown of its passage dues. Being therefore better advised, he determined to keep it in his possession, but at the same time he was very anxious not to appear to forfeit his word. In this emergence, his fool, whom he kept according to court custom, came to his relief. "Why (said he) is your majesty so much disquieted? say you will stand to the bargain, and sell them Huen, provided the purchasers immediately convey it away to the English sea; for that they must be mad, if they suppose you will suffer them to stick in your very jaws." The wise counsel of the fool was followed, and the hopes of the English were frustrated; and hence, as I conjecture, the island retained the name of *Scarlet*.

On landing, we walked to the little village, which is the only one on the island. We were received by the Lutheran minister after the customary manner in Denmark and Sweden, where the clergy are extremely hospitable, and open their

doors to strangers, expecting no gain, but merely the repayment of what they expend; a liberality that appears to me highly suitable to Christian piety, and worthy to be imitated by the other nations who profess the name of Christ. Some refer this beneficence to the kings, asserting that they permit the country ministers to dwell in these mansions upon the condition of their admitting strangers. It is certain that among all these northern nations the duties of hospitality are held in great honour and respect. Being therefore kindly received, after we had rested a while, we began to make many enquiries of our host, and the other surrounding inhabitants of Huen, respecting Tycho, and the castle of Uraniburg, the object of our visit; and, to my surprise, they all affirmed that these names were entirely unknown to them. But understanding that there was one very aged inhabitant on the island, I caused him to be sent for. When I asked him whether he had ever heard of Tycho Brahe, and of a castle built by him to which he gave the name of Uraniburg, and in which he dwelt for twenty-one years, he replied that he not only knew them both, but had been for some time in the service of Tycho, and had assisted in building his castle. He informed me that Tycho was a violent and passionate man, often abusing his servants and tenants, and given to wine and women—that he had married a wife of the lowest extraction in his native village of Knudstrup, by whom he had many children; the disgrace of which alliance had greatly offended the illustrious family of Brahe. The good man then added, that if I came to see Uraniburg, I should lose my labour, since it had been levelled to the ground, and scarcely the

traces of the walls were left. When I enquired of him, as I had before done of some learned men of Copenhagen, the cause of this destruction, I found much contrariety of opinion. The latter in general affirmed that Tycho himself, on quitting Denmark, had demolished his own work; whereas it is certain that he left his affairs at Huen and Uraniburg to the management of a farmer and some servants, as the produce of this estate had been conferred upon him for life by king Frederic. Some asserted that Swedish troops had landed on the island in time of war, and committed these ravages; a circumstance which could not but have been known to the old inhabitant, who referred the cause to the raging seas and stormy winds of the Sound, by which a slightly timbered building was easily shaken: especially as the courtiers, who obtained a grant of the island from the king after Tycho, took little care of preserving an edifice dedicated to astronomical purposes.

Of the cause which obliged Tycho to quit his country, Gassendi has treated at large; I have however learned at Copenhagen, from persons who revered his memory, some circumstances relative to it, omitted by that writer, and worthy of being recorded. Although Tycho sometimes spoke of injuries sustained by him in Denmark, it was without any complaint of king Christiern, whom he rather openly excused; yet, it is certain that he lost the favour of the court, and by his majesty's order was stripped of the royal bounty, which, however, he bore in silence, knowing that kings have long hands. But the following story was told me as the origin of his disgrace. The English ambassador to Denmark had brought with him a mastiff of extraordinary size, which caught

the eye of Tycho, who requested it of him, to take to Uraniburg as a faithful guard to his castle. But the same gift was also asked by the master of the court, Christopher Walchandorp; and as the ambassador did not chuse to offend either, he refused them both; promising that as soon as he should return to England, he would send over a brace of mastiffs, one for each. This he performed; but as one of them appeared the superior in form and stature, Walchandorp claimed it for himself, and the king adjudged it to him, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Tycho. Greatly indignant at this decision, he was led in his passion to use some unguarded expressions relative to the king, which were immediately carried to him by the master of the court; and hence proceeded the royal displeasure.

Account of the BANIAN Tree.
(From Marsden's "*History of Sumatra.*")

[THE *jawi-jawi*, or banian tree,] possesses the uncommon property of dropping roots or fibres from certain parts of its boughs, which, when they touch the earth, become new stems, and go on increasing to such an extent, that some have measured, in circumference of the branches, upwards of a thousand feet, and have been said to afford shelter to a troop of horse*. These

* The following is an account of the dimensions of a remarkable banian or burr tree, near Manjee, twenty miles west of Patna in Pengal. Diameter 363 to 375 feet. Circumference of shadow at noon, 1116 feet. Circumference of the several stems, in number fifty or sixty, 921 feet. Under this tree sat a naked Fakir, who had occupied that situation for twenty-five years; but he did not continue there the whole year through, for his vow obliged him to lie, during the four cold months, up to his neck in the waters of the river Ganges.

fibres, that look like ropes attached to the branches, when they meet with any obstruction in their descent, conform themselves to the shape of the resisting body, and thus occasion many curious metamorphoses. I recollect seeing them stand in the perfect shape of a gate, long after the original posts and cross piece had decayed and disappeared; and I have been told of their lining the internal circumference of a large bricked well, like the worm in a distiller's tub; there exhibiting the view of a tree turned inside out, the branches pointing to the centre, instead of growing from it. It is not more extraordinary in its manner of growth, than whimsical and fantastic in its choice of situations. From the side of a wall, or the top of a house, it seems to spring spontaneously. Even from the smooth surface of a wooden pillar, turned and painted, I have seen it shoot forth, as if the vegetative juices of the seasoned timber had renewed their circulation, and begun to produce leaves afresh. I have seen it flourish in the centre of a hollow tree, of a very different species, which, however, still retained its verdure, its branches encompassing those of the adventitious plant, whilst its decayed trunk enclosed the stem, which was visible, at interstices, from nearly the level of the plain on which they grew. This, in truth, appeared so striking a curiosity, that I have often repaired to the spot, to contemplate the singularity of it. How the seed, from which it is produced, happens to occupy stations seemingly so unnatural, is not easily determined. Some have imagined the berries carried thither by the wind, and others, with more appearance of truth, by the birds; which, cleansing their bills where they light, or attempt

to light, leave, in those places, the seeds, adhering by the viscous matter which surrounds them. However this be, the *jawi jawi*, growing on buildings without earth or water, and deriving from the genial atmosphere its principle of nourishment, proves in its increasing growth highly destructive to the fabric where it is harboured; for the fibrous roots, which are at first extremely fine, penetrate common cements, and overcoming, as their size enlarges, the most powerful resistance, split, with the force of the mechanic wedge, the most substantial brickwork. When the consistence is such as not to admit the insinuation of the fibres, the root extends itself along the outside, and to an extraordinary length, bearing, not unfrequently, to the stem, the proportion of eight to one, when young. I have measured the former sixty inches, when the latter, to the extremity of the leaf, which took up a third part, was no more than eight inches. I have also seen it wave its boughs at the apparent height of two hundred feet, of which the roots, if we may term them such, occupied at least one hundred; forming, by their close combination, the appearance of a venerable gothic pillar. It stood near the plains of Krakap: but, like other monuments of antiquity, it had its period of existence, and is now no more.

Improved FILTRATION of WATER.

THE old method of filtering, by putting water into the filtering-stone, is liable to objection, because the dirt falls to the bottom, and fills up or chokes the pores of the filtering-stone, so that the stone requires frequently to be cleaned with a brush and sponge to allow the water to pass; after which the wa-

ter passes through the stone in a muddy state for two or three days; it likewise requires to be frequently filled: and as it empties, less water comes in contact with the stone, and therefore a smaller quantity, in such a state, can only pass through. Likewise a filtering-stone used in the common way soon becomes useless, from the silt insinuating itself into the internal parts of the stone, out of the reach of the brush.

To remedy these inconveniences, a new mode of filtration has been contrived by Mr. Moulton of Bedford Square, whose ingenious invention has been honoured with the silver medal by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.—It is as follows—

The filtering-stone is suspended in the cistern by a ring, which catches the projecting part of the stone—Thus the water, pressing on the outside, filters *into* the stone, and in much larger quantity; and the stone does not require cleaning, as the impurities of the water sink to the bottom of the cistern—The filtrated water is conveyed from the stone by a siphon, into another cistern, which serves as a reservoir for pure water.

Mr. Moulton has practised this mode for upwards of three years, with great success.

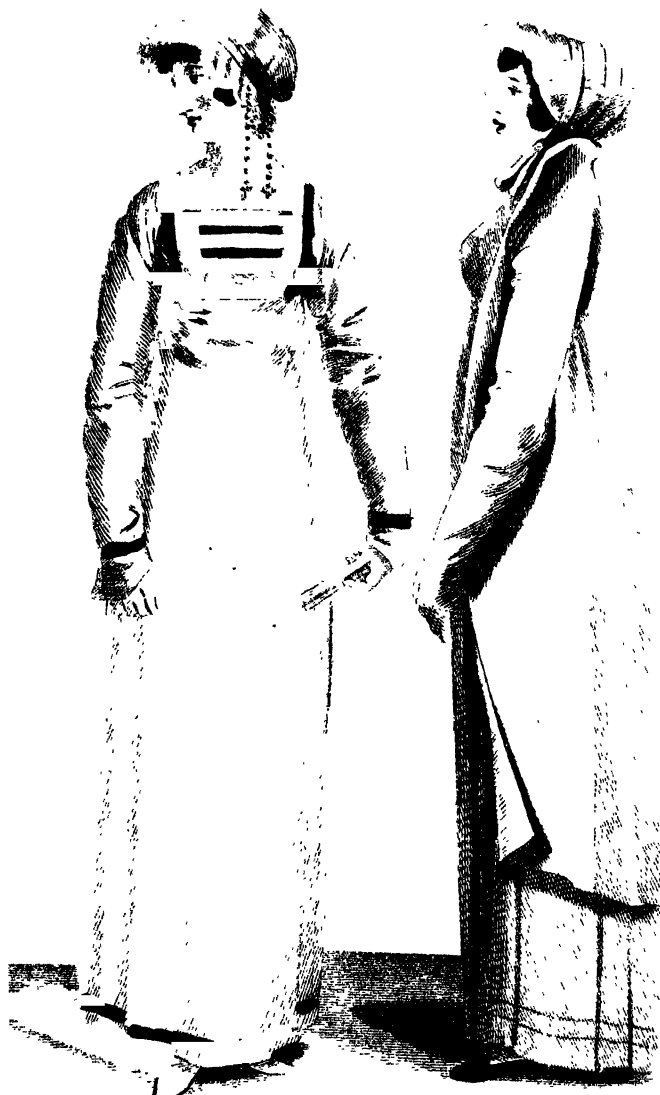
Anecdotes and Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 149.)

DURING his visit to Paris in 1778, Voltaire resided at the house of the Marquis de Villette. The Marquis, one day, invited a large party to dinner. In sitting down to table, Voltaire perceives that a goblet, which he had marked with his seal, was not before him.—“Where is my goblet?” says he, his eyes

sparkling with anger, to a tall, awkward servant, who was specially charged to wait on him. The poor devil, in confusion, stammered a reply. “Enemy of your master!” exclaimed Voltaire in a passion, “fetch my goblet! I will have my goblet, or *I will not dine at all.*” Finding at length that the goblet was not produced, he quits the table full of resentment, and, retiring to his apartment, locks himself up. This occurrence embarrassed and depressed the whole company. After some consultation, it was determined to send him a message by M. de Villeveille, for whom he entertained sentiments of great affection, and whose mild and amiable manners rendered him worthy of the distinction. He knocked gently at the door of Voltaire’s apartment.—“Who is there?”—“Villeveille.”—“Ah!” (opening the door) “it is you, my dear marquis: what do you come for?”—“I come in the name of all our friends, who are inconsolable for your absence, to conjure you to return; and to express the concern of M. de Villette, who has just turned away the blockhead who displeased you.”—“I am then invited to go down?”—“You are supplicated to join us.”—“To speak frankly, my dear friend, I dare not.”—“And for what reason?”—“The company must certainly ridicule my conduct.”—“Can you really suppose so? Has not each of us his weak side and his foible? We feel a predilection for the glass, the knife, the pen that has been ours.”—“I perceive you are trying to excuse my behaviour: let us rather frankly confess that every man is sometimes a fool. I am conscious of my folly, and blush for what I have done. Do you go down first; I will follow

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Walking & Evening Dress.
No 5. 1811.

you." Voltaire appeared a few moments after, and seated himself at table with the timid awkwardness of a child who has been in fault, and expects to be reproved.

During his residence in the French capital on that occasion, Voltaire persisted one day, in spite of the entreaties of M. de Villette, to go on foot to the French Academy. As he passed through the wicket of the Louvre, a woman sprang forward, and, falling on her knees, exclaimed: "My friends! this is the avenger of the unhappy Calas: let us throw ourselves at his feet." The scene drew together an immense multitude, who were eager to idolise and bless him.—The emotion, which Voltaire experienced on this occasion, obliged him to hasten from them; and he confessed that he had never in his life experienced sensations at once so painful and delicious.

(To be continued.)

The DOG in Parliament;—an Anecdote.

DURING the ministry of Lord North, it happened one evening, while the Commons were sitting, that a stray dog made his way into

the house. "Turn out the dog! Turn out the dog!" resounded at once from several quarters of the hall.—"Hold! hold, gentlemen!" said the premier: "perhaps he is come to take his seat for *Barkshire*."

LONDON MORNING and EVENING
FULL DRESS.

1. EVENING dress of colored muslin, or silk trimmed with ribbon, cap of white sattin trimmed with lace and pearl beads; two feathers, with colored edges to correspond with the dress, form an arch over the head.

2. *Walking dress*.—A pelisse of yellow and white, or green and white shot silk or spotted and shot. Bonnet of the same materials.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or ends of verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option.

May, Array—Flow'rs, Hours---Field,
Yield---Sky, Eye---Swain, Strain---
Song---Along---Breeze, Please---Go,
Flow.

They may be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient; and the completions will be admissible until the fifteenth of July.

POETRY.

Dress to LIGHT.—By J. M. L.

When time began, and vast creation
rose, [oppose]
When Chaos dar'd not heav'n's high word
"Let there be light," Jehovah's thunders
said; [spread]
And instant light its beamy influence
Gave to the new-born world its brightest
charm—

Its rays ordain'd to check each wild alarm.

Oh! first of blessings, in a double
sense— [thence!]

Pure as is heav'n—for thou descendest
Without thy rays, how vain enjoyment
here, [and fear!]

Doom'd to crawl on in darkness, doubt,
No charm of nature could delight the eye,

No tint of morn. or ev'ning's brighter dye.
The field in vain its verdant green would
spread; [head]
The flow'r in vain would lift its glowing
In vain the hill would rear its summit
bold;

In vain the valley would its peace unfold;
The spring would boast no beauty, no de-
light; [night]

The summer could not charm in endless
The autumn's fruits would lose their
brightest glow; [snow:]

Nor could we gaze on winter's falling
All would be mis'ry, all be dark dismay,
Robb'd of thy glorious beams, refulgent
day! [liant pow'rs,

E'en those, who dare despise day's bril-

And spend in sleep his first, his rosiest
 hours, [know,
 Who turn to night for all the joys they
 And place in revelry each bliss below —
 E'en they are forc'd to own light's pow'r-
 ful sway;

And art attempts to give a mimic day.
 But this is light that sober wisdom shuns:
 Who courts its blaze too much, to ruin
 runs. [ty's cheeks;

Its beam steals health's fair rose from beau-
 Gives pain to heads and hearts, where con-
 science speaks; [peace,
 Robs of repose some bosom form'd for
 And bids each throb of joy its impulse
 cease. [ing yields,

But those who court the light that morn-
 Who spend the day's best hours in verdant
 fields, [soul,

Find no such symptoms stealing o'er the
 But feel the bliss of nature's sweet control.
 No midnight head-ach dims the eye's clear
 glow; [woe;

No pang of conscience fills the heart with
 Ail that they see of hill, or dale, or stream,
 Deck'd as they are by morn's delightful beam;
 All that they hear—from nature's feather'd
 choir, [inspires,

Whose various notes the cheering light
 To lowing herds, or sheep just quitting
 fold,

Or milkmaid's song, or rustic's ditty bold—
 All tends to peace—to tranquillise the
 breast, [rest!

And to the troubled soul give unbought
 These are thy blessings, Light!—Yet
 not to thee [my knee,

Must praise or pray'r be made: but, on
 To that Omniscient source from whence
 you flow, [go;

My pray'r and praise in union just, shall
 Pray'r for forgiveness to my erring soul,
 Too prone to yield to earth's impure con-
 trol; [pray'r,

Praise that I still have pow'r to raise that
 And for the joys I owe to heav'n's high
 care; [night,

Pray'r that I still may shun foul error's
 Till heav'n shall call me to its endless
 light!

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES proposed in
 our Magazine for March.*

HARVEST-HOME.—By J. M. L.

I LOVE to hear the merry strain,

When day's bright glories are no more;

When Ceres gives the farmer gain,

And harvest yields its latest store.

Then, as the goblet cup they hold,

And quaff good ale, they heed not time;

Their bosoms own no influence *gold**,

But feel a peace unknown to crime.

'Tis not for men like these to weep,

Whose sinewy arms have till'd the

ground,

Who oft have robb'd their eye of sleep,

And now their just reward have found.

Greatness may envy their best prize,

The prize of peace; for, in their sphere,

Peace may be found, while sparkling eyes

Show how her smile the soul can cheer.

Another Completion.—The MISER.

Yon wretch provokes th' indignant Muse's
 strain—

A miser he, an abject slave to gain.

No saint profess'd can worship Jesus more,

Than that vile, mercenary wretch his store,

Though full his chests, still more he thinks

they'll hold— [for gold:

Toils, starves, goes naked, pawns his soul
 And what is the reward? To sigh and

weep!

He finds no joys awake, no rest in sleep,

But curses oft the bright alluring prize,

That steals his bosom's peace, and slum-
 ber from his eyes. [time,

Ye sons of Mammon! there will come a

When you will own that a'rice is a crime—

Can gold exempt the body from the ground?

Is gold to heav'n a certain passport found?

Will gold prevail with Him who rules the
 sphere? [cheer-

No! wretches! no!—nor your last moments

N. Petherton.

ANONYMOUS.

*Imitations of the French Epigram proposed in
 our Magazine for March.*

The Shrewd FOOTMAN.—By J. C.

T'OTHER day, as Sam Spendall—a buck of
 renown, [half a crown—

Whose word or whose note is not worth

Thus address'd a shrewd footman in quest
 of a place, [your face;

“That you're honest, I think I can read in
 And I'm pleas'd with your manner: but
 still (do you see?)

A character's requisite, ere we agree.”—

“Very good, Sir!” said William, who well
 knew his man— [plan.

“As a prudent precaution, I relish your

A character's requisite!—yes!—very true!

But remember, 'tis I that require it of
 you.”

* *Gold* was the proposed rhyme; but we
 presume, that, in the copy which fell into
 our author's hands, the initial *G* was in-
 distinctly printed so as to be mistaken for
 a *C*.

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

AN ostentatious, prodigal young lord,
Who laughs contemptuously at those who
hoard, [name?] he cries.—
A lackey wants:—one comes:—
“Tom Sharpe,” the youth, with reverence
low, replies:
“I’m mild, obliging, to employers true,
And—more than these, my lord—am honest
too.”— [pend?
“May I on this,* your own account, de-
You have securities, no doubt, my friend?”—
“Explain, my lord: I don’t yet under-
stand:—
‘Tis I, securities of *you* demand.”

The GRAVE of LAUGHLIN.

From the original Irish, by MISS BALFOUR.

FULL high in Kilbride is the grass seen to
wave, [grave;
That shadows, O generous Laughlin! thy
And oft, gallant chief! is its verdure re-
new’d— [dew’d.
By the tears of the widow and orphan be-
Where Boyne’s silver tide sweetly mur-
muring flows,
The rich yellow harvest luxuriantly grows;
But never again shall the stranger repair,
The fruits it shall yield, in thy mansion to
share.

The tones of the harp in that mansion
have ceas’d: [feast:
No more it resounds with the mirth of the
But each gentle bosom for thee breathes a
sigh, [eye.
And tears of affection obscure each bright
No trophies of victory point to thy tomb;
No laurels are planted around it to bloom;
But long shall thy mem’ry be dear to each
breast, [the blest.
While thy spirit on high is enthron’d with

The ROSES,

*Addressed to a Friend on the Birth of his
Child*

By MR. MONTGOMERY.

TWO roses, on one slender spray,
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail’d the morning ray,
And drank the ev’ning dew;
While sweetly wreath’d in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.
Through clouds and sunshine, storms and
show’rs,
They open’d into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flow’rs,
Their beauty and perfume;
While, foster’d on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.
But soon, their summer splendour pass’d,
They faded in the wind:

Yet were these Roses, to the last,
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorn’d and sanctified the ground.
When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush’d, and brighten’d, as the morn
From dawn to sun-rise glows,
Till o’er each parent’s drooping head,
The daughter’s crowning glory spread.
My friends! in youth’s romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin roses spend your time,
Life’s little less’ning span;
Thus be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs;
And in the infant bud that blows,
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a Rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o’er your with’ring hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline;
Till, planted in the realms of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flow’r afresh, like Aaron’s rod,
That blossom’d at the sight of God.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

By MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

THERE is a voice of magic pow’r,
To charm the old, delight the young—
In lordly hall, in rustic bow’r,
In ev’ry clime, in ev’ry tongue,
Howe’er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poets’ lays,
There lives not one who has not hung,
Enraptur’d, on the voice of praise.
The timid child, at that soft voice,
Lifts for a moment’s space the eye.
It bids the flutt’ring heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepar’d to fly:
‘Tis pleasure breathes that short quick
sigh,
And flushes o’er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.
The lovely maiden’s dimpled cheek,
At that sweet voice, still deeper glows;
Her quiv’ring lips in vain would seek
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
The charm her sweet confusion shows,
Oft springs from some low broken word.
O praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent, from the lov’d one heard!
The hero, when a people’s voice
Proclaims their idol victor near—

Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
 Their shouts of love, of praise, to hear?
 Yes! fame to gen'rous minds is dear—
 It pierces to their inmost core;
 He weeps who never shed a tear;
 He trembles who ne'er shook before.

The poet too—Ah! well I deem,
 Small is the need the tale to tell—
 Who knows not that his thought, his
 dream

On thee at noon, at midnight, dwell?
 Who knows not that thy magic spell
 Can charm his ev'ry care away,
 In mem'ry cheer his gloomy cell,
 In hope can lend a deathless day.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,
 To mark the tear with love replete,
 To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
 When friendship's lips the tones repeat;
 But oh! a thousand times more sweet,
 The praise of those we love to hear!
 Like balmy show'rs in summer heat,
 It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
 By hanging on his fair one's name;
 The mother listens for the sound
 Of her young warrior's growing fame;
 Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame
 Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
 Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,
 Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!
 That voice can quiet passion's mood,
 Can humble merit raise on high;
 And from the wise and from the good
 It breathes of immortality.

There is a lip, there is an eye,
 Where most I love to see it shine,
 'To hear it speak, to feel it sigh—
 My mother! need I say 'tis thine?

The Female WARRIOR,

(From the "Siege of Acre," by Mrs. Cowley.)
*Alarmed for the safety of her husband, who is
 gone to fight on the ramparts, Ira puts on
 masculine attire, and follows him to the scene
 of action. Thence, in a sortie, she is hurried
 by the crowd into the plain; and now—*

AROUND her sink the dying and the dead.
 She, frantic, tears the turban from her
 head:

Her falling tresses catch no warrior's eye,
 They only live to bleed, to kill, to die;
 Her vaunted courage false with death so
 near,

She's almost mad with soul-distracting fear.
 At length an op'ning's made, through
 which she darts, [there starts.
 Skims o'er the sanguine field—here pants—
 Her shining sabre in her right hand grasp'd,
 The left her ringlet-hair unconscious
 clasp'd: [he cried,

A Frenchman saw—"Safe aim! for me,"
 And seiz'd his pistol quickly from his side.
 "Expert enough, my youth, art thou to fly:
 To give your speed a check, this aim shall
 try."

He'd scarcely spoken ere the bullet flew,
 Her bosom pierc'd, and forth its life stream
 drew. [eye
 She, tott'ring, fell—then, turn'd her fading
 On him who seem'd almost himself to die:
 His looks and actions blam'd his forward
 zeal,
 For murder'd beauty made a Frenchman
 feel!

On LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S Motto,

"Luceo, non uro."

A WAG, requested to translate—
 The motto on the coach of state
 That sers all Wales to stare in wonder—
 "It means," he said, and scratch'd his
 poll—
 "It means, *I shine* with what I stole—
 Not (like my brother) *burn* my plunder."

Le MASQUE.

LES yeux rouges, le teint plâtre,
 Telle qu'une horrible Mègère,
 Eglé part pour le bal, et, d'un ton de co-
 lère,
 Demande son masque égaré.
 "Eh!" reprit un plaisant, à quoi bon ce ta-
 paç?
 Pourquoi vous donner tant de soin?
 Ce masque, belle Eglé, que vous cherchez
 si loin,
 Vous l'avez sur votre visage."

* * A translation or imitation is requested—
 to be sent on or before the fifteenth of July.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

LETTERS from the Caraccas, of the 10th of January, state that Miranda had been appointed to a high military command, by the Junto of the latter place; and that it had been found necessary to reinforce the army before Cora, the royalists being officered by Frenchmen.

Papers from Buenos Ayres, of the 21st January, state that the commander of the army of the North, D. Manuel Belgrano, had had an encounter with the people of Paraguay, in which he completely defeated them, and took a standard and some pieces of artillery.

Norfolk (America), Feb. 25, 1811.—The ship *Protectress*, Captain Wilson, which arrived yesterday from Liverpool, has been seized under the President's proclamation.

Madrid, March 4.—By a decree of the 2d instant, Joseph has exempted from tythes for ten years, sugar-canes, and their products, such as sugar, rum, &c.

From Jamaica papers of the beginning of March, it appears that the influx of foreigners had occasioned some uneasiness in the islands. At Nassau, in New Providence, the grand jury of the general court made a presentment stating this grievance, and recommended to the police to inquire and to take means for the safety of the colony. The same was done at Bahama.

Constantinople, March 12.—The Grand Seignior has rejected the propositions of peace which the Court of Russia lately made to him, and persists in the resolution of continuing the war with that power. In consequence, he is busily occupied in raising contingents and armaments of every description.

Extract of a letter from Captain Hoste, of his Majesty's ship *Amphion*, dated 14th March, off Lissa.—“ This morning we fell in with the French squadron, consisting of five frigates, one corvette, one brig, two schooners, and one gun-boat, and completely defeated them. Our force, three frigates, and the *Volage*. Although every ship has suffered severely, I am happy to say that my brother commanders are all well.—We captured and destroyed three frigates, and the remainder made their escape into Lissa, although one of the frigates had struck to us.”

Swinemunde, March 27.—The merchandise found on board the vessels sequestered

here was burned this morning. The value of this merchandise amounted, according to the inventory made of it, to nearly 2,000,000 livres.

March 27 and 28.—A violent storm raged at Cadiz, in which about fifty vessels were lost, and three hundred persons perished.

Antwerp, March 29.—Two thousand four hundred Spanish prisoners have arrived here to labour on the fortifications in the new town, and at the basin.

Memel, April 2.—The goods of English manufacture which were found on board the ships confiscated in our port, and the value of which amounted to 1,200,000 livres, were publicly burned yesterday.

Rugenwalde, April 3.—The goods of English manufacture, found in the eight confiscated ships in this port, were burned on the 31st March. These goods were estimated at upwards of 1,000,000 of livres.

Berlin, April 4.—Our Court Gazette of this day contains a proclamation forbidding any Englishman, or indeed any foreigner, to enter any part of our territories without a passport.

Stockholm, April 5.—The king's health being nearly restored, he will soon resume the reins of government.

April 14.—The garrison of Olivenza, consisting of three hundred and ten men, surrendered at discretion to the allied army.

By advices from the continent, of April 15, it appears that the Russians are at length fully sensible of approaching warfare with France. They have formed an army of observation in Poland, consisting of 50,000 men, and countermanded the march of several corps towards the Danube.

Heiligoland, April 17.—We have just received accounts of great disturbances having taken place at Outrick, in consequence of the severity of the French. The inhabitants rose on a sudden, and pulled down the French arms from the fronts of the public buildings, and broke them in pieces. The magistrates and soldiers were, at the same instant, secured. They tore the gold chains from the former, and compelled them to resign their authorities; the latter they disarmed, and drove out of the town. They deprived the officers of their swords, and broke them before their eyes. While this scene was going forward, a party of the insurgents went to the church, and rang the

bells, which, it appears, was a signal concerted with the neighbouring towns and villages; for we hear, that the people at Norderling have imitated the example of Outrick.

By advices from Holland, of April 19, we learn that there had been frequent disturbances in most of the sea-port towns, but that tranquillity had been restored by force of arms. These disturbances appear to have been principally occasioned by the dislike which the Dutch sailors have to enter into the naval service of France. For some time great exertions have been making to collect sailors to man the ships in the Scheldt, and a system, not unlike our own impress laws, has been rigidly enforced in all the ports. On the arrival of any of their ships or doggers, they were immediately searched, and all the young men found on board were sent to the men of war.—The discontents excited by this system at last broke out in acts of open resistance: but the opposition was carried on without union or concert, and, after the loss of a few lives, was entirely suppressed.

April 20.—Letters from the Mediterranean mention that the Deys of Algiers and Tunis had determined upon actual hostilities against each other, and were fitting out fleets to carry their designs into execution.

Amsterdam, April 20.—Some conscripts of the Jewish persuasion having revolted, they were, after a considerable struggle, overpowered by the troops that escorted them, and four of them shot by way of example to the others. This act of severity occasioned a numerous mob to assemble, consisting chiefly of women, who pelted the French officers and soldiers with stones and other missiles.—One officer was severely wounded on the head in the affray. The only act of outrage committed besides, was the cutting adrift some of the boats in which conscripts were put for the security of conveyance. A strong French force continued to parade the streets; and no persons were suffered to appear abroad, except upon urgent business, or with the permission of the French.

Hamburg, April 25.—Our soldiers have been sent away by the French by force: even old men, who had their discharge, have been obliged to march. Our poor-house, which contained 1,000 persons, has been converted into barracks, and the unhappy inmates have been let loose upon the town.

April 29.—The Spanish cortes have refused to appoint Lord Wellington generalissimo of their forces.

The French Imperial Almanac is published. After the name of the Emperor and Empress, we find the name of Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph, Imperial Prince, King of Rome.

May 3.—Information was received of the seizure of two British vessels in the waters of the United States, under the non-intercourse law.

May 4.—Ministers have received dispatches from Admiral Rowley, communicating to them the daring and outrageous proceedings of his imperial majesty Christophe. These dispatches were brought over by a naval officer, who had been sent to St. Domingo, to demand the restitution of a British vessel that had been confiscated. This gentleman was at the court of Christophe, and was received by him with all the forms and honors of an Ambassador. Christophe gave him a grand entertainment, at which the young black Princes and Princesses, the sons and daughters of the Emperor, were seated in state. There was an immense retinue of black Lords in waiting, all dressed in gala suits of scarlet and gold; a superb service of gold plate, and a dinner quite in the French style, served with magnificence.

Christophe is building himself a palace, at a short distance, but which is to be in the centre of a fortification, that, when finished, will be one of the strongest in the world. Immense sums are expending on this erection; and not only upon this work, but upon all that environs the establishment of a regular and powerful seat of government, a degree of skill, and a combination of means are employed which promise the most extensive results. The foundation of a navy is laid. The naval force under the flag of Hayti already consists of 1 frigate of 44 guns, 9 sloops of war, 5 brigs of 20 and 22 guns each, 6 brigs of 14 and 16 guns each, and a number of schooners, seldom carrying less than 100 men each.

Lord Wellington.—On the 5th of May, Lord Wellington gained a splendid victory over the French army under Massena. The latter, having, on the 3d, vainly attempted to introduce a supply of provisions into Almeida, which was blockaded by the allies, renewed the attempt on the 5th. This brought on a general engagement, in which the French were defeated, with great slaughter in the field, besides considerable

loss of men drowned in crossing three rivers in their retreat.—The battle commenced at day-break, and continued till night.—The French force was above 50,000—that of the allies under 30,000. The former lost 7000 in killed and wounded—the latter, 1940.—The Portuguese fought manfully.

King Joseph.—A letter from Gibraltar, of May 6, mentions that this usurper of the Spanish throne had betaken himself to flight; and a letter of the 15th, from Paris, announces his arrival in that capital.

Plymouth, May 8.—By a vessel just arrived from Bayonne, we learn that a number of French troops had been detached from the French armies in Spain nearest the Pyrenees, to join, it is supposed, the French armies in the north of Europe.

May 9.—According to letters from Vienna, Pius VII. has recently been again assailed, by the promises and menaces of Bonaparte's agents, to resign the pontifical dignity, which he has in a firm but temperate manner refused.

May 9.—D. Miguel Moreno, who was appointed secretary to his brother, D. Mariano Moreno, deputy from Buenos Ayres, has arrived in town. The deputy died on board the *Fame* two days after his embarkation. We learn by this opportunity, that the revolution was proceeding in Buenos Ayres with every prospect of success; that the South American cortes were immediately to be installed; and that the members assembled consisted of all distinctions of natives, both Creoles and Indians.

May 9.—The greatest preparations are making in Turkey to open the campaign. Servia is said to be in a state of great ferment, in consequence of Russia having occupied several of the fortresses. Czerni George and the Russians are hostile to each other, and some bloody actions have been fought between them. A strong Turkish fleet has entered the Black Sea.

Gottenburg, May 11.—A detachment of the fleet under the British Admiral has entered the Baltic Sea. No ships are allowed to proceed to the Prussian ports, not even such as are in ballast, and which therefore have no property liable to seizure in those harbours. All vessels destined to the Russian ports are allowed to proceed thither.

May 13.—Advices from Cadiz state, that, as one of the resources for the present war, the cortes had decreed the sale of the royal domains, reserving, however, the palaces, with the forests and territory immediately adjacent to the edifices.

Letters from Memel, dated the 14th of

May, mention that the Russian troops are withdrawing from the Prussian frontiers, and that the Prussian forces have been placed under the orders of the French General Rappe.

May 16.—Letters from Lisbon state, that much sickness prevails throughout the kingdom, especially among the peasantry. The hospitals are full:—by the returns sent to the medical board at the capital, it appears that upwards of 50,000 persons have died during the campaign of want and disease; and there is no adequate supply of medicines to relieve the unhappy victims.

May 20.—By letters from Tonningeo we learn, that an attempt was made to surprise and carry off into France the person of the king of Prussia. It happily failed.

The Dutch booksellers, printers, type-founders, and press-makers, are, by a late decree published at Amsterdam, to have their names and residences registered.

Statement of the French Force which entered Spain from 1807, to Jan. 1, 1811.

In 1807—Infantry	-	-	47,500
Cavalry	-	-	7,120
In 1808—Infantry	-	-	209,300
Cavalry	-	-	36,200
In 1809—Infantry	-	-	44,950
Cavalry	-	-	4,302
In 1810—Infantry	-	-	124,500
Cavalry	-	-	25,734
Total in the four years:			
Infantry	-	-	426,250
Cavalry	-	-	73,356
Employed in civil line			7,650
Guides, &c.	-	-	7,530

Grand total	-	-	514,796
Artillery	-	-	820

From the 1st January, 1811, to the 28th, there had only entered Spain by Bayonne, 600 infantry and 180 horse.

Down to the 26th February, 1811, there had been marched into France, by way of Irun, 48,228 Spaniards, Portuguese, &c. prisoners.

From 1807, to 1811, not more than 55,000 of the French troops returned to France.

May 23.—A report has just reached this country from Egypt, that all the Mamelukes at Grand Cairo, near a thousand in number, were invited to a meeting on some pretended occasion of great importance; and, when peaceably assembled without arms, they were surrounded, and every one cut to pieces.—Elfi Bey and his whole family have been destroyed.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

In the latter part of April and the beginning of May, His Majesty was reported to be materially improving in body and mind; and he daily walked on the Terrace, unless prevented by bad weather. But, on the 25th of May, the bulletin announced him "not quite so well this week, as the week preceding;" and serious apprehensions appear to be entertained of an access of the dropsy. A swelling in his legs is said to have rendered walking inconvenient to him, and equestrian exercise more eligible. Accordingly, on the twentieth and subsequent days, he took the air on horseback in the Great Park, and still continues the practice; two persons holding the stirrups while he mounts, and a third holding the horse's head.—On these occasions, he wears riding-stockings, and appears weak in mounting and dismounting.

The Regent.

May 2.—The Common Council of London voted, that the freedom of the city should be presented to the Prince in a box of British heart of oak.—The law officers of the crown, however, stated as their opinion, that the Regent, as a sovereign Prince, could not, consistently with his rank in the state, accept the freedom of any corporate body whatever: and on the 18th, when the Lord Mayor, Recorder, &c. waited on him with the present, His Royal Highness, after having politely acknowledged his sense of the honor intended to be conferred upon him, and his attachment to the corporation, expressed his regret that the spirit of the constitution prevented him from receiving it, in consequence of his station as Prince Regent.

Protestant Dissenters.—On May 9th, Lord Sidmouth presented to the house of Peers a bill to regulate the granting of licences to dissenting preachers, with the addition of certain new restrictions. This measure produced an immediate and universal alarm among Dissenters of all descriptions, and excited disapprobation among the liberal-minded members of the established church. Numerous and respectable meetings were immediately held: resolutions were passed, and petitions signed against it, with such promptitude, that, on the 21st, when the bill was to be read a second time, *several hundred* of those persons were presented (*two hundred and fifty by Lord Erskine alone*) signed by many thousands of petitioners, Churchmen as well as Dissenters. The se-

cond reading was strongly opposed by many Peers,—among others, by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and, on the question being put, the bill was rejected.—In the course of the debate, Earl Stanhope announced his intention of introducing, in the next session of Parliament, a bill respecting religious liberty, founded on the equitable principle which prevails in the American United States, where all religions stand on a footing of perfect equality.—Of the petitions above mentioned, *three hundred and thirty six* arrived from within one hundred and twenty miles of London in forty-eight hours, all signed by males above the age of sixteen; and one was signed at Bristol by *two thousand* persons in a few hours.

Irish Catholics.

April 15.—An aggregate meeting of Protestant and Catholic gentlemen, freetholders and inhabitants of the county of Tipperary, was held at Tralee.—Viscount Lisimore took the chair; and the assembly unanimously voted an address to the Prince Regent, humbly entreating him to recommend to the parliament the immediate consideration of the Catholic claims.—A petition to the house of commons in favour of the Catholics was voted with equal unanimity.—The petition for the removal of his Grace the Duke of Richmond and Mr. W. Pole from their official situations in Ireland, has since been forwarded to England, with twenty-six thousand, seven hundred and thirty-eight signatures annexed.

April 17.—An unfinished house in Montague Square was burned down for the second time within *twelve* months. [*By mistake, it was represented, in the daily prints, as the house of "Lady" Montague in Portman Square; and their authority led us, in our last Number, into the same error.—We are not sure that there is such a title as "Lady" Montague.*]

Quartern Wheaten Loaf.—May 2, fourteen pence—May 9, 16, and 22, the same.

April 16.—There was found in a field in the neighbourhood of Arbroath, a skylark's nest, containing three young larks well fledged.

April 16.—A public meeting was held at Liverpool (W. Roscoe, Esq. in the chair) for the purpose of raising a subscription for Mr. Finnerty.

April 19.—A prisoner, confined for debt in the Marshalsea prison, applied to the court for his discharge, on the ground of his creditor having failed to pay him his sixpences in a legal manner. The creditor

had tendered him three shillings and a piece of silver resembling what now passes for *sixpence*; which, however, appeared to be a foreign coin. The Judge being of opinion this was not a legal tender, according to the act which directs that allowance to debtors should be paid in the lawful coin of the realm, ordered the debtor to be discharged.

April 29.—A porter at the White Horse Cellar was fined ten shillings and costs, for charging eight *en-pence* for a parcel, the distance being under a mile, and sixpence being his portage.

April 20.—A fire broke out at the corner of Half-moon Alley, Bishopsgate-street. The house, being of wood, was burned to the ground in half an hour.—Eight persons perished in the flames. Two others escaped by jumping out of a window upon a feather bed.

Gambling.—*April 21*, at one of the fashionable gaming-houses, a young gentleman lost *twenty-four thousand pounds*!—The winner, a noble peer, has insisted on payment.

Hustlers.—*April 21*. A gentleman returning to town at night, went into a place of worship called the House of God, near the Bricklayer's Arms, St. George's Fields, which was extremely crowded, when a set of hustlers picked his pocket of 1300*l*. in notes and bankers' bills, with which they got clear off.

April 22.—A man was taken into custody, on a charge of purchasing guineas at the rate of 25*s*. each.

April 22.—A journeyman mechanic was charged with having attempted to emigrate to a foreign country, contrary to act of Parliament. The defendant had been engaged to manage a foundry in Russia, and had embarked on the voyage, when he was detained. He was held in sureties to appear when called on.

April 23.—An aged woman was defrauded of a dividend which she had just received at the bank, by a fellow running up to her, and persuading her that he was a clerk in the bank, and that she had received her dividend short.

April 24.—Mackarel sold in Billingsgate market at 40*l*. for one hundred fish, or 6*s*. per mackarel; and there was not a single fish left unsold.

April 24.—At the anniversary feast of the governors of the London Dispensary, 503*l*. were collected for that institution.

April 25.—The bank issued new stamped dollars to the several bankers, to the amount of 300*l*. each house.

April 25.—Mr. Foster, our newly ap-

pointed Ambassador to the United States of America, left town for Portsmouth, where he will immediately embark for America.

In a garden near Glasgow, the nest of a Missel bird, with young, ripe for flight, has lately been discovered. The Missel is the most majestic of the Thrush kind. The male delights to perch on the top of the loftiest tree, and to sing, especially in tempestuous weather, whence he has obtained the name of the Storm Cock. He also sings during the night; and his note is charming. It is but within these few years that this species has been so far north.

April 27.—William Dickens was brought to Bow-street police-office, charged with having purchased guineas at 2*½* shillings each.—The final investigation of the business was postponed.

The following trick has, within these two or three days, been attended with great success. A lusty man, apparently deranged, stands with a bludgeon and a pole, and has two dirty boys delivering hand-bills opposing the lottery. The wildness of the man's looks, and the incoherent jargon he holds forth, naturally excite curiosity, and whilst the multitude are gaping, two or three of the gang are employed in picking their pockets.

April 29.—In consequence of the additional penny on carriages, and halfpenny on horses, to commence the 7th of June next, the commissioners of Hyde-park turnpikes, by public auction, let their tolls to Messrs. Coulston, the former lessees, for the sum of 17,000*l*. per annum.

The following entries of Bullion were made at the Custom-house, in the course of last week:—For Dunkirk, 1514 oz. of gold in bars; 1170 oz. gold coin; 2517 oz. silver coin.—For Ostend, 477 oz. gold coin; 6467 oz. silver coin.

April 30. A Mr. Bald walked from St. Paul's Churchyard to Windsor in three hours and forty minutes.

May 1, between five and six o'clock in the evening, as Mr. Gaskin was coming out of the house of Sir Joseph Banks in Soho-square, he was accosted by a man who had the appearance of a gentleman, who asked him the hour of the evening; and, on the former pulling a gold watch out of his pocket, the latter snatched it out of his hand, and ran off. He was pursued three times round the square, when he made a sudden halt at the door of Carlisle House, drew out a large clasp knife, and threatened the life of any one who dared to approach him. A man, however, rushed in, and secured him.

Marlborough-street, May 1.—Joseph Wall was charged with having robbed Mr. Wheatley, on the king's highway, near Smithfield, on Sunday night, of his watch and seals. The prosecutor swore that he was asked the hour by the prisoner, and on pulling out his watch, the latter snatched it, and effected his escape. The prisoner was fully committed for trial.

Westminster Meeting.—May 1, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was held at Willis's Rooms, to raise a subscription for the relief of the Portuguese.—A sum of 3,771*l.* 5*s.* was immediately subscribed.

May 2 The common council of London raised the Recorder's salary from 1,500*l.* to 2,500*l.*

Habeas Corpus—May 3. An application was made to the court of King's Bench, for a writ of Habeas Corpus for the release of an apprentice, 17 years of age, who had entered on board an Indiaman. It was refused, because the application had not been made by the youth himself.

Parliamentary Reform.—May 3, at a meeting of the Livery of London, at the City of London tavern, several strong resolutions were passed, insisting on the necessity of parliamentary reform.

May 4. The enemy's cruisers are daily capturing our merchant vessels, at the very mouth of Dover Harbour!

May 6. At Newmarket, lately, six horses, that had been entered to run for the Claret stakes, having all drank at one trough, were suddenly taken ill. One of them died: and, on examination, the water was found to be poisoned.—The Jockey Club have determined to offer a reward of a thousand guineas, with a life-annuity of a hundred pounds, for the detection of the perpetrator of that diabolical deed.

May 8. The weavers in the neighbourhood of Glasgow are now generally employed, although their wages are still greatly below the average rate. The patience which they exhibited under the severe pressure of last winter, entitles them to the warmest commendation.

Vauxhall Bridge.—May 9, Lord Dundas, as proxy for the Prince Regent, laid the first stone of the Vauxhall bridge.—On that subject, a punning rhimester has produced the following lines—

An Arch wag has declar'd, that he truly can say
[t'other day:
Why the Prince did not lay the first stone
The Restrictions prevented—the reason is clear:

The Regent can't meddle in making a *Pier*.

Mr. Lancaster's System of Education.—

May 11. At a numerous and respectable meeting of the patrons of this system, it

was stated, that, by means of it, above 25,000 children have been provided with instruction;—that, of 7000 educated at the free school in the Borough, no instance has been known of any one having been charged with a criminal offence in any court of justice;—and that several boys of 13 or 14 years of age have superintended that and other schools with as great facility as the master himself.—At a subsequent meeting, a liberal subscription was made for that truly useful institution.

May 13. A ship has arrived from this country at Havre de Grace, laden with dollars, to the amount of 35 000*l.* and several other vessels, with like cargoes, have been entered at the custom house on the same destination.

Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb—May 14. At the annual meeting of the patrons of that institution, the amount of subscriptions, &c. was 1,821*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

Country Banks.—May 15, in a debate in the House of Commons, it was stated that the number of these banks in England amounts to seven hundred and seventy seven.

Sons of the Clergy—May 16, at the anniversary of this institution, the sum collected was 904*l.* 18*s.*

Extortion.—May 16, in the Court of King's Bench, the three revenue officers, convicted of having extorted money for the release of contraband goods (as mentioned in our last Number), were sentenced to confinement, viz. Phillips and Easton for two years.—Barton for fourteen months, as he had already been ten months in prison.

Sir Francis Burdett.—May 17. The long pending suit of Sir Francis against the Speaker of the House of Commons was finally determined against the Baronet in the Court of King's Bench; the judges (Lord Ellenborough, Justice Grose, and Justice Bailey) having unanimously decided that the action could not be maintained.

Portuguese Subscription.—May 17. The sums, received at the City of London tavern, amounted to near forty nine thousand pounds.—The Primate of Ireland has subscribed four thousand, not included in the above.

Ladies' subscription for the Portuguese Women and Children.—Several ladies have opened a subscription for the relief of the women and children of the suffering Portuguese. The Marchioness of Lansdown, Countess of Liverpool, Viscountess Wellington, and the Hon. Mrs. Villiers, have undertaken to promote this benevolent plan. No greater sum than five pounds will be received from any subscriber: but the smallest donations will be accepted.—Mr. Pearce (87, Pall Mall) has been appointed

ed to receive the subscriptions.—Another subscription, for the same purpose, has since been instituted at the Mansion-house, by the Lady Mayoress, Lady Curtis, Mrs. Combe, Lady Price, and Lady Perring.

French Eagles and Standards.—May 18. Six eagles and six standards—among others, the "*invincible standard*"—taken from the French by our troops in different actions, were, with great ceremony, deposited in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall.

May 18. In Covent-garden market, green peas were sold at eight shillings per quart, and moss roses, which had blown in the open air, at one shilling each.

Tulips.—At the late Mr. J. Mason's sale of tulips at Peckham Rise, the collection, although only a part, the former having been sold last year, produced upwards of a thousand pounds.

May 20. The Rev. Rowland Hill laid the first stone for a new range of almshouses, in Gravel-lane, in the Borough, for poor aged females of good morals. There is also to be erected, at the same place, a school of industry. The whole will cost upwards of 3,000 guineas, to be raised by subscription.

Conspiracy.—May 22. In the court of King's Bench, four persons, of the name of Luna, were sentenced to imprisonment for different periods, of twelve, six, and three months, for "a conspiracy" to solicit and induce the non-commissioned officers and privates of the garrison at Norman Cross, to permit straw to be introduced to the French prisoners there, to be wrought into plat and platted works; the manufacture of platted straw being an exception to the general permission allowed by government to the prisoners of war to employ their industry in every other work of art.

Ruin.—May 22. About half past two in the morning, a house at Seven Dials fell to the ground. Of the unfortunate inhabitants, some were killed, others shockingly mangled.

May 25. The Duke of York was re-appointed Commander in chief.

BORN.

April 20. Of the relict of the Hon. Willoughby Bertie, a posthumous son and heir.

April 22. Of Mrs. Blundell, Crosby Hall, Lancashire, a son and heir.

April 23. Of Lady Caroline Capel, a daughter.

April 23. Of Lady Emily Drummond, a daughter.

April 29. Of Mrs. Grimes, Devonshire Place, a daughter.

May 2. Of the lady of John Lewis Goldsmid, Esq. a son.

May 2. Of the lady of Brigade-Major Morris, a son.

May 3. Of the lady of Francis Freeling, Esq. of the general post-office, a son.

May 5. Of Mrs. Pilgrim, Hampstead, a daughter.

May 7. Of Mrs. Halliburton, Guilford Street, a daughter.

May 13. Of Mrs. Collinson, Chantry, Suffolk, a daughter.

May 15. Of Mrs. Parker, Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, a daughter.

May 22. Of Mrs. Bishop, Russel Place, Fitzroy Square, a son.

MARRIED.

April 23. Joseph Morris, Esq. Amptill Beds, to Miss Martha Pryor.

April 25. Rev. W. Tyner, Rector of Upmarden, Sussex, to Miss Sarah Colson.

April 29. John Dorset Bringham, Esq. of the king's dragoon guards, to Miss Francis Maria Gore.

April 30. H. T. King, Esq. of Soho Square, to Miss Knight, of Sloane Street.

April 30. William Gowan, Esq. of the Bengal establishment, to Miss Helen Abercromby.

May 1. John Smith, Esq. M. P. for Nottingham, to Miss Leigh.

May 4. John Baskerville Glegg, Esq. of Whittington Hall, Cheshire, to Miss Anne Barker.

May 7. The Rev. Geo. Murray, to Lady Sarah Maria Hay.

May 11. Rear-Admiral W. Hargood, to Miss Maria Cocks.

May 13. Col. Francis W. Grant, M. P. to Miss Mary Anne Dunn.

May 15. Lieut. Col. James Orde, to Miss Margaret Beckford.

May 16. Rev. Dr. Davy, master of Caius College, Cambridge, to Miss Stevenson.

May 16. Thomas Geo. French, of Marino, county of Cork, to Miss Charlotte Greenfell.

May 18. Dr. Outram, of Hanover Square, to Mrs. Corne, of East Acton.

DECEASED.

April 26. Sir James Murray Pulteney, bart.—On the 20th, as he was trying a gun, a flask of powder exploded in his hand: part of it struck his right eye, which it totally destroyed, and entered the head through the socket of the eye.—He died worth 800,000l.

May 1. Lady Essex Finch, daughter of the late Earl of Winchelsea.

May 1. Juliana, eldest sister to John Newdigate Ludford, Esq. and niece to the late Sir Roger Newdigate, bart.

May 2. Vice-admiral W. Hanccock Kelly.

May 3. Aged 65, Thomas Kemp, Esq.

representative of the borough of Lewes, in six parliaments.

Lately, at Exeter, Mary Discombe, *aged* 102. She had 18 children, 37 grandchildren, and 32 great-grand-children.

Lately, in the parish of Fintry, Stirlingshire, Mr. John Dunn, farmer, *aged* 103.

Lately, in the poor-house at Whitehaven, Olivia Grears, *aged* 104.

May 4. In her 70th year, Mrs. Rowlatt, relict of W. Rowlatt, Esq. of Charter-house square, whom she survived only three weeks.

May 5. At Kenton, in Scotland, Mrs. Margaret Milborn, *aged* 104.

May 6. At Upton upon Severn, Catharine, wife of Col. Houstoun.

May 6. Rear-admiral Greaves.

May 7. At the house, of Mr. H. Fry, Bedford Place, Russel Square, in his 80th year, Richard Cumberland, Esq. author of the "West Indian," the "Observer," &c. a native of Ireland, and son of Dr. Cumberland, Bishop of Kilmore. He was interred in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

May 7. W. Boscawen, Esq. the elegant translator of Horace, and a commissioner of the Victualling-office.

May 7. Emilia, the lady of Lieut. Col. Joseph Westenra.

May 7. Henry William Bunbury, Esq. brother of Sir T. C. Bunbury, bart.

May 8. The Countess of Stafford, relict of the late Earl, and since of Horace Churchill, Esq.

Lately, at Paris, Georgiana, only daughter of Caroline, Countess of Milford.

May 9. At Layer Briton Parsonage, Essex, the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, in his 61st year.

May 14. Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury. Having died without male issue, he is succeeded, in his titles, by his brother. Cropley Ashley Cooper.

May 20. Lady Day, relict of the late Sir John Day.

May 21. Robert Chatfield, Esq. Croydon.

May 22. At Streatham, *aged* 52, and deeply regretted by a numerous and respectable acquaintance, Mr. George Robinson senior, of Paternoster-Row, bookseller, whose memory will long be cherished by many eminent literary characters, who have experienced the uniform rectitude and liberality of his dealings.

APPENDIX.

There is now living at the village of Tetbury, in Staffordshire, five miles from Burton-upon Trent, Mrs. Ann Moor, who has lived, or rather existed, without food, for three years and a half; and without any

liquor, not even so much as a glass of water, for two years and a half. In respect to the use of her frame, all the lower parts up to her body are useless, and totally dead. Her legs are banded under her, and their sinews grown stiff—her voice is low and faint, but accurately distinct—she takes snuff, and is now in her 50th year.

Oil, very little, if at all, inferior to the best Italian, has been extracted in Jamaica from the cotton seed.

On the field of battle at Barrosa, after the glorious victory, by the body of a French officer killed, was discovered a fine true French poodle dog, licking his master's face, and was, with some difficulty, and seeming reluctance on his part, removed from his situation of fidelity. The dog is in the possession of an English naval officer.

A small island has lately emerged from the sea to the north of Moscoe. It is ten miles long, and five broad, and bears no marks of volcanic origin.

Accounts from Bengal state, that a dreadful fire broke out at Unmerapoor, kingdom of Ava, on the 10th of March, 1810, which entirely destroyed the town and fort, including the palace, temples, and 20,000 houses. The governor, in order to compel the inhabitants to assist in preserving the place, ordered the gates to be shut, and thus reduced them to the dreadful alternative of leaping from the walls, or being burned to death in the streets. About 1200 preferred the latter, and 2000 were dashed to pieces in attempting the former.

The Indian government has offered a remuneration of 6000*l.* for the importation of the cochineal insect into their territory from the coast of South America.

A company of gentlemen and booksellers has been incorporated in New Jersey (United States), under the title of the Franklin society, with a capital of 750,000 dollars, for the purpose of importing and printing books, and establishing a paper manufactory and type-foundry.

Since Bonaparte has lost the opportunity of sending those who were obnoxious to him to Cayenne, he has obtained permission of Alexander to forward them to Siberia—and it is affirmed, that, in the course of fifteen months, more than 60 French republicans have been sent to Kamtschatka.

Many proprietors of sea-side land in Jamaica have, by the manufacture of barilla, or marine alkali, obtained great profit. The marine alkali is indigenous to the soil, and grows, with the greatest luxuriance, wild.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 FOR
THE FAIR SEX;
 APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The HYMN.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for the ENDS of a LADY'S SCARF, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

In our present Number, we give eight additional pages, devoted to the description of the Regent's Fête.

In our Number for August, we intend to give an elegant and accurate likeness of His Majesty, engraved by Mr. Heath, from an original picture by Sir. W. Beechy.

To the author of a *Novel* lately sent to us, we have to apologise for unforeseen and un-avoidable delay : but we shall soon endeavour to expedite matters, and give satisfaction.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Hymn.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR JUNE, 1811.

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*
(Continued from page 210, and accompanied
with an illustrative Plate.)

BUT Rhodopè, the favorite slave of Sappho, and who had been entrusted with the care of her in her childhood, approached the door of her apartment, and, gently tapping, called to her with a voice expressive of the most tender sensibility and affection. Sappho, bathed in tears and overwhelmed with grief, did not hear her faithful slave. She called more loudly, "Sappho! Sappho!" striking the door at the same time. "Go your way, troublesome creature!" said Sappho, "and leave me in peace."—"Suffer me, at least," said the affectionate slave, "to arrange your pillows, to spread the carpets under you, or to sprinkle you with perfume." Overcome by the tender and re-iterated instances of her affection, Sappho at length opened the door; which she did not effect without difficulty, as the bar had been forced down tight by the violence she had used in shutting it. "What can I do that will be agreeable to you?" said Rhodopè—"Why did you thus quit the table? and, what is still more cruel, why do you conceal the cause of your grief? for our tender interest would find some remedy, if we did but know it."

Sappho remained silent—her head reclined on her hands, her elbows on her knees:—her agitation is expressed in sighs and groans, while her tears fall in torrents on her breast, and drench her virgin zone.

Deeply affected by this distressing sight, the faithful slave said, "What

can have changed into sources of tears those eyes which but so lately were expressive of joy alone? What injustice or what dire vengeance of the Gods has plunged you into such unmerited affliction? Remember that these arms have supported you in your infancy; then still continue to deposit your secrets in my breast." This discourse seemed only to increase Sappho's grief; for she arose in despair, and then threw herself violently on a carpet—her face against the ground.

The slave, seeing that her words, instead of appeasing, only irritated her mistress's grief, sat down in silence beside her—ready to attend to her commands on the first intimation, and patiently awaiting the moment when she should become more tranquil.

Presently, Sappho, on her part, raising her eyes expressive of the deepest affliction, seemed to implore compassion. Rhodopè, animated by the hope of affording relief, said—

"The afflictions of the mind are softened by confiding them to the bosom of a sympathising friend: her counsels may abate the violence of grief, which, if obstinately shut up in the heart, torments without relief. Alas! perhaps, enlightened by the sad experience of years, I have already penetrated into the recesses of your heart, and guess its secrets! Beloved by your parents and esteemed by your friends, what can disturb the serenity of your existence, but one of those sudden shafts of love received from charming eyes, and which strike deeper than we ima-

gine? If your distress has no other origin, how numerous are the means of remedying the disease! But, in the first place, you must be cheerful, if you wish to please. The most delicate graces fade under sadness; and the freshest flowers wither in the shade." Thus spoke the eloquent slave, anxious to insinuate herself into the confidence of Sappho. Her secret obtained, she embraced her with smiles.

Sappho, hurt to see her smile, recoiled from her embrace: but the artful and patient Rhodopè continued—"Forgive my smiling at the dread of an imaginary evil, which begins with the most alarming symptoms, and terminates in the most pleasing result. Hymen offers the only safe and legitimate remedy: and his favor is never refused to those who devoutly implore his aid."

Sappho continued silent.—in the cold counsels of Rhodopè, she could only perceive a doubtful and distant hope, to alleviate a present and certain evil. The distress of the moment spread a veil over her mind, through which she could not penetrate.

Her parents now came to her apartment.—On their approach, she endeavoured to arrange her dress, and compose her appearance: she concealed her secret afflictions, and succeeded in persuading them that she had only felt a momentary indisposition.

After a tender and affectionate conversation, Scamandronymus retired. Dorilla came, and, seeing her sister risen, expressed her congratulations on her recovery, inviting her to resume her wonted employments. Sappho, who had resolved to conceal her secret from all except her faithful slave, accepted the invitation of Dorilla, and followed her to the room set apart for their daily occupations.

Scamandronymus had caused the following sentence to be engraven on the door of the apartment: "Occupation brings peace of mind, as exercise produces strength of body." When Sappho beheld this inscription which she had often seen before, she was for a moment pensive and melancholy, and said, "Alas! if occupation could soften my distress, the most laborious slave should not toil more than myself."—Immersed in these reflexions, she entered the apartment.

Dorilla was seated before a fine web which was considerably advanced, and, with a light hand, dexterously threw the shuttle, singing a hymn of A'cæus to Diana.—Rhodopè, retired in a corner, was occupied with her distaff and spindle—her eyes fixed steadfastly on Sappho—anxious to discover some trace of returning tranquillity on her countenance.

Sappho placed herself before a frame, and, with her needle, rivaling the artist's pencil, created the most beautiful flowers. Near her stood a transparent alabaster vase filled with the choicest flowers—exactly such as composed the present, which, to her eternal regret, she had given to the conqueror, and which now graced the bosom of a favored rival. At this recollection, she seized the odious flowers in a transport of passion, and flung them out of the apartment. Dorilla instantly suspended her song, and inquired with timidity, whether the same cause, which had ruffled her temper at dinner, was now returned.

The spindle fell from the hands of Rhodopè, who ran forward to her mistress. But Sappho, checked in her passionate emotion by the presence of her sister, and anxious to conceal the violence of her feelings, said to her slave—"Bring me some

fresh flowers: these are withered."—The tranquil and unsuspecting Dorilla immediately resumed her song and her occupation.

Rhodopè quitted the apartment to obey the orders of her mistress, who, with her head reclined on her hand, was plunged in profound melancholy. Dorilla, who only perceived in her attitude the expression of anxious expectation, continued without interruption to fill the apartment with her melodious voice.

Sappho, who, before this fatal day, felt the greatest pleasure in hearing her sister's voice, which she frequently accompanied with her lyre, was now importuned by it, as the wearied peasant is saddened by the monotonous and continued cry of the babbling grasshopper during the long days of summer.

Rhodopè soon returned with fresh flowers, which she placed in the vase before Sappho, who, after having examined them, chose an amarant, and began to copy its contour.—But this flower, which had formerly been her favorite, could no longer excite her admiration; and, choosing another subject, she embroidered a ribbon with different colors—an occupation requiring less attention, and which did not disturb the meditations of her mind.

Two pearl bracelets amused her for a moment: but, soon fatigued with these objects, she arose, and placed herself by Dorilla. Her sister, alarmed at her agitation, said, "How comes it, that to you, who lately were so industrious, that the day appeared but a moment, a moment now seems an age?"—"Happy, are they" replied Sappho, "to whom the gods have granted unalterable serenity! How can such insipid occupations have any charm for you?" Dorilla replied with her usual composure, "They appear

insipid and fatiguing to you to-day: and I am ignorant of the cause. Will it be more agreeable to you to accompany me on the lyre?" and, instantly quitting her work, her hands placed on her knees, and her eyes raised towards heaven, she melodiously chanted a sacred hymn—the Prayer of Orpheus on his entrance into the infernal regions in search of Eurydice; and such was the influence of her charming voice, that, though it was not the echo of a heart under the power of love, she nevertheless expressed with infinite sweetness all the effects of a passion which she did not feel.

While Sappho accompanied her song, her tears involuntarily fell on her lyre; she fancied she heard the lamentations of Orpheus separated by a cruel decree from the object of his affection.—Her faithful slave perceived her tears with pain: but Dorilla, neither observing the distress of Rhodopè nor the agitation of Sappho, continued to sing.

The sun was now on the decline: there was not day-light sufficient for the continuance of their occupations:—Dorilla returned to her mother; and Sappho, with her faithful slave, to avoid interruption, retired to the garden.

(To be continued.)

*Anecdotes of Mrs. BENDYSH,
Grand-daughter of
OLIVER CROMWELL;
collected from different Authors.*

Mrs. Bridget Bendysh was the daughter of Oliver's son-in-law, Iretton—a lady, who, as she exactly resembled the best picture of Oliver which I have ever seen*, and which is now at Rose-hall, in the possession of Sir Rob. Rich, so she seems

* This part is quoted from Mr. Say, a dissenting minister, who was personally acquainted with her.

also exactly to resemble him in the cast of her mind. A person of great presence and majesty, heroic courage, and indefatigable industry; and with something in her countenance and manner, that at once attracts and commands respect the moment she appears in company; accustomed to turn her hands to the meanest offices, and even drudgeries of life*: among her workmen from the earliest morning to the decline of day; insensible to all the calls and necessities of nature, and in habit and appearance beneath the meanest of them, and neither suiting her character nor sex: and then immediately, after having eaten and drank almost to excess, of whatever is before her, without choice or distinction, to throw herself down upon the next couch or bed that offers, in the profoundest sleep; to rise from it with new life and vigor; to dress herself in all the riches and grandeur of appearance, that her present circumstances or the remains of better times will allow her; and about the close of evening, to ride in her chaise, or on her pad, to a neighbouring port†, and there shine in conversation, and to receive the place and precedence in all company, as a lady who once expected, at this time, to have been one of the first persons in Europe; to make innumerable visits of ceremony, business, or charity; and dispatch the greatest affairs with the utmost ease and address, appearing every where as the common friend, advocate, and patroness of all the poor, and the miserable in any kind; in whose cause she will receive no denial from the great and rich; rather demanding than requesting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded by those who knew

her best, as a person of great sincerity, piety, generosity, and even profusion of charity: and yet, possessed of all these virtues, and possessed of them in a degree above the ordinary race, a person of no truth, justice, or common honesty (I am tempted to say), who never broke her promise in her life, and yet, on whose word no man can prudently depend, nor safely report the least circumstance after her: of great and most fervent devotion towards God, and love to her fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians; and yet there is scarcely an instance of impiety, or cruelty, of which she is not capable: fawning, suspicious, mistrustful, and jealous without end, of all her servants, and even of her friends, at the same time that she is ready to do them all the service that lies in her power, affecting all mankind equally, and not according to the services they are able to do her, but according to the service their necessities and miseries demand from her; to the relieving of which neither the wickedness of their characters, nor the injuries they may have done herself in particular, are the least exception, but rather a peculiar recommendation.

The old lady* was a very singular character, and there was something in her person when she was dressed, and in company, that could not fail of attracting at once the notice and respect of any strangers that entered the room wherever she was, though the company were never so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance. Splendid, indeed, she never was, her highest dress being a plain silk, but it was usually of the richest sort; though, as far as I can remember, of what is

* This part is from Dr. Brooke, who was also personally acquainted with her.

* Salt-works, &c. Yarmouth.

called a quaker's color; and she wore besides a kind of black silk hood, or scarf, that I rarely, it ever, observed to be worn by ladies of her time; and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing, I suppose, could have induced her to wear one. I can so far recollect her countenance, as to confirm what is observed by Mr. Say, of her likeness to the best pictures of Oliver; and she no less resembled him in the qualities of enterprise, resolution, courage, and enthusiasm. She looked upon him as the first and greatest of mankind, and also as the best; in talking of herself, on the mention of any good quality, she would say she learned it of her grandfather, and would add, if she had any thing valuable, she learned it all from him. She must certainly have had an engaging and entertaining turn of conversation, or she could not have fixed the attention of myself, when a boy of twelve or fourteen, and of another still younger, and as volatile; and have made us often happy in listening to her discourse, whether it concerned the history of herself and her own times, or whether it consisted of advice and instruction to us, or was a mixture of both. It is impossible to say what figure she might not have made in the world, had she been placed in an elevated station, and been honored with the confidence of a prince or minister; and I believe there is no station to which her spirit would have been unequal. In the circumstances, therefore, in which she was left, with an income, I think, of 2, or 300*l.* a year, it was natural that sometimes as far, or rather further than her fortune would admit, she engaged in projects of business of different kinds, by which, I have been told, she was much oftener a loser than a gainer.

One into which she entered, was the grazing of cattle; her going to fairs to buy them, in the only equipage she had, a one-horse chaise, afforded exercise at once for her courage and enthusiasm: travelling in the night was to her the same as in the day; and in the worst roads and dangers, in which it would be too little to say she was perfectly fearless; it comes nearer to her character to say, which she would most enjoy. I have heard her say, that when, in the darkest night, on a wild open heath, with the roads of which she was quite unacquainted, she has had to encounter the most dreadful thunder-storm, she has then been happy, has sung this or that psalm, and doubted not that angels surrounded her chaise, and protected her. She was as little fearful of encountering other dangers; in particular, she delivered a relation from imprisonment for high-treason, on account of the Rye-house plot, by a bold and well-concerted stratagem, though perfectly sensible of the vindictive spirit of the king and duke, and that her own life must have paid the price of his escape, had she been detected. I have heard that she was privy to this plot when it was hatching: and you know it never came to more. I have also heard from herself, and it was confirmed by my father, and others, from good authority, that she was in the secret of the revolution; that she would go into shops in different parts of the town, under a pretence of cheapening silks and other goods, and, in going out to her coach, would take the opportunity to drop bundles of papers, to prepare the minds of the people for that happy event; for she might safely be trusted with any secret, were it never so important. This art of secret-keeping, I have heard her say, she learned from her

grandfather; for that, when she was only six years of age, she has sat between his knees when he has held a cabinet-council, and on very important affairs; and on some of them objecting to her being there, he has said, "there was no secret he would trust with any of them, that he would not trust with that infant." And to prove that he was not mistaken, he has told her something as in confidence, and under the charge of secrecy, and then urged her mother and grandmother to extort it from her by promises, caresses, and bribes, and these failing, by threatenings and severe whippings; but she held steady against all with amazing dispassionate firmness, expressing her duty to her mother, but her greater duty to keep her promise of secrecy to her grandfather, and the confidence he had reposed in her. I have heard both my father and Mr. Say, and others, mention this; and I know they had no doubt of the truth of it: I recollect too, that archbishop Tillotson introduced her to Q. Mary, in order that a pension might be settled upon her, to support her in some degree of dignity to what she had known in the beginning of her days; but the death of that excellent prelate following soon after, and the Queen's the month succeeding to it, all hope was defeated. Happening to travel in a London stage, in company with two gentlemen who had swords on, she informed them of her descent from Oliver, and, as usual, was extolling him with all that rapture to which her idolising him to enthusiasm led her; when one of her fellow-travellers descended so much below the man, though his appearance was that of a gentleman, as to treat his memory with gross indignity and abuse, she answered it with all the spirit that was inherent in

her, till the coach stopped, and they got out; on which she instantly drew the other gentleman's sword, called this a poltroon and a coward, for behaving as he had done to a woman, and now challenged him to show himself a man, told him she was prepared to treat him as he might expect from his insolence, were she a man; and insisted, if he would act like such, on his not taking shelter under a pretence of her sex.—In a violent fever, being thought past recovery, and insensible to any thing that might be said, her aunt, lady Fauconberg, and other company being in the room, and her ladyship, though Oliver's daughter, giving too much way to things said in dishonor of his memory by some present, to the astonishment of all, she raised herself up, and with great spirit said, "if she did not believe her grandmother to have been one of the most virtuous women in the world, she should conclude her ladyship to be a bastard; wondering how it could be possible that the daughter of the greatest and best man that ever lived could be so degenerate, as not only to sit with patience to hear his memory so ill-treated, but to seem herself to assent to it." I have often heard her say, that, "next to the twelve apostles, he was the first saint in heaven, and was placed next to them." On evenings that she has spent at my father's, she has seemed to be in enthusiastic raptures, when religion made part of the subject of conversation; and seldom would leave the room, though it were twelve at night, or later, without singing a psalm.

Mrs. Bendysh* had as much of

* This, and all that follows, is from Mr. Hewling Luson, who had often seen her at his father's house, where she frequently visited.

Cromwell's courage as a female constitution could receive, which was often expressed with more ardor than the rules of female decorum could excuse. That enthusiasm, in which Cromwell was generally but an actor, in her was sincere and original; she had not merely the courage to face danger, but she had also that perfect undisturbed possession of her faculties, which left her free to contrive the best means to repel or to avoid it. Mrs. Bendysh lived through, what the dissenters but too justly called "the troublesome times," by which they meant the times when the penal laws against conventicles were strained to their utmost rigor: the preaching of this sect was then held in the closest concealment, whilst the preachers were in momentary danger of being dragged out by spies and informers to heavy fines and severe imprisonments. With these spies and informers she maintained a perpetual war. This kind of bustle was, in all respects, in the true taste of her spirit; I have heard many stories of her dealings with these ungracious people; sometimes she circumvented and outwitted them, and sometimes she bullied them; and the event generally was, that she got the poor parson out of their clutches. Upon these occasions, and upon all others, when they could express their attachment to her, Mrs. Bendysh was sure of the common people; she was, as she deserved to be, very dear to them; when she had money, she gave it freely to such as wanted; and when she had none, which was pretty often the case, they were sure of receiving civility and commiseration: she was not barely charitable; she practised an exalted humanity; if, in the meanest sick room, she found the sufferer insufficiently or improperly attended, she turned at-

tendant herself, and would sit hours in the poorest chamber to administer support or consolation to the afflicted: in this noble employment she passed much of her time. As Mrs. Bendysh was thus beloved by the poor, to whom she was beneficent, she was respected by the richer sort of all parties, to whom, when she kept clear of her enthusiastic freaks, she was highly entertaining. She had strong and masculine sense, a free and spirited elocution, much knowledge of the world, great dignity in her manner, and a most engaging address. The place of her residence was called the Salt-Pans, whilst the salt-works were carried on there; but the proper name is South-Town, i. e. south of Yarmouth: in this place, which is quite open to the road, I have very often seen her in the morning, stumping about with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and, when it was cold, an old blanket about her shoulders, and a staff in her hand; in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the stage as a witch in *Macbeth*; yet if, at such a time, she was accosted by any person of rank or breeding, that dignity of her manner, and politeness of her style, which nothing could efface, would instantly break through the veil of debasement, which concealed her native grandeur; and a stranger to her customs might become astonished to find himself addressed by a princess, while he was looking at a mumper.

It happened in a stage coach, where she was not known, Mrs. Bendysh fell into a violent dispute in behalf of the Protector: the opponent was as hot and as violent as the lady; and if, towards the end of the stage, their anger subsided, it was not for want of wrath, or of words to keep it up, but for want

of breath to give it utterance. After they went out of the coach and had taken some refreshment, the old lady very calmly and respectfully desired to speak apart with the gentleman who had been her opponent in the dispute. When she had him alone, she told him with great composure, "he had, in the grossest manner, belied and abused the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood, that flowed in her veins, would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that she could not handle a sword, but could fire a pistol as well as he, and that she demanded immediate satisfaction to the injured honor of her family." The gentleman was exceedingly amazed at the oddness of this address; but, as he happened to carry about him good sense enough to teach him how to act upon the spot, he immediately told her, "there were many great qualities in Oliver, which he honored as much as she could; that, if he had known or suspected her relation to him, he would not have said a word on the subject to give her offence; and that he sincerely asked her pardon." This submission completely satisfied her, and they finished their journey with much pleasure and good-humour; but saint Oliver was not again brought upon the tapis. The truth of this story I never heard questioned.

As the whole of Mrs. Bendysh's personal oeconomy was not of the common form, her hours of visiting went generally out of the common season. She would very frequently come and visit at my father's at nine or ten at night, and sometimes later, if the doors were not shut up. On such visits she generally staid till about one in the morning. Such late visits, in those sober times, were considered by her friends as

highly inconvenient, yet nobody complained of them to her. The respect she universally commanded gave her a licence in this, and many other irregularities. She would, on her visits, drink wine in great plenty; and the wine used to put her tongue into very brisk motion: but I do not remember that she was ever disgracefully exposed by it. There was an old mare, which had been the faithful companion of Mrs. Bendysh's adventures during many years. The old mare and her manœuvres were as well known at Yarmouth as the old lady. On this mare she was generally mounted; but, towards the end of her life, the mare was prevailed with to draw a chaise, in which Mrs. Bendysh often seated herself. Mrs. Bendysh would never suffer a servant to attend her in these night visits: "God," she said, "was her guard, and she would have no other." Her dress on these visits, though it was in a taste of her own, was always grave and handsome. At about one in the morning (for she never finished her round of visits sooner) she used to put herself on the top of the mare, or into the chaise, and set off on her return. When the mare began to move, Mrs. Bendysh began to sing a psalm, or one of Watts's hymns, in a very loud, but not a very harmonious key. This I have often heard: and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, one gently trotting, and the other loudly singing, jogged on the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home.

Mrs. Bendysh died in 1727, or 1728.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 206.)

"THE earlier days of Philip's reign," resumed Nassau, "were

prosperous and happy. Nevertheless he remained as invisible as the deserts of Asia; and, if any of his subjects were allowed access to him, he carefully concealed from them the secret sentiments of his heart: while his bosom was inwardly agitated by a tempest of turbid passions, his countenance wore the appearance of placid serenity, like the surface of a calm, unruffled lake. Never for a moment would he deign to divest himself of the pride and pomp of royalty, or, by exhibiting to his subjects the man instead of the monarch, relieve himself from the cumbrous burden of greatness and majesty.

"There are some nations, whose desires are limited to the enjoyment of tranquillity under a regal government. But the Flemings, who had been accustomed to popular chiefs, and whose disposition prompts them to unite the testimonies of their love with those of their respect, felt no relish for a felicity in which the heart had no share.—War soon broke out between France and Spain, for the interests of the two monarchs, who inherited the ambition and rivalry of their fathers. The gold of Belgium—the valour of her warlike sons—and especially your exploits, virtuous Egmont, magnanimous Horn, who are now loaded with chains—my own perils, too, if I may venture to mention them after your trophies—and the subsequent peace, which was my work—gained for Philip that pompous appellation in which his pride delights—the appellation of *The Invincible*.

"The Belgians, prolonging the rejoicings by which they hailed the return of peace, were still employed in the erection of trophies and triumphal arcs, when the storm, which from doubtful presages their anticipative foresight had already

prognosticated, was now heard rumbling at a distance, and began gradually to approach our plains. Philip made his appearance among us: but, still swoln and elevated by the victories which he had gained through the valour of his generals, his native pride degenerated into tyranny. Surrounded by Spanish ministers, he removed the Flemings from all the high offices of honor and trust:—his favorites, less guarded by dissimulation than their master, were openly heard to drop expressions too plainly predictive of sinister designs; and what confirmed these presages, was his introduction of Spanish troops into our provinces.

"The assembly of the states, duly convened, represented to him our rights:—he replied to their remonstrances by unmeaning promises, while he carefully concealed his resentment in the impenetrable recesses of his own bosom. Liberty pours forth her energetic and tremendous accents: Philip is incensed at the sound,—calls it the insolent clamor of rebellion, and declares that it is from Madrid he will henceforth issue the mandates of his sovereign will.

"Preparations are immediately made for his departure.—He summoned me to his presence, and, instead of his late resentment, now wore the appearance of calm serenity. 'Nassau!' said he, 'I am unwilling to suspect you of encouraging the rebellious spirit of my subjects. Cherished as you have been by my father, you certainly will not betray my interests. I intend to appoint a viceregent, who shall here represent my person, and guide the reins of government. Your services, those of your ancestors, and the wishes of Charles, all concur in pointing you out as the fittest person to fill that honorable station.'—At

these words he darted on me a scrutinising glance, as if he wished to penetrate into the most secret folds of my heart, and there detect whether ambition was my predominant passion.—I, on the other hand, preserved the most profound silence.

“Revolt,” continued he, “and Calvinism, have dared to rear their menacing crest in defiance of my authority. Let them by a single blow be leveled in the dust! In your tender years you abjured that detested sect. These people, who defend certain imaginary rights founded on the tombs of their ancestors, would be less rash and presumptuous, if they were not countenanced by powerful chiefs intoxicated with the fame of their own exploits. To their valour, they say, I am solely indebted for the title of Invincible; and, unsupported by them, the sceptre would fall from my hand.... To the proud Egmont I allude—to the audacious Horn:—they are my worst enemies:—hatred and discord subsist between you and them:—they must be sacrificed.”

“Seised with indignation and horror at these words,—‘Let your vengeance,’ said I, ‘find executioners among the vile herd of courtly sycophants: but never shall you stain the character of Nassau by the perpetration of so infamous a deed. What! shall I purchase preferment by the effusion of innocent blood? sacrifice my dearest friends?—for, such I fear not to call Egmont and Horn.—The generous rivalry that subsists between them and me, is un-alloyed by the base admixture of jealous enmity: the love of our common country, which equally glows in the bosom of each, supercedes all subordinate difference of sentiment between us; while glory and virtue twine the bands which unite us in opposition to injustice

and ignominious oppression.’

“Confounded and incensed by this un-expected declaration, he immediately put an end to the conference.

“I was, however, obliged to accompany the exasperated tyrant as far as Flushing.—The roads, as he passed along, were lined by countless multitudes of people, who were delighted to witness his departure, and un-able to repress the transports of their joy. Philip could not but observe the pleasure which pervaded the crowds of spectators; and, as a parting adieu, he darted on them terrific frowns, sure presages of his approaching vengeance.

“Margaret was vested with the appearance of power; while, in her name, the reins of government were managed by that minister worthy of Philip—that purpled minion of Rome, whose zeal is a devouring flame—whose idol is ambition—whose soul, equally mean and tyrannic, can stoop to the basest submission before the throne, and exert the most arbitrary despotism over the subjects—in short, by Granvelle, whom Philip dared not openly to appoint chief governor of our provinces, but whose blood-stained hand secretly guided, as from behind a curtain, the arm which ostensibly actuated the machine of government.

“The citizens soon perceived, why, notwithstanding the loud, imperious voice of the laws, the Spanish troops were not withdrawn.—While, under the influence of commerce, her ports and gates lay open for the admission of all nations, Flanders had received the seeds of Calvinism. The human heart cannot be governed by constraint; nor was religion intended by heaven as a chain to be grasped by the hand of a despot. Philip, however,—

determined to ensure the subversion of our laws and the spoil of our property—to enslave even our very souls—and to shroud the bright star of liberty in darkness so impenetrable that it should never more dart forth a single ray to illumine the eyes of a nation immersed in eternal thralldom—Philip ordered Margaret to introduce the inquisition into our country.

“The inquisition thus bequeathed to us at his departure!—thus left as the representative of his person among a nation accustomed to see kindness and affection beaming on the countenances of their chiefs!—the inquisition, that most diabolical of all the institutions ever devised by tyranny and fanaticism!—that tribunal, worthy of the infernal fiends, suddenly erected in the happy plains of Belgium, where liberty was not yet wholly extinct!—As soon as the alarming news was spread abroad, all our cities echoed with the loud accents of grief and indignation.—The ministers of that dire tribunal soon arrived—published their sanguinary edicts—erected scaffolds, and lighted up the fires of persecution.

“Surrounded on every side by the flaming pyres of the inquisition, I nevertheless openly embraced the reformed religion, from which I had been snatched in my infancy. The thick mist of error still darkens the eyes of mankind: but the new mode of worship, by its superior simplicity, seemed, in my apprehension, to approach nearer to that pure worship of an almighty self-existent being, to which the voice of nature so energetically invites us; and in the reformation I contemplated the first step made by the inhabitants of Europe toward the acquisition of liberty.

“At this period, four hundred

warriors—a lively representation of an armed people—solemnly marching in pairs, and with the steady regularity of an embattled army—advance to the palace of the regent. As an emblem of the unanimity of their sentiments, their dress is uniform: their arms are our laws, and the steel consecrated to defend them. Their appearance alone suffices to stop the effusion of blood, and extinguishes the fires of the inquisition. Marching in silence, and with majestic step, they at length arrive at the palace of Margaret, where—as if the laws themselves had assumed the human shape—the chief of the band, with calm dignified intrepidity, and without uttering a single word, deposits in her hand the venerable code.—Margaret is forcibly struck with this sublime language of liberty: but Granvelle, who thought he had annihilated our laws, is fired with indignation on seeing them once more appear in existence.—Philip, however, recalled that odious minister; and the Belgians again began to breathe the air of liberty.

(To be continued.)

Notices of the ARABIANS under the CALIPHS.

(From Bigland's “Geographical and Historical View of the World.”)

“In every point of view, the history of the Arabians forms a distinguished feature in that of mankind. Impelled by the daring views of one extraordinary man, they emerged from their obscure deserts, where from ages immemorial they had remained unnoticed, and almost unknown. Bursting on the world like a meteor, advancing in every direction with incredible velocity, discipline and tactics were unable to resist their enthusiastic valour. The lapse of a single century produced a total change in their national character

They could no longer be considered as a distinct people. Like the Romans after the time of the republic, their blood was mixed with that of their captives and subjects; and the Saracens were only a heterogeneous mass, composed of all the nations which they had conquered. Greeks, Persians, Syrians, Egyptians, and the various tribes of Northern Africa; all, in fine, who had embraced Islamism, and ranged themselves under the banners of the prophet, were confounded in one common appellation. The vast empire of the caliphs was, about the middle of the eighth century, split into three separate and independent monarchies. The age of barbarism, of rapine and conquest, was terminated: the age of civilization and science succeeded, and the savages of the desert, after having astonished the world by their valour, enlightened it by their studies. The lives and manners of the first caliphs were remarkable for their simplicity. Their dress was coarse and plain, their fare homely, and what modern luxury would call poor. It consisted chiefly of bread and fruits, with little animal food; and water was their wholesome beverage. The frugal meal was sanctified by prayer; and accompanied with religious exhortations when the courtiers and officers were present. The mighty Omar, when he went from Medina to Jerusalem, to sign the capitulation and receive the surrender of that city, was mounted on a camel, and carried with him a bag of corn and another of dates, with a wooden dish, and a leathern bottle full of water. Such was the humble equipage and simple provision of the most powerful monarch at that time upon earth. Such was the manner in which the first caliphs showed their contempt for the pomp and pageantry of Persia and Constantinople, and their disre-

gard of the things of this world. The simplicity of the court of Medina, however, was in a great measure laid aside in the palace of Damascus. But after the accession of the Abbassides, the imperial residence of Bagdad rivalled the ancient splendor of Persia, and equalled all that has been recorded of oriental magnificence. Opulence and splendor were accompanied with arts, commerce, and letters. These, as well as oriental pomp, were, about the time of the building of Bagdad, A. D. 762, introduced by Almansor, and promoted with ardor by Harun Al Raschid, Almammon, and successive caliphs. The Ommiades of Spain vied with the Abbassides on the banks of the Tigris in their advancement of learning, and their taste for magnificence. The age of Arabian literature commenced about the middle of the eighth, and continued till about the middle of the thirteenth century, co-inciding with the darkest period of European ignorance. The sciences of medicine, chemistry, astronomy, logic, and algebra, are those in which the Arabians chiefly excelled, and to them Europe is indebted for the invention, or at least introduction of the cyphers now used in arithmetic, and so excellently calculated to facilitate its operations. Ancient history seems not to have greatly excited their curiosity. They suffered the heroes of Greece and Rome to rest in oblivion. General and partial histories of their own nation and age were produced in abundance by the Arabian writers; but their historians paid little attention to the affairs of the world, which had been transacted previous to the time of Mahomet. Under the despotic government of the caliphate, rhetoric was useless. The poets of Greece and Rome would naturally excite the abhorrence of the Arabians; and it could scarcely be

expected that the commanders of the faithful should encourage, or the followers of the prophet should cultivate, the study of their profane mythology. Their architecture was remarkable for expensive and splendid magnificence, rather than just proportion and elegant symmetry. Sculpture and painting were condemned by the Koran, and could not flourish in the empire of the caliphs. A variety of circumstances concur to form the genius and character of nations. The Arabians, though scarcely known in the annals of warfare, were far from being destitute of personal courage. Like other semi-barbarians, their valour had been constantly exercised in the mutual and unceasing hostilities of their distinct tribes. Concord alone was wanted to render them formidable to foreigners. Their union was at last effected by the sagacious policy of their prophet. Religion was the political and social bond which united the Arabians. Enthusiasm was their stimulus to great enterprises and extraordinary acts of valour. The debilitated state of the two great empires of Constantinople and Persia, afforded, to that sudden and extraordinary impulse a favorable opportunity of exertion. The first caliphs and their lieutenants, formed by the instructions, and animated by the views of the prophet, kept up among the people the same enthusiasm which he had inspired. The caliphs, assuming and supporting the character of successors and representatives of Mahomet, kept alive, by their public exhortations, the zeal and enthusiasm of their subjects. As the first ministers of religion and commanders of the faithful, they united in their own persons all spiritual and temporal power; and an unbounded veneration for their high character and dignity, for some time, main-

tained in one compact system the vast extent of the Arabian empire. But when the caliphate was split into different divisions; when the throne of Mahomet became the prize of contention and the seat of usurpation, the persons of the caliphs became less venerable, and their authority less respected. The empire of the Arabians, though divided into three distinct caliphates of Asia, Egypt, and Spain, continued some time to display an extraordinary splendor, and to flourish in commerce, in letters, and science. But the political and religious system was followed by a long train of insubordination, which undermined the foundations of this immense empire, and caused it gradually to moulder away, and sink under the assaults of the Turks, the Mamalukes, and the Spaniards. The power, the wealth, the magnificence, and the learning of the Arabians, at last totally disappeared. No nation ever rose so rapidly to eminence, and none ever sunk so completely into its primitive obscurity.

DEFENCE of WOMEN.

(Continued from page 213.)

CHAP. XVIII.

ITALY does not yield to France in the multitude of her learned women, though the same reason which induced me to mention a small number of French women, obliges me to be concise with respect to the Italians.

Dorothea Bucca, a native of Bologna, having been from her infancy destined to the study of letters, made such gigantic strides in the path allotted to her, that the celebrated university of Bologna conferred on her a doctor's degree — an honor which had never before been awarded to any of her sex. She was for many years a professor in that uni-

versity, and flourished in the fifteenth century.

Isotta Nogarola, of Verona, was the oracle of her age, since, besides being very learned in philosophy and theology, she possessed the ornament of various languages, was well read in the works of the Fathers, and we are assured, that, in rhetoric, she was not inferior to the greatest orators of that time. The trials of her eloquence were not trivial, since she harangued several times in the presence of the popes Nicolas V. and Pius II. and in the council of Mantua, which Pius II. had convened for the purpose of uniting all the Christian princes against the Turk. That illustrious patron of letters, Cardinal Bessarion, having met with some of Isotta's writings, conceived so high an opinion of her genius, that he took a journey from Rome to Verona, merely to see her.—She died in the 38th year of her age, A. D. 1466.

Laura Cereti, a Brescian, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, taught philosophy publicly and with universal applause, at the age of eighteen.

Cassandra Fidle, a Venetian, was so celebrated for her great knowledge of the Greek language and of philosophy, theology, and history, that there was scarcely a prince in her time who did not give her a public testimony of his esteem; and, among her patrons and admirers, were the Popes Julius II. and Leo Xth.—Louis XIV. of France, and our Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. Cassandra wrote several books, and died in 1567, at the age of a hundred and two.

Catalina de Cibo, duchess of Camerino, in the March of Ancona, understood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, was profoundly learned in philosophy and theology;

and her virtue gave additional splendor to her science. She erected the first convent for Capuchins, and died in 1557.

Martha Marchina, a Neapolitan of low birth, but of such elevated genius, that, surmounting the impediments incident to her humble fortune, she learned with surprising facility several languages, and was no contemptible poetess. These acquirements, however, were not capable of raising her from the sphere in which she was born; and it is known, that, having removed to Rome, she maintained herself and her family by making soap. But, if, with a mind of such energy, she had possessed the opportunities for study which other women have had, Martha Marchina would have been eminent, not only among her own sex, but among men.—She died at the age of 46, in 1646.

Lucretia Helena Cornaro was of the illustrious family of Cornaro at Venice; and, though she be placed last in this catalogue of learned Italian women, because she flourished latest, we may, without injustice to any, distinguish her as the foremost in worth and in knowledge. This lady, destined to raise the honor of her sex, was born in the year 1646. From her early childhood, she discovered a passionate attachment to literature, with which her rapid and astonishing progress fully corresponded. She not only instructed herself with singular facility in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, but learned almost all the living European languages. She became so eminent in philosophy, mathematics and theology, that the university of Padua resolved to give her the degree of doctor in divinity; which would have been performed if they had not met with opposition from Cardinal Barbarigo, the bishop of the city,

whose scruples arose from the precept of St. Paul which forbids women to teach in churches; and therefore, that they might avoid a violation of the Apostolic injunction, and at the same time pay due honor to the talents of Helena, it was agreed to make her a doctor of philosophy. Her learning having been thus eminent, it could only be surpassed by her singular piety. At the age of twelve years, she took a vow of virginity; and, though a German prince afterwards solicited her hand, and was supported by the offer of a dispensation from the Pope, he could not overcome her scruples: and, to deliver herself at once from the importunities of her numerous admirers, she earnestly desired to become a Benedictine nun. This being opposed by her father, she did all that was in her power, by solemnly ratifying her promise of perpetual virginity, and adding to it the other religious vows.

This sacrifice of her liberty was succeeded by so exemplary a life under her father's roof, that the most rigid recluse might have despaired of imitating it. Her love of solitude, and her reluctance to meet the public gaze, were so great, that, though she consented to appear in public at the desire of her father, the painfulness of the effort is thought to have shortened her life. She passed to a better world at the age of thirty-eight, to the joy of angels and to the grief of men; and she left many works which will eternise her name. The authors who have panegyrised this excellent woman are numerous; and, among others, Gregorio Leti, in his "Historical Collections," gives her the epithets of "The Heroine of Literature," and "The Prodigy of Learning," calling her also an angel in beauty and in meekness of spirit.

VOL. XLII.

CHAP. XIX.

GERMANY, on whose elevated soil Apollo possesses more influence in animating the mental faculties than in dissolving the congelations of winter, presents us also with a woman whose mind sparkled with a solar ray. This was the celebrated *Anna Maria Schurman*, the boast of Germany and of the Low Countries, since she was born at Cologne, and her parents were natives of the Netherlands. A more universal capacity than she possessed has never been known in either sex; and the sciences and the arts acknowledged the dominion of her genius with emulative obedience. At the age of six years, without instruction, she cut in paper the most precious and delicate figures; at eight, she learned in a few days to paint flowers, which were highly esteemed; and, at ten, it only cost her three hours of application to learn the art of embroidering with elegance. But her talents for higher attainments did not develop themselves till her twelfth year, when they were discovered on the following occasion.—Her brothers were studying in the apartment where she sat; and it was observed, that, whenever their memories failed in the recital of their lessons, the little girl prompted them without any previous knowledge of their tasks, except that which she had gained in hearing the boys con them over. This incident, together with the other proofs she had given of her extraordinary facility, determined her father to consult the bent of her inclination in the studies she should follow; and from that time, with the velocity of aerial flight, she traversed the vast regions of sacred and profane learning, and at last arrived at the possession of all human sciences, together with a profound knowledge of divinity and of the holy scrip-

tures. She perfectly understood the German, Low Dutch, English, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopian languages, and was also endued with the poetic fire, and produced some fine compositions in verse. Her knowledge of the liberal arts gained her equal applause with the sciences and languages: she understood music scientifically, and played on several instruments with great skill; and she excelled in painting, sculpture, and modelling. It is said, that, having executed her own portrait in wax with the help of a mirror, some pearls, which served to adorn the image, stood out so naturally, that no one would believe they were wax, till they made the experiment of piercing them with a needle. Her letters were not only valuable for the elegance of their style but also for the beauty of their characters, which were judged to be inimitable; insomuch that every stroke of her pen was sought after as a cabinet curiosity. All the great men who were contemporary with her, solicited her correspondence; and the illustrious Queen of Poland, Louisa Maria Gonzaga, in her journey to that kingdom, after she had been affianced at Paris to King Ladislaus by proxy, deigned to visit Maria Schurman in her own house.

Maria never chose to marry, though she had many suitors of distinction, and, among others, Monsr. Catec, Grand Pensionary of Holland and a celebrated poet, who had composed verses in her praise when she was only fourteen years old.

This woman, so deserving of immortality, died in 1678, in the seventy-first year of her age.

(To be continued.)

LUCINDA and HONORIA, or the altered BELLE.

By the Author of the "Exemplary Mother."

How little are we aware wherein our real interest and happiness consist, when we presume to dictate to Omniscience! Ought we, in an act of devotion, which is an acknowledgement of our dependence on the Being we adore, to prescribe rules to him "who knoweth whereof we are made?" Shall we, amid the profusion of blessings which Providence has heaped around us, presume to murmur, because a different path of happiness is marked out for our neighbour? Shall we dare to wish we had escaped a suffering which may be intended as our ordeal for eternity?

Lucinda had the entire possession of an affluent fortune, without the enjoyment of one real delight. A discontented mind rendered her insensible to the peculiar advantages of her situation, and ungrateful to the source from whence every blessing flows. Honoria, her most intimate friend, had often unsuccessfully inquired into the cause of her melancholy. She was ashamed of confessing her weakness; but one day Honoria surprising her in tears, insisted on knowing the cause that gave rise to them. "For what," said she, "can Lucinda weep? Has she not many motives for gratitude to Providence—wealth, rank, friends, an agreeable person?"

"Agreeable!" interrupted Lucinda, with a visible emotion: "can I be satisfied with being agreeable, while Leonora is enchanting? Alas!" exclaimed she, "what avail the privileges of wealth and rank? How poor is the triumph of dazzling the eyes with splendor, compared with that of commanding the heart by loveliness of form! Willingly would I exchange with Leonora all the ad-

antages of riches for her sovereignty in beauty."

"Is it possible," returned Honoria, "that my friend can indulge such a blamable weakness? Is it not more desirable to enjoy the means of alleviating distress, than the power of exciting envy, or awakening an attachment which we cannot return? Observe how Leonora abuses the favors of nature—and can you wish for so dangerous a pre-eminence? Does not affectation often distort her natural symmetry of feature? Has not a modish confidence banished from her cheek the bloom of modesty? Has not the artificial lure of coquetry supplanted the genuine smile of complacency? It is for the sake of my friend that I venture to express an opinion, which I should otherwise consider it as my duty to conceal. But I would guard her from envying one in whom selfishness has extinguished the glow of attachment, and the desire of universal conquest has stifled all the finer emotions of the soul."

"But," answered Lucinda, "are these dispositions the necessary companions of beauty?"

"I do not say that they are the necessary companions, but they are too frequently its baneful associates," replied Honoria.—"For a contrast to Leonora, observe your friend Theodosia! The charms she received from nature are heightened by no other adventitious aids than those of neatness and simplicity: her manners are as pure and un-affected as her heart is guileless: she preferred the love and esteem of one man of real merit, to the deceitful adulation of a train of idle admirers. She never descended to the meanness of artifice; for she indulged no sentiments which it was not her glory to avow: she contrived no unnecessary delays, to trifle with that heart which

she considered as the counter-part of her own. Since she became a wife, she has as sedulously studied the art of pleasing, as the most finished coquette—not with a design to ensnare and deceive the reason, but to secure and gratify the heart. She knew that the votaries of passion discern objects with the eyes of the imagination, rather than with those of reason, and that it is less difficult to excite than to preserve love. Such is still the character of Theodosia. Perhaps, to superficial observers, her charms will appear less attractive than those of Leonora; but the judicious admirers of beauty will prefer features animated with the glow of delicate sensibility, and eyes sparkling with mental intelligence, to mere outward symmetry of form, and the language of affected softness. Leonora has finer features: Theodosia has the informing soul of beauty; she blends self-approbation with Christian humility; cheerfulness, the offspring of content, is resident in her breast; piety and universal benevolence, the actuating principles of her soul, irradiate its corporeal mansion. Were her mind less amiable, her person would be less attractive. Cease, my dear friend, to sigh for the fading graces of Leonora; but aspire to emulate the attainable and ever-blooming charms of Theodosia."

Lucinda listened to the discourse of Honoria, without feeling the force of conviction. "Believe me," added the latter, "Leonora may be awhile the object of general admiration; but, with her disposition, it is impossible she should enjoy happiness, or excite esteem. Inquire into the state of her mind; and, if she be ingenuous, she will confess herself to be one of the most miserable of beings. I grant it is her fault, rather than her misfortune, that she is not happy; but who could answer for herself,

that, with the temptations of Leonora, she could preserve the fortitude of Theodosia? Surely, my dear Lucinda, not she who, from a desire of possessing a higher degree of personal beauty, undervalues the advantages of nature and fortune, and perverts the intended blessings of heaven?"

Lucinda sat, for some time, thoughtful and silent; at length she replied, "Surely you are greatly mistaken in thinking that Leonora is not happy! Her face is always dressed in smiles; and how can it be otherwise, when she is the idol of every beholder?"

"Indeed, my dear," answered Honoria, "the face is generally, I believe, a faithful transcript of the mind; and, though smiles are frequently assumed to disguise rather than to express the sentiments of the heart, yet the artificial are easily distinguished from the natural, unless, by a long habit of constraint, the features have contracted the deceitfulness of the heart; and then the copy deludes us by exact conformity to the manners of the original, Believe me, Leonora's vanity may be often gratified; but her mind is never contented. I see," pursued she, after a pause, "that you are inaccessible to conviction. Let me refer you, then, to this envied beauty for a lesson of experience."

Lucinda, determined to convince Honoria of the fallacy of her opinion by the testimony of Leonora, called the next day at the house of that lady, but was told she was ill, and could see no company. On repeating her visit a few days after, she learned that Leonora's disorder was the small pox; that it was of the confluent sort, and that she was supposed to be in great danger. This distemper, so often fatal to beauty, spared the life, but entirely ravaged the charms, of this celebrated fair one; and the

person who had been the object of Lucinda's envy, soon became the inspirer of her compassion. As she had intended Leonora a visit in the sunshine of her prosperity, she thought it the office of humanity to console her in what she considered as the season of humiliation. She waited till the disorder had spent its force, and Leonora was sufficiently recovered to receive her friends, and then, with an anxious heart, drove to her house, and was immediately admitted.

If any latent spark of envy still harboured in Lucinda's breast, it was instantly extinguished at the sight of Leonora. Never had she beheld so total a destruction of beauty. She observed, however, no appearance of melancholy or confusion. On the contrary, that lady smiled at Lucinda's apparent surprise and embarrassment, and, preventing her intended address, "You see, Madam," said she, "the devastations made on my person; but you are ignorant of the change that is effected in my mind. I have not only lost the power, but even the desire, of attracting admiration; I own I have dropped some natural tears on resigning the empire of beauty: but, with thankfulness to Heaven, 'I wiped them soon,' and am now only humbled by the reflexion that my past behaviour has forfeited my claim to esteem. Could I regain the beauty I once possessed, I assure you, I should prefer to it the dispositions I have now acquired. I know that these dispositions were excited by despair; but they are confirmed by reason, and invigorated by religion."

"Indeed, Madam," interrupted Lucinda, blushing, "I always esteemed you one of the happiest of your sex, from your superiority in beauty, and envied you the admiration it inspired."

"Oh! Lucinda!" answered Leonora, "how deceived have you and the world been, in the ideas you have formed of my happiness! My mind has been a prey to various passions. Vanity, indeed, has been its ruling principle: but the attainment of one conquest only suggested the desire of another; and, though I considered my beauty as undisputed, yet I was far from being gratified, unless I possessed a superiority over the rest of my sex, in every quality which excites admiration. Had you known the inquietudes I felt at the thoughts of meeting rivals in dress and accomplishments (inquietudes which even an inordinate vanity could not enable me to subdue, though it taught me to dissemble) I should not have been the object of your envy, but of your compassion or contempt. I may truly say, I never felt peace or satisfaction till since I lost the power of inspiring pleasure. I am now brought to a true sense of my folly and worthlessness. The clergyman who has attended me in the illness which I considered as the extinction of every hope, has awakened hopes of a higher kind—has opened my eyes to the contemplation of real beauty, to the charms of virtue, to the graces of religion. I now despise myself, and earnestly pray, through the merits of my Redeemer, that the chastening I have endured, may be admitted as some atonement for the faults of which I have been guilty. You find, Lucinda, you must not judge of the enjoyments of others, from their apparent advantages. The disposition of the mind constitutes our real happiness or misery."

"Indeed, Madam," answered Lucinda, "your example, and the lesson you have now given me, shall teach me acquiescence in the appointments of Heaven."

A lively sense of gratitude to Providence now animated the breast of Lucinda. She resigned all solicitude about superiority in personal beauty, and determined to be only sedulous for the improvement of her mind. She acquired all the knowledge which gives eminence and lustre to the conversation of the other sex, and was desirous of communicating instruction to her own. She was become almost as much the umpire of wit, as Leonora had been the paragon of beauty, when Honoria, who had for a considerable time been absent, returned to town, and, solicitous to inquire into the state of Lucinda's mind, requested an interview at a time when, to every other but a particular friend, she was inaccessible.

"Well, my dear," said Honoria, "may I congratulate you now on the possession of content? You are admired and revered by all your acquaintance for your superior wisdom and virtue; and the object of universal esteem ought to derive from the applauses of her own mind, as well as the approbation of the world, the most rational delight. I returned with all the eagerness of friendship to enjoy the admiration you excite, to share the pleasure of your society, and to improve my own mind by a more strict intercourse with yours. How judicious is your choice!"

"Refrain, my dear," interrupted Lucinda, "refrain from your praises and congratulations. I am not happy."

"What!" answered Honoria—"can any thing discompose the serenity of a soul devoted to its own improvement and that of others?"

"Alas!" replied Lucinda, "have you not often observed, that fame gives birth to envy, and that the admiration we gain by superior talents is more than counterbalanced by the dislike we inspire in others? Envy

is the parent of calumny, and all her venomous brood."

"But, surely," said Honoria, "envy should have no power to disturb the innocent."

"And is it possible, then," rejoined Lucinda, "to repress our indignant feelings, when improper motives are assigned to our best actions—when every little foible is exaggerated, and malice borrows the aid of invention, when deprived of its gratification in searching the records of truth?"

"It is certainly painful," replied Honoria; "and we are told, that

"Envy will Merit as its shade pursue,

"And, like the shadow, proves the substance true."

"Yet I cannot help thinking that a superior degree of patience in sustaining injuries, and a constant perseverance in doing good to those who persecute us, will overcome the most inveterate malice. These are the arms with which Christianity supplies us; and I believe they are generally invincible. Who can be an enemy to the friend of human kind, whose philanthropy is the source of that active beneficence which promotes and increases the happiness of others? The compliances of such a person are circumscribed only by the bounds of duty. They who ridicule the obligations of religion, attempt to loosen the firmest bond of friendship, to weaken the strongest tie of benevolence. It is the temporal and eternal interest of every one to extend the dominion of virtue."

"My dear Honoria," said Lucinda, embracing her, "you are indeed a friend; permit me now in private to explore the latent propensities of my soul; and to-morrow they shall be disclosed to you with as much sincerity as if I were called upon to render an account to Heaven."

Honoria immediately withdrew; and, on her return the following day, Lucinda received her with the most lively expressions of gratitude and delight. "My dear Honoria," said she, "your congratulations will now be adapted to the state of my mind. I have traced all the mazes of my misguided heart; and I am really ashamed to find, that, with all my researches after wisdom, I have till now been a stranger to the most important science—self-knowledge. I am convinced that the reports which gave me uneasiness, were more my fault than my misfortune; that they were less the invention of malice than of revenge. One consequence of the cultivation of my own understanding was contempt for the inferiority of others. In attempting to conquer error, I am now sensible that I was rather the dupe of self-conceit, than the advocate of truth; and prejudice often counteracted the operations of reason. While I condemned my own sex for their insipidity, their indelicacy, ill-nature, &c. I insensibly became more fond of ridicule and censure than of pity or advice. How heinous do those faults appear, to which we are not addicted by nature, and which we have not acquired by habit! how trivial those errors to which we are prompted by inclination, and familiarised by custom! and how often do we secretly nourish in our own breasts, the very dispositions we condemn as destructive to others! We are blind to our own advantages and imperfections, while we magnify the enjoyments and infirmities of others. My behaviour was calculated rather to inspire dislike than to attract love. You were in the right, my dear Honoria: the truly respectable character will generally be respected; or, if the envenomed sting of envy should attempt to pierce the breast of virtue,

it is rendered impenetrable by the shield of innocence. I am determined to use my best endeavours, from henceforth, to overcome the delusions by which I have been led astray, and to consider that I am living for eternity. I will not be solicitous to *obtain*, but to *deserve*, the appellation of *good*. Should I have no reward on earth, except the consciousness of right intention, yet my reward will be greater in heaven, if I indulge no wishes that would supersede the designs of Providence, and expect no happiness but from the performance of every allotted duty."

MIDDLE-MEN OF IRELAND.

(From Sir Jonah Barrington's "*Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between Great-Britain and Ireland*.")

THE term *middle-men* is applied, in Ireland, to the numerous intermediate tenants intervening between the head landlord and the occupier of the land. This system of underletting has long been one of the most deplorable grievances of Ireland. The head landlord lets a large tract of ground to his immediate tenant at a very moderate rent: this immediate tenant divides and re-lets it in divisions at a considerable profit: in like manner *his* tenants subdivide and re-let; and thus, after a number of subdivisions and re-lettings (each with their respective profits), the land at length comes down to the actual occupier in very small portions, at an enormous rent—sometimes *eight* pounds, or perhaps more, per acre, for that which the immediate tenant rents at *one*.

This practice, however, is somewhat declining; and the resident gentlemen of Ireland are beginning to see its mischiefs, and to act upon a principle much more advantageous to themselves, as well as to the pea-

santry. While it continued, it certainly gave rise to occasional disturbances in Ireland, which have been dignified, in the British Parliament, by the title of *insurrections*: but these were in fact very partial outrages, occasioned solely by the oppression of tithe-proctors and middle-men, but unconnected with any extensive system or admixture of politics whatsoever.

JEALOUSY.

(Continued from page 199.)

WHILE Ruhlberg and Helmina yielded to the resistless passion which inspired them, and preserved a conduct perfectly blameless, the dreadful dæmon of jealousy was hovering over their heads, and preparing a storm for their destruction. The Countess Mulhausen harboured a deadly resentment against Ruhlberg for having slighted a heart which she was willing to bestow; and, on the very day that he quitted her house, she vowed the ruin of her rival. An adept in the artifices of dissimulation, she slowly and secretly prepared her vengeance; and the unhappy lovers remained unconscious of its approach, until, like thunder preceded by a calm, it burst impetuous upon their heads.

A report soon prevailed in Sleswick, that Mr. Ruhlberg was in love with Mrs. Patterson, and that he had purchased the estate at Leit-mankor for no other purpose than that of living amid such scenes as should most strongly remind him of the object of his passion. In this case, slander certainly spoke in unison with truth: but it was the Countess only who had been able to discover this truth; and it was she alone who had artfully contrived to spread it among her neighbours. By degrees, the attachment between Ruhlberg and Helmina was freely

spoken of in every company at Sleswick; and scandal busied herself in adding a thousand unfounded circumstances to the real fact.

Madame Mulhausen, however, made a parade of discouraging this subject at her own house: she would reprove those who accused "the innocent Helmina," as she called her: yet she defended her cause in such a manner as rather tended to bespeak the lenity of others towards Helmina's failings, than to announce her own belief that she was free from them. This species of perfidy is not rare; and, unfortunately, it succeeds but too well.

It was the Countess who had caused Helmina to be insulted at the ball, by pointing her out to some young men as an abandoned creature who ought not to have been admitted there. When these young men acquainted her with the mistake which she had influenced them to commit, she affected the utmost astonishment, and enjoined profound secrecy upon what had passed; of the propriety of which they were as fully persuaded as herself. The next day, however, a story was circulated at Sleswick, which, though varying in many particulars, according to the dispositions of the relators, was uniform in the principal circumstance—namely, that Mrs. Patterson had been seen in the arms of Mr. Ruhlberg; that she had despised the advice given by two of her husband's friends, who were dressed in dominoes; and that a quarrel was near ensuing between Ruhlberg and those gentlemen, which, had it taken place, must have been ruinous to the reputation of Helmina. *

At the ball too, the Countess, under the figure of Calypso, had rallied Mr. Patterson upon his wife's long absence from him, and, at the same time, insinuated that he alone was

ignorant of the motive which tempted her to this absence. When Ruhlberg brought Helmina to her party, he must inevitably have observed how ungraciously Mr. Patterson thanked him for his attentions, had he not been wholly absorbed in the sensations of his own heart.

The effects of calumny are terrible!—In less than a fortnight, the unhappy Helmina perceived that her husband treated her with a settled contempt. Hitherto, he had shown only tyranny in his behaviour towards her; and, from this, she took refuge in the proud consciousness of dignity and worth. In general society also, Helmina observed that she was no longer received with the same respect to which she had been accustomed; that she was no longer defended from the improper notice of a few by the esteem of the many. The licence which young men particularly showed in their behaviour towards her, at first overwhelmed her with astonishment, and afterwards with affliction. Helmina, conscious of perfect innocence, still felt, from the universal change of manners towards herself, a sort of undefined dread that she might have done something to merit censure. It is thus that wickedness gains a triumph over virtue: its attacks are so vague and so hidden, as to leave no path open to appeal, no decided subject for resentment. Poor Helmina furnished a melancholy example of this truth.

Fate, not satisfied with pointing against this blameless creature the deadly arrows of jealousy, wounded her also through the means of a foolish woman, who had always felt towards her a perfect good will. Mr. Patterson having given orders that Ruhlberg should never be admitted to his house, the indignation of his sister was vehemently excited: dis-

putes ran high between them, and ended in Miss Patterson's quitting the family. She became the laughing-stock of all Sleswick; for it was universally believed that she established herself in a house of her own for no other purpose than to receive Mr. Ruhlberg there, and to marry him. Many likewise were so charitable as to say, that this poor woman was the complete dupe of her sister-in-law, who encouraged her in her foolish passion, in order that she herself might obtain a freer intercourse with her seducer.

Mr. Patterson had always depended upon being the heir of his sister, as his sister had depended upon being his. Vexed and enraged therefore at her quitting his house, it was a relief to his mind to throw the blame of it upon his wife; and he accused her of having occasioned a rupture, which it would have delighted her to have been able to prevent. Every sentiment of anger and disappointment which hung upon this man's mind, now exhaled itself in bitter reproaches to the person who was most under his influence; so that, in a short time, the unfortunate Helmina had not one hour of peace or repose.

Common fame brought the knowledge of all this to Ruhlberg: yet what could he do, what could he say, to alleviate the sufferings of a woman whom he loved more than himself? If he were silent, he would give a kind of assent to the scandalous reports which were circulated:—he found himself unequal to contradict them with cool serenity; and to contradict with eagerness, was to confirm them still further, by displaying his own deep interest on the subject.—O Ruhlberg! Ruhlberg! must thou then leave Helmina to be crushed under the weight of her misfortunes? Thou seest her

descending to the tomb; and darest thou do nothing to avert her destiny? Days and weeks wear away; and Helmina still fades like a blighted flower: she dies! she dies! and thou, Ruhlberg, art her destroyer!

Our hero had never quitted Sleswick from the time when those reports were circulated there, in which he was so deeply concerned. He wished to be on the spot, in order to hear every thing; and every thing that he heard, did but increase his misery. His residing constantly at Sleswick, instead of dividing his time, as he had been used to do, between that place and Leitmankor, excited the comments of tattling tongues; and those were all to the disadvantage of Helmina. Ruhlberg saw things as they were, and was convinced that he owed it to the object of his love to quit a place where his presence might be still further injurious to her reputation than it had been already. The sacrifice was indeed painful; but he was desirous of making it, in the hope that his absence might silence those malicious rumors—which the innocence of Helmina had hitherto failed to do.

To strengthen himself, however, in so laudable a resolution, he wished for the sanction and approbation of her who had inspired it; and he felt, that, could he obtain these, he should carry with him some comfort into banishment. After forming a thousand schemes for getting at the knowledge of Helmina's wishes, he at length ventured to address to her the following lines—

“If you send me back the inclosed ring, I shall believe that my sentiments have remained unknown to you: if you send me another ring in exchange, thus shall I interpret the gift: ‘Depart, Ruhlberg: our thoughts have been in unison; our destinies are similar.’”

2 M

Poor Mrs. Patterson had been unable to support those insults and afflictions which she had suffered during the last month. Her health failed, without her being able to complain of any decided malady. The sickness of the soul is seldom ranked among our diseases, and seldomest by men, who have generally but an inadequate comprehension of it. Those calumnies, of which her reputation had been the victim, at length revealed to her the real situation of her heart, and the nature of those sentiments which she had fostered there. At first she was shocked and astonished at the discovery; but, afterwards, the injustice which continually pursued her, inclined her to take refuge among the ideas which this new discovery furnished; and it then became her sole occupation to think of Ruhlberg, and her sole comfort to suffer for his sake. Despair will be pardoned for such errors as these, among such as have felt what it is to be really miserable.

(To be continued)

ON CONTENTMENT.

(From the Reformer.)

AMONG the variety of human events, which come under the observation of every man of common experience in life, many instances must occur to his memory of the false opinions he had formed of good and evil fortune. Things, which we lament as the most unhappy occurrences, and the severest dispensations of Providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchsafements of a contrary sort; whilst our prosperity and success, which, for a time, delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleasure and visions of ambition, turn against us in the end of life, and sow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in those

awful moments, when the vanities of this world lose their value, and the mind of man, being on its last departure, takes a melancholy review of time mis-spent and blessings misapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to resign himself to God's will, yet an example upon the worldly wisdom of that duty will be of use to every one, who suffers under the immediate pressure of affliction, I shall quote an example, which may prove very beneficial.—A short time before Lord Sackville expired, the Rev. Mr. Sackville Bayle, his worthy parish-priest and ever-faithful friend, administered the solemn offices of the sacrament to him, reading, at his request, the prayers for a communicant at the point of death. He had ordered all his bed-curtains to be opened, and the window-sashes thrown open, that he might have air and space to assist him in his efforts. What they were, with what devotion he joined in those solemn prayers that warn the parting spirit to dismiss all hopes that centre in this world, that reverend friend can witness. I also was a witness and a partaker; and no other person was present at that holy ceremony.

A short time before he expired, I came, by his desire, to his bed-side, where, when taking my hand and pressing it between his, he addressed me, for the last time, in the following words: "You see me now in those moments when no disguise will avail, and when the spirit of a man must be proved. I have a mind perfectly resigned, and at peace with itself. I have done with this world; and what I have done in it, I have done for the best: I hope and trust I am prepared for the next. Tell me not of all that passes in health and pride of heart; these are

moments, in which a man must be searched; and remember that I die content."—I know that I am correct in these expressions, which were transcribed a few days after his death, and dated Sept. 13, 1785.

How often do we hear people exclaim, How happy should I be, if I were in possession of such a sum of money! and, having a ticket in the lottery, who knows but that I may obtain a ten thousand pound prize? We are all apt to rely upon that, or some other equally uncertain future prospect, and become really expensive, while we are only rich in prospective. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We live beyond our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion, we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen become bankrupts, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-suits. In short, it is this foolish, sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them; or, as the Italian proverb says, "The man who lives by hope, will die by hunger."

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition; and, whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we ac-

tually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

I shall now point out the method by which every man may contrive to live, and that contentedly, without an increase of riches; by contracting his desires, and reducing them to the level of his present situation. When Socrates was asked, "which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the gods in happiness," he answered, "That man who is in want of the fewest things."

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want, which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions, or contraction of desire. And, indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that, if he was not Alexander, he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequence, differ widely with respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions, can happen to very few; and, in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labor without reward, and to lose what they already possess by endeavours to make it more: some will always want abilities, and others opportunities, to accumulate wealth. It is therefore happy, that Nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty; for every man may grow rich by contracting his

wishes, and by quiet acquiescence in what has been given him, supply the absence of more.

Yet so far is almost every man from emulating the happiness of the gods, by any other means than grasping at their power, that it seems to be the great business of life to create wants as fast as they are satisfied. It has been long observed by moralists, that every man squanders or loses a great part of that life, of which every man knows and deprecates the shortness; and it may be remarked with equal justice, that, though every man laments his own insufficiency to his happiness, and knows himself a necessitous and precarious being, incessantly soliciting the assistance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or strength cannot supply, yet there is no man, who does not, by the superaddition of unnatural cares, render himself still more dependent; who does not create an artificial poverty, and suffer himself to feel pain for the want of that, of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It must, indeed, be allowed, that, as we lose part of our time, because it steals away silent and invisible, and many an hour is passed, before we recollect that it is passing; so, unnatural desires insinuate themselves unobserved into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man is sufficiently vigilant to take account of every minute of his life, or to watch every motion of his heart. Much of our time is also sacrificed to custom: we trifle, because we see others trifle: in the same manner, we catch from example the contagion of desire; we see all about us busied in pursuit of imaginary good, and begin to bustle in the same chase, lest greater activity should triumph over us.

It is true, that, to man, as a member of society, many things become necessary, which perhaps, in a state of nature, are superfluous; and that many things, not absolutely necessary, are yet so useful and convenient, that they cannot easily be spared. I make a still more ample and liberal concession. In opulent states and regular governments, the temptations to wealth and rank, and to the distinctions that follow them, are such as no force of understanding finds it easy to resist.

If, therefore, I saw the quiet of life disturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honor; by solicitude, which the world, whether justly or not, considered as important; I should scarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a pursuit, in which all mankind profess to be his rivals, is supported by the authority of all mankind in the prosecution of his design; and will, therefore, scarcely stop to hear the lectures of a solitary philosopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honest gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of just honors repressed. Whatever can enable the possessor to confer benefits upon others, may be desired upon virtuous principles; and we ought not too rashly to accuse any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquisitions to himself.

But, if we look around upon mankind, whom shall we find, among those that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tormenting himself with a wish for something, of which all the pleasure and all the benefit will cease at the moment of enjoyment? One man is begging his posterity to build a house, which, when finished, he will never inhabit; another, levelling mountains, to open a prospect, which, when he has once enjoy-

ed it, he can enjoy no more ; another is painting cielings, carving wainscot, and filling his apartments with costly furniture, only that some neighbouring house may not be richer and finer than his own. That splendor and elegance are not desirable, I am not so abstracted from life as to inculcate ; but, if we inquire closely into the reason for which they are esteemed, we shall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing, therefore, can show greater depravity of understanding, than to delight in the show when the reality is wanting ; or voluntarily become poor, that strangers may, for a time, imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet minuter objects, and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who are kept from sleep by the want of a shell particularly variegated ; who are wasting their lives in stratagems to obtain a book in a language they do not understand ; who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre ; who hover like vultures round the owner of a fossil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death ; and who would not much regret to see a street in flames, if a box of medals might be scattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to speak of these sages in terms exaggerated or hyperbolic, has conversed but little with the race of virtuosi. A slight acquaintance with their studies, and a few visits to their assemblies, would inform him, that nothing is so worthless, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value ; nor any thing of so little use, but that, by indulging an idle competition or unreasonable pride, a man may make it to himself one of the necessities of life.

Desires like these, I may surely,

without incurring the censure of moroseness, advise every man to repel when they invade his mind ; or, if he admit them, never to allow them any greater influence than is necessary to give petty employments the power of pleasing, and diversify the day with slight amusements.

An ardent wish, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquillity. What we believe ourselves to want, torments us, not in proportion to its real value, but according to the estimation by which we have rated it in our own minds : in some diseases, the patient has been observed to long for food, which scarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to swallow ; but, while his organs were thus depraved, the craving was irresistible, nor could any rest be obtained till it was appeased by gratification. Of the same nature are the irregular appetites of the mind ; though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally disquieting with real wants ; the Roman, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the same degree of sorrow that extorts tears on other occasions.

Inordinate desires, of whatever kind, ought to be repressed upon a still higher consideration ; they must be considered as enemies, not only to happiness, but to virtue. There are men among those commonly reckoned the learned and the wise, who spare no stratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will sink the price of a rarity at the expense of truth, and whom it is not safe to trust alone in a library or cabinet. These are faults, which the fraternity seem to look upon as jocular mischiefs, or to think excused by the violence of the temptation : but I shall always fear, that he who accustoms himself to fraud in little

things, wants only opportunity to practise it in greener. "He that has burdened himself by killing a sheep," says Pythagoras, "will with less reluctance shed the blood of a man."

To prize every thing according to its real value, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happiness, and, therefore, few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation, "How many things are here which I do not want!"

For the Lady's Magazine.

A pleasant Theatrical MISERY.

BEING a little man of tolerably equal feelings, upon going to see one of Shakspeare's best tragedies, to find yourself placed in the pit precisely behind a colossus of a countryman, who, in all the deep parts, blubbers so prodigiously as to make you feel more inclined to laugh at him, than to cry at the tragedy—at least, at what you can hear of it; for his noise *nearly* prevents your hearing, and his size *quite* prevents your seeing. As an agreeable supplement, when the farce (a broad one, of course) begins, the same man—whose passions, as well as size, are all in the extreme—laughs as immoderately as he had before wept, making you, by the same rule of *vice versa*, more inclined to cry than to laugh.

J. M. L.

Anecdote of Dr. PALEY.

(From Mr. Meadley's "*Memoirs of W. Paley, D. D.*")

WHEN the manuscript [of his *Moral Philosophy*] was ready for the press, it was offered to Mr. Faulder, of Bond-street, when dining at Rose Castle, for one hundred guineas ;

but he declined the risk of publishing it on his own account. After the success of the work was in some measure ascertained, Mr. Paley would again have sold it to him for three hundred pounds; but he refused to give more than two hundred and fifty. Whilst this treaty was pending, a bookseller from Carlisle, happening to call on an eminent publisher in Paternoster-row, was commissioned by him to offer Mr. Paley one thousand pounds for a copy-right of his work. The bookseller, on his return to Carlisle, duly executed the commission, which was communicated without delay to the Bishop of Clonfert, who, being at that time at London, had undertaken the management of the affair. "Never did I suffer so much anxious fear," said Mr. Paley, in relating the circumstance, "as on this occasion, lest my friend should have concluded the bargain with Mr. Faulder, before my letter could reach him." Luckily he had not, but, on receiving the letter, went immediately into Bond-street, and made this new demand. Mr. Faulder, though in no small degree surprised and astonished at the advance, agreed for the sum required before the bishop left the house. "Little did I think," said Mr. Paley, in allusion to this affair, "that I should ever make a *thousand pounds* by any book of mine;" a strong proof of un-assuming merit; but, after the offer above-mentioned, he was authorised to have asked a still larger sum.

Russian Honor.

(From Sir Robert Wilson's "*Campaigns in Poland.*")

A PARTY of Russian officers, who had been taken at Landsberg, were marching to Prague on parole; but under the charge of some French officers; a corps of [Russian] marauders surprised them, and after

some violence, the Russian soldiers were indiscriminately proceeding to dispatch the French, when the Russian officers interfered, and endeavoured to explain, that, as these French were but an amicable escort to them, who had given their *parole*, their lives must not only be preserved; but, that honor obliged the Russian officers to refuse the opportunity of release, and bound them to proceed as prisoners of war, until regularly exchanged. The marauder captain stepped forward—"Will you," addressing himself to the Russian officers, "join and command us, and conduct us to our country? If so, we are bound to obey you; but, with this annexed condition, that you do not interfere with our intention of putting to death the French who are in your company."—"No, we cannot," was the answer; and arguments were urged to justify the propriety of their decision. The marauders then assembled as a court-martial; and, after some deliberation, the captain re-advanced, and delivered its sanguinary decree. "The French, for their atrocious conduct to Russian prisoners on every occasion, have merited death.—Execute the sentence." Obedience was immediate, and the victims were successively shot. This lawless assassination completed, silence was again ordered, and the leader resumed his harangue—"Now, degenerate Russians! receive your reward; you, forgetting that you were born so, that your country has a prescriptive right to your allegiance, and that you have voluntarily renewed it to your sovereign, have entered into new engagements with their most hated enemies; and you have dared to advance in your defence, that your *word* must be binding in *their* service, when you violate the *oath* you have sworn *against* them. You

are therefore our worst enemies; more unnatural, more wicked than those we have slain, and you have less claim upon our mercy. We have unanimously doomed you to death, and instant death awaits you." The signal was immediate, and fourteen officers were thus massacred for a persevering virtue, of which history does not record a more affecting and honorable trait. The fifteenth (Colonel Arsinoef, of the imperial guards) was supposed dead, the ball of the musket having entered just above the throat. He was stripped, and the body abandoned on the frozen and freezing snow. Towards night, after several hours' torpor, sense returned; and whilst he was contemplating the horror of the past and present scene, identified, not only by his own condition, but still more painfully by the surrounding corpses of his mangled friends, and momentarily becoming more terrific, from the apprehension of a horrible and unmitigable death; he perceived a light, towards which he staggered with joyous expectation; but, when he approached the hut, a clamor of voices alarmed his attention. He listened, and recognised his carousing murderers! He withdrew from imminent destruction, to a fate, as he then supposed, not less certain, but less rude and revolting. He had still sufficient strength to gain the borders of a no very distant wood, where he passed the night without any covering on his body, or any application to his open wounds. The glow of a latent hope, perhaps, preserved animation; his fortune did not abandon him; his extraordinary protection was continued; and, as the day broke, he perceived a passing peasant girl, who gave him some milk, finally sheltered him, and obtained surgical relief. He recovered, and went to Petersburg.

The emperor ordered him to pass the regiments in review, that he might designate the offenders. He declined to do so, observing, that "he thought it unadvisable to seek an occasion for correcting such a notion of indefeasible allegiance; that it was better to bury in oblivion a catastrophe that could not be alleviated, than, by an exemplary punishment, hazard the introduction of a refined polity and manners, which, by denationalising the Russian, prepared him for foreign conquest; that Russia was menaced by an enemy who could only triumph by the introduction of new theories, generating new habits; and, although he had suffered from an effort of more liberal philanthropy and respect for the laws of war, he would not, at such a moment, be accessory to innovations which removed some of the most impregnable barriers to the designs of France."

Anecdote of a COSSAQUE.

(From the same work.)

WHEN A British officer was observing the retreat of Marshal Ney, from Gütstadt. His dress and telescope attracted the attention of the enemy, who directed some cannon at him: the first ball struck the moist earth under his horse, and covered the animal and rider with the sods;—a second ball was fired with similar accuracy, when the attendant Cossaque rushed up to him with resentment in his features, and pointing at his helmet, desired him to change it with his cap; and, on the officer's refusal, he attempted to snatch it from his head, and substitute his own; but, during this contest, a shower of musket balls rendered the horses wild, and they flew apart. When the Cossaque was afterwards asked by the Attaman, with feigned anger, for his own ex-

planation of such disrespectful conduct, he replied, 'I saw that the enemy directed their fire at the English officer on account of his casque and plume—I was appointed by you to protect him—I knew you had marched with many Cossagues, but only one stranger; it was therefore my duty to avert mischief from him by attracting it to myself; and, by so doing, preventing the sorrow you and every Cossaque would feel at the loss of a guest perishing in your service.'

Chinese mode of propagating FRUIT-TREES.

(From the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.)

THEY select a tree of that species which they wish to propagate, and fix upon such a branch as will least hurt or disfigure the tree by its removal.

Round this branch, and as near as they can conveniently to its junction with the trunk, they wind a rope, made of straw, besmeared with cow-dung, until a ball is formed, five or six times the diameter of the branch. This is intended as a bed, into which the young roots may shoot. Having performed this part of the operation, they, immediately under the ball, divide the bark down to the wood, for nearly two-thirds of the circumference of the branch. A cocoa-nut shell or small pot is then hung over the ball, with a hole in its bottom, so small, that water put therein will only fall in drops; by this the rope is constantly kept moist, a circumstance necessary to the easy admission of the young roots, and to the supply of nourishment to the branch from this new channel.

During three succeeding weeks, nothing further is required, except supplying the vessels with water. At the expiration of that period, one

third of the remaining bark is cut, and the former incision is carried considerably deeper into the wood, as by this time it is expected that some roots have struck into the rope, and are giving their assistance in support of the branch.

After a similar period, the same operation is repeated; and, in about two months from the commencement of the process, the roots may generally be seen intersecting each other on the surface of the ball, which is a sign that they are sufficiently advanced to admit of the separation of the branch from the tree. This is best done by sawing it off at the incision, care being taken that the rope, which by this time is nearly rotten, is not shaken off by the motion. The branch is then planted as a young tree.

It appears probable, that, to succeed with this operation in Europe, a longer period would be necessary; vegetation being much slower in Europe than in India, the chief field of my experiments. I* am, however, of opinion, from some trials which I have lately made on cherry-trees, that an additional month would be adequate to make up for the deficiency of climate.

*Mr James Harrison, the writer of the letter from which this extract is taken.

Biographic Sketch
of the R. Hon. Arthur Wellesley,
VISCOUNT WELLINGTON.

(Continued from page 8 of our present Volume.)

IN our preceding notice of Sir Arthur Wellesley (now Viscount Wellington), we left him enjoying the honors justly due to his transcendent courage and skill in the persevering prosecution and happy termination of an alarming and arduous war; though we omitted to mention a circumstance highly creditable to

his military character—that, besides the magnificent sword presented to him by the inhabitants of Calcutta, as already noticed, his merit was further honored by a present from his brother officers, of a superb golden vase worth two thousand guineas, as a mark of their esteem and regard, and a lasting memorial of the brilliant victories to which he had led them.—We postponed, from month to month, the continuation of our memoir, in expectation of certain documents which would have enabled us to give a more satisfactory account of a hero who has rendered such important services to his country, and to the cause of general liberty, which he so ably supports against the oppressor of Europe: but, after repeated disappointments, finding it vain to wait any longer, we at length proceed to execute the remainder of our pleasing task from such scanty materials as we have been able to procure.

The profound peace, which reigned throughout India after the extinction of the Mahratta war, leaving him no further opportunity of displaying his martial talents in the regions of the East, he returned to England early in 1805, was soon after placed on the staff, and appointed to the command of a brigade under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition to Hano-ver in the same year.

He likewise obtained a seat in parliament for an Irish borough, and took an active and conspicuous part in every important debate relative to the affairs of India, on which he was eminently qualified to speak from his own personal knowledge and experience on the spot.

On the death of marquis Cornwallis, colonel of the 33d, Sir Arthur was appointed to succeed him in the command of that regiment, of which he had been thirteen years lieutenant colonel, not merely in title and

One whose warm heart can feel what
others feel, [to heal,
Who loves their joys to share, their woes
Let him be welcom'd to your friendly
dome, [home.

To share the pleasures of your harvest
He with delight will join the lowly
throng, [song;
And find sweet music in their simplest
Wild, though it strays from all the rules
of art,

By joy attun'd, it vibrates on his heart,
Which bounds with rapture, while his
sparkling eyes [rise;
See in each face the smile of gladness,
Still blest the more, the more he sees them
blest, [lost.

He shares the laughter and provokes the
Now pleas'd he listens while the gentle
swain,

In secret whispers, pours the tender strain,
Whose eager gaze his ardent love be-
speak, [checks;

And bids new blushes deck the maiden's
Or while some vet'ran sits recounting o'er
The lusty labors of the days of yore,
How blithe he danc'd when daily toil
was done, [woun.

Or how the heart of black-ey'd Nell he
And Oh! ye wealthy tenants of the
soil, [toil,

Who build your fortunes on the peasant's
Let not this night of mirth and plentiful
cheer

Be the sole solace of the lab'rer's year!
He guides your ploughs, he scatters in
your seed, [waving mead:

Reaps your ripe corn, and mows your
He braves for you the summer's scorch-
ing ray,

And the wild horrors of the winter's day;
For you he daily quits his early bed,
Ere the young morning tints the east
with red, [sant flail,

And wields the spade, or plies th' inces-
Till ev'ning shadows spread along the
vale; [ply,

Be it yours in turn his comforts to sup-
And watch his wants with e'en a father's
eye. [warm,

Let his close cottage, neatly drest and
Laugh at the blustering of the wintry
storm;

Give him, the waste of labor to repair,
A meal of plentiful tho' of homely fare;
Bid your rich woods a bounteous load
bestow, [glow;

To give his ev'ning hearth a brighter
Let his lov'd children, clad in clean at-
tire, [sire;

Smile in the presence of their smiling

To crown the picture, let his days of rest
Be doubly cheerful, and be doubly blest;
Let daintier food his Sunday's group re-
gale, [him, are.
And crown his Christmas cup with spark-

The falling LEAF.

(From "Faulconstein Forest")

WHY steals o'er my Hesperia so pensive a
gloom, [in the glade?

As the leaves of the poplar are strewn
Do they warn thee, fair mourner, that
youth's brightest bloom.

Like them, in the blast of the autumn
must fade?

Cease, lovely enthusiast: the light sunny
hair, [ver'd by age:.

That floats o'er thy neck, may be sil-
Yet still shall the softness, that breathes
through thine air, [rage.

The homage of taste and of feeling en-
With tender devotion I oft shall repeat

The vows that in life's vernal morning
were given,

And turn from the gay and the haughty,
to meet [zure of heaven!

Those glances that beam with the a-

Lines Written by a Lady on a Window.

THE pow'r of Love shall never wound my
heart,

Though he assail me with his fiercest dart.

Written underneath by a Gentleman.

THE Lady has her resolution spoke,
Yet writes on glass, in hopes it may be
broke!

LA NOUVEAUTÉ.

AUX lieux où règne la Folie
Un jour la Nouveauté parut.

Aussitôt chacun accourut:
Chacun disait, "Qu'elle est jolie!"

"Ah! Madame la Nouveauté,
Demeurez dans notre patrie:

Plus que l'esprit et la beauté
Vous y fûtes toujours chérie."

Lors la déesse à tous ces foux
Réponoit, "Messieurs, j'y demeure,"

Et leur donna le rendez vous
Le lendemain à la même heure.

Le jour vint: elle se montra
Aussi brillante que la veille.

Le premier qui la rencontra,
S'écria, "Dieux! comme elle est vieille!"

* * * Any approved translation or imitation,
that may have reached us by the fifteenth of

August, shall appear in our Magazine for
that month.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

On the 22d of February, four French frigates, under Commandore Roquebert, bound for the Isle of France, with 1500 troops on board, fell in with the American ship *Endeavour* from Lisbon to Marble-Head, borrowed 10,000 dollars from her, and sunk the vessel, putting the crew on board another American ship to find their way home.

Buenos Ayres, March 23.—Brigadier Elio, who pretends to be Viceroy, arrived at Monte Video some time ago, and has anew declared Buenos Ayres and this coast in a state of blockade against every intercourse inwardly and outwardly, from the 15th of this month. The consequence of this hostile act has been a general insurrection of all the eastern country of the Rio de la Plata against Monte Video.

A new Junta has been formed in Lagunra, at the head of which is placed General Miranda. On the installation of this body, a manifesto has been issued, breathing sentiments of conciliation and liberty.

On the 27th of March, Christophe was pompously proclaimed King of the North, under the title of Henry the First.

Malta, April 11.—Last November a mercantile house here shipped a quantity of goods on board a Maltese vessel, with an Austrian supercargo, bound for Durazzo. The goods were to be forwarded through Albania and Bosnia into the Austrian provinces. On the arrival of the vessel, J. Leard, Esq. the British Consul, applied to the Captain Pacha for permission to land and forward the goods on paying the usual duties. This was granted; but when the Austrian supercargo was on the point of setting out, the goods were sequestered, and the supercargo put in prison. Mr. Leard was also arrested and confined. A few days afterwards a party of Janissaries came to demand, within 24 hours, 8,800 sequins, as an indemnification for expenses incurred in the vice-admiralty court of Malta by claiming some Albanian vessels detained by Maltese privateers. Mr. Leard was finally obliged to deliver to the Pacha's officers a quantity of merchandise, estimated by themselves at 7,000l. but which was much under the value of the goods, and was also forced to give a certificate that he had voluntarily consigned the goods to the Pacha. Another demand was then made for 4,600 sequins on Mr. Lampel, the British vice-consul, who

was sent to prison, and threatened with being put in irons, if the money was not paid in six days. In the interval, the Belle Poule, Captain Brisbane, appeared off the port, and demanded the British property and subjects. This demand was, however, disregarded, and the consul and vice-consul were forced to make another consignment, and sign certificates that they had voluntarily sold and delivered the goods.

April 9th.—An order was issued to the Catalonians, to give no quarter to any individual whatever of the French army, who may be apprehended within or in the vicinity of any town that has been sacked, set on fire, or in which any assassination has been committed, and informing the guerillas, that every individual shall be punished, who may spare the life of any prisoner taken under the aforesaid circumstances.

A letter from Savannah, dated April 15, states that the British vessels which had arrived there after the 2d of February, and also many American vessels with British goods, had been condemned under the Non-Intercourse Act.

Presburg, April 24.—Early in the morning of the 10th inst. the Danube, without any previous warning, suddenly overflowed its banks below Pest, and inundated the adjacent country thirty miles. By this accident twenty-four villages, for the most part extremely populous, were swept away, with the greater part of their inhabitants. It is computed that between three and four thousand persons have lost their lives.

April 25.—In working a coal-mine at Liege, the inflammable air took fire, and a terrible explosion was the consequence, by which 35 men were killed on the spot, and 18 more or less dangerously wounded.

New York, April 27.—The differences, which appeared to have been composed between Petion and Rigaud, in the island of St. Domingo, have burst into a fresh flame. A gentleman lately from Port-au-Prince relates, that strong symptoms of a contest between the Mulattoes and Negroes were visible; the former were numerous in the district of Aux Cayes, the seat and centre of Rigaud's power. There is little security in that afflicted island for the lives or property of strangers.

May 7.—An article, dated from the frontiers of Hungary, states that the negotiations for peace between the Turks and Russians were not broken off, but

were, on the contrary, proceeding with great activity.

Almeida.—A little after midnight of the 10th of May, the French garrison blew up the fortifications, abandoned the place, and made their escape.

May 15.—A meteor was seen at Lausanne, at half past eight in the evening, in the shape of a lozenge, and of a whitish color, which, after remaining stationary about ten minutes, turned at one end in a serpentine form, then took the shape of a horse-shoe, and disappeared in about eight minutes afterwards.

May 16.—The French general Soult, with about 22,000 men, attacked the allied army of about 25,000 under general Beresford, near Albuera. After an obstinate and sanguinary conflict of about seven hours, the French were completely defeated, and driven to flight, with the loss of above 2,000 killed, about 1,000 prisoners, and 7 or 8,000 wounded, of whom about 2,000 were abandoned helpless on the field, and 4,000 more are said to have been overtaken by the Spaniards, and massacred.—Soult himself was wounded, and narrowly escaped being taken.—The loss of the British amounts to near 900 killed, 2702 wounded, and 544 missing.—The Portuguese and Spaniards behaved with very great gallantry. Of the latter, a body of 4,000 were surrounded and entirely cut to pieces—having refused quarter, and made great slaughter of their assailants.

May 16.—An engagement took place, near the entrance of the Chesapeake, between the American frigate the *President* (commanded by Rogers) and the British sloop of war *Little Belt* (capt. Bingham). American seamen had been impressed by British vessels. Commodore Rogers being sent to obtain their release, met the *Little Belt*, hailed her, but received no answer. A shot was fired, and a battle ensued, which continued for fifteen minutes; when the sloop ceased to fire.—The next morning commodore Rogers sent an officer on board, to offer any assistance they might require; and to express his regret at the circumstance that had occurred the preceding evening. The sloop of war proved to be the *Little Belt*, capt. Bingham, who apologised; and gave as a reason for firing into the frigate, that he supposed her to be a Frenchman; and politely declined any assistance, as he believed he would be able to reach a port in safety.—The *Little Belt* lost, in killed and wounded, 30 men, and was very

much injured, having had nearly all her masts and spars shot away, besides several shots in her hull.—The *President* received some trifling damage in her rigging, and had one boy slightly wounded.—It is not yet ascertained which party fired the first shot.

King Joseph arrived at Paris on the 16th.

Vienna, May 19.—The last news from Bucharest and Constantinople agrees in stating that the negotiations between Russia and the Porte are continued with much activity.

We learn from Belgrade, that an insurrection has broken out on the southern frontiers of Servia, which threatens to become extremely formidable: the insurgents are 12,000 in number. The senate is without authority or means to quell it: Czerny Petrowets, the general, is extremely dissatisfied.

Official letter from the new French minister Bassano, to the American agent at Paris:—"Sir, By a decision of the Emperor, the American ships and their cargoes, which have arrived in the French ports since the 2d November, are set at liberty."

Dutch papers of the 28th inform us that the exchange at Amsterdam must be shut by three o'clock—the streets leading to it must be immediately evacuated; and all who shall be found in them afterwards, are to be treated as disturbers of the public peace.—Not more than three persons are permitted to stop and talk in the streets.

London, May 29.—The island of Trinidad is in a state of agitation. The inhabitants have often petitioned for the establishment of British laws and the British constitution, but without success.—In 1808, Mr. G. Smith was sent out, with an appointment to three distinct offices, equivalent to those (in England) of Lord Chancellor, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Attorney General.—The Spanish laws, by which the island is governed, forbid the holding of more judicial situations than one. The governor, therefore, in conjunction with the council and cabildo, on the 16th of March, issued a proclamation, suspending Mr. Smith from the exercise of those various judicial functions.—Mr. Smith protested against their proceedings, and is returned to England.

Gottenburg, May 30.—Bernadotte has rendered himself extremely popular.—In every Swedish port, orders have been issued

ed to take all Danish vessels, to burn all their privateers, and make their crews prisoners. The Danes have more than 400 privateers.

Carlscrona, June 2.—The state of Prussia and Germany is miserable; and, to the eastward of Memel, no ships are allowed to sail at all from any harbour.

A letter from Heligoland, dated June 2, says—This day, after a forenoon of remarkably fine weather, some dark and gloomy clouds were perceived about four o'clock to arise from the south, at the extremity of the horizon, and continued to collect till about half past four, when the gloom was so great as almost to equal nocturnal darkness. On a sudden a white foam was perceived on the surface of the sea, drifting along with astonishing rapidity; and, on its approach, it blew such a hurricane of wind as has scarcely been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant on this island. In a moment every light article on the ground was carried into the air; for about half an hour the sea appeared one mass of foam, when a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning ensued, followed by a heavy pouring of rain.—This calmed the wind.

Heligoland, June 6.—The measures adopted by the enemy to prevent all intercourse with this island are becoming more and more rigorous.—The governor of Wangeroff, with several persons on that island, have been put under arrest, and marched off, in consequence of being suspected of holding intercourse with persons from this island.

By a late arrangement every vessel or boat leaving the coast on any pretence, and not returning in eleven days from the date of departure, is liable to be confiscated or destroyed, and the owner runs the risk of being condemned to death as a traitor, and the property seized.

A professor of surgery gives an account in the *Moniteur* of the Two Sicilies, of assisting at a very difficult and extraordinary *accouchement*, the result of which

was, that *thirteen* small children were produced, six males, and seven females. He adds, that these children, although of microscopic dimensions, were as perfectly formed as children born of a usual size.

Paris, June 10.—The ceremony of the baptism of the King of Rome, and the rites accompanying it, were celebrated with the pomp suitable to their object.

The art of rising and moving in the air by means of wings continues to engage the attention of a number of persons in Germany. At Vienna, the watchmaker Degen, aided by a liberal subscription, is occupied in perfecting his discovery. He has recently taken several public flights. At Berlin, Claudius, a manufacturer of oil-cloth, is engaged in like pursuits: he rises in the air without difficulty, and can move in a direct line at the rate of four miles an hour; but his wings are unwieldy, and he cannot turn round in them.—At Ulm, a tailor, named Berblinger, announced on the 24th April, that he had, after great sacrifice of money, labor, and time, invented a machine in which he would, on the 12th of May, rise in the air, and fly twelve miles.

London, June 12.—There is a schism in the Gallican church.—Some time since, the formula of an excommunication against Napoleon was printed, but not published, at Rome. It is asserted that a part, or the whole, of this formula was read by the Archbishop of Paris at the cathedral, and, in consequence, the metropolitan was removed from his see. On this occasion, another ecclesiastic was translated to this high dignity, but whom the pope has refused to confirm; and, on account of this want of confirmation, the prelates and other dignitaries within the metropolitan see have declined canonical obedience to the new archbishop.

London, June 15.—Not less than eleven vessels, all English, have lately arrived at Calais, with gold, of the current coin of this country.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES

His Majesty.

TOWARD the end of May, his Majesty's indisposition was considerably increased.—On the 29th, the Queen's council authorised a more strict regimen; and three of Dr. Willis's assistants were em-

ployed. On the 31st, the disorder took a much more unfavorable turn; and two more of Doctor Willis's assistants became necessary.—On the 1st June, the Queen's council met at Windsor, to examine the physicians; and the result was so far

from satisfactory, that there appeared little hope of his ever being able to resume the regal functions.—He is now entirely under the care of Dr. Willis: the pages have been removed; and Doctor Willis's men perform the whole duty of attending on his Majesty's person.—The other physicians are only consulted in regard to medical prescriptions, when thought necessary: but, as the king's bodily health is good, medicine has not been deemed requisite.—Since this new course of treatment, evident signs of improvement have appeared; the swelling in the legs is not considered as immediately dangerous; and the fear of dropsy is considerably abated, as the symptoms are yet slight, and may, it is hoped, be overcome.—On the 24th, His Majesty walked twice on the Terrace, accompanied by Dr. Willis.

Irish Catholics.—May 28, at the levee, their petition, respecting the recent conduct of the Irish government toward their body, was presented to the Regent by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Fingal, attended by Viscount Southwell, Viscount Castlereagh, Sir Edward Bellew, Sir H. O'Reilly, Sir Francis Gould, General O Farrell, Lieut. Col. Burke, Mr. Burke, Captain Bryan, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. McDonald, and Mr. Owen O'Connor.—May 31, in the House of Commons, Mr. Grattan moved that the petition to that house, from the Aggregate Meeting of Catholics, should be referred to a committee of the whole. The question was negatived by a majority of 146, to 83.—June 18, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Donoughmore moved that the Catholic petitions should be referred to a committee of the whole House. The question was negatived by a majority of 121 to 62.—On this occasion, the Bishop of Norwich warmly advocated the claims of the Catholics.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, May 30, thirteen pence three farthings—June 6, fourteen pence—June 13, thirteen pence, farthing—June 20, and 27, the same.

May 12.—About five o'clock in the afternoon, a destructive phenomenon appeared at Bunsall, in the Peak of Derbyshire. A singular motion was observed in a cloud of a serpentine form, which moved in a circular direction, from S. by W. to N. extending itself to the ground. It began its operations near Hopton, and continued its course about five or six

miles in length, and about 4 or 500 yards in breadth, tearing up plantations, leveling barns, walls, and miners' cots. It tore up large ash trees, carrying them from 20 to 30 yards: and twisted the tops from the trunks, conveying them 50 to 100 yards distance. Cows were lifted from one field to another, and injured by the fall; miners' buddle-tubs, wash-rats, and other materials, carried to a considerable distance, and forced into the ground. This was attended with a most tremendous hail-storm; stones and lumps of ice were measured from 9 to 12 inches in circumference, breaking windows, injuring cattle, &c. &c.

Libels.—May 24, in the court of K. B. Mr. Drakard (for a libel, noticed in our Number for March, page 141) was sentenced to pay a fine of 200l. to be imprisoned in the castle of Lincoln for 18 months, and, at the expiry of that period, to enter into recognisances to keep the peace for three years; himself in 400l. and two sureties in 200l. each.

For three opera nights past, several gentlemen have lost their pocket-books, snuff-boxes, &c. by having their pockets cut in the pit.

May 27. The greatest flood and storm in the memory of the inhabitants were experienced in several parts of Shropshire. Nine persons perished at Potesford, and three at Minsterley. Upwards of 3,000 acres were covered by the deluge, and, in some places, the course of the Severn was actually changed.

A letter from Dover states, that as the workmen were digging and removing the Cliff adjoining Moate's Bulwark (which fell into the Ordnance Yard in the month of December, and killed the wife and six children of Mr. Pool, the overseer of the works) on Thursday evening, they, on removing three or four large pieces of rock, discovered the hog-aye, which was excavated in the cliff, and in it, to the astonishment of every one, the hog alive, which had been buried under the ruins for five months and nine days!

On Saturday evening, as a boy was taking home several articles from a dress-maker's, he was met by a man in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, who asked him if he had not a parcel for No. 54, in that street; the boy replied in the affirmative; the man said the lady was waiting for the pelisse, and desired to have the parcel to take to her. The boy imprudently gave it to him. After the boy had

delivered his other parcels, a suspicion arose in his mind that he had not done right; he went to No. 54, Great Russell-street, to inquire if the parcel had been received, and learned the whole was a deception.

May 28.—In the court of King's Bench, a verdict was given against a mechanic for a penalty incurred by employing, as journeyman, a person who had not served a seven years' apprenticeship.—The penalty is forty shillings per month.

The Bishop of London has increased the revenues of the metropolitan see more than 4,000*l.* per annum, by a renewal of leases that were nearly expiring.

Old Bailey.—*May 29.* W. Thacker, and W. Thompson, excise-officers, were found guilty of stealing a quantity of coffee.

It is reported, that large sums in specie have been lately remitted from France, for the purchase of goods in England—in single and double Napoleons.

May 30.—The report of a committee of the House of Lords states that there are now pending before them two hundred and ninety-six appeals, and forty-two writs of error.

The public are cautioned against an elderly woman, of genteel appearance and good address, who is generally accompanied by a neatly dressed young female, about nineteen years of age, in a blue-bodied chariot, attended by an elderly footman, several depredations on tradespeople having been committed by the party.—On ordering goods at a shop, the first thing the aged swindler does, is to inquire for some lady of consequence, who is known to deal there, and on being informed she is not there, the swindler affects great surprise, orders goods, takes part of them away, and leaves cards for the lady inquired for, if she calls. At other shops goods have been obtained by the party, by false cheques. This system of robbery has been carried on to a considerable extent within the last three weeks.

May 31, Plymouth.—Between four and five o'clock this morning, although it was then a perfect calm, the sea on a sudden became much agitated, and a boar or wane came into the harbour, which caused the tide to run with amazing velocity; and the water, in the space of a few minutes, flowed from seven to eight feet perpendicular, and as quickly receded, which continued for a considerable

time; nor did the great agitation of the sea subside until several hours after. Some damage has been done to vessels in the harbour. (*See June 3.*)

Old Bailey.—*June 1.* *** Thomas, and Richard Armitage, received sentence of death, for having forged and uttered dividend warrants, and thereby defrauded the bank.

Court of King's Bench.—*June 1.* George Manners, esq. editor of the "Satirist," was found guilty of publishing, in that miscellany, a libel on W. Hallett, esq.

Mungo Parke.—The *Merced*, which arrived a few days ago at Plymouth, has brought accounts from Africa, which completely put an end to all hopes of the existence of Mungo Parke, the enterprising traveller. The search that had been made after him tended fully to confirm the accounts previously received of his dissolution. It seems the immediate cause of his death was a fever, brought on by the hardships he endured. He drew his last breath in the hovel of an old negro woman. Not a vestige of his papers has been discovered.

June 4.—In the drawing of the state lottery, the contractors had, among the unsold tickets, capital prizes to the amount of one hundred and two thousand pounds, besides their full proportion of lesser prizes of 100*l.* & *infra.* But, on the other hand, they did not sell more than 10,300 tickets, out of 20,000.

The gibbet near Drinsey Nook, between Gainsborough and Lincoln, upon which Thomas Otter, *alias* Temporell, was hanged in chains, pursuant to his sentence, for the murder of his wife, five years ago, presents at this time a most extraordinary sight. Under the jaw-bone of the skeleton, a small bird, called the featherpoke, has built her nest, which extends downward nearly as far as the ribs; and in that situation she has performed her incubation, and hatched a nestful of young ones.

June 7.—The House of Commons, in Committee of Supply, voted 100,000*l.* to augment the livings of the poorer clergy.

Plymouth, June 8.—About four in the morning, the tide again (*See May 31.*) flowed and ebbed several feet in as many minutes which continued at intervals for the space of four or five hours, during which, the immense swell, commonly called a Boar, drove into the harbour of Sutton Pool and Catwater, at the rate of four knots an hour, subjecting the vessels

at anchor there to great danger.—During the operation of the Boar, it thundered and lightened excessively.

June 9.—The Russian prisoners set sail from Portsmouth in several vessels; they are to be landed at Revel.

June 10.—The Regent had a grand review on Wimbledon Common, of between twenty and thirty thousand men. The concourse of spectators was immense; and some serious accidents happened.—On the 14th, he reviewed, on the same ground; three thousand cavalry.

The *Morning Chronicle*, of June 10, has the following paragraph:—Of all the stratagems to evade a prosecution for the purchase of guineas, the following advertisement appears the most ingenious:—“**LOST, EIGHT GUINEAS**—Whoever may have found the same, and will bring them to Mr. —, shall receive ten pounds reward.

June 11.—A meeting of the Friends of Parliamentary Reform was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, where, among other resolutions, one was passed, recommending county and other local meetings, with the view of procuring numerous petitions to Parliament for a reform in the representation of the people.

June 12.—In the House of Commons, Mr. Lockhart stated, that there were upwards of 24,000 journeymen tailors within the Bills of Mortality, and that of these there were, upon a moderate average, 4,000 in combination; that they had among them at all times a large fund of money, and all counsel they could think necessary. He stated also, that they were most active, not only in carrying their own combinations into effect, but in co-operating with and maintaining those of other trades, more especially the calico-weavers.

June 13.—The grand rehearsal took place in St. Paul's cathedral, of the different charity schools in the metropolis and its environs, amounting to seventy schools, containing near 7,000 children. They were extremely perfect in all they had to sing.

June 14.—From the proceedings of the House of Commons this day, it appears that there are now in England very near fifty thousand French prisoners; and, on the 18th, it was stated that twenty thousand of the number are in Dartmoor prison.

Doctors' Commons.—June 14. A marriage was pronounced null and void, un-

der the following circumstances. The lady, being under age, had married without her father's previous consent or knowledge. The father afterwards gave his consent: but this was held of no avail; and the lady (now of full age) obtained a divorce, after having lived with her husband five years.

Madame Catalani.—Four of the first workmen in the metropolis have been employed to furnish and decorate Madame Catalani's house at Erompton, which, complete as it now is, passes for one of the most elegant in Europe.

June 16. A number of well-dressed females are employed in going into shops, purchasing articles of small value, and obtaining change for notes, pretending to be 2l. notes. “Two” is well executed; but, on minute inspection, the word “pence” is discovered, engraved following the “Two,” in very diminutive characters. They are easily detected, by not having in the paper the water-mark, “Bank of England.” (See June 24.)

Newmarket has sustained an injury by the late atrocious act of poisoning the horses, from which it is not likely speedily to recover. Most of the principal noblemen and gentlemen have refused to enter their horses for the plates; and our breed of horses must of course suffer.

Some of the late West India journals contain extravagant praises of the Alcornouque tree, the inner bark of which, infused in a glass of liquor, and taken morning and night, is said to have acquired the reputation of a specific in all complaints of the liver and lungs.

A boat on a novel construction, to sail, when complete, against wind and tide, 48 feet long by 8½ wide, was launched, a few days since, at Mr Mansell's yard, Cannon's Marsh, Bristol.

June 19.—The Prince Regent gave a grand Fête, in honor of his Majesty's birth-day—for the particulars of which, see our Appendix.—Diamonds were borrowed for the night, at the rate of eleven per cent.

Court of King's Bench.—June 19. In the long-pending cause of Sir Francis Biddell against the Serjeant at arms, for breaking open his house, and there arresting him on a warrant from the Speaker of the House of Commons, the jury returned a verdict (in effect) for the defendant, though, from the form of the declaration, there was some doubt as to the manner in which it should be entered.

subsequent exploits there, with his elevation to the peerage—all fresh in the recollection of our readers—we for the present postpone—with the intention, however, of resuming the subject at some future day, when we shall be able to extend our narrative to events which the intermediate time may bring forth—among which, we hope to have the heart-felt pleasure of recording the complete discomfiture of the Gallic invaders, and their total expulsion from the peninsula.

HINDOO MARRIAGES.

(from Mr. Moor's "*Hindu Infanticide*")

Among many sects of Hindus, among most of them, indeed, the practice of very early marriage has obtained. The parties are perhaps but five or six years old, and they return for some years to their respective families. On the occasion of marriage, the Hindus, habitually avaricious, are generally more prodigal than on any other: and it is not unusual to see this propensity indulged, by the rich as well as by the poor, to a very interesting degree. Feasting, music, dancing, alms, and presents, especially to temples and Brahmans, constitute the item on which the chief expenditure turns. It is so very essential to the reputation of any family to marry off the daughters, that an exception is very rarely met with; and it excites no small surprise in natives little acquainted with European modes and fashions, to find so many of our men and women unmarried. So universal is marriage among the Hindus, that it would be a difficult thing to find an unhusbanded female of a respectable family arrived at puberty, that is, of the age of ten or eleven years. In point, I may instance a fact that came within my own notice. Nanna Fir-

naveese, the prime minister of the Mahratta empire, the Pitt of India, lost his wife in 1796, when he was rather an old man; and, as he was infirm withal, it was not expedient that he should marry, as is usual, a mere infant; and his Brahmanical brethren sought far and near, and for a long time sought in vain, for an unmarried marriageable Brahmany of a respectable family. At length one was found, remote from the metropolis, at Kolapore, near Goa; and he married her. So little was this success calculated on, that a reason was expected, and given, for it; it appeared that this lady, in her infancy, had been afflicted with some personal debility, that had prevented her early betrothment; this had suddenly been removed, about the time of Nanna's predicament, and he was deemed fortunate in finding a damsel under such suitable circumstances. Nanna had had several wives, but no male issue.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

To many of your fair readers, who pay pretty high prices for *stove-powders*, it will, no doubt, be agreeable to learn a simple recipe for a very cheap, but very excellent, powder, which will preserve their bright stoves and fire-irons free from rust, and in high polish—and which, in fact, is the very same that they so dearly purchase in many instances, though sometimes a little disguised in color, for the sake of concealing its simplicity and original cheapness. It is nothing more than common *lime*; and its preparation is very easy, viz. Take a piece of good mellow quicklime: gently and gradually pour on it a few *drops* of boiling water, until it begin to crack; and then leave it to perform the remainder of the

operation by itself. It will soon crumble into powder; and this powder alone, without any foreign admixture, will completely answer every good purpose that can be expected from the very best stove-powders that are sold. For the sake, however, of guarding against any gritty particles which might happen to be in the lime, it may not be amiss to pass it through a fine sieve.

When polished fire-iron, &c. are to be laid by, the application of this powder will preserve them from rust. They must be first well greased, and then powdered all over with the lime sprinkled on them. For greasing them, *hog's lard* (if free from salt) is preferable to oil: otherwise *suet* may be used. As to oil, I have heard many complaints that steel and iron articles, well anointed with it, and carefully laid by, have nevertheless contracted rust and this accident may arise from two causes—first, olive-oil, as I am informed, (though I do not vouch for the truth of the assertion) has salt put into it, for the purpose of clarifying and preserving it: but, whether this be the case or not, 2dly, the oil, being in itself very slippery, and lying besides on a smooth surface, glides away from many parts of it, and leaves them naked and exposed to the action of air, of which rust is the inevitable consequence.—Lard or suet is not liable to this inconvenience.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. W. M.

For the Lady's Magazine.

The moving SKULL.

(From the "Journal des Dames.")

A GRAVE-DIGGER, one day, while engaged in the labor of his vocation in a country church-yard, penetrated to an old coffin, which immediately fell to pieces under his stroke.

Within it he discovered, as usual, a mouldering skeleton, of which he tossed out the loose bones with his spade: but, when he was preparing to throw out the skull after them, he was surprised to see it in motion. At a sight so novel and unaccountable, his terror was great beyond description.—However, after recovering a little from his fright, he again ventured to look at the skull, to ascertain whether his eyes had not, in the first instance, deceived him. Again he observes it to move, without any visible cause.—Naturally astonished at such a prodigy, he called some of the neighbouring peasantry, who, seeing the skull move as before, were no less astonished than the grave-digger. At length, having borrowed an apron from one of the female spectators, he wrapped up the skull in it, and, followed by the admiring crowd, carried it to the clergyman of the parish, to whom he related what he had seen.

The clergyman, surprised at the tale, unfolds the apron, sees the skull again in motion, and is utterly at a loss to account for so strange a phenomenon. But his perplexity was not of long duration; for, while he and his visitors were staring at the automaton skull, they saw suddenly starting from it a mole, which had probably been alarmed in his subterraneous abode by the strokes of the grave-digger's spade, and taken refuge in the cavity of the skull at the approach of the enemy.

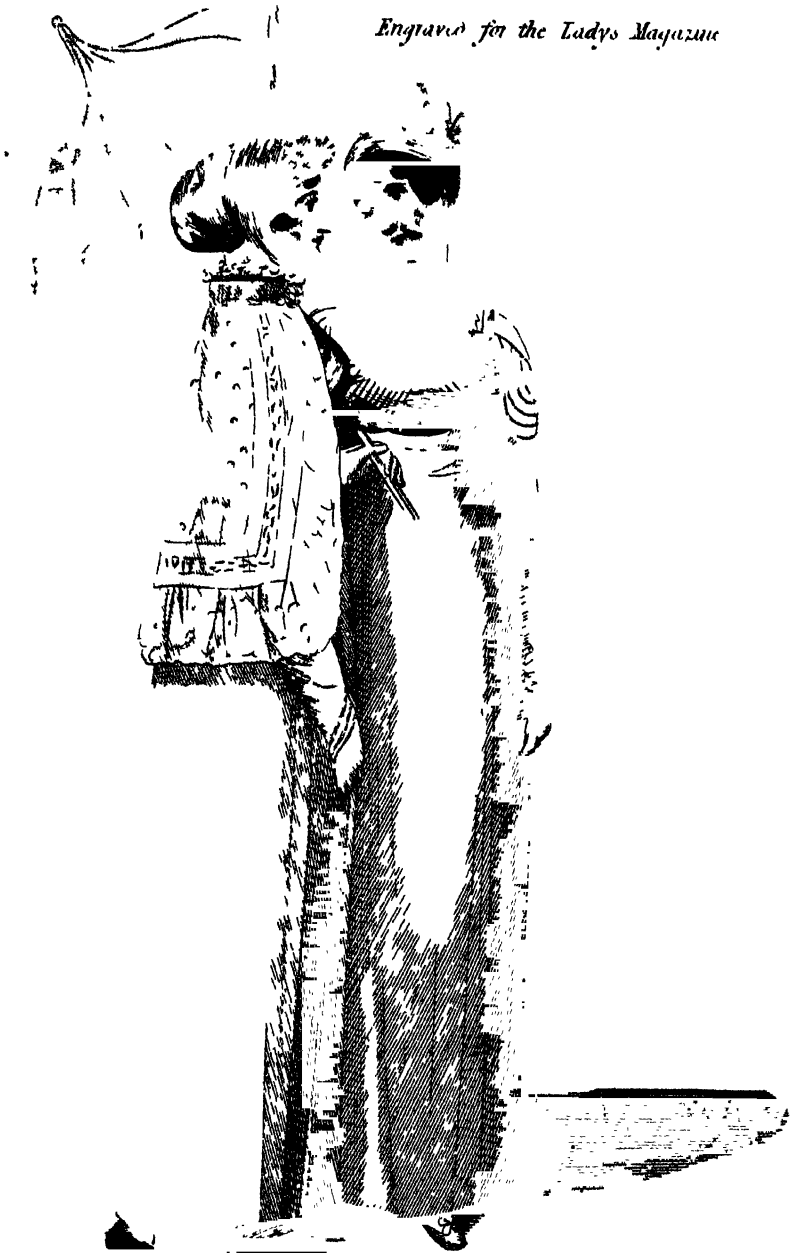
Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 229.)

IN the verses that compose *The Garland of Julia*, there are none so agreeable as those of Desmaretz on the violet:

*Modeste en maliceur, modeste en mon séjour,
L'arbre d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe,*

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine



London Fashionable Morning & Evening Dress

Mais si sur le front je pousse ma couronne
je porte

Tout humble d'effleur, sera la plus vaine
 The modest but is mine, the meek content,
hide

I shall with time's lure, in shades I
 But, Julia, were your brow my enried
scit, conscious pride.

Medd so more, I'd swell with con-
 This Despair was, notwithstanding
 a wretched poet. He is like
 R. in note, who galloped once in
 his life

A countryman came to Versailles:
 he saw Lewis XIV walking in his
 gardens. 'I have seen,' said he,
 "this great king, and he walked
 just like one of ourselves."

(To be continued.)

London Morning and Evening

DRESSES

1 *Morning dress*—A short cloak
 richly trimmed with lace, and lace let
 in a little way from the edge — t
 may be of any very fine worked mus-
 lin, and to reach a short way below
 the elbows. Bonnet of white satin,
 trimming at the edge of the same
 in the form of shells, and termi-
 nated by narrow lace.

2 *Evening dress*—This is made
 of the finest India muslin, the body,
 which forms the appearance of a
 jacket, is composed of squares, alter-
 nately of the same, and finely
 plaited and lace and work joined in
 stripes. the edge above and below
 trimmed with lace, the sleeves of the
 same—Cap of white satin with the
 same Regent's plume.

BOUITS-RIMÉS,

*or Ends of Verses, to be completed in
 any metre, and on any subject at the
 writer's option—to be employed either
 in the same order as here given, or in
 any other that may be found more
 convenient—and with or without any
 additional rhymes of the writer's own
 choice.*

June, Soon—Day, Lay—Muse,
 Views—Verse, Rehearse—Blest,
 Rest—Stream, Dream—Late, Strife
 —Name, Fame

*Any approved completions, that
 may have reached us by the fifteenth
 of August, shall appear in our Ma-
 gazine for that month.*

POLTRY.

BEAUTY, an Ode,

*intended for the second Edition of Miss
 MILFORD'S Miscellaneous Poems now
 in the Press*

Who hath not, kneeling at thy shrine,
 Vow'd fealty and duty,
 Own'd thy mild power and sway divine,
 O never dying beauty?
 That shrine still wears the woman's form,
 Still garlanded with blushes warm,
 Still lighted by her eye
 But different form and different face,
 Varying in tint, in shape, and grace,
 Rules under every sky

Nor lies there one who knows to tell
 Where most the Goddess loves to dwell.
 In Indian girl, in Negro maid,
 In the fair flower of northern shade,
 Men trace the varying spell — young?—
 Where is bright Beauty's witching
 All nations claim it for their own,

And deem, that, in their land alone,
 Is Beauty's coral cell.

The artist views her in that piece
 Which might immortalise thee, Greece!
 Had time, destroying all thy glory,
 Left only that to tell thy story,
 The lover in his mistress' eye,
 The poet in his fantasy
 'Tis now the magic of the face;
 'Tis now the form's surpassing grace;
 'Tis now a glance bright, kind, and clear,
 'Tis now a smile, and now a tear,
 And, shrouded oft by fancy's veil,
 From melody her spells arise,
 As blindmen deem the nightingale
 The truest bird that flies

Doth she not dwell in yon bright maid
 With tresses like the raven's wing;
 Whose cheek might bid the roses fade,
 To mark then brilliant coloring?
 With towering form erect and high,

Court of King's Bench.—June 20. The Reverend Richard Blarow was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a libel on Mrs. Fairclough.

Fraud.—A man of decent appearance, with florid complexion, and about five feet eight inches, has committed several frauds on unprotected females of the better order, within the last fortnight, by assuming to be a sheriff's officer, and attacking his object with a fictitious writ. A woman of the name of Sterling, in Suffolk street, received a visit from the impostor on Saturday-night, on returning from the Opera, and he obtained 7l. of her by pretending to arrest her for a debt of 35l due to a Mr. Harrol. This money was obtained to let the business stand over for a fortnight. Another young female of the name of Sumner, Norton street, also gave the fellow 5l. by instalments, not to execute a writ upon her; and several others have been defrauded. The offender is supposed to be a fellow recently out of prison for the same offence.

A pedestrian, of the name of Barden, lately walked sixty miles a day for six days, but was unable to proceed on the seventh, though a wager was at stake.

June 22.—By a decision in the Court of King's Bench this day, Methodist chapels are made chargeable with poor-rates.

June 24.—*Caution.*—There are in circulation certain notes for 5, 10, 20, and 50 pence, issued from the Fleet prison by a person in confinement there; which notes bear a great resemblance to those of the Bank of England, and purport to be issued by the Governor and Company of the Fleet Bank in England, with the signatures of Rld. Denton, T. Watts, and others. There are likewise in circulation, by the same person, similar notes of one and two pence. (See June 16.)

BORN.

May 27. Of the lady of Col. Vereker, M. P. a daughter.

May 27. Of the lady of Lieut. Col. Colquhoun Grant, of the King's hussars, a son.

May 27. Of the lady of G. Wharton Marriott, esq. Lincoln's Inn Fields, a son.

May 31. Of Viscountess Galway, a son.

May 31. Of Mrs Henry Baring, Devonshire street, a daughter.

May 31. Of the lady of Lieut. Col. Watson, of the third dragoon guards, twins.

May 31. Of the lady of Capt. Vernon Graham, South Audley street, a son.

June 1. Of the lady of A. W. Roberts, esq. New Norfolk street, a son.

June 8. Of the lady of Lord Sinclair, a son.

June 9. Of the lady of T. A. Curtis, esq. Waustead, Essex, a daughter.

June 15. Of the lady of John Norris, esq. Bentinck street, Manchester square, a daughter.

June 18. Of the lady of W. Boland, esq. Adelphi terrace, a daughter.

MARRIED.

May 14. Viscount Kilcourse, to Miss Coppin, of Cowley.

May 16. In St. George's church, Hanover square, Col Orde, of the 99th, to Miss Beckford, sister to the Marchioness of Douglas.

May 28. John Fassett Burnett, esq. of Vauxhall, to Miss Elizabeth Barchard.

May 29. Thos. Bates Rous, esq. to Charlotte Gwen, daughter of Sir Robert Sainsbury, bart.

May 28. At Bonnington, Charles Montgomery Campbell, esq. to Miss Julia Cheshire.

May 29. The Rev. John Fellowes, to Miss Susan Lyon.

May 30. At Twickenham, Henry Belairs, esq. to Miss Dora Mackenzie.

June 2. Captain Sykes, of the navy, to Miss Earl.

June 3. Captain Wm. Midwinter, of the Bengal establishment, to Miss Ann Thomas.

June 6. Charles Clement Adderly, of Ham's Hall, esq. to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Sir Edmond Cradock Harropp, bart.

June 6. Rich. Dallett esq of Merton, to Mrs Elizabeth Harper.

June 11. The Rev. Geo. Phillips, of Manchester, to Mrs. Savill.

June 11. John Smallpiece, esq. of Guildford, to Miss Mary Haydon.

June 12. George Vaux, esq. of Ipswich, to Miss Sheigold.

DECEASED.

May 6. Dame Joanna Watson, relict of Sir Jas. Watson.

May 15. The lady of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, of Great Ealing.

May 21. Miss Hales, sister to Sir Edward Hales.

May 23. Aged 19, Lady Charlotte Pelham Clinton, sister to the Duke of Newcastle.

May 23. At Beverley, John Colman, esq.

May 23. Viscount Longueville, aged 70.

May 27. In his 76th year, Rich. Penn, esq. grandson of the celebrated Wm. Penn.

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May 27. In his 76th year, Rich. Penn, esq. grandson of the celebrated Wm. Penn.

May 27. D. A. Mac Donnel, esq. author of several esteemed literary productions

May 27. In Great Pulteney street, in his 82d year, Robert Bisset, esq.

May 29. At Edinburgh, Lord Melville. He had retired to rest in perfect health, and was found dead in bed the next morning.

May 31. At Caldecote hall, Warwickshire, Mary Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. Thomas Bowles.

June 2. Lady Gordon, wife of the Rev. Sir Adam Gordon, bart. rector of West Tilbury.

June 3. In his 70th year, the Earl of Carnarvon

June 3. In Buckingham street, Fitzroy square, Mrs. Devall, aged 73.

June 4. In Old Burlington street, the Countess de Brohl.

June 8. At East-place, Lambeth, aged 60, Elizabeth, relict of the late David Schoobied, esq.

June 12. Paul Massarene, aged 65.

June 13. The lady of Captain Phillips, of Upper Guildford-street.

June 13. In Foley-place, in his 72d year, Laurence Strange, esq.

June 16. The hon. Charles Bagenall Agar.

June 17. The Rev. Richard Dodd, rector of Cowley, Middlesex.

June 18. Wm. Priddey, esq. of Allington, Wilts.

June 23. Viscountess Sidmouth.

APPENDIX.

The Prince Regent's Fête.

THE history of our amusements presents no species of *spectacle* such as we are about to describe: it was a *chef d'œuvre*, which, in splendor and variety, never, we believe, was equalled in any age or country.

Carlton House has been considered as the *acres* of perfection; in interior decoration it certainly has long excelled. An acknowledged judge has represented its acquirements as follows:—"Every article of furniture is uniform in its appearance, and correct in its execution; the embellishments of the apartments are classically chaste, novel, and splendid; the ornamental decorations of the walls spirited and lively; the colors of the Grecian, Etruscan, Roman, and Chinese draperies brilliant and beautiful."

Without that *pompous pageantry* which distinguished the entertainments given

by British and other Princes in ancient times, it contained all the elements of the completest and grandest *fête* which the ingenuity of such inimitable artists, as were employed in it, could devise.

The industry of the town, which always forms the van-guard in the army of pleasure, long since gave note of preparation. For six weeks past, the whole host of weavers, tailors, mantua-makers, and milliners, have been in a state of requisition. Architects, upholsterers, painters, carpenters, cooks, and confectioners, were *loviéd en masse*, and other supplies raised, to an unexampled amount, for this splendid occasion.

Bond-street, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, and the Park, were totally deserted on Wednesday, except by a few females, hurrying in their carriages, from shop to shop, to purchase essences and ribbons.

Between nine and ten o'clock, all the fashionables in the world were in motion. The effect of such a mass of coaches and chariots, collecting from all quarters, and pouring upon the spot, may be easily conceived. The first had scarcely reached Carlton House, before the neighbouring streets, St. James's street, Bond-street, and Piccadilly, presented a long and un-interrupted cavalcade. The line that descended St. James's street extended from the top the whole length of Piccadilly, three lines deep. Instructions were given the coachmen to set down and take up with the horses' heads towards the Haymarket. By this arrangement, all crossing and jostling were avoided; but, from the necessary slowness of the procession, numbers abandoned their carriages, and made their way through the immense multitude on foot. Jermyn-street, Duke-street, Bury-street, King-street, (all leading to one point, namely, St. James's-square) were free of access to chairs only; they were admitted at the private eastern door in Pall-mall.

The interior of Carlton House.—Having effected the first wish (an *entrée safe* and *sound* into the court-yard) the company, big with expectation, and seeing what surpassed the most romantic ideas they could form, had the supreme felicity of finding every thing excel all possibility of conception. Passing underneath the portico, which bears so distinguished a feature in the architecture of the front, the visitors entered the hall of entrance, the grand hall, the octagon hall (leading to the basement of the great stairs), and great stair-case.—These are considered

as *chefs d'œuvre* of the late Mr. Holland; the appropriate ornaments are bronzed, and on a pale green ground. The marble and stone floors were covered with a mixed-colored carpet; The colors in the border were scarlet and black. In the large hall were placed tables, with refreshments. The octagon communicated, in three directions, through magnificent arched door ways; they were decorated with scarlet draperies, each having silk gold-colored lace, fringe, and tassels. The centre arched door communicated with

The first Anti-room—This apartment closed the parallel line, that is to say, the extent of the central part of the house, from the north to the south, straight from the entrance door. The first object which presented itself was a most magnificent plate of English glass, 15 feet high, and broad in proportion: it was placed in the pier, and reflected the outer-hall, &c. The draperies were of apricot broad-cloth, tastefully decorated with blue and black velvet ornaments; they were continued over the glass. The seats were *Ottomans*, covered and ornamented to correspond with the curtains. In this apartment hung several portraits of public characters, particularly the late Duke of Bedford, and Earl Moira; and over the chimney-glass, in an oval frame of exquisite carving, brought from Paris, the portrait of Madame Pompadour.—Turning to the right led into

The Bow Anti-room, (which communicated with the Throne Room).—This room was hung with white crimson English damask, with rich gold mouldings. The draperies around the room were of blue satin, tastefully thrown over gold ornaments. The bow windows were decorated with rich draperies to correspond with the hangings, supported by elegant gold Roman military standards, eagles, and other ornaments, richly decorated with gold fringes. In the piers were placed noble glasses, with rich marble tops, and *or-moulé*, in beautiful carved and gilt frames; and in the centre window, an immensely large china vase, on a golden tripod. The chairs and sofas richly carved, were covered with damask silk. The general style of the whole of the room may be considered as a judicious improvement upon the old English style of furnishing. In this room hung several beautiful specimens of cabinet pictures by the old masters, among them the celebrated Hay-field, by Wouvermans,

lately purchased. The chimney piece, which is of antique red marble, decorated with Chinese figures, and other ornaments, finely executed in *or-moulé*, had a striking effect. There were two tables decorated in the same manner, having placed upon them the most costly *or-moulé* branches.

The Throne Room.—This splendid apartment was hung with rich crimson velvet with embroidered ornaments in pure gold, and most massive gold fringes and laces. The canopy, superbly carved and gilt, was surmounted by four helmets composed of real gold, having plumes of the finest white ostrich feathers, many of them 17 inches in height. On each side the canopy were magnificent antique draperies, decorated to correspond with it, and forming back-grounds to two superb gold candelabra, after the antique, executed in the finest manner, with lions couchant, and other appropriate ornaments. Under the canopy stood a grand state chair and footstool. The compartments of the room were decorated with the richest gold ornaments on a crimson velvet ground, with draperies enriched with gold fringes *en suite*. There were two superb glasses about twelve feet high, with oriental alabaster tables, on frames, carved and gilt in the most superb style. On a chimney decorated with *or-moulé* foliage of the richest sculpture, was placed a large glass in a superb frame; and on the chimney piece and tables, were five French figure *grandoles* of *or-moulé*. In this room were no other seats than stools, gilt and covered with crimson velvet. Here were whole-length portraits in grand gold frames, of their Majesties, the Prince Regent, and the Duke of York. Through a door at one end of this room, a temporary staircase presented itself to view, which communicated with the conservatory; this erection was intended as a private passage for the Prince Regent and his particular friends to pass down to the head of the tables, when supper was announced. Opposite to the above door, a door leading to the Throne-room being removed, and a large glass being placed in the opposite door, on the further side beyond the Throne, the whole range of candelabra, and the Throne itself were reflected in it; and a striking *coup-d'œil* was thereby produced. Keeping still to the right carried us into

The Ball Room.—This apartment was decorated with Arabesque ornament, and figures, painted in the finest style imagin-

able, on gold grounds, in pannels, between pilasters richly carved and gilt. The ceiling, decorated in compartments, had a very fine effect. The windows and recesses have circular tops, and they were decorated with rich blue velvet draperies, with massive gold fringes, lace, tassels, and ropes; the latter were likewise of gold. In the recesses were magnificent French plates of looking-glass, in gold frames, having sofas under them, richly carved and covered with blue velvet; the chairs to suit. Before each pilaster was placed a rich gilt pedestal, in which was seen a superb French girandole, carrying eight wax lights, executed in *or-monle*, in the most elegant manner. The two chimney-pieces of statuary marble were ornamented with foliage and figures in bronze and *or-monle*, and over them were glasses in gold frames, and French candelabra, worthy of the *tout ensemble*. The last room forms the south western angle of the palace; here we turned to the north, and then entered by a fine and classically ornamented door.

Dancing commenced about twelve o'clock, in the Grand Council Chamber, in two sets, which were divided by a crimson cordon.

The Prince Regent, and the Royal Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Cambridge, and Sussex, were present at this period (half past eleven), and appeared highly gratified to see so enlivening a scene. "Strike up, musicians, my old and favourite Scottish tune," exclaimed the Prince. Mr. Gow took the hint, and "*I'll gang nae mair to yon town*," was admirably played, and equally well danced.

The Circular Dining Room.—The ceiling of this room forms a dome, supported by large Scialola porphyry columns, with an entablature silvred, and decorated with imitative bronze ornaments. The compartments and doors have figures and ornaments painted in the most masterly style by Mr. Jones, in imitation of bronze, on real silver grounds; the fronts of the recesses, &c. had light blue silk draperies, of an aerial tint, with silver balls; and around the room, immediately under the entablature, was a valence in pelmets of blue puffed silk, on each of which a superb cut glass stand and silver balls appeared suspended in the intermediate spaces. In the recess, below the large window, a superb side-board was placed, supported by bronzed griffins, and vine-leaves. There were three tiers of shelves,

with plate glass backs, intended and used as a *depôt* for a pair of the Prince Regent's magnificent service of gold plate. In the recess opposite stood another side-board to correspond, on bronzed Chimæras, richly chased; the other ornaments were gilt rails, and branches for lights. Underneath was placed an uncommonly fine antique car, of inestimable value, standing upon bronze and brass wheels; this magnificent appendage served all the purposes of a wine cooler. The two fire-places, and two compartments to correspond, are decorated with real verd antique marble slabs, in silver frames, with bronze ornaments, and Chimæra supporters. On each were placed two stands for lights, supported by groupes of boys, finely done in bronze. There were four chancellieres (or wool-sacks), with Chimæras at the angles covered with blue silk, decorated with solid silver fringe. The lightness of colour and style of this apartment produced, by contrast with the splendor of the adjoining apartments, a very striking effect. The centre window being taken out, a temporary orchestra, elegantly fanciful, suddenly appeared, as if by enchantment, by the drawing up of a curtain, when the clock struck eleven. Here, by the able superintendence of Mr. Gow, a concord of sweet sounds, produced by 22 musicians, was diffused far and near. Immediately opposite the band, was a door communicating with the Anti-room, likewise appropriated for dancing, and thus answering the purpose of both rooms.

The Drawing-room.—at present used as a Council-room. This magnificent structure was hung with a rich bright crimson English damask, with draperies for the windows; the circular termination of the room, and the sides of the doors and chimney-glasses, were richly decorated with deep massive fringes of real gold, and crimson silk, with gold ornaments. Around the room, under the cornice, were placed ornaments of a fan shape, composed of flutes of bright crimson satin, terminating with a deep gold fringe, and gold ribbons in the intermediate spaces; and in the centre of each was an Apollo's head, with golden rays, finely carved; under this range were suspended rich draperies with the same rich fringe as the others. The two chimney-pieces in this room excel, in beauty, the others; they are composed of the purest white marble, with figures of Satyrs with infants in their arms, which they seem to

be warming. These are executed by that incomparable artist Mr. Vulliamy. French plate pier chimney glasses and candelabra. The ceiling is coved, above a rich white and gold Corinthian cornice; and it is finely decorated with trophies and other well-designed ornaments, executed in the best style. All the rooms we have already described had each a cut-glass lustre. Here were suspended five chandeliers of unrivalled beauty: the largest was by Perry and Parker; the others by Hancock, Shepherd, and Rixon. The chairs and sofas were massive and finely executed, having black ornaments on gold grounds, covered with damask, decorated with black velvet, and rich silk fringes, golden tripods with cranes, and other ornaments, after the antique; French figure girandoles and *or-moulus* branches. This last apartment terminates the range from south to north: and, turning eastwards, the company entered

The West Anti-room.—This room communicated with the hall of entrance: it was decorated with superfine scarlet cloth, with draperies and black velvet ornaments, fringes, and gold cornices. Ottoman seats, sofas, and chairs, covered with scarlet, and supported by golden paws of griffins. Under a large pier glass was a mosaic table.—The walls were covered with flock paper of a deep ground, with rich gold mouldings, forming a very judicious ground for the pictures. Over the chimney was a whole-length portrait of Louis XV. in a superb French frame: on one side was a whole-length of the late Duke of Cumberland; and on the other, of the Duke of Clarence. At one end of the room was a portrait of the great Duke of Cumberland; on the other side, that of the late Duke of Rutland. Over the doors were oval portraits of George II. and Queen Caroline. The floor of this room, as well as that of the large drawing-room adjoining, was most tastefully decorated with painted ornaments for the dancing.

The East Anti-room.—This apartment was fitted up in a style similar to the last; but it being understood to be Colonel M'Mahon's room, it was not intruded on.

In returning to the First Anti-room, the company had again to pass through the Hall of Entrance, the Great and the Octagon Halls. From that room a door on the left conveyed us into the following suite:—

1st—*The blue Velvet Room.*—This apartment has an enriched gold cornice of singular perfection; in the cove, by Smirke, are very beautiful paintings, in compartments, with rich gold ornaments; and from the skied ceiling is suspended a superb Grecian lustre enriched with *or-moulus*. On the walls were pannels, hung with dark blue velvet and gold mouldings. Here were first-rate paintings by old masters, and, among others, the invaluable Rembrandt, lately purchased for five thousand guineas; these pictures were suspended by rich silk gold-coloured lines and gold tassels. On a chimney-piece highly enriched, was placed a large glass, reflecting candelabra, *or-moulus*, and china ornaments placed on the mantle shelf. At each end of the room were Buhl cabinets. The chairs and sofas were covered with blue satin and gold. In addition to other cabinets, were two *encoinieres*, placed on grand figure girandoles; tripod stands, bearing lights, added to brilliancy, they being equally costly and handsome. Over the windows and piers were grand draperies suspended by swans and other richly-carved ornaments, with golden *heurs-de-lis*. The fringes and lace were of gold colored silk, underneath which were suspended white silk curtains, decorated with gold and tassels.

2d—*The small Blue Velvet Room*—in every respect the same as the preceding. The two next, which conclude the whole story, were:

The two temporary Rooms at the South-eastern end.—These were solely for refreshments of tea, coffee, &c: for the accommodation exclusively of the Ladies.

The Basement Story.—The whole range of the Basement Story, and the Gothic Conservatory, were appropriated to supper-rooms, into which the company descended by the lower division of the Grand Staircase, into an Octagon Sub-hall, most tastefully arranged as an arbour, with oak and laurel leaves in the back ground; added to the foliage, were a vast variety of beautiful natural flowers and plants, the whole judiciously illuminated. This passage led to

The first Anti-room of the lower apartments. In one was a large side-board, furnished with a baron of English roast beef, and other substantial proofs of genuine hospitality. Behind was placed a large glass, which, reflecting the arbour, produced an enchanting effect.

Turning to the left from this Anti-room, we entered a spacious Gothic library, adorned with handsome book-cases, filled with choice and tastefully bound books. In this room was placed a large table, laid with 50 covers, and a splendid glass *plateau* in the centre, decorated with French biscuit ornaments, and costly articles of plate. Beyond this room, are two spacious rooms; they were handsomely fitted up for the occasion, and adorned with valuable paintings, having tables, with covers, for the accommodation of one hundred persons, most elegantly arranged.—At the end of the furthest of these rooms, a mirror, reflecting the whole range, terminating with the Gothic Conservatory illuminated, produced a wonderful spectacle of splendor and brilliancy. On returning from these rooms through the first Anti-room, we entered the Bow room, from the windows of which, the communications to the temporary rooms were made. This apartment had a large plate of looking-glass over the chimney (opposite the Bow room) in a rich frame of gold, reflecting the grand *vista* of the temporary rooms; and, at the end of the *allée-verte*, another glass (which we have before described) reflected every object *ad infinitum*. In the Bow-room, large canvases, executed by that distinguished artist, Mr. Bone, after celebrated paintings, in beautiful frames, presented such a proof of magnificence and judiciously splendid taste, as does honor to the arts. From this apartment we entered the Lower Drawing room, which was tastefully fitted up, and enlivened by two glasses placed opposite to each other. In this apartment were hung several well chosen cabinet pictures; and among others, a curious view of Greenwich park, in which are introduced portraits of Charles I. his Queen, and Courtiers, by Vandyke. The next room, the Lower Dining room, being long in proportion, had, at proper distances, two screens of Porphyry columns, with enriched capitals in gold. The cornice of the room was highly ornamented with gold. The glasses here reached from the ceiling to the floor, and handsome golden tripods carried vase lights. The end of this apartment communicated with the

Grand Gothic Conservatory.—By removing the spacious windows, a range of tables, extending the whole length of the Conservatory and lower Dining room, appeared, with 140 covers for the recep-

tion of the Prince Regent, and his particular party. The centre of this table was decorated by a rivulet of running water, in which were live gold and silver fish, meandering over banks of broken ground, with appropriate ornaments arranged in the happiest manner, and having Chinese bridges, pagodas, and other objects connected with the scenery. • At the upper end of this table, forming a circle of larger diameter than the long table, presided the Prince Regent, assisted by his Royal brothers; and from thence his Royal Highness commanded a range of rooms, not less than 640 feet, occupied by supper-tables. At the upper end of the Conservatory, a side-board was constructed, covered with scarlet cloth, with muslin antique draperies, fitted up, for the reception of the most splendid service of gilt plate, perhaps, in Europe. These beautiful and costly subjects being tastefully arranged, and a large glass being placed behind the Prince, reflecting every object in the whole extent, the effect may be more easily conceived than described; it was magnificent beyond all conception. The Conservatory is a unique building, of the richest specimen of the flood Gothic, correctly executed in imitative stone, and admitting the sun to shine through the glass interstices. The exquisite symmetry and lightness of this beautiful building at once surprised and delighted the eye. The whole range communicating with this Conservatory were decorated with scarlet cloth draperies, enriched with black velvet ornaments, and gold-coloured silk fringes. The walls were covered with plain scarlet flock paper, with gold mouldings. The whole of the supper-tables were furnished with complete sets of silver plates, dishes, and *plateau*.

The supper and refreshments were of the most exquisite description.

The bells rung merry peals throughout the day, and at night the houses of several of the nobility were illuminated.

The first grand ceremonial of the evening was the introduction of the several branches of the illustrious house of Bourbon to the Prince Regent. Her Royal Highness the Duchess d'Angoulême was, on this occasion, presented by her Royal Highness the Duchess of York.

This splendid entertainment originated with his Royal Highness, from a desire to show every possible respect and filial affection to his royal father's birth day, it

Not being convenient for the Queen to hold a drawing-room at St. James's Palace on the 4th of June. His Royal Highness, to prevent its passing without being observed as a national festival, determined on giving a grand Fête, which should not only be observed as a day of rejoicing by the higher orders, but that with it should be combined the encouragement of the arts and manufactures of the country, many of them having experienced great depression, who principally depend upon Court dresses, and all the *et-ceteras*, in consequence of her Majesty not having held any Courts this season. His Royal Highness, with that consideration, and a due regard to the welfare of his country, in his cards of invitation, had expressed a strong desire that every person should come dressed in articles of British manufacture only. This operates as a double advantage to trade; as, had some of the ladies been inclined to go in dresses they had worn before, this request of his Royal Highness would have entirely prevented it, as it is very rare that ladies are full-dressed without having articles of foreign manufacture of various sorts on; the result has been, the whole of the Court-dress-makers have been busily employed from the time the Fête, had been first determined on. Nearly the whole of the state-rooms and lower apartments in Carlton-House have been diverted from any use to the Prince Regent for several weeks past, to the necessary temporary arrangements. A guard of soldiers was stationed, for several days past, at the temporary buildings, to protect them, as well as the valuable property there. Among those invited, great alarm had been excited lest they should not be able to gain admittance till a very late hour, when numbers would be returning, the hour announced for the company beginning to assemble being nine o'clock, fearing lest their carriages would not be able to get up—These fears, however, were dispelled in a great measure, by a hint being given them for as many to come in a carriage as could conveniently, which was complied with, and four, five, and six, were in the carriages generally that came. The company began to assemble at nine o'clock, and continued without intermission setting down till eleven. The elegant carriages, new liveries, beautiful and elegant females, all in new dresses of English manufacture, principally white satins, silks, lace, crape, and muslins ornamented with silver, together

with the gentlemen in Court-dresses, military and naval uniforms, heightened by the illuminations of the walls of the Court-yard, together with the trees in the gardens, and the full bands of the three Regiments of Foot Guards, and the Prince Regent's band, in their full state uniforms, playing alternately the most delightful marches and martial pieces; and the company actually marched into the princely mansion to the music in grand procession, his Royal Highness's Equerries taking their cards of invitation as they entered, to prevent the admission of improper persons. They all appeared struck with surprise and astonishment as they entered the grand Grecian Hall, which, in addition to its usual splendid appearance, was ornamented with a variety of shrubs, of patent lamps, and elegant lanterns of vast dimensions. The grand effect of a line of the Yeomen of the Guards, together with a large assemblage of the Prince Regent's, the King's, the Queen's and all the Royal Dukes' servants, in their state liveries, rendered the appearance beyond description: but by those who are acquainted with the rich dresses and liveries, it is easier conceived than described. Two of the Yeomen of the Guards were also stationed at each of the entrances to the Octagon Saloon, the fitting up of which, for this occasion, was particularly splendid; the drapery was scarlet cloth trimmed with gold-coloured silk, lace cords and fringe.

In the Grecian Hall were also assembled, to receive the company, Colonel M'Mahon, Generals Keppel and Turner, Colonels Bloomfield, Thomas, and Tyrwhitt, together with Earl Moira, Lords Dundas, Keith, Heathfield, Mount Edgumbe, and Yarmouth. The latter has been indefatigable in his exertions to assist his Royal Highness in his arrangements for this splendid entertainment in honour of his Royal Father's birth-day, and continued his exertions to Wednesday night in acting as a regulator of the business.

The Prince Regent entered his state apartments about a quarter past nine, dressed in a scarlet coat, most richly and elegantly ornamented, in a very novel style, with gold lace, and a brilliant star of the Order of the Garter. The Duke of York wore a similar coat: the pattern and ornamental part was said to be like one worn by that great warrior, the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness

the Prince Regent came into his state apartments just at the time the French King and Princes arrived, he received them most graciously. His Royal Highness afterwards, during the night, passed from one room to the other without any attendants or ceremony, conversing in the most affable manner, for which he is so highly distinguished, with his numerous guests. The company found an abundance of amusement in perambulating this celebrated mansion.

The Earl of Yarmouth, and Colonel Bloomfield, announced, about a quarter past two o'clock, that supper was ready. The company proceeded, with the greatest order and satisfaction to themselves, down the staircase into the basement story, and thence to the tables, either in the grand range of rooms connected with the conservatory, or those in the Chinese temporary rooms. At the end of the conservatory, in addition to the ornamental decorations before mentioned, was a most magnificent allegorical transparency, with G. R. III. a crown, and other devices. This was the terminating object of the whole range, and particularly designating the great feature of the fête, namely—a complimentary tribute of filial gratitude and love, shown by the Prince Regent to our revered Sovereign. The banquet, we need only add, was the most costly and admirable in all its arrangements; it did infinite credit to Mr. Watier, and all the other officers of the household. The Prince Regent, with that urbanity which has ever been his distinguished characteristic, had a table placed contiguous to his own, for the foreign ministers and nobility who were of the party.

The Royal Dukes assisted the Prince Regent in doing the honors of the table. It was really the most interesting sight imaginable, to see at least 500 persons, the greater proportion ladies, in one continued line, the latter dressed in white satin, silks, or muslins, embroidered or spangled with silver, having each a plume of ostrich feathers, from 8 to 14 in number, and these waving on their heads, and reflected in the serpentine brook before them; it was really a silver flood, and these were its tributary streams. The short Grecian waist was again revived, and in it the beautiful contour, finished by the hand of nature, was perfectly visible through the drapery thrown over by art.

The *allée-verte* was rendered peculiarly grateful by the freshness of the air, and

the odor of the ground; it was a happy retreat to all, who in the course of the night could gain access to it. Here were many supper-tables, and the chairs appeared from one view, to be arched over with a garland of roses; and, indeed, the whole area appeared, in profile, like an avenue of rose-trees. The ball-room, after supper, was surrounded by a gradation of conversation-stools, for the accommodation of those who chose to be calm spectators of the scene.

The Duchess of York, Princess Sophia of Gloucester, and all the Royal Dukes attended this above splendid fête.

Upon no previous occasion, and at no court in Europe, was ever the experiment made to set down 2,000 of the principal nobility and Gentry of a kingdom to a regular supper, as was the case at the Prince Regent's Fête. The largest entertainment, at the most brilliant period of the French Monarchy, was that given by the Prince of Condé, at Chantilly, to the King of Sweden, when 400 covers were laid. Here covers were laid for 1,600 under canvases, and for 400 in the house.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Dowager Duchess of Rutland—A white satin dress, with superb Roman scroll border, formed with concave and Algerine spangles; body richly embroidered in waves of real silver spangles; Spanish sleeves, with diamond armlets, fastened with silver tags, studded with diamonds; a most beautiful and splendid diaphany of crape, embroidered in waves of silver spangles, with a border of singular beauty, composed of foil-tones and silver bullion; forming vine-leaves, grapes, and silver shells, each corner ornamented with the Prince's feathers, beautifully embroidered. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Duchess Dowager of Leeds—A lilac satin dress, with border richly embroidered in silver and concave spangles; a superb tunic of white crape, spangled over in diamonds, with a lustrous border embroidered in real silver, each corner encircling the Prince's feathers; Spanish sleeves, fastened with silver tags, and brilliant armlets. Head dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Her Grace the duchess of Gordon—A splendid dress embroidered in white and silver.

Marchioness of Downshire—Among the many splendid dresses worn at this grand fête there was none which so much attracted our attention as that

worn by the Marchioness of Downshire. The petticoat was of white satin, trimmed at bottom with a Spanish net of embossed silver, over which was a tunic of the most beautiful silver stuff of Irish manufacture; on which was delicately woven the shamrock; over the shoulders were superb epaulettes of embossed Spanish silver. The tunic was laced with diamond chains, and fastened in front with large diamond brooches. Her ladyship's earrings were the largest diamonds at the fête, to which there was a corresponding necklace, and a profusion of diamond ornaments.

Marchioness of Sligo—A dress of white satin, with a superb border of brilliant embroidery round the train; a robe richly embroidered in silver shamrock, round which was an elegant and brilliant border, to correspond with the dress; diamond stomacher, armlets, necklace, and brooches. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Marchioness of Tavistock.—Splendid dress, embroidered in white and gold.

Marchioness of Hertford.—White satin dress, embroidered in white and gold.

Marchioness of Stafford.—Violet satin dress, richly embroidered in gold.

Marchioness of Exeter.—White satin, embroidered in gold.

Marchioness Cornwallis.—White satin dress, richly embroidered with amethysts.

Marchioness Waterford.—White satin dress, richly embroidered with silver.

Countess of Cavan.—A dress of white and silver tissue, with a superb border of prominent silver jonquils; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess of Fauconberg.—A dress of white satin, with an elegant border of embroidered silver; a tunic of white crape, with a superb Roman scroll border, entwined with silver plumes, the ground-work waves of silver spangles; body and sleeves profusely ornamented with diamonds. Head dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess of Clive.—A white satin dress, with a border richly embroidered; a superb body, ornamented round the bosom with diamond stars, and sleeves fastened up with diamond brooches and armlets; the drapery was richly spangled in silver shamrock, with a beautiful and simple border to correspond: at each corner were embroidered the Prince's feathers. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess Selkirk.—A white satin round dress, with elegant silver embroidery at the bottom, waist, and sleeves; an evening primrose and silver tissue robe and drapery, trimmed with rich scalloped fringe, rope, and tassels. Head-dress—a very full plume of white feathers, and superb coronet of diamonds; diamond ear rings and necklace, &c.

The Dowager Countess of Guildford wore a white satin, richly embroidered in silver roses and silver leaves; a train embroidered round; long sleeves, with Spanish slashes, and a robe of transparent silk net, embroidered with rings of small spangles, and sprigs of silver cord, open on the front and showing the dress to great advantage. The robe was fastened in front with a superb emerald set with diamonds, and round it a small wreath of silver roses and leaves to match the dress. On the head, a large plume of beautiful feathers, fastened with a diamond tiara; diamond necklace and earrings.

Countess of Banbury.—A dress of white satin richly embroidered round the train with a superb border, and silver fringe; a tunic of white crape, richly embroidered in silver-sprigged clover, with an elegant embroidered border in silver: the front of the tunic was richly showered with spangles, and fastened with many brilliant chains; the body and sleeves richly spangled and confined by silver ties. Head-dress, a superb nouvelle plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Mornington.—A white and silver tissue robe, lined with green, made in the court style, with ruffles.

Countess of Westmoreland.—A white satin slip, bordered with raised silver hyacinths, over it a purple net petticoat, drapery, with wreaths of hyacinths, looped up on the left side with branches of the same; sleeves of Honiton Brussels worked in silver; body of purple and silver, and a diamond girdle; the whole had a singularly elegant effect. Head dress—a superb plume of feathers, with a profusion of diamonds and sapphire on the neck and arms.

Countess of Craven.—A rich white satin slip, edged with a broad dead silver fringe, over it a petticoat drapery of white net, beautifully embroidered with a border of bunches of flowers and grass, fastened on the left with diamonds, a white satin train embroidered to correspond, looped on the right with bullion cord, and six silver tassels; sleeves embroidered and trimmed

with Honiton Brussels; body richly worked, stonacher fastened with emeralds. Head-dress—plume of twelve feathers, three in front forming the Prince's plume, silver bandeau of exquisite workmanship, with a profusion of diamonds and pearls; her ladyship's dress was magnificent.

Countess of Antrim.—A most splendid dress richly embroidered in rubies and silver.

Countess of Mezbrough.—White satin richly embroidered in silver amethysts.

Countess of Charlemont.—Beautiful dress in white and gold.

Countess Clonmell.—Beautiful dress of yellow and silver.

Countess of Conertry.—A most splendid dress of blue and gold.

Countess of Spencer.—A most splendid dress of gold, studded with rubies.

Countess Temple.—Splendid dress of pink and silver, studded with rubies.

Countess of Limerick.—White satin dress, embroidered in silver.

Countess of Mountnorris.—White satin richly embroidered in gold.

Countess of Errol.—Beautiful dress of yellow and silver.

Countess of Oxford.—A dress of white satin, over which a Grecian tunic richly embroidered in bronze. The grace and beauty of the wearer, and striking novelty of this dress, was not exceeded.

Countess of Llandaff.—A rich white satin dress, elegantly embroidered with dead gold, in the Grecian style.

Viscountess Dudley and Ward.—A dress of emerald green, with a superb border richly embroidered in silver, a tunic of lace, with the ground work of silver spangles, and an elegant and brilliant border, with raised roses of floss silk, foil stones, and concave spangles, which had a most beautiful effect; body and sleeves trimmed with Honiton point, confined with silver tags, and ornamented with diamonds. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Lady Glynn.—A dress of silver satin, richly embroidered round the train with concave spangles and silver fringe, a superb tunic of lace splendidly embroidered in clouds of spangles; the border, which was new and elegant, was beautifully embroidered in silver and concave spangles, with links of brilliant chains, which had the appearance of diamonds; body spangled, and ornamented with amethysts; Spanish sleeves fastened with silver tag studded with diamonds; and armlets and necklace of amethysts and diamonds. Head dress—diamonds and feathers.

Lady Charles Bentinck, wore a white net train dress over satin, which, with her ladyship's usual taste and elegance, was most superbly embroidered with massive Turkish borders of real silver, and thickly covered with spangles. Body and sleeves of white satin, most splendidly decorated in the Spanish style, and richly ornamented with silver tassels. Head-dress—of feathers and diamonds.

Lady Elliot.—A yellow crapp train dress, richly embroidered with silver spangles; a loose drapery of yellowish satin, tastefully ornamented with silver tassels.

Lady Lemon.—A rich silver tissue train dress, body and sleeves trimmed with an elegant border of real silver.

Lady Charlotte Cholmondeley.—A white net round dress over satin, embroidered with lame silver and pearl beads; a blue-colored satin body and sleeves, embroidered to correspond with the petticoat, and a sash of the same, trimmed with superb silver Spanish fringe. Head-dress—a plume of rich white ostrich feathers.

Lady Jane Hurley.—A dress of primrose satin, richly embroidered in silver, tunic of embroidered British lace. Her ladyship's appearance was strikingly graceful and elegant.

Lady Mary Lindsey Crawford, appeared in a dress of striking brilliancy—a petticoat of rich primrose satin, covered with a tunic, magnificently embroidered in massive gold, in the Grecian style, and trimmed with fringes of a peculiar rich and singular appearance.

Lady Charlotte Hood.—A dress of embroidered British lace, over which a primrose satin robe, richly embroidered in silver.

Lady Francis Osborne.—A dress of white satin richly embroidered with a border of silver, a tunic of white crape, with superb nouvelle border, embroidered in silver, and richly covered with leaves of embroidered silver, confined by splendid chains and tassels. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Lady Winnington.—A rich dress of white satin, superbly embroidered in silver, with a lace tunic splendidly embroidered with silver spangles, and encircled by a border of elegant floss silk roses, and silver embossed leaves, confined with brilliant silver chains. Head-dress—a superb plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Want of room obliges us to omit many others.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JULY, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. The OATH of NASSAU.
2. London fashionable WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for a LADY'S SLEEVE, &c. &c.

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NOTICES.

L* B* P*******—A packet for the author is left at the publisher's, to be delivered on the production of an order in his hand-writing.

We are sorry that we cannot oblige *two Ladies* by the insertion of their *Epitaph*.

The lines *on the Death of a young Friend*, though possessed of merit, require revision.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Path of Napsau.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1811.

The DUTCH PATRIOTS of the Sixteenth Century.

(Continued from page 253, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

"AT the moment when some internal concussion is about to shake the earth to her foundations, we sometimes see the most perfect calm prevail through the atmosphere: the azure dome of heaven shines with unwonted brilliancy: the breath of the winds is silent; and nature seems to lavish on wretched mortals these last sweets of fleeting repose: but their pale countenances betray their inward anxiety: the animals, running in every direction through the plains, neglect the invitation of the rich pastures; and the songsters of the groves seem to have forgotten their tuneful notes.—Suddenly torrents of liquid fire burst forth from the yawning ground, and, spouting up to the clouds, veil the face of heaven with thick volumes of smoke: the earth, wide opening her dark abysses, seems to presage the dissolution of the world; and a whole people are swallowed in endless night.—Such was the delusive happiness we for a moment enjoyed: more stern and cruel mandates soon arrived from Madrid: the devouring pyres were multiplied; the number of victims was increased, and the Belgians now expected utter destruction.

"'Twas then that I secretly assembled the most intrepid of our chiefs.—The whole universe seemed at the time benighted in the dark cloud of ignorance; while tyrants were busily engaged in forming the

most infernal conspiracies against the happiness of the human race, and the unfortunate sons of men had no consolation left but that of secretly shedding tears. In our assembly, Horn first rose to address his comrades—his eyes flashing with ardor, and the powerful workings of his soul demanding immediate utterance—

"Was I mistaken?" cried he—"I was accused of rashness, when my voice exhorted you to take measures for your own defence! I was told that Philip would lay aside his arms!—His arms have indeed been laid aside: but his sword was suspended only for the purpose of deceiving his intended victims—of enabling him the more leisurely to single them out, and then to level at each a more certain blow.—Since that time, how many of our citizens have been destroyed!—O Montigny, my brother! and thou, Bergues! in luckless hour sent as deputies to the tyrant! your heads have fallen on the scaffold! How many warriors have been sacrificed, whose valour would have seconded my efforts! But I forbear: the language of complaint ill becometh the man of courage; nor shall Horn be seen to shed unavailing tears over the graves of his murdered compatriots. I am a stranger to the cautious maxims of a timid prudence, and can no longer brook the languor of procrastination, when I every day behold justice and virtue dragged to the scaffold or the stake. But perhaps I am not yet sufficiently familiarised to such

spectacles! perhaps I am too presumptuous in wishing to become their avenger, and flattering myself that such distinguished honor and happiness are reserved for me! Nassau's cares are now employed in seeking for us an ally among the nations of Europe; while Egmont, deaf to our entreaties, and regardless of that death which awaits him, has repaired to the foot of Philip's throne, there to convey to him the cries, and describe to him the tears, of this suffering people. At the name of that chief, I perceive your alarms—I participate them. Alas! already perhaps has his head fallen beneath the stroke of the executioner!

“What shameful inactivity is this, in which we have suffered our courage to be lethargised! Hast tyranny, then, not yet filled up the dire measure of its horrors? Is it not armed, before our eyes, with chains, with swords, and with flames? Shall we tamely look on, until all our fellow-citizens be exterminated? until the names of Belgian and Batavian be blotted out from the catalogue of nations?—*Until*, did I say? but, were they not obliterated at the moment when we lost our liberties? have they not disappeared together with that tribunal which stood as a barrier between the throne and the people—which formerly was so much revered—and was respected even by that emperor in whose train Victory ever delighted to march? Have not that tribunal and our liberties been together overthrown? and has not Philip erected on their ruins the bloody scaffolds of the inquisition?”

“Ah! when formerly the Roman governors of our country attempted to infringe the rights of the Batavians, there stepped forth a hero who showed himself superior to the fear

of Rome. *Civilis*!—(can any man among us have forgotten the name?)—you did not humbly repair to the foot of the throne to implore the tyrant's clemency! You assembled your friends in the sacred grove, and impelled them to take up arms. In spite of your valour, you perished in the unequal contest: but—illustrious victim, whose glory I might justly envy—you rendered the liberty of the Batavians more sacred in the eyes even of imperial Rome: you perpetuated their rights, and transmitted a glorious example for our imitation. And, yet, had any Batavians in those days been thrown into irons? had any been consigned to the flames? had the inquisition as yet reared her hideous head from the infernal abyss?—No! if tyranny had proceeded to such outrageous excesses, every individual of the Batavian race would have proved himself another *Civilis*.

“But our fellow-citizens openly express their abhorrence of the yoke imposed on their necks, and are making every exertion to shake it off! And, while they overturn the funeral pyres, and rescue the trembling victims from the hands of the executioners,—we, whose duty it is, I'll not say to save a few victims, but to burst the chains of an entire nation—we, the fathers of our country, stand patient spectators, while the limbs of our children are torn and mangled in our presence—we behold them given a prey to the flames—and think we discharge our obligations to our country by shedding useless tears, and uttering vain exclamations, which are lost in the passing gale! But let us at length arouse from this degrading lethargy! and, if we have not been the foremost in setting the example of courage, let us at least—it is now full time—let us follow the example

which has been set by others, and hasten to take up arms !”

“ Thus spoke the hero—his eyes flashed with fire—and his eager hand impatiently grasped his sword.

“ The valour of Horn, like an electric spark, pervaded all his hearers. Scarcely had he concluded his speech, when Egmont appeared, with grief and indignation depicted in his countenance. The sentiments of the assembly are for a moment suspended, and give way to the unanimous joy inspired by his unexpected return. — ‘ Yes,’ said he, ‘ I blush to meet your eyes, when I own that I have stooped to implore the tyrant. His stern visage seemed to relax from its wonted severity :— “ Egmont,” said he, “ I know how much I am indebted to your courage: Saint-Quentin and Gravelines are ever present to my memory ; and what I have refused to the insolent demands of rebellion, I grant to entreaty.”—Such was the tyrant’s promise : yet, on my return, I find my country immersed in more dreadful calamity than before !”

“ Silence now reigned through the whole assembly.—‘ Generous Egmont!’ said I — ‘ happy to escape the deadly snares by which you were surrounded, you suffered your mind to be for a moment dazzled and deceived by a system of policy at once artful and cruel. More accustomed to command armies in the field than to breathe the tainted atmosphere of a court, and incapable of belying the sentiments of your own heart, you took for granted that the word of a king must be sincere and sacred :—but these letters’—and at the same time I produced them to his astonished view—‘ these letters, penned by Philip’s own hand, and intercepted by Coligni, reveal to us the most diabolical designs, concerted between the Medici and

Philip, to entail wretchedness both on the Belgians and on the French. The veil is now rent asunder—the mystery is disclosed—Philip is determined to rob the Belgians of all their national privileges, and all the rights of humanity ! Those honors which converted America into a vast theatre of wanton carnage, are to be renewed in our provinces ! Philip intends to conquer them by force of arms—to reduce them to a state of ignominious thralldom : he is resolved to despoil us of our property—to add the gold of Belgium to that which a subject world pours forth from her teeming womb to glut his avarice, still insatiable in the midst of boundless wealth—to deprive us of those laws which he has solemnly sworn to maintain—and, if we murmur at his proceedings, to silence our murmurs by putting us to the sword !

“ He now swears—and he is determined to observe his oath—he swears that he will support among us that monument of the most consummate barbarity and the most consummate baseness of man—that tribunal erected by the hands of fanaticism, and which is an eternal disgrace to the earth. The temples, whose sacred walls were once an inviolable asylum, will henceforth only serve to enflame the rage of our persecutors, who will bury us under their ruins. If we attempt to defend our liberties and to overthrow that sanguinary tribunal, it will be supported by the entire force of Spain : her ports already resound with warlike preparations against us : her hostile fleets already plough the main : her arsenals pour forth all their destructive stores : her armies are on their march ; and, at their head, advances Alva !

“ What man among us harbours in his bosom a soul so base, so groveling, as to submit to bow the

neck beneath that degrading yoke?—to sacrifice our liberty—all the rights of man—and reason itself, that image of the eternal mind?—Thrice happy Helvetium! nurtured on thy rocks, the exalted courage of three humble inhabitants of the hamlet rescued their countrymen from bondage: and shall *we* set the example of tame submission to slavery?—The bright sun of liberty is the genial luminary that sheds joy and plenty o'er thy hills: thy sons are born and die free; and thy example is an instructive lesson to all nations. We hear the animating sounds of thy voice:—not yet tamed to subjection, the Belgic lion roars, and chumps his chain:—let him burst it! let the nations who are enervated by luxury or immersed in brutal ignorance—let *them* crouch at the feet of their despot masters—kiss the hand that brandishes the scourge over their heads—and display no strength or energy beyond what is barely sufficient to drag the yoke of tyranny: let even the savage, though born to the enjoyment of unbounded freedom, submit to be enslaved, or flee his native soil, to roam in the dark recesses of pathless forests:—still the Belgian and the Batavian will dare to rise in arms, and oppose the lawless attempts of their tyrants.

“O thou father of the universe! from whose eternal wisdom first emanated order and laws! O thou, my country! and you, virtuous and valiant men, who, in these days of mourning and of crimes, still exhibit an image of her pristine splendor—in thy presence, O almighty being, I swear—and be you, my countrymen, witnesses to my oath, that, to my latest breath, I will never cease to defend the sacred rights of this nation and of humanity.”

“The whole assembly repeated

the same oath:—Horn, unable to repress the transports of his impetuous joy, rushed into my arms, and exclaimed—‘Such intrepid magnanimity bespeaks the genuine soul of Nassau! Thy valour, which I thought cooled by prudence, now displays itself with all its wonted energy: it fires my soul; it hurries me on to emulate thy noble example! O happy day, when I shall be permitted to pay my homage at the altar of liberty, re-edified from its ruins, and crowned with the laurels of victory!’

“He ceased.—I announced my intention of instantly flying into Germany, where I had the certain hope of being able to collect an army—and urged my associates to accompany me. But Horn asked whether our countrymen, on the eve of being massacred, were to be deprived of all their chiefs.—He engaged to join me on the banks of Meuse with a band of Batavians; while Egmont, Barneveldt, and Brederode, declared their resolution to partake his dangers.—The near approach of day now warned me to accelerate my departure: I embraced those chiefs, and, clasping to my bosom Egmont and Horn, recalled to my mind the day when Philip had offered me the most exalted rank in the state, as the price of their blood. I shuddered at the recollection, and conjured them to follow me. The friendship which glowed in my heart, burst forth in energetic accents from my lips. Their souls were affected: but they persevered in their determination to stay; and I at length tore myself from their embraces—my heart saddened with grief, and my bounding mind darkened with gloomy anticipation.

(*To be continued.*)

*On the Peculiarities of Dress,
with reference to the Station
of the Wearer.*

(From the "Mirror of the Graces.")

As there is a propriety in adapting your dress to the different seasons of your life, and the peculiar character of your figure, there is likewise a necessity that it should correspond with the station you hold in society.

This is a subject not less of a moral concern than it is a matter of taste. By the universality of finery and expensive articles in dress, ranks are not only rendered undistinguishable, but the fortunes of moderate families and of industrious tradesmen are brought to ruin: the sons become sharpers; and the virtue of the wives and daughters too often follows in the same destruction.

It is not from a proud wish to confine elegance to persons of quality that I contend for less extravagant habits in the middle and lower orders of people: it is a conviction of the evil which their vanity produces that impels me to condemn *in toto* the present levelling and expensive mode.

A tradesman's wife is now as sumptuously arrayed as a countess, and a waiting-maid as gaily as her lady. I speak not of our merchants, who, like those of Florence under the Medici family, have the fortunes of princes, and may therefore decorate the fair partners of their lives with the rich produce of the divers countries they visit; but I animadvert on our retail shopkeepers, our linen-draper, upholsterers, &c. who, not content with gold and silver baubles, trick out their dames in jewels! No wonder that these men load their consciences with dishonest profits, or make their last appearance in the newspapers as insolvent or *felo de se*!

Should the woman of moderate

fortune be so ignorant of the principles of real elegance as to sigh for the splendid apparels of the court, let her receive as an undeniable truth, that mediocrity of circumstances being able to afford clean and simple raiment, furnishes all that is essential for taste to improve into perfect elegance. Riches and splendor will attract notice, and may often excite admiration: but it is the privilege of propriety and sweet retiring grace alone to rivet the eye, and take captive the heart.

"Many there are who seem to shun all care,

And with a pleasing negligence censure."

The fashion of educating all ranks of young women alike, is the cause why all ranks of women attempt to dress alike. If the brazier's daughter is taught to sing, dance, and play like the heiress to an earldom, we must not be surprised that she will also emulate the decorations of her rival. We see her imitate the coronet on lady Mary's brows: and, though miss Molly may possibly not be able to have hers of gems, foil-stones produce a similar effect; then she looks for rings, bracelets, armlets, to give appropriate grace to the elegant arts she has learned to practise; and, when she is thus arrayed, she plays away the wanton and the fool, till some libertine of fortune buys her either for a wife or a mistress.

Were girls of the plebeian classes brought up in the praise-worthy habits of domestic duties; had they learned how to manage a house, how to economize and produce comfort at the least expense at their father's frugal yet hospitable table; we should not hear of dancing-masters and music-masters, of French and Italian masters; they would have no time for them. We should not see gaudy robes and glittering trim-

kets dangling on the counter, or shining at a Sunday ordinary; they would not know where to show them:—we should not be told of seductions, or ruins: the appearance of these young women would not attract the flatterer, and their simple hearts not know the desires of luxury and vanity.

After having drawn this agreeable picture of her who has well chosen, I will leave this modern daughter of industry to her discreet and virtuous simplicity; and once more turn to her whose fortune and station render greater change and expense in apparel not only admissible but commendable. A woman with adequate means, when she fills an extensive wardrobe, encourages the arts and manufactures of her country, and replenishes the scanty purse of many a laborious family.

At this period of universal talent, articles of dress may be purchased at a price so insignificant as hardly to be named, or at the vast cost of half a fortune. A pretty muslin gown may be bought by the village girl for ten shillings; while a robe of the same material, but of a finer quality, cannot be purchased by a lady of rank for less than as many guineas. Indian muslin wrought with gold or silver is nearly as costly as the stately brocades of our ancestors, but it is infinitely more elegant.

Indeed, when we look back upon their heavy fashions, we cannot but see that in almost every respect the advantage of the change is on our side. With the stiffness of cloth of gold and embroidered tissues, have also disappeared the enormous pile of hair, furbelows, feathers, diamond towers, windmills, &c. which a certain witty poet used to denominate "the building of the head." Now, easy tresses, the shining braid, the flowing ringlet confined by the

antique comb or bodkin, give graceful specimens of the simple taste of modern beauty. Nothing can correspond more elegantly with the untrammelled drapery of our newly-adopted classic raiment than this undecorated *coiffure* of nature.

While we find that the pious bishop Latimer remonstrated with the females of his time against the monstrous superfluity of their "roundabouts, artificial hips, &c. &c." and recommended to their use the "honest *single garment*";—our moralists, equally pious, take up the argument on the contrary side, and justly condemn the too adhesive and transparent robe worn by our contemporary belles. On this subject we must dissent from the venerable reformer of the sixteenth century; and agree with those of the nineteenth, that the *single garment* (as the texture now usually is) is not a meet covering for a Christian damsel.

I am sorry to be obliged to call to your observation, my gentle friends, that the modern fair have deviated widely from that medium between the Bacchante and the Vestal, which a discreet candidate for admiration would wish to preserve. The nature of man is prone to extremities: and, flying from the heavy farthingale and the stuffed petticoat, women assume almost the Spartan guise; and, not meeting minds in the opposite sex as pure as those in Lacedæmon, no wonder that the chaste matron, called upon to foretell the consequence, should remain silent, and veil her head.

"Good sense," says La Rochefoucault, "should be the test of all rule, whether ancient or modern. Whatever is incompatible with good sense must be false." Modesty should, on the same principle, be the test of the propriety of all personal apparel or ornament: for

whatever is incompatible with her ordinances, must degrade and betray.

Hence you will perceive, my young readers, that in no case a true friend or lover would wish you to discover to the eye more of the "form divine" than can be indistinctly descried through the mysterious involvements of, at least, three successive folds of drapery. Love, friendship, and real taste, are alike delicate.

To the exposure of the bosom and back, as some ladies display those parts of their person, what shall we say? This mode (like every other which is carried to excess and indiscriminately followed) is not only repugnant to decency, but most exceedingly disadvantageous to the charms of nine women out of ten. The bosom and shoulders of a very young and fair girl may be displayed without exciting much displeasure or disgust; the beholder regards the too prodigal exhibition, not as the act of the youthful innocent, but as the effect of accident, or perhaps the designed exposure of some ignorant dresser. But, when a woman, grown to the age of discretion, of her own choice, "unveils her beauties to the sun and moon;" then, from even a Helen's charms, the sated eye turns away loathing. It has discerned the licentious heart beneath the swelling breast, and its beauties no longer captivate. Again, I repeat, the libertine, the gross Epicurean, may feast his imbruted gaze upon a form so stripped of decency; for he is a creature whose senses are bent to the earth, and the basest offerings are his banquet. But a man of delicacy, of worth, turns from the couch of sensuality, though Venus herself reposed there; and with celestial rapture clasps to his warm and noble heart the unsunned

bosom of the chaste and vestal-enclosed fair.

Were we even, in a frantic and impious passion, to set virtue aside, policy should direct our damsels to be more sparing of their attractions. An unrestrained indulgence of the eye robs imagination of her power, and prevents her consequent influence on the heart. And, if this be the case where real beauty is exposed, how much more subversive of its aim must be the studied display of an ordinary or deformed figure! The monstrous exhibition which some women make of their backs below the *scapula*, is a fashion that sets taste at defiance. Even with the fairest forms and finest skins, this practice is injurious to the desired effect. It discovers a part of the shape which, if not seen wholly, (that is, all together with the whole of the well-shaped bust) is far from being pleasing. The beauty of the back depends upon the general outline seen at once, where, with a single glance, you can take in the finely undulating line which, gently swelling from muscle to muscle, completes the perfect form. However, bad as the taste is in this respect, we must congratulate ourselves that vanity has not yet trod so far on modesty as to make her votaries unveil themselves to the waist.

Judgement, as well as decency, declares, that it is sufficient in evening and full dress to disrobe the back of the neck to the top of the delicate undulation on the rise of the shoulder. Women, according to the fineness of their skins and proportions, must accept or decline the privileges which modesty grants. It is preposterous for her who is of a brown, dingy, or speckled complexion, to disarray her neck and arms as her fairer rival may. A clear brunette

has as much liberty in this respect, as the fairest; but not so the muddy-skinned and ill-formed. A candid consideration of our pretensions on these subjects, and an impartial judgement, must decide our style of apparel, and consequently our respectability with the discerning.

Perhaps it is necessary to remind my readers, that custom regulates the veiling or unveiling the figure, according to different periods in the day. In the morning, the arms and bosom must be completely covered to the throat and wrists. From the dinner-hour to the termination of the day, the arms, to a graceful height above the elbow, may be bare, and the neck and shoulders unveiled; as far as delicacy will allow.

(To be continued.)

JEALOUSY.

(Continued from page 266.)

HELMINA, as soon as she received Ruhlberg's letter with the ring inclosed, was decided upon the conduct which it was proper to pursue. She knew that his quitting Sleswick was the best method that could be adopted in the existing circumstances. By accepting his ring, therefore, and by giving him another in return, she effectually enjoined this measure: at the same time, she did not conceive that she was exchanging with Ruhlberg a token of love, but merely that she was acknowledging her sense of his tenderness and devotion, in a manner which was due to sentiments so pure, and to a conduct so generous.

Ruhlberg received the ring; and his heart trembled with a sort of undefined and portentous dread. A future—an appalling future—seemed, in that moment, to be unveiled to his sight.

Too weak to support his griefs in solitude, he went to visit the Coun-

tess Mulhausen, of whose conduct and designs he was wholly unsuspecting. He wished, in taking leave of her upon his quitting Sleswick, to secure the privilege of corresponding with her; for he looked upon this as the most probable mean of gaining some intelligence of Helmina in his retreat. That barbarous woman coolly observed his inward despair, and triumphed in the success of her wicked schemes. Beneath the mask of friendship, she detailed every circumstance most affecting to her unhappy guest, and planted a thousand daggers in the heart which turned to her for consolation.

The mind of Ruhlberg, enfeebled by suffering, unlocked itself to this false friend; and, before he quitted her, she became possessed of two important secrets—that of his having painted the portrait of Helmina, in her character of the Holstein peasant—and that which he held much more sacred—the circumstance of her having exchanged with him a ring, in order to signify her wishes for his immediate absence from Sleswick. The unsuspecting Ruhlberg believed that his frankness must have justified his own conduct and Helmina's in the opinion of the Countess; and he little thought that he had been laying himself open to Helmina's rival, and to his own bitter enemy.

Ruhlberg quitted Sleswick a few hours after his interview with Madame Mulhausen; and, the next day, he arrived at Altona, where he had determined to fix his abode. Yet the sacrifice, made by this virtuous lover to the reputation of the woman he adored, could not silence the voice of slander, nor appease the malevolence of jealousy. Ruhlberg's departure from Sleswick was represented there as furnishing a new proof of Mrs. Patterson's misconduct.

The unfortunate Helmina was made acquainted with the general opinion by Mr. Patterson himself: he told her it was reported, that Mr. Ruhlberg did not quit Sleswick before he had triumphed over the honor of Mrs. Patterson; and he told her so with the indignation of a man who believes himself justly offended by the alienation of his wife's affections, and by the levity of her conduct, though still she may have stopped short of actual crime. This was too much for the fainting spirits of Helmina: the malady, which had so long hung upon her, now rapidly increased; and she appeared ill even to the most superficial observers. Sleswick became insupportable to her; and she entreated her husband to take her to a country residence which he had at the distance of a few miles from the city. This Mr. Patterson immediately did, as much in compliance with the entreaties of his wife, as for the sake of sheltering himself from those shafts of ridicule which he was sensible had been liberally showered upon him by the scandal-mongers at Sleswick.

But in this abode Helmina did not long remain.—Mr. Patterson had his reasons for thinking it too much in the neighbourhood of Sleswick. By some unlooked-for channel, Helmina, while in this place, might hear news of Ruhlberg; and Mr. Patterson determined, that, if he could prevent it, she should never more hear of a man who had won her heart, injured her reputation, and (as, in his jealous moments, Mr. Patterson was inclined to think) perhaps triumphed over her honor. In pursuance of his resolution, therefore, he took his wife to a castle which he possessed, at the distance of two hundred miles from Sleswick. Here he brooded over his half-formed suspicions, till they assumed the

shape of realities. In consequence of this, his behaviour to Helmina became intolerable; and, after she had lived three months in this dismal solitude, the news arrived at Sleswick of the death of this innocent creature. Her slanderers repented their cruelty too late; and rendered that justice to her character after she was lost to the world, which, had it been earlier given, would have preserved her in it.

To return to our hero—The Countess Mulhausen had gained a powerful ascendancy over his mind by the interest he took in her correspondence; and the hope of possessing his affections once more revived in her heart. She had apprised Ruhlberg of Helmina's departure for the residence so distant from Sleswick; and she had the art of appearing to participate so tenderly in the affliction which she knew this intelligence would give him, that he was overwhelmed with gratitude, and expressed himself in those affecting terms which are always assumed by an unfortunate lover, when he speaks to a friend who sympathises with him.

While Madame Mulhausen was drawing conclusions the most favorable to her wishes from every grateful expression which Ruhlberg used towards her, the news arrived at Sleswick of the death of the unfortunate Helmina. The Countess, as soon as she had heard it, influenced her husband to advise her setting out instantly for Altona, in order to soften as much as possible, to the afflicted Ruhlberg, a blow so fatal to his happiness.

Madame Mulhausen arrived at Altona: Ruhlberg saw her, looked earnestly in her face, shuddered, and dared not ask a question.—Struck with the ravages which grief had made in the appearance of this un-

happy man, and with the agitation he discovered at the sight of her, the Countess burst into tears. She was attempting to prepare him for the sad intelligence she brought, when Ruhlberg, with a look of desperate courage, stopped her; grasped her hand, and exclaimed, "One word only. Does Helmina live?"—"No!" answered the Countess in a broken voice.—That fatal word sunk into the soul of Ruhlberg. He remains in a death-like silence, and smiles bitterly at the consolations she endeavours to offer him.

Presently he ordered preparations to be made for his immediate departure from Altona; and he did so with that apathy and serenity which spring from a settled despair. "Friendship is all indulgence," said he to the Countess:—"leave me: your presence weakens my courage; and a single word from your lips might destroy it.—If I am to bear the burden of existence, it can be only at Leitmankor. If I am to die, let it be in the midst of those objects which may revive the image of my beloved." Thus saying, he threw himself into his carriage, hiding his head within his crossed arms, as though he would shut himself from the voice of man, and from the light of day.

Astonished, mortified, despairing, the Countess was persuaded that she must, for the present, resign all hope of gaining the affections of Ruhlberg: but she stopped not to consider that she had escaped his deadly hatred solely through his ignorance of her conduct and designs.

Ruhlberg arrived at Leitmankor, wasted by a devouring fever: but the lamentations which he heard there for the loss of Helmina, were sounds soothing to his heart; and his tears flowed in torrents, when he looked upon the eyes that wept for

her. So respectable was his grief, and so irresistible the influence of his irreproachable character, that those very inhabitants of Sleswick, who, by their thoughtless slanders, had effected the ruin of his happiness, waited upon him at Leitmankor, to express their sincere participation in his sorrow, and to testify their firm faith in the innocence and good conduct of the departed Helmina.

Cold to the reparation thus attempted by those whose sense of justice was awakened too late, Ruhlberg denied himself to all his visitors. Buried in profound retirement, he nourished his grief, and the sweet memorials of his passion. His imagination dwelt upon Helmina, such as he had seen her upon earth: it pursued her to heaven, and clothed her with all those celestial graces which appeared congenial to the purity of her soul. Grief, and tears, and sighs, and tenderness, hung in soft mists over the picture of the past:—hope illumined the prospect of the future. The past and the future were ever before the mind of Ruhlberg: but it dwelt not a moment upon that terrible and mysterious passage, which we call death!

(To be continued.)

Summary of the KORAN.

(From Chutfield's "Historical Review, &c. of Hindostan.")

Of the Koran it may be said, that, if it contain many sublime expressions on the being and attributes of the Supreme, its general character is altogether unworthy the high credit which has frequently been attached to it. It abounds with notions the most absurd and fantastic, and with principles the most impious and contradictory. "The whole," says an eastern traveller, "is a flat, fastidious composition, a chaos of unmeaning phrases, an emphatical declamation

on the attributes of God, from which nothing is to be learned; a collection of puerile tales, and ridiculous fables; nor would it, perhaps, be difficult to demonstrate, that the convulsions of the governments, for the last 1,200 years, and the ignorance of the people in the eastern quarter of the globe, have originated more or less immediately in the Koran and its morality." The prophet speaks of angels, genii, purgatory, or a place of rest between hell and paradise, of the state of the soul, and a resurrection, in terms too monstrous to be described. His day of judgement is a libel against the mercy, and his sensual paradise a disgrace to the purity, of the Divine Majesty. The ground work of these opinions is manifestly to be traced from purer sources; but the fancy, or craft, of the impostor has built upon it a theory more suitable to the warm temper and imagination of his countrymen. It is not, however, to be denied, that there are degrees of happiness in this paradise, nor are spiritual pleasures wholly excluded; but such delights are not brought to the level of the vulgar, who eagerly seize upon objects palpable and familiar to their senses; they are only formed to captivate the wise and the reflecting; and therefore, among the Mahomedan doctors, there are some, who, to avoid the unfavorable impression made by such descriptions, refer the luxurious images and gross conceptions of the Koran to an allegorical acceptance. These nice discriminations cannot, however, be made by the ignorant Moslem, who, whilst the choice of such pleasures is unattended with evil, and even not contradicted by the plain text of the Koran, will not hesitate to prefer the enjoyments of sense, which are obvious and intelligible, to those of pure intellect and refined abstraction.

Mahomed was severe in his prohibition of wine, in the fast of the Ramâdan, in stated prayers and ablutions, and the absolute necessity of the pilgrimage to Mecca; but the unbounded indulgence he allowed his disciples in matters of more essential importance, amply repaid them for a few trifling corporeal restraints: "God," says he to them, "is minded to make his religion light unto you, for man is weak." How different this from the un-accommodating purity of the gospel, which charges men, not only to have regard to their actions, but even to their very thoughts, so that they be just and upright!

Of the external rites prescribed by the Koran, it may be observed, that the system of ablutions was only an improvement, or rather a renewal, of the practice of all eastern nations, with whom frequent purifications were as much a religious duty, as an essential requisite of health. The Arabians, the Persians, the Indians, the Jews, all practised this rite, and attached to it peculiar degrees of sanctity. Mahomed carried this practice to the highest pitch of extravagance, imitating, in a great measure, the rigid traditions of the Hebrews. In the Koran, prayer, fasting, and alms, have each a separate scale of merit, a stated appointment, and regulation. "Prayer," said an Arabian Caliph, "carries us half way to God; fasting brings us to the door of his palace; and alms procure us admission." The Brahmins seem also to have attached the highest merit to charitable actions, and more especially to those wherein a Brahmin was concerned. They have artfully adjusted particular degrees of reward, according to the value of the gift, and assigned to their benefactors proportionate durations of bliss, in their celestial regions.

The pilgrimage to Mecca grew out of the excessive veneration of the Arabs for the Caaba, or the stone building in the temple, to which the devout pilgrims, from the most remote antiquity, had been accustomed to pay a high reverence. All the eastern nations appear to have been anxious to derive the institutes of their religion from Abraham, whose name is celebrated throughout all the east. The pagan Arabs made this patriarch the founder of their oratory, and had attached to it the most superstitious ceremonies. The prophet was, however, desirous of abolishing the reverence paid to this place: but he found the stream of prejudice so violent in its favor, that he deemed it wiser to convert its sanctity to his own purposes, and thus gain the affection of a powerful tribe, by making it the resort of his followers. According to one of his traditions, "he who dies without performing it, may as well die a Jew or a Christian;" and the observance of this pilgrimage is most strictly commanded in the Koran. Nor was this custom merely confined to the Arabs of the desert, or to the nations immediately bordering on it; but it was carried by them into all the countries which they had either subdued as conquerors, or visited as friends. Pilgrimages, therefore, became frequent from the distant quarters of the world; and it was not unusual to meet, at the sacred shrine, devotees from Spain, the islands of Europe, the shores and interior of Africa, Hindostan, and the isles of the eastern ocean. "When a Mahomedan king dies," says Tavernier, "it is the custom for his successor to send the great lords of his court to Mecca, with presents, as well to engage them to pray for the soul of the deceased, as also to give thanks to God and Mahomed, for the coming

of a new king to the throne without any impediment, and to pray for the blessing of victory over all his enemies." The Portuguese writers mention a similar circumstance in one of the kings of the coast, on their first visit to India; and nothing has probably more contributed, than the sanctity affixed to the observance of this rite, to support the long-declining credit of the Koran.

Concerning the multitude of other ceremonies which the prophet has enjoined to his disciples, he does not attempt to ground them upon any reasonable design, or to prove their subservency to any moral purposes; but contents himself with stating, that they are arbitrary appointments, not really good in themselves, but as they are commanded by God, to try the obedience of mankind, and therefore to be complied with.

On RESIGNATION to Providence.
(From Mrs. More's "Practical Piety.")

LET us confess, that in all the trying circumstances of this changeful scene, there is something infinitely soothing to the feelings of a Christian, something inexpressibly tranquillising to his mind, to know that he has nothing to do with events but to submit to them; that he has nothing to do with the revolutions of life but to acquiesce in them, as the dispensations of eternal wisdom; that he has not to take the management out of the hands of Providence, but submissively to follow the divine leading; that he has not to contrive for to-morrow, but to acquiesce to-day; not to condition about events yet to come, but to meet those which are present with cheerful resignation. Let him be thankful, that, as he could not by foreseeing prevent them, so he was not permitted to foresee them; thankful for ignorance, where knowledge

would only prolong without preventing suffering; thankful for that grace which has promised that our strength shall be proportioned to our day; thankful, that, as he is not responsible for trials which he has not brought on himself, so by the goodness of God these trials may be improved to the noblest purposes. The quiet acquiescence of the heart, the annihilation of the will under actual circumstances, be the trial great or small, is more acceptable to God, more indicative of true piety, than the strongest general resolutions of firm acting and deep submission under the most trying unborn events. In the remote case, it is the imagination which submits; in the actual case, it is the will.

“We are too ready to imagine that there is no other way of serving God but by active exertions—exertions which are often made because they indulge our natural taste, and gratify our own inclinations. But it is an error to imagine that God, by putting us into any supposable situation, puts it out of our power to glorify him; that he can place us under any circumstances which may not be turned to some account, either for ourselves or others. Joseph, in his prison, under the strongest disqualifications, loss of liberty, and a blasted reputation, made way both for his own high advancement, and for the deliverance of Israel. Daniel, in his dungeon, not only the destined prey, but in the very jaws of furious beasts, converted the king of Babylon, and brought him to the knowledge of the true God. Could prosperity have effected the former? Would not prosperity have prevented the latter?”

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 245.)

SAPPHO usually passed the even-

ing in a spacious and charming garden, which Scamandronymus had ornamented with the most beautiful statues, and an assemblage of the richest monuments of art. The infinite variety of flowers, and abundance of delicious fruit, charmed the eye by the brilliancy of their colors, and the smell by the sweetness of their perfume.—Sappho cultivated them with her own hands: she employed the flowers as living models for her pencil; and the early fruits she placed on the table of her father, where the guests applauded her skill and industry. The numerous birds which found a happy asylum in the garden, were reared and cherished under her peculiar care.

“Rhodopè!” said Sappho after a long silence, “these flowers are no longer agreeable to me. To bring water from the limpid brooks, and to support their drooping stems, was once my greatest pleasure. Now my full heart beholds them with cold indifference. These sparkling waters, whose petulance and rapidity seem to express the most lively gaiety, and to dispose the mind to joy—the cascade, which, in this grotto consecrated to silence, invites to sleep, and rolls in gentle murmurs into the marble basin, saddens by its importunate monotony, and has lost all charms for me.”

She continued her discourse, until they reached the bank of a large basin, from the middle of which arose a fountain scattering the waters in the air to an immense height, and fell again in drops of liquid crystal on the lake filled with an infinite variety of sportive fishes. The unhappy Sappho seated herself near Rhodopè on the verdant turf—silent, and immersed in the melancholy of gloomy reflexion.

The Zephyrs gently agitated the leaves of the trees laden with fruit—

waved the stems of the flowers, and sported in the scattered tresses of Sappho, whose eyes wandered on the surface of the lake.

She could no longer contain her feelings, but, in a plaintive and melancholy voice, exclaimed—"All nature is at peace: these flowers are brilliant: the air is pure and tranquil: the sky is serene: the birds warble and sport on the branches, where they find an asylum and repose: the fishes that are confined in the lake, seem to be ignorant of their slavery:—I alone, in the midst of this universal tranquillity, am the sport of the most cruel tempest."—Her tears flowed afresh, and impeded her utterance.

Rhodopè, in an accent expressive of the tenderest compassion, said—"O my daughter!—my mistress will pardon the familiarity of the expression—the violence of your grief exceeds the effects of an ordinary passion. In a moment, your love has increased to a degree of desperation, which (if I may rely on experience) it does not attain but by long and unwearied attentions.—Alas! my daughter! you are persecuted by Venus! have you ever perchance offended her? If you have, endeavour to appease her wrath by sacrifice, by offerings and prayer."

Sappho was pensive and silent: her eyes were bent to the ground; but, raising her hand to her forehead after a pause, she said sorrowfully, "Your words overwhelm me with afflicting apprehensions. Alas! can the gods delight in vengeance?"—"The gods," replied Rhodopè, "reward with liberality, and punish with rigor.—Have you forgotten the histories that you learned in your childhood—the torments of the unfortunate shades—the pains of Tantalus, of Sisypheus, and of Tityus—awful examples of the vengeance of the offended deities?"

Sappho instantly exclaimed in violent agitation, "O Venus! I now feel thy resentment in the excess of my misery."—"Have you neglected the altars of the goddess?" said Rhodopè anxiously—"or insulted the power of her son?"

"Wretch that I am! I have incurred the anger of that powerful divinity. Not long since, my mother ordered me to present two doves at the festival of Venus:—moved to pity by their lamentable tones, I loosened their bonds; and they fled to the recesses of the neighbouring woods. I now recollect with terror, that I heard a sudden clap of thunder, which undoubtedly announced some great calamity."—"O my daughter!" said the slave—"humble yourself before the power of your enemy."

They now arose, and turned their steps toward an aviary, where, among a variety of other birds, were doves, reserved and fed both for the table and the altar—living in peaceful tranquillity, ignorant of their destiny, and accustomed fearlessly to approach the hand which was to destroy them.—Happy ignorance of the future! Oh! that man, so proud of the enjoyment of reason, could taste its delights!—But the rage of accumulation, bodily disease, mental anxiety, and the fear of death—all, by sad anticipation, deprave and destroy the pleasures of the present moment.

Rhodopè chose two of the most beautiful doves, and, turning towards her mistress, "Tomorrow, at the rising of Aurora, we will carry them to the temple of Venus."—"Most willingly, my tender friend," replied Sappho, whose tears still continued to flow—oppressed at once by the torments of love and the terror of divine vengeance.

Time had flown rapidly during this conversation, in which their

hearts were so nearly interested.—Darkness closed around; and a solemn silence reigned in the air, which had lately resounded with the tuneful notes of a thousand aerial songsters. The moon arose in softened brilliancy: already her disk was visible through the intervening branches waved by the impulse of the evening Zephyrs: the sparkling fountains seemed to shine with a more silvery and softened lustre by the reflexion of the pale rays of the moon:—but, if the night was calm, the heart of Sappho was a prey to the most cruel agitation: she was overwhelmed by gloomy apprehension:—her head reclined, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her arms on her breast, she walked toward the paternal mansion, supported by Rhodopè, who in vain endeavoured, by the most tender solicitude, to give consolation to her afflicted mistress.

The Zephyr no longer breathes:—the wearied husbandman under the thatch, the warrior in his tent, the monarch under the splendid ceiling of his palace, the bird under the humid leaves, and the deer in the cave, all alike resign themselves to the charms of renovating sleep.—Sappho alone cannot close her eyes: she turns in vain on her couch, which appears a bed of thorns. In constant agitation, she sighs for the soft influence of sleep, which flies her eyelids wet with constant tears.—In a corner of the apartment stood a feeble lamp, whose pale glimmering rays sufficed to enlighten the darkness, without disturbing sleep, the friend of obscurity; and near to it sat Rhodopè, tranquilly spinning, and attentive to the slightest motion of her mistress.

Sappho, exhausted with fatigue, finds at length in the arms of sleep a transient relief from her torments:—the faithful slave perceives it—

quits her occupation to look on her mistress:—dumb and motionless, she hardly breathes, that she may not interrupt so desirable a blessing. But in vain does Morpheus pour the waters of Lethè on a heart in which Venus had kindled an undying flame: all the poppies of the fertile plains of Asia could not calm her passion. The unfortunate maid suddenly starts up, in that condition which borders between sleeping and waking:—she staggered a few paces, her eyelids half closed, and in broken sighs exclaimed—“Ah! wretched maid! Barbarous Phaon! Venus, forgive me!”

Rhodopè witnessed her delirium, and, fearing that she might fall, ran forward to support her.—At her approach, Sappho awoke to perfect recollection: the illusion of her dream disappears in the certainty of her misery.—“Cruel Rhodopè! why did you disturb the fugitive happiness which dispelled a portion of my wretchedness?” and she immediately quitted the apartment, to breathe with greater freedom.

Rhodopè, ignorant of her intention, and dreading every thing from the excess of her agitation, hastily advanced, and caught her in her arms.—“What do you fear?” said Sappho.—“Your despair,” replied Rhodopè.—“Let me contemplate the heavens,” said Sappho in a softened tone: “let my sighs exhale in liberty. I cannot breathe in this confined apartment: it increases my anguish.”—Rhodopè, who held her closely embraced, now ceased to detain her; and Sappho, looking steadfastly at the full-orbed moon, which had already attained the meridian of its course, said, “Fair Queen of night! thou wast a lover, and art perhaps a lover still. Even the immortal inhabitants of Olympus do not escape the influence of love.—

Thou quittedst the azure vault of heaven, to conceal thy love in obscurity, and to contemplate, during his sleep, the beautiful Endymion.—Have pity on me! can I, a feeble mortal, resist a power to which even the gods bow submissive?"

Her sighs and lamentations are heard no more: and now the notes of the plaintive Philomela re-echo in the expanse, and fill the air with their melancholy cadence. Sappho listens attentively to her song, and anxiously looks to the lofty shade, whence issued those doleful sounds, so analogous to her situation. At times she would recline languishingly on the turf, and in a moment rise, and walk with the utmost rapidity.—She passed the remainder of the night oppressed by the tumult and agitation of her thoughts, and listening to the mournful tones of the nightingale.—At length, Aurora appeared on the borders of the east; and already the fringe of her purple robe was visible.—The moon turned pale at her approach.—“Let us go to the temple,” said Rhodopè: “the gates open with the sun.”—“Oh goddess!” said Sappho, “be appeased: nor attribute to impiety my compassion for the feeble victims that had been intended for thy altar.”

Rhodopè now encircled the scattered tresses of her mistress with a splendid fillet, to which she attached her veil, whose folds became the sport of the morning Zephyrs: her brilliant tunic, whose colors effaced those of the beautiful Iris, was fastened beneath her palpitating breast with a golden zone; and she attached light buskins to her feet.—The toilette of Sappho finished, she threw over her shoulders a mantle, under which the offering was concealed. Sappho, followed by Rhodopè, quitted the mansion unperceived, and hastened towards the

temple of the goddess who distributes at random the most exquisite pleasures, and the most cruel torments.

As they proceed, the morning dawns: the Zephyrs gently raise their veils, and shake the trembling leaves of the forest trees, which resound with the warblings of a thousand birds singing their matin salutations to the orient sun, whose first rays gild the borders of the clouds.—Charming sight for the husbandman, who, refreshed by tranquil sleep, resumes the course of his occupations; but void of attraction for a heart cruelly wounded by love!—Sad in the midst of these smiling objects, Sappho, with faltering steps, pursued her way through flowery meads sparkling with the pearls of morning dew.

They soon reached the temple, which stood only at the distance of twice a javelin's throw from the city. It was surrounded by oaks of venerable appearance: the sacred front towered high above their green summits, floating in the wind.—The gates were already open.—All around is one vast portico, supported by columns of white marble, to which were attached the gifts offered to the goddess. The sanctuary resounds with the voices of the priestesses, who sing the morning hymn in honor of the divinity; and the fumes of the sacrifices ascend to the arched roofs in spiry volumes of smoke.

The trembling Sappho was struck with religious awe on entering the temple:—when she came opposite the statue of Venus, she placed at her feet the offering of the two doves:—with downcast eyes, and her arms across her breast, she prayed aloud to the powerful deity.—At a short distance, stood Rhodopè, whose posture indicated servent invocation. “O powerful goddess! I

suffer from the most envenomed arrow of thy son.—With thy own hand, thou hast dipped it in mortal poison. Some pleasure is usually mingled with the pains of love: but, as for me, I yet have experienced only the latter.—The various torments, which afflict unfortunate lovers, are all united in me. I love to desperation, without being loved in return; and, to fill up the measure of my distress, thou hast refused me the power to please, after having prodigally bestowed it on him for whom I die! Be appeased, lovely and powerful goddess! If I have deprived thy altars of two doves, accept these—accept me as thy willing victim.—If thou takest pleasure in vengeance, let this suffice:—behold into what an abyss of misery I am fallen, even at the first step—I, the most wretched of lovers!”—Thus prayed Sappho, whose cheeks were furrowed with un-availing tears.

(To be continued.)

Curious CAVERNS near NOTTINGHAM.

(From the “Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet.”)

THE excavations in the park of the duke of Newcastle (which lies contiguous to the castle, seated nobly on the verge of a high precipitous rock, at the western end of the town of Nottingham) are not only the largest of the kind in England, but the most singular for their curious structure and magnificence. They are formed in a low cliff, where the rocky stratum terminates abruptly, and from whose base extend those rich and beautiful meadows through which the river Trent pursues his winding and rapid course.

There are no records or documents of any sort extant, by which the origin of these caverned habitations might be ascertained; nor is

there, perhaps, such an assemblage of apartments in any rock in Europe. We cannot hesitate, however, in referring the formation of them to the most ancient times; and, as the whole is left to conjecture, without a violation of probability, they may be ascribed, in their rudest state to the aborigines of the island, when, before the invasion by Julius Cæsar, they made their habitations among rocks and woods; or in the period of their succeeding invaders, from whose irresistible power the Britons, vanquished and dismayed, might have escaped, and here sought for shelter in secret caves, surrounded by woods, which, in those times, might have been to the enemy impervious. In more peaceful days, these rude abodes, which had been the asylum of terrified fugitives, may have been converted to the use of religion, and occupied by anchorets, or by communities of holy persons, before that period had arrived when the minds of men had become more enlightened, and the intercourse of society, assisted by mutual want, had instructed them to look out for more comfortable habitations, and to raise monasteries. The cell of the hermit was not invariably separated and solitary. The persecutions of Decius and Valerian, we are told, drove numbers of pious Christians to a life of prayer and abstinence, in wild places, remote from towns; and it is a fact not to be questioned, that several ancient eremites, as St Antony, &c. though they abstracted themselves from general society, and lived recluse in deserts, were yet accompanied by other persons of similar habits and cast of temper.

In these excavations, which constitute a most singular and grotesque appearance, when viewed in the extent of the whole front of the rock, are to be traced an assemblage of

perforations; among them is a kitchen, hollowed through the sandy stratum to the upper surface; there is likewise the appearance of a dovecote, with a great variety of cells, one of which may be considered as having been a chapel.... With the exception of the more magnificent structure at Stonehenge, there is none in the kingdom so curious perhaps as this, or more deserving of antiquarian inspection; and, thus 'practised in the living rock,' it is said (though the assimilation is probably nothing but the effect of fancy, or of a confused recollection) that it bears a strong resemblance to the chapel formed in the rocks at Bethlehem, and other places in the Holy Land. Like those excavated places of worship, this has pillars hewn out of the solid mass of stone in the ruder style of Gothic architecture, which give their support to a vaulted roof, fashioned also into compartments of a similar cast. On the face of the rocks steps are yet visible, which may be inferred to have led to an upper apartment, now mouldered away; as, indeed, has been the case with a considerable part of this edifice, the joint composition of nature and of art. From the appearance which it now makes, there is little to convey to the spectator an idea of its having been the continued abode of man. In the rudest state of society, we find, in a degree accommodated to the climate of the country, appropriate conveniences, and effectual shelter from the inclemencies of the seasons; but here we see no vestiges either of one or the other—there are no cells of retirement, nor rooms of any description, which are not exposed to the weather. In the hermitage at Warkworth in Northumberland, and in the sequestered retreats at Wettersel, on the river Eden, near Carlisle, we are in admiration at the

snugness and comfortable disposition of the several rooms; and it would therefore be absurd to suppose that principles, which must be acknowledged to be general, and to have been universally adopted by men in similar situations, should not have occurred to the recluses who had excavated for themselves places of adobe or of concealment amongst these rocks at Nottingham. There is analogy in most things, and from common usage we are warranted in our determinations on a particular instance; from such reasoning then I cannot hesitate to conclude, that very much of the external part of the 'Rock Holes' has, by time, or some other as efficient cause, been removed; and that what is now seen as the superficies of the rock, was, in former times, the inner walls of rooms in several places.

Thus singular in their nature, unique in their appearance, it may be considered rather as an odd circumstance, that these excavations should have been so little described or made known to the world. By the ingenious Dr. Thornton they have been noticed in his provincial History; and from the few remarks which he has made on them, it might have been supposed, that the attention of the curious would have been attracted to further investigation, and to a more minute antiquarian research. In times not very remote, local tradition (however deficient in other more important recitals) affirms, that this retreat was surrounded by trees, which, overshadowing it with their branches, may be supposed to have cast a solemn gloom around the consecrated spot, and to have rendered the scene more fit for solitude and abstracted meditation. The river Leen, in many a playful meander, flows round the very skirts of the rock, excluding

all access to it, but where an artificial passage has been formed on the side towards the castle, and by a reflexion from its waters of the monuments of the piety and industry of ancient times, gives an embellishment highly pleasing and picturesque to the scenery.

The stone of this cliff being of a dry, porous, free, sandy nature, was admirably adapted to the uses to which it has been applied; and, in a variety of places on the eastern skirts of the town, it occurred to my observation, that the suburban inhabitants had taken a hint from these excavations, and had formed for themselves houses, whose walls were of a more ancient date than those of the tower of Babel, or of the pyramids.

On this aspect in particular there are hollows in the rock, which, to this day, retain the name of 'The Hermitage;' and, in the meadows at Sneinton, where a pleasant pathway leads to Colwick, the seat of John Musters, esq. there is the most grotesque assemblage of natural and artificial composition—houses upon the cliff and below it; houses in front of it and within it; in short, in almost every possible mode that ingenuity could invent, or persevering industry execute. No less whimsical than uncommon is the appearance which such an intermixture exhibits; and it adds to a stranger's admiration, when, on a stricter survey, he discovers curiosities of a similar, though more laborious nature, consisting of vaults and cellars, hewn out of the rock, beneath the foundations of almost every old house in the town, some of which are of so great a depth as to require a hundred steps to conduct the curious explorer to the bottom, where, in one instance at least, at the Blackmore's Head inn, he will meet with the additional

gratification of beholding a pond of water usually filled with tench or carp.

These cellars (for whose extreme depth I can find no sufficient cause) are supposed to have been excavated at a very remote period, whilst, over them, during a succession of ages, buildings have fallen to decay, and been restored in a more modern style of architecture. From them, and a variety of other 'Subterranea,' did the town acquire its appellation; Nottingham being no more, as antiquarians inform us, than a soft contraction of the Saxon word Snottengaham, whose signification is '*Speluncarum Domus**.'

. *Of the Castle, mentioned in the preceding extract, the following particulars are subjoined.*

Standing on the verge of an abrupt and deep precipice, when in its castellated state, it must have exhibited a most romantic, and, on this aspect, an impregnable appearance. In a very early period, as an earth-work, it seems to have been possessed by the Britons, from the vast slaughter of whom, by Humber, a piratical chieftain of the north, it acquired the title of the Dolorous Hill, or Golgotha. Afterwards, when it boasted a tower, by the obstinate defence of a body of Danes, it held out in a long siege against the kings of Mercia and of the West Saxons. Nor was it esteemed less highly as a place of defence by the Normans; for, almost immediately after the conquest of the kingdom, a castle was erected by William Peveral, a natural son of the Conqueror; which structure, during several of the succeeding reigns, acquired such strength as (by additional buildings, and, on two sides, the unapproachable nature of the rock) to be enabled to withstand all the aggressions of open force that

* *The House of Caverns.*

were made upon it in after times. Into the very centre, however, of the fortress did the enterprising Edward III. penetrate, and therein seize Mortimer, earl of March, and the queen mother : but this was effected by the mean of a subterraneous passage, excavated through the bowels of this vast rock, and forming, by steps, a communication from the summit to its base, which opened into the meadows by the Leen side, and was probably intended by the founder of the castle as a sally-port, or way by which men or provisions, in case of a siege, might be introduced. To this incident it is indebted for the appellation, which it even now retains, of Mortimer's Hole. In consequence of the effectual stand which it made for Charles I. when the civil wars were at an end, Cromwell ordered it to be demolished ; and it was sold by the duke of Buckingham (to whom, after the restoration, it was granted) to the duke of Newcastle, who built the present edifice on its ruins, and in whose family it still remains.

Vigilance of the French POLICE under the old Government.

(*Excerpt of a Letter from an American Officer to General Miranda, in March, 1788.*
—From *Ante para on South American Emancipation*.)

AFTER we* parted at Vienna, on the 26th of October, 1785, I travelled with the greatest expedition, and was so fortunate as to fall in with a French officer and his servant, travelling in a Turkish dress from Constantinople to Paris, express. As our objects were similar, viz. to get to Paris with all possible dispatch, I invited the officer to take

a seat with me, and permit my servant to travel with his, which he readily consented to. We moved with great diligence and expedition day and night, and arrived at Paris between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 6th of November. We parted at the barrier gate, and I ordered my postillion to drive to the hotel of Louis XVI. *rue Richelieu*. On my arriving, and asking the master of the house if I could be accommodated with apartments, he answered in the affirmative, but politely begged my name ; on giving it, his countenance brightened, and, bowing, he said he had expected the honor of seeing me ten days or a fortnight past, hoped I had an agreeable journey, and if I would do him the honor of following him, he would do himself the honor of showing me my apartments. The presence of the man, and his superabundant civility, you will doubtless conclude, excited my curiosity, and induced me, after I had seen my apartments, to inquire how he came to know it was my intention to visit Paris, and particularly to put up at his house. He answered me, that Lieutenant-General **** had informed him of it, and since called twice, to know whether I had arrived ; and being very anxious to show me every civility in his power, had requested to be informed the moment of my arrival, which, with my permission, he would instantly do. I gave the permission solicited, but was much perplexed to know who this lieutenant-general was, that had conceived such an affection for me. You will doubtless be solicitous to know how this man in Paris knew that I was travelling through Europe, and proposed visiting Paris in my way to London, and intended to take lodgings, during my stay, at the hotel of Louis XVI. *rue Richelieu*.

* The writer, and general Miranda, against the latter of whom the jealousy of the Spanish court was already awakened at this early period.

It astonished me at the time, as much as the detail of it now can surprise you. I never had communicated it to any one: I had not even told you of it; for it was a matter of very little consequence; but on taking a retrospective view of what had passed, and referring to my memorandum-book, I found, that, one day at dinner with the marquis de la Fayette, at Potsdam, in Prussia, when several French officers were at table, attended each by their respective servants, the marquis recommended, when I came to Paris, that I should lodge at this hotel. Out of compliment to him, I took out my pocket-book at table, and noted the name of the hotel and street, and never more thought on the subject, until the postillion, on entering Paris, asked me where he should drive. I then directed him to the place above-mentioned. From hence I conclude, the only way my intention could have been known, must have been by a communication from some one of those servants attending at the marquis's table to this particular friend of mine, the lieutenant-general, or at his office; for I have since discovered, that French travelling servants keep more accurate journals than some of their masters, and are in the habit of reporting, on their return, (to the police) whatever they may suppose will ingratiate themselves with its officers, or yield them a few livres in return.

After getting my breakfast and dressing myself, I waited on Mr. Jefferson, our minister at Paris, and in the course of conversation related the singular circumstance that had occurred on my arrival, and mentioned the name of the general (which I do not now recollect) who had been thus polite; and asked him if he recollected any one of that name, who had served in America,

for I could conceive of no other circumstance that could have made me known to a French general.

Mr. Jefferson, laughing much, told me it was the *lieutenant-general of the police*, and hoped he did not intend further to display his partiality for me, by accommodating me with apartments in his palace, the Bastille. This tended further to excite my curiosity, rather than alarm my fears. But, to proceed further with this curious detail—on my return to my lodgings in the evening, my servant Louis told me a gentleman had called and made inquiries after my health, and the health of the gentleman who travelled with me, and asked whether we lodged together. Louis, supposing he inquired after the Turkish officer who came with me to Paris, answered in the negative, and told him we had parted at the barrier gate, and that he did not know where he lodged. He was then asked, whether it was the same gentleman who had set out with me from London, and was with me in Prussia. Louis said no; that that gentleman we had left at Vienna; that the other was one who had overtaken us on the road. He quite fretted the servant with his pointed inquiries, and doubts of the truth of what he told him; and, refusing to leave his name, which the servant asked, said he would call again when his master would be at home.

This interview between the visitor and my servant took place about twelve o'clock; about four in the afternoon, another person came, and, in the porter's lodge, having formed an acquaintance with Louis, *pro hoc*,* and having drank together, pressed further interrogatories relative to my companion; for it seems, my friend, it was you they hoped to

* For the purpose, or occasion.

see, and not me: but being constantly and honestly answered, that his master had left you at Vienna, I was not honored by a visit from the lieutenant-general of the police, nor my servant further interrogated.

The next day, I think, or in a very short time, I visited the marquis de la Fayette, who scarcely gave himself time to salute me, before he exclaimed, "I hope to God, my dear friend, your companion, Col. Miranda, has not come with you!" I told him you had not, that I had left you at Vienna. He said he was extremely happy to hear it, and begged me, if I wrote, to insist upon your not coming to Paris; for, if the Count d'Aranda* should know you were in Paris, he (La Fayette) would be extremely apprehensive for your fate.

*The Spanish minister at the French court.

DEFENCE of WOMEN.

(Continued from page 258.)

CHAP. XX.

I SHALL pass over many other learned women, who have adorned Germany and various European countries, that I may conclude with an example which is recent in Asia, to show that the merits of women are not confined to the continent of Europe.

This example is the beautiful, the virtuous, and the noble *Sitti Maani**, wife of the celebrated traveller, Peter de la Valle, a Roman cavalier.

Maani was born in Mesopotamia; by which circumstance that favored province, in which it is supposed that the garden of Eden was planted, became the birth-place of two Rachels; since Haran, in which the beloved wife of Jacob lived, was a village of Mesopotamia. Maani having acquired celebrity from her earliest

* *Sitti* is a title of honor among the Persians, and equivalent to that of *Lady*.

years, not less for the generosity of her character and the quickness of her understanding than for the extreme loveliness of her person, her fame excited in Peter de la Valle an earnest desire to see her; and, having convinced himself that she deserved the eulogiums which were conferred upon her, he sought her in marriage. After they were united, Maani renounced the Chaldean persuasion, to embrace the catholic religion, and also converted her parents. The attainments of this amiable Asiatic are almost incredible; since, in a few years, (for her life was short) she not only acquired all the knowledge which was to be obtained in her native country, where the sciences are considered as strangers, but she became conversant with twelve different dialects: her knowledge continued increasing, and her virtues improving, till her death. She possessed not only the excellencies peculiar to her sex, but so great a courage, that she assumed arms, and assisted her husband in several encounters.

This fair one, so extraordinary not only for her merits but her travels, caught, during a journey to Ormuz, a fever, which might truly be called malignant, and which carried her off in the twenty-third year of her age, to the deep regret of all who had known this modern Rachel, so perfectly resembling her predecessor, that it seemed as if nature and fortune had combined to complete the parallel. Both were Mesopotamians, both transcendently beautiful, both espoused to men of great merit, and of countries distant from their own: they both renounced the worship of their forefathers, to follow the religion of their husbands, and quitted their native land, to accompany them in their wanderings; and at last they both died in the flow-

er of their age, and as they were travelling with their husbands.—But, at this last fatal transit, it seems that Peter de la Valle surpassed the patriarch in tenderness of conduct. Jacob interred his Rachel on the spot where she died,* though he would have shown more respect to her memory by paying the same honor to her remains, which he desired for his own, when he enjoined his son Joseph to convey them to the sepulchre of his fathers in Hebron.—Peter de la Valle, on the contrary, having embalmed the body of his beloved Maani, and inclosed it in a costly sarcophagus, carried it about with him during four years that he continued in Asia; and his eyes remained as faithful to the contemplation of her lifeless remains, as his heart and memory were to the consecration of her virtues. On his arrival at Rome, he deposited her reliques in the tomb of his ancestors, and celebrated the obsequies of his wife with almost unequalled magnificence, pronouncing himself a funeral oration, during which his eyes told more than his lips could utter; and at last his speech was completely interrupted by a torrent of more eloquent tears; and this testimony of his regret was acknowledged to be the most appropriate eulogium, by the sympathising multitude to whom his harangue was addressed.

CHAP. XXI.

In the foregoing enumeration of learned women, I have omitted many moderns, to avoid prolixity, and all the ancients, because their names are recorded in a variety of books. It suffices if I have demonstrated that almost all those women who have devoted themselves to literature, have been eminent for their attainments; while, among a hundred men who have studied, we find perhaps but three or four who

are really learned.

But, as this observation might induce women to consider themselves as our superiors, it is but just to obviate so arrogant a presumption, by remarking that this difference in the advantages they derive from study, must be attributed to the influence of custom, by which no women are invited to literary pursuits, except such as discover a peculiar propensity for them; whereas all men are forced to application in their youth, without much consideration of their natural bias: and therefore, as the generality of both sexes have but moderate abilities, it must follow that few students will excel in the career which is pointed out to all.

My opinion, therefore, is, that no inferiority exists in the capacities of either sex: but, if women, with the view of more effectually silencing their obstinate despisers, should pass from the defensive to the offensive, and pretend to claim a superiority over us, they might defend their cause with all the arguments which are brought against them; since the maxims with which they are attacked, may with greater verisimilitude be used in their favor. And to this they might add the authority of Aristotle, who says in various places, that, in every species of animals, particularly including the human race, the females are more subtle and more ingenious than the males. One passage in particular (in the ninth book of his history of animals) in which he concedes to women the advantage not only in docility, but in ingenuity, ought to carry conviction to the admirers of that philosopher. But I would caution the fair sex not to rely too implicitly on the evidence of Aristotle, because, although, in the passage alluded to, he honors them with the superiority in perspicacity, a little further on he reproaches them

with the greater share of malice : and, when he afterwards accords to them the noble attribute of compassion in preference to men, he invalidates it by charging them with the vices of envy, detraction, and bitterness.—I know not, therefore, whether they will accept, on these terms, the superiority which the philosopher accords them : but it must be owned, that, when he, who says so much evil against them, has still allowed them to excel us in ingenuity, he cannot have made this concession on slight grounds.

CHAP. XXII.

It is now right to say something of the ability of women in those more liberal arts which they do not commonly exercise, as in painting and sculpture. Very few females have dedicated themselves to those pursuits : but, among these, some excellent artists have appeared. I have already said how eminent the admirable *Maria Schurman* became in painting, sculpture, and engraving.—In Italy, three sisters were celebrated painters. *Sophonisba*, *Lucia* and *Europa d'Angosciola* : the first of these was engaged in the service of Isabella, queen of Spain, and consort of Philip the second : and her reputation was so great, that Pope Pius IV. requested to have a portrait of the queen from the pencil of *Sophonisba*.

Irene di Spilimberg, a Venetian, was so excellent in the same art, that her pictures were often mistaken for those of Titian, with whom she was contemporary. She died at the age of twenty-six, regretted and lamented even by her rivals.

Theresa de Po acquired great celebrity at Naples by her paintings ; and some exquisite performances of hers are to be seen in the cabinet of her excellency the marchioness de Villena, who caused them to be

executed during the time in which she was vice--queen of Naples.

Italy has produced women who have been equally famous for sculpture.

Propertia de' Rossi was generally admired for her finely-designed and well-executed statues in marble : but the admirable *Lavinia Fontana* excelled her and all other female sculptors.

We hear but of one paintress in France ; but she was of the first eminence.

Isabella Sophia de Chéron, known by the name of *Madame Le Hai*, besides being a correct poetess and musician, was most excellent in the art of painting ; and her reputation was so high, that the Dauphin, son of Louis the Great, employed her to paint himself and his children. Casimir the Vth. who abdicated the throne of Poland, did the same, and the example was followed by the prince of Condé and most of the French nobility. The emperor Joseph invited her to Vienna, and offered her a considerable pension : she refused, however, to quit France ; upon which he sent her models of his own face, and those of all the imperial family, that she might paint their portraits from them.—Her correctness of design and coloring being extreme, her facility was no less remarkable, since she could support a conversation on any subject, without interrupting the progress of her work. But the generous and Christian-like actions of her pious spirit were still more lovely and astonishing than the creations of her pencil ; and she died, with all the serenity which her life and faith were calculated to inspire, in the year 1711.

In music, we see more evidently the equality of the two sexes with regard to the fine arts, since the pro-

gress which women make in music, is always as great as ours; and music-masters find it at least as easy to communicate the principles of their art to girls as to boys.—I am acquainted with one female musician, who was a composer before she had attained her fifteenth year; and with many others, whose execution has been admired, and whose taste and science have been consulted by the first masters.

(To be continued.)

Anecdote of J. J. ROUSSEAU.

(From Hardy's Memoirs of the Earl of Chateaufort.)

When, after having quarrelled with Flume and all his English friends, Rousseau was bent on making his escape, as he termed it, into France, he stopped at a village between London and Dover, and from thence wrote to General Conway, then secretary of state, informing him, that, although he had got so far with safety, he was well apprised, that the remainder of his route was so beset by his inexorable enemies, that, unprotected, he could not escape. He, therefore, solemnly claimed the protection of the king, and desired that a party of cavalry might be immediately ordered to escort him to Dover. This letter General Conway showed to me*, together with his answer, in which he assured him that the postillions were, altogether, a very sufficient guard throughout every part of the king's dominions.

Interesting Remarks on WATER.

(From Parkes's "Chemical Catechism.")

FROM experiments we see, that water becomes of less specific gravity, whether it be heated above or cooled below 42° 5', The

* The Earl of Chateaufort, who relates the anecdote.

wisdom and goodness of the great artificer of the world will manifest itself in this arrangement, if we consider what would have been the consequences, had water been subject to the general law, and, like other fluids, become specifically heavier by the loss of its caloric. In winter, when the atmosphere became reduced to 32°, the water on the surface of our rivers would have sunk as it froze; another sheet of water would have frozen immediately, and sunk also; the ultimate consequence of which would have been, that the beds of our rivers would have become repositories of immense masses of ice, which no subsequent summer could unbind; and the world would shortly have been converted into a frozen chaos. How admirable the wisdom, how skilful the contrivance, that, by subjecting water to a law contrary to what is observed by other fluids, the water, as it freezes, becomes specifically lighter, and, swimming upon the surface, performs an important service, by preserving a vast body of caloric, in the subjacent fluid, from the effects of the surrounding cold, ready to receive its own accustomed quantity, upon the first change of the atmosphere. These reflexions, perhaps, will not be thought misplaced, should they but afford

"One ray of light in this terrene abode,
To prove to man the goodness of his
God!"

On BENEVOLENCE.

(From the Reformer.)

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity; and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment to one another. Every

man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice, of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are quarrelling with each other.

The one half of the misery of human life might be extinguished, if men would alleviate the general curse entailed on them, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. It gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, diminishes in some measure the deformity of vice, and makes even folly supportable.

Without some degree of benevolence and good-nature, no society or conversation could be maintained in the world; at least there must be something which bears the semblance and affectation of it. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For, if we examine the nature of that quality, we shall find it to be only an imitation and mimicry of good-nature; or, in other words, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper, reduced into an art.

These appearances of humanity render a man very popular and beloved, when they are founded upon real good-nature, but, without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Humanity is generally born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it, where they find it; but nothing can produce it, where it is not spontaneous. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitu-

tion, which education may improve, but not produce. Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which, he tells us, he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that, while his soul returned to *him* from whence it came, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind; for which reason, he gave his sons a positive order, not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such unbounded humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind. Such is the happy state of every humane person, whose daily study it is to improve in the practice of all the social virtues, which he finds will give employment to the most industrious temper, and fill up the interstices of time to the most active stations of life. To assist others with your advice, to give alms to the necessitous poor, and to administer comfort to the sick, are duties which we may daily practise: to support a deserving character; to mollify the malicious, assuage the violent, and open the eyes of the prejudiced, are all of them employments highly becoming a reasonable creature; and afford peculiar satisfaction to a humane and reflecting mind. These are a part of the offices of benevolence, the practice

of which are a never-failing source of intellectual pleasure to a feeling mind, and which so far surpass the beggarly pleasures of sense, that the one are not to be named with the other: and every person may rely upon it, that, having once tasted the pleasure ever attendant upon acts of kindness to his fellow-creatures, he will, in the comparison, estimate sensual pleasures at a very low rate. Such is the transcendent goodness of the eternal father of all mercies, that he hath most wisely annexed such delightful feelings in the soul of man to the practice of all the social virtues, more particularly to that of philanthropy, as being the quality which approaches the nearest to himself, and which he is perpetually exercising towards us; although, such is our unpardonable inattention and thoughtlessness, through our minds being too much occupied in the concerns of the perishing things of this life, and likewise with the gratification of our ruling passions, that we do not, as we ought, daily offer up the tribute of grateful and thankful hearts to him for all his kindnesses vouchsafed unto us. Therefore it should appear, that the great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present; to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbalance all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at onetime from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at another against the threats of calamity.

Now it is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-

existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man, is not acknowledged to be the glory and happiness of his being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and our reflexions are not sufficiently profound to induce us to receive religion as the most noble incentive to great and worthy actions. Through our weakness we are prompted to believe, that, upon a scrutiny into our most secret thoughts, we shall find ourselves wholly disinterested and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory. But, however self-elevated spirits may, at the first view, disdain to do any thing unless prompted by themselves, without any regard to this or future existence; they will find, on a closer inspection, that to look for reward only in the life to come, is as elevated a pitch of virtue, as it is possible for human nature to reach. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than as rendering obedience to the commands of the deity, it will necessarily follow, that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the want of true Christian fortitude in men when they conform themselves to the doctrinal rites of religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it, at first view, all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can do an act of charity

unnoticed, who can subdue hatred, do good to his reviler, who can never be angry with his friends; or revengeful to his enemy; such a man, I say, is formed for the benefit of society; yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

Cure for COLDS and COUGHS.

By Major SPENCER COCHRANE.

(From the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.)

TAKE half a pound of the heads of the large white poppy without any of the seeds, the heads just ripe and moderately dried: put them into three quarts of boiling water: let them boil gently, till the liquor is reduced to one quart: squeeze the poppies well in a cloth to strain out the liquor: boil the liquor again slowly to one pint and strain it: then add to it a pint of white wine vinegar, and one pound of raw sugar. Let them boil gently to the consistence of a syrup: then add thereto spirit or elixir of vitriol to make it gratefully acid. The dose I have recommended for adults is one or two tea-spoonfuls, but never exceeding three, on going to bed. If the cough continues violent, two more may be taken the following morning. One dose sometimes cures, two generally; and I have never had occasion to employ it more than thrice. For young children one tea-spoonful is sufficient.

Historical Sketch of COINS.

(From K. Uy's "Universal Cambist.")

BEFORE coins were adopted as a circulating medium, the precious metals were used, and particularly silver. They were cut into different sizes, forms, and weights, a practice which is still retained in China and some other remote parts of the world.

It does not appear from scripture that any coins were struck by the Jews till the time of the Maccabees, their money before that period being pieces of silver of certain weights, such as shekels, talents, and drachms.

Herodotus, the most ancient heathen historian, ascribes the inventions of coins to the Lydians; and Pliny attributes it to Bacchus. Lycurgus ordered that iron money only should be used at Sparta, which seems to imply that a better kind had been previously known.

The introduction of copper coins into Italy is ascribed to Janus or Saturn; and, according to Pliny, silver was not coined at Rome until the year 480 of that city, nor gold until the year 640; but both gold and silver coins were used in Greece, Persia, and Egypt, long before.

After the arrival of the Romans in England, the Britons are said to have imitated them in coining both gold and silver; and the Saxons and Danes had mints in different cities and towns.

The coinage of William the Conqueror was on the following simple plan: the pound in weight and the pound in tale (*i. e.* in reckoning) were the same. This weight was the tower or moneyer's pound, which had been used by the Saxons, and which was lighter than the pound Troy by three quarters of an ounce Troy.

This plan of coinage is said to have been first adopted by Charlemagne, in France, in the eight century; which probably gave rise to the livre, which is divided into 20 sous, and each sou into 12 deniers: and hence also the origin of the pound sterling.

Thus, in the year 1066, the Tower pound of standard silver was worth 20 shillings in tale; and this price increased until the year 1601,

when it was fixed at the present rate, that is, 62s. for the pound Troy.

The silver penny or sterling was minted with a deep cross. When it was broken into two parts, each was called a *half-penny*, and when into four, each part was called a *fourth-thing*, or farthing. Larger silver pieces of four-pence, were soon after coined, which were called *greams*, or groats.

As to gold coins, the first after the Norman conquest, according to *Snelling*, was struck by order of Henry III. in the year 1257. It was of pure gold, weighing twopence of silver, and was to pass for twenty pence: it was called the *Gold Pennie*. The same author observes, that the king tried this expedient of coining gold through necessity, and that the city of London made a representation against this measure.

The next gold coinage in England was in the year 1344, when the Florin was struck, which took its name from *Florence*, where it had been first minted in 1252. It was afterwards coined in most countries of Europe: in Germany it was called the *Gulden*, and in Holland the *Gulder*, on account of its being gold. The Florin, however, has been long a silver coin: and, in some places it is adopted as the unit for keeping accounts, like the pound sterling in England.

Silver coin was considered in England the only legal standard of value, until the year 1728; and gold coins fluctuated in their price according to the plenty or scarcity of that metal. The guinea, which was first minted in 1621, was issued at 20s.; but it afterwards varied, both in its current price and rate of coinage, until the above period of 1728, when it was fixed at its present value of 21s.; and then it became a legal tender.

It has been a question of doubt since that period, whether silver or

gold should be the legal measure of value. Mr. Locke and several other authorities state it to be silver; some are for both metals; but Lord Liverpool, in his very elaborate Work "*On the Coins of the Realm*," observes, that "Coins, which are the principal measure of property, should be composed of one metal only, and that this metal should be gold. The question, however, seems decided, with respect to large payments, by an act of parliament, passed in the year 1799, which states, that silver shall not be a legal tender for any sum above 25l."

Coins are liable to many imperfections, disorders, and frauds, such as abrasion, filing, clipping, and fabrication; and to these may be added the fluctuating price of the metal itself, which is intended as a standard or measure of value; and this inconvenience is greatly increased, by having two rival metals adopted as standards, which are liable to variation in their relative as well as positive prices.

The pound in tale was divided into twenty shillings, and the shilling into twelve pence or sterlings; and the pound weight was divided into twelve ounces, and the ounce into twenty pennyweights: thus, each penny or sterling was one pennyweight, or twenty-four grains.

PLEASURE and VIRTUE; *a Vision.*
By the Author of the "Exemplary Mother."

TOWARDS the close of the summer, while I was on a visit to a friend in a beautiful part of the country, I was tempted one delicious morning to ramble out at an early hour; and, having strayed through several pleasant fields, I arrived at the foot of a hill, which I fancied would afford me an extensive and sublime prospect. Several paths, however, presented themselves to

my choice. That which appeared most direct, was steep and rugged ; and others, which seemed more circuitous, led ultimately, as I supposed, to the summit of the hill. Being a little fatigued, I chose one which wound most pleasantly through the shrubs and open groves with which the foot of the mountain was encircled.

The fragrance of the air, perfumed with a thousand flowers, the melody of birds which sung from every spray, the sound of distant waterfalls, and the glimmering view of verdant pastures, and a varied country, which glided past the eye through the openings of the trees, enchanted my senses, and drew me on, unconsciously, to a considerable distance from the spot where I began to deviate. The path was smooth and easy, and at first I imagined it was conducting me, by degrees, to a loftier elevation ; but at last I perceived that it began to descend, and was leading me too far from the mountain. I was determined to elimb. It became likewise more rugged and uneven as I advanced, and on a sudden brought me to the edge of a precipice of rock, at the foot of which was a pool of water, encompassed by a wide morass.

Sorry to be thus disappointed, I returned as swiftly as possible, though I met with more interruptions than I had before observed, and at last, arriving at the narrow path, I began sturdily to ascend it. It was rather tiresome at first ; but the difficulties vanished as I ascended ; the path itself became more easy ; a noble horizon opened around me, and the desire of reaching the summit animated my courage, and gave me strength to overcome every obstacle ; so that it was not long before I attained the highest peak, from whence the most glorious prospect

that the imagination can conceive, repaid me for my first deviation and subsequent exertions. Having examined the view with delight, I sat down to rest from the fatigue of the ascent ; and, as I was reflecting on my morning's walk, and allegorising the incidents which had occurred to diversify it, I insensibly fell asleep, and the visions of my fancy recalled the images which had been presented to my waking eye.

Merthought I stood on a point of the hill commanding a view of the paths which had distracted my attention in the early part of the morning, as well as of the rich and woody scenery through which I had wandered in my approach to its foot.

" This hill, with the surrounding country," said the voice of some invisible attendant, " is the region of life. Various paths intersect it in diverse directions ; but there is only one which is truly called the path of life, and which leads directly to the summit of glory." As my unseen companion spoke these words, I beheld a company of young people, of both sexes, advancing through the meadows below. They appeared full of gaiety and glee, stopped to pick the flowers with which the pastures were bespangled, laughed and frolicked with various diverting gambols, and strayed along, singing and dancing, as if unconscious where they were going, or ignorant which way they should direct their steps. The hill, however, seemed to attract the attention of some, and they all gradually approached its boundaries. Here they appeared, for a short time, perplexed with the diversity of the paths : but, without much consideration, most of them dashed forward with eagerness in that which they selected, as if determined to run a race with each other to the top of the mountain. I observed, however,

that one path in particular attracted the greater number of the youthful throng. It was broad, and smooth, and pleasant, bordered with flowers and aromatic shrubs; and beside it stood a beautiful female, lightly arrayed, who with bewitching smiles invited every passenger to pursue its windings. A female equally beautiful, but of a more dignified aspect, and more modestly clad, stood on the right hand of this attractive road, and pointed to a narrow path which led in a straight direction up the mountain. "My young friends," said she, with a smile of celestial sweetness, "let me detain you for a moment. You are all capable of attaining the summit of this mountain, on which is placed the temple of glory and happiness, if you will use your own exertions under my guidance. This is the path by which you will directly ascend to it; and, however you may deviate, if you ever wish to obtain a place in that splendid temple, to this path you must assuredly return. I am sorry to be obliged to guard you against the delusions of my sister, Pleasure, who is now beckoning you away to the groves of dissipation. If you will follow me, you will find I have sufficient power to induce her to join our company, and to smooth the apparent ruggedness of my path; but if you give yourselves up to her dominion, I cannot promise to be with you always; and without my aid, you will be in danger of losing yourselves in a labyrinth, or being precipitated into a gulf which you do not foresee."

Almost all seemed to listen with satisfaction to the advice of Virtue; but a smile or a nod from her enchanting sister was enough to draw most of them away into the path of Pleasure. There were but few who took any other course; and some,

even of those who began to ascend the path of Virtue, were enticed away at different points by the allurements of Pleasure, or, tired with their first efforts, turned off into bye ways, which appeared to lead into her romantic domains.

Among the crowds which arrived in succession at the lower extremity of the mountain, there was one youthful female, who attracted my peculiar attention. She was lovely and animated; and her form and features were superior to those of her companions. Sensibility glowed on her cheek, and intelligence beamed from her eye. She advanced to the hill with apparent eagerness, and listened to the address of Virtue with enthusiastic delight. She sprang forward, and was giving her hand to this benign protectress, when her wily sister, afraid of losing a mortal of superior beauty and attainments, assembled a group of lively dancers in an adjoining grove, who gaily beat time to the dulcet sound of flutes and harps.

While Euphronia turned to gaze upon them, a delicious voice, in melting modulations, addressed her in the following stanzas:

"Fair Euphronia! come and rove
Through the maze of Pleasure's grove;
View these regions of delight,
Taste the raptures they excite:
Pleasure here has fix'd her court;
Here the Loves and Graces sport.
Let not pallid fear alarm thee:
Each delight conspires to charm thee.
Smiling Hope thy steps shall lead
O'er the flow'r-enamell'd mead.
Disappointment ne'er invades
Pleasure's consecrated shades:
Rigid Virtue claims thy stay:
Pleasure summons thee away.
Virtue, solemn care-clad queen,
Flies the joyous social scene.
Virtue's paths with thorns are spread,
Here on flow'rs we gaily tread.
Beauty for delight was given:
Slight not then the boon of Heaven.
See in all these liquid glasses,
How thy form each nymph surpasses;

Here each swain, without disguise,
 Yields to Beauty's conqu'ring eyes;
 Thine th' attractions, to impart
 Liveliest transport to the heart,
 Transport sweet, yet never cloying,
 Bliss that strengthens by enjoying.
 See the birds on ev'ry spray!
 Hear the soft mellifluous lay!
 Joy expands each tuneful throat,
 Love enlivens every note:
 Hark! each dale and ev'ry grove
 Echoes to the voice of love:
 Phœmel, with sweetest song,
 Wooes thee from the gloomy throng.
 Do not cast a look behind thee:
 Nature to our charge resign'd thee:
 Haste then, join the jocund train,
 Taste the sweets of Pleasure's reign."

I trembled for the sweet Euphronia, in whose fate my heart was interested. She listened to the fascinating sounds till her soul was overcome by their influence; and, while with a smile of affectionate entreaty she besought of Virtue to accompany her, she gave her ready hand to Pleasure, and was hurried off into the midst of the gay assembly, who received her with shouts of gratulation and joy. I saw that Virtue did not forsake her, but, with a deep sigh and lingering step, entered with her into the bowers of Pleasure. I lost both of them for a while: but, when the form of Virtue again appeared, she was at a distance from the groves of dissipation, and Euphronia was no longer in her company. I could not refrain from tears. But while I was earnestly gazing on the region to which the path of Pleasure led her votaries, I discovered on one side of it an intricate labyrinth, in which many of her youthful followers were wandering with their companions, apparently endeavouring to extricate themselves, but without success. On the other side, I saw a broad descending path, which led directly to the edge of a precipice; and while I was intently gazing on the crowd which thronged it, and whom Pleasure had delivered over into the

hands of Vice, I heard a faint shriek, and many of the party disappeared from my sight. The earth had given way under their feet, and they had fallen headlong into a gulf, which opened to receive them. Some of the rest turned backward, and began to fly; and after watching their footsteps, and losing them for a time in the thick groves which hung over the walk, at length, to my inexpressible delight, I beheld Euphronia, pale and breathless, hurrying from her companions, and the scene which she had just witnessed, and, with all her remaining strength, striving to regain the path to which Virtue had first invited her. She at last succeeded; and then, languid and exhausted, sat down to rest, while, with streaming eyes, she besought the assistance of the friendly Power. The mountain was overspread with a thick cloud, and Euphronia was left for a while alone and un-assisted. But while she lamented her deviation, and earnestly prayed for re-admission to divine favor, the skirts of the cloud were gilded with a mild increasing light; and by degrees the radiant form of Mercy, descending from the skies, with an ineffable smile of compassion, held out her hand to the aspiring penitent, and assisted her ascent, while sounds of celestial harmony floated in the air around her.

"Daughter of affliction! hear!
 Mercy's voice salutes thine ear.
 Joyful she beholds, impress'd,
 Virtue's image on thy breast.
 Whence the doubts that pale thy cheek?
 Sighs expressive, tears that speak?
 Pleasure's smiles, and circle gay,
 Taught thy steps the devious way.
 Glowing expectation fir'd thee;
 Promise'd bliss awhile inspir'd thee;
 Where is now each gay delight
 Painted to thy ravish'd sight?
 Soon the flatt'ring dream is o'er:
 Conscience wakes, to sleep no more:
 Youth, presumptuous, thoughtless, vain.

Slave to Pleasure, foe to Pain,
Slight the counsels of the sage,
Deems their fears the fault of age.
Fancied safety has bewray'd thee,
Pleasure tempted and betray'd thee.
See, amidst her motley train,
Meagre Want, and ghastly Pain;
Pale Despair, with grief-swoln eye,
Ever wakeful Jealousy;
Envy, with her venom'd sting,
Slander always on the wing.
Turn on Virtue's train thine eyes!
Hers alone are truly wise.
Joy, that far surpasses sense,
Flows from conscious innocence;
Joys that elevate the mind,
Raptures chaste, delights refin'd.
Heav'n, to purify the heart,
Wounds it with Affliction's dart;
Then accepts the contrite's pray'r,
And saves in mercy from despair,
Saves for His atoning sake,
Who bids the dead to life awake.
The Penitent, her sins forgiven,
Is Virtue's candidate for Heaven.
Here the arduous conflict ends:
Virtue's path to Heaven ascends."

The figure of Euphronia was now lost with that of the heavenly messenger in the brightening cloud, and I awoke with the rapturous certainty that she would find a mansion prepared for her in the Temple of Glory.

Sketch of the History of HAMBURG.
(From *Boisgelin's Travels*.)

HAMBURG* is well situated in a fertile and agreeable country, on three rivers; the Elbe to the south, the Bille to the east, and the Alster to the north. Such an advantageous situation must, from the remotest times, have induced different people to fix their abode in this spot, and build fortifications.

Charlemagne, in the year 808, gave orders to his lieutenant to build two forts upon the Elbe. The one which commanded the port, and which in process of time became the city of Hamburg, was called *Odon*

* For an interesting picture of modern Hamburg, previous to its utter ruin under French oppression, see our Numbers for last December, February, and March.

..... The emperor began by placing a garrison in the above-mentioned fort, composed of a company of eastern Saxons; but in the year 810, the *Wilses*, a people among the Slavi, took this fort, and razed it to the ground. It was rebuilt the following year by Charlemagne. He also built a church in the same place, in honor of Jesus Christ, and the holy Virgin Mary.

A town was soon built in the environs of the fort: but it was far from being a considerable one in the year 845, when it was plundered by the Roman pirates, who took advantage of the absence of the governor, Count Bernard, and, ascending the Elbe, surprised the inhabitants in the night, put them to the sword, and set fire to the town.

Pope Nicholas the First, in 857, united the bishoprick of Bremen to that of Hamburg, in favor of St. Anschaire*, so that the dignity of metropolitan remained annexed to the latter archbishoprick. Shortly after, the Normans, having discontinued their piracies, began to rebuild Hamburg. Whilst they were so employed, St. Anschaire went to Denmark, where he succeeded in converting numbers, particularly the king, Eric, the declared enemy of the Christian faith.

The Danes and Slavi plundered Hamburg for the third time, about the year 915. The city was again rebuilt, and the Othos granted it great privileges. In 948, Otho the Great made an expedition into Denmark, where he founded the three following bishopricks, Schleswig, Rypen, and Aarhus, all of which were subject to the see of Hamburg.

The city of Hamburg became more and more considerable; and

* Archbishop of Hamburg, consecrated in the year 831.—The establishment of the archbishoprick was confirmed by a diploma of Louis le Débonnaire, in 834.

the archbishop; Unwan the ninth, formed a chapter of twelve canons, which subsists at present*; but the Lutheran religion being the established one, married men are now admitted into this community. Some years before (in 1012) Mistiwoy, and Mizzudiag, Vandal princes, who, having embraced the Christian faith, were harshly treated by Bernard, who commanded for the emperor in those parts, abjured Christianity, took up arms, and taking advantage of Bernard's embarrassed situation, from having rebelled against the Emperor, Henry II., committed every kind of cruelty, particularly at Hamburg, as being the metropolitan church of Christianity. They razed the church of our Lady to the ground; massacred the greatest part of the inhabitants, and made slaves of the remainder. The community of Benedictines, transferred by St. Anschaire from Corbie to Hamburg, where they resided near the church in which they officiated, removed at that time to Rameslöe. This society of pious men had founded a school at Hamburg, which served as a chapter to the cathedral. Archbishop Unwan afterwards supplied its place by twelve canons.

Hamburg being pillaged and destroyed for the fourth time, the church of our Lady was rebuilt of wood; but Bezelin XII. archbishop, began to build it again of freestone. He also erected a palace with towers and bastions, and in all respects fortified like a catadel. This was situated to the south, near the Elbe, and greatly alarmed Bernard, Duke of Saxony, who, fearing that the archbishop should employ it to secure to himself a greater share of power in the city, immediately built another fortress to the north of the church. Some remains of this

latter building existed in the middle of the eighteenth century. The stables belonging to the senate are now upon the same spot. These two citadels were begun about the year 1037. That built by Duke Bernard was situated on the Alster, a small river, which at present divides the old and new towns. It was razed to the ground in 1066, when the Obotrites, one of the nations belonging to the Slavi, having murdered their Christian prince Gotscale, returned to their pagan gods, ravaged the whole of Saxony on the other side of the Elbe, and took possession of Hamburg, which for the fifth time suffered for the Christian cause. The sixth and seventh invasions took place in 1072, when the city was taken by the pagans, and almost entirely burned and destroyed.

Governors had been appointed by the different emperors to guard these frontiers, and to defend Saxony against the incursions of the barbarians; and Otho the great, upon going to Rome, named Herman Billung to this employment, who, dying in 978, was succeeded by Duke Bennon, his son. He departed this life in 1010, and his son Bernard inherited the duchy of Saxony, which he enjoyed till his death, which took place in 1061, when he was succeeded by his son Ordolphus, whose son Magnus died without issue.

After Hamburg was sacked for the seventh time in 1072, the barbarians took possession of all the country on the north side of the Elbe, which groaned for some time under their yoke. More than six hundred families quitted Holstein, and took refuge in the forest of Hartz, when, in the year 1100, Henry, the son of Gotscale, prince of the Obotrites, having escaped to Saxony after the martyrdom of his

* This account was written in 1805.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Walking & Evening Dress.
N^o 7. 1811.

father, contrived to bring about a reconciliation with Crucon, the usurper of his dominions, and having interested the wife of that tyrant in his favor, whom he promised to marry, he succeeded in dispatching Crucon, and re-establishing himself on the throne.

He immediately delivered the country to the north of the Elbe (Holstein) from the power of the pagans, and restored it to Magnus, Duke of Saxony, who appointed a gentleman named Gotfrid, as governor, and bestowed on him the title of Count of that country. He resided at Hamburg, which was once more begun to be rebuilt, when a large party of Slavi, in 1106, entered Stormar, and seized a great number of men, and a quantity of cattle in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. Gotfrid immediately sallied forth, accompanied by a body of armed citizens, and pursued the marauders; but, imprudently advancing too near the enemy, he fell into an ambuscade, and was cut to pieces.

Duke Magnus was just dead; and the Emperor, Henry V. bestowed his duchy on Lothario, Count of Supplenburg, who, after the death of Gotfrid, gave the counties of Holstein, Wagrie, and Stormar, to Adolphus, Count of Schawenburg; by which means, Hamburg, being the capital of Stormar, made part of the sovereignty of the Counts of Schawenburg, but subject likewise to the emperor as a fief belonging to the duchy of Saxony. The above-mentioned Lothario is the same Saxon, who became emperor, after the decease of Henry the Fifth.

Count Adolphus immediately began to rebuild Hamburg, and the cathedral. His wife also erected a strong citadel on the ruins of that built by Duke Bernard. Adolphus dying in 1128, his son, Adolphus

the second, engaged in the quarrel which took place between Henry of Bavaria and Albert (surnamed the Bear) of Brandenburg, who disputed the duchy of Saxony. Having embraced the party of Henry, which was the weakest in the beginning, he was deprived of his dominions, which were bestowed upon Henry, Count of Badevid, who, having no intention of keeping them in his possession, destroyed many fortresses, and amongst others those of Segebert and Hamburg.

(To be continued.)

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

What Balzac observed of *La Motte le Vayer*—"He makes sad havoc in valuable books,"—may be said of the greatest part of the compilers of the present day.

Our modes of life are continually becoming more simple. Passion-week at Rome, and the Carnival at Venice, are no longer objects of attention. People go to mass at one, and to the ball at the other, merely because it is the custom.

If mankind could be what they please, there is not a single individual but would change his character. Yet all our faults increase with age, excepting only those which age destroys.

(To be continued)

London Walking and Evening DRESSES.

1. *Walking dress.*—A Pelisse of primrose-colored silk, trimmed with black lace round the bottom and also round the shoulders, so as to represent a deep cape. The collar, which turns over, and the cuffs, are likewise ornamented with lace of a narrower sort, and fastened at both edges so as to form a band. Bonnet of the same silk, with either a black or white feather.

2. *Evening dress*—Of white crape, ornamented alternately with stripes of silver ribbon, and spangles. The head-dress in any fancy manner, with a plume of three feathers.—This, and silver and gold ornaments, have been universally worn since the Regent's fête.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or *Ends of Verses*, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either

in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes of the writer's own choice.

High, Nigh—Reign, Gain—Shore, Lore—Lend, Spend—Shine, Line—Cloy, Joy—Fear, Near—Great, State.

Any approved completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of September, shall appear in our Magazine for that month.

POETRY.

LOVE and VALOUR.

A Parody. By J. M. L.

I KNEW a maid, as Venus fair,
Whose eyes could tell a brilliant story :
Their laughing lustre would ensnare,
And make stern war forget his glory.
A youth, who held his valour dear,
Had seen the maid, and heard her story ;
He look'd ; he lov'd—then first knew fear,
Unfelt before in search of glory.
He won the maiden's heart of truth, [story ;
She found such charms in valour's
But still she press'd the gallant youth
To live for love, and give up glory.
He saw a tear bedim her eye ;
He heard the magic of her story ;
The sword and helm he soon threw by,
And found more bliss in love than glory.

BLANCH.

*From an unfinished Poem,
by Miss MITFORD.*

OF stature low, and fairy size,
Her soul seem'd through her form to rise ;
Scarce could the sculptor's practis'd eye
Decide if hers were symmetry ;
For ever bounding, turning, dancing,
Like sun-beam on a meadow glancing ;
None could proportion trace ;
But still her light and frolic round
The charmed eye, like magic, bound ;
And all proclaim'd it grace.

Her face with youth's pure coloring
So softly blent, yet so distinct ; [glows,
Such brilliant white, such rosy tinct
The apple-blossom shows ;
And the pure skin, divinely fair,
Seem'd as the sun had spar'd her ever,
And wintry storms and summer air
Had touch'd her never.

Her auburn locks, with wayward will,
From golden bodkin sever still :
Luxuriant, glossy, unconfus'd,
The silken ringlets freely wind ;
Now on her snowy forehead wave,
Now sport around her fair cheek's dimple,
Which passes like the calm lake's rimple,
Where the young cygnets lave.

Sometimes the ruby lips they kiss,
Where lovely smiles so guily fly,
As if they liv'd for nought but bliss,
And ne'er had breath'd a sigh.

Sometimes they shade those azure eyes
Whose bright rays, through the dark lash
beaming,

In their own liquid diamonds gleaming,
Like summer meteors rise ;
As if those rays, divinely clear,
Had never glitter'd through a tear.

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed
in our Magazine for May. By J. M. L.*

"Laugh when you can : be happy while
you may."

RAISE pleasure's song, while yet you
For youth's gay flow'rs, [may :
And pleasure's hours,

Will quickly lose their bright array.

But, as you roam delight's gay field,
Observe the sky

With prudent eye ;
For bursting clouds a storm may yield.

Then woe attends the hapless swain ;

No more with song

He trips along ;

For gloom has check'd his cheerful strain.

So tempests wing life's fickle breeze !

And comforts go,

In ceaseless flow,

Till life has lost the pow'r to please !

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

SEE, bright advancing, lovely May,
Adorn'd with op'ning *flow'rs*!
She comes, all Nature's face t' array,
And give the laughing hours.

How sweet to stroll the dewy field
Beneath her morning's *sky*!
To catch the odors *v'lets yield*,
And rising Sol to *eye*!

Now carols forth the cheerful swain
His Dolly's fav'rite *song*;
Blithe milkmaids join the rustic strain,
And lightly trip along.

True pleasure floats on ev'ry breeze:
Health greets us as we go;
While from the feather'd choir, to please,
What tuneful warblings *flow*!

Another, by W. E. junior.

BEHOLD the blooming vernal *flow'rs*
Which Nature's liveliest hues array.
Now rapt'ing scenes beguile the hours:
Creation smiles around:—'tis May.

The daisied mead, th' enamell'd field,
The hill, the dale, the azure *sky*,
Their varied beauties bounteous yield,
With new delight to charm each *eye*.

'Tis now the season when each swain
Responsive pours the am'rous strain,
And tunes to love his rural *song*,
Beside the brook that glides along.

Now waves the foliage in the breeze: [*flow*;
Mæand'ring streams soft murmur
And nature's face seems form'd to please,
Where'er our waud'ring footsteps go.

Another—The BEAUTIES of NATURE:

By W. TAYLOR, Kingsland.

'Tis delightfully pleasant, as fly the
wing'd hours, [*giving May*;
To breathe the sweet perfumes of health—
To wander serene in the garden of *flow'rs*,
And Nature review in her brightest
array.

'Tis sweet to explore with intelligent eye
The wonderful produce of Nature's
vast field— [*sky*;
To view the rich tints of a summer-eve
For pure are the pleasures such pro-
spects can yield.

Where the smooth-gliding stream softly
murmurs along, [*the swain*,
And Echo repeats the deep sighs of
'Tis charming to ponder, and list the wild
song [*giving strain*—
Of warblers that join in the praise—
On the rude barren heath, as the dull
minutes *flow*— [*rous breeze*—
Though Fortune deny me her prospe-

Be this my endeavour, as onward I go,
To pluck from the desert the blossoms
that please.

—
The MASK.

Imitation of the French Epigram, given in
our Magazine for May.

INFLAM'D with rage, her eye-balls roll'd:
Thick rouge besmear'd her face:—
In her the picture of a scold
One easily might trace.

Thus quits a Fair the toilet's task,
To join a masked ball,
And for her wildly-looking mask,
With angry tone does call.

"My lovely Fair," a wag replies,
"Come, let's be quickly gone:
The mask, for which you make such
noise,
You have already on."
N. Petherton. ANONYMOUS.

The CAPTIVE.

By Mr. CAMPBELL.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each pagan voice to pray'r,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.
Day her sultry fires had wasted:
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose:
Ev'n a bondsman's spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then it was from Turkish palace
Came an eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and lov'd an English knight.
"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians, as they languish,
Hear no sound of sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
When the crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet,
O'er the purple tide of war;
In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made,
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive, could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?"—
"Lady! no! the gift were cruel,
Ransom'd yet, if rest of thee.
Say, fair princess, would it grieve thee,
Christian climes should we behold?"—
"Nay, bold knight, I would not leave
thee,

Were thy ransom paid in gold."
Now in heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Spice-Islands.—The isle of Banda surrendered to the British arms, on the 9th of August, 1810; and, on the 30th, the isle of Ternate was taken by Capt. Tucker, of his Majesty's ship *Dover*, aided by a detachment of the East India company's troops under the command of Capt. Forbes, of the Madras European regiment.

January 16. It was publicly known at Lima, that the revolutionists from Buenos Ayres had taken possession of the mines of Potosi; and the government of Lima feared that they should not have sufficient specie to pay the troops.

A Monte Video Gazette extraordinary, of March 7, contains an account of a battle fought in the plains of Paraguay, between the army of Ferdinand and the Villth, under Don Bernardo Velasco, and the troops of Gen. Belgrano, who wished to detach that province from its allegiance. The latter received a decisive defeat.

A letter, dated the 15th of March, from Santa Fé, mentions, that the disturbances in the centre of south America had subsided, that the country was in a state of comparative repose, and that commercial intercourse was beginning to be re-established.

By Gazettes from the Curaccas to the 16th April, and by private communications, we learn that the greatest tranquillity prevailed in that district. The Congress had assembled, and all the neighbouring country had adopted the revolution established in the capital. The new representative body of the province of Venezuela had solemnly proclaimed its loyalty to Ferdinand VII. and, in the act of installation, the members swore to protect the rights of the sovereign, and to resist the pretensions of France.

Constantinople, April 26.—The Porte has hitherto published nothing respecting the catastrophe by which the Pasha of Egypt exterminated by a single blow all the Mamelukes: all that we know upon this subject, comes through private letters, according to which, the Pasha was forced to adopt this terrible measure in consequence of the continual mutinies of the Mamelukes. The carnage lasted six hours. Those who escaped the first massacre, were sought after with great care, drawn from their hiding-places, dragged into the streets, and butchered; their wives and children were sold as slaves. The number of Mamelukes who perished

in this bloody execution, exceeded 1200.—This formidable militia reigned a long time in Egypt, where it formed an aristocratic government. After the conquest of Egypt by Selim I. they ceased to reign, but not to trouble the tranquillity of it. The Beys, who were drawn from their body, have frequently reduced the Pasha, who is the governor sent by the Porte, to be but the instrument of their will, or the passive witness of their numerous and atrocious exactions and mutinies.

Jamaica, April 27.—A very extraordinary occurrence took place in Spanish Town, and the low lands of Liguanea, on Wednesday night last week, by the shivering to pieces of chairs, tables, glasses, and other articles of furniture, in many houses, and the papering in some cracked and torn. No shock of an earthquake was felt; but cracks like those of a pistol were heard; and it is remarkable that the effect took place in different places at different times, and that the cracks or snaps were heard for upwards of two hours, from eight to ten o'clock, at intervals of from 15 to 20 minutes. It is not easy to account for this very singular occurrence, but from the effects of the electric fluid, which perhaps has more readily escaped from the earth, without concussion, from its heated state and chasms, owing to the dry weather which has lately prevailed, and to the extreme coldness of the air, occasioned by the late severe and unusual north winds at this season of the year.

April 28.—A fire broke out at Montego Bay in Jamaica, by which the most modern and most valuable part of the town is said to have been burned down, and property to a considerable amount destroyed.—No lives were lost.

We have received intelligence from Buenos Ayres and Pernambuco—from the latter to the date of the 9th of May. The civil war on the shores of the Rio de la Plata was carried on with increased vigor, and the inveteracy of the two parties bore down all restraint. Governor Elio had obtained some re-inforcements, and had managed to put in motion two frigates, with which he was endeavouring to co-operate with his land forces against Buenos Ayres; but his numbers were comparatively small.

St. Ann's (Jamaica) May 7.—The lake at the Rio-Ho has fallen near two feet within the last six weeks: but it is not

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Spice-Islands.—The isle of Banda surrendered to the British arms, on the 9th of August, 1810; and, on the 30th, the isle of Ternate was taken by Capt. Tucker, of his Majesty's ship *Dover*, aided by a detachment of the East India company's troops under the command of Capt. Forbes, of the Madras European regiment.

January 16. It was publicly known at Lima, that the revolutionists from Buenos Ayres had taken possession of the mines of Potosi; and the government of Lima feared that they should not have sufficient specie to pay the troops.

A Monte Video Gazette extraordinary, of March 7, contains an account of a battle fought in the plains of Paraguay, between the army of Ferdinand and the Villth, under Don Bernardo Velasco, and the troops of Gen. Belgrano, who wished to detach that province from its allegiance. The latter received a decisive defeat.

A letter, dated the 15th of March, from Santa Fé, mentions, that the disturbances in the centre of south America had subsided, that the country was in a state of comparative repose, and that commercial intercourse was beginning to be re-established.

By Gazettes from the Caraccas to the 16th April, and by private communications, we learn that the greatest tranquillity prevailed in that district. The Congress had assembled, and all the neighbouring country had adopted the revolution established in the capital. The new representative body of the province of Venezuela had solemnly proclaimed its loyalty to Ferdinand VII. and, in the act of installation, the members swore to protect the rights of the sovereign, and to resist the pretensions of France.

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St. Ann's (Jamaica) May 7.—The lake at the Rio-Rio has fallen near two feet within the last six weeks: but it is not

conceived to be from any subterraneous outlet, but merely from exhalation, and the uncommonly dry weather. It begins, in consequence, to acquire a very offensive smell; and it is to be feared, should it continue to subside, that all that district will become a scene of pestilence, from the effluvia produced from the immense quantity of morass and other vegetable matter becoming putrid.

It is asserted that a gentleman in the neighbourhood of the lake, found on its bank a nest of eggs, which, from their uncouth appearance, he took to be those of some strange water-fowl, and carried them home and placed them under a duck; when, in fourteen days' time, there came forth a brood of sixteen young alligators, which immediately set off full speed to the lake, accompanied by their foster-mother, who attends on its borders for them, as if they were of her own species.

Slave-Murder.—At Tortola, on the 8th of May, the Hon. Arthur Wm. Hodge, an accomplished gentleman, of polished manners, of liberal and refined education, and a member of his Majesty's council in the island, was publicly executed, for the murder of one of his own negroes—A mango had fallen from a tree which the slave had been set to watch: the master commanded that he should forfeit six shillings, or be flogged. The poor wretch with difficulty procured and paid three shillings; but that sum not satisfying his tyrant, he was flogged for upwards of an hour, receiving more than one hundred lashes, and threatened by his master, that, if he did not bring the remaining 3s. on the next day, the flogging should be repeated.—The next day he was tied to a tree, and flogged for such a length of time, with the thong of the whip doubled, that his head fell back, and he could bawl no more. From thence he was carried to the sick house, and chained to two other negroes: he remained in this confinement during five days, at the end of which time his companions broke away, and thereby released him. But, being unable to follow them, he retired to the negro-huts, where he was afterwards found dead, and in a state of putrefaction.—In the course of the trial, among other more shocking instances of Mr. Hodge's barbarity, it was proved that he had caused the death of his cook by pouring boiling water down her throat!

Spain.—Colonel Mina, commander of Navaire, having notice of the approach

of an escort with 1600 prisoners, English, Spanish, and Portuguese, awaited them at Fuente de Arlaban with 2,300 men. They arrived on the 24th of May. In the commencement of the action, the prisoners were much exposed, and about 200 of them were killed; after a short resistance the French surrendered; and there have in consequence fallen into the hands of Mina, 600 prisoners, 2 coaches, 70 carts laden with equipage, and other effects, valued at six millions of reals. Two generals accompanied the escort, one of whom was taken prisoner; the other was shot in his coach at the first discharge.

Kingston (Jamaica) May 25.—The American government, notwithstanding the Non-Importation Act against Great Britain, permits American vessels from this and other colonies to take a return for their cargoes in rum, several vessels having proceeded to different ports at the north side for that purpose.

The flying Tailor.—Ulm, June 1.—The promised attempt at flying, by the tailor Burlinger, with the wings he had made, did not prove successful. He placed himself on the walls of this town, at the edge of the Danube, for the purpose of flying over that river; but no sooner had he leaped from the wall, than one of his wings broke, and he fell into the water, and must have been drowned, had not some boats gone to his assistance.

Heligoland, June 2.—Numbers of persons suspected of having had correspondences with a British port, continue to be arrested on the opposite coast, and are generally marched off to Hamburg, to be tried by Davoust, the governor-general of the Hansatic towns. Several have been sentenced to be shot.

Vienna, June 9.—The bankers and principal merchants of this capital have been forbidden to draw bills of exchange on each other in order to send the specie out of the country, and thus ruin commerce.

Cadix, June 15.—The olive-groves near Seville, and the pine-forests near Cadix, have been burned by the French.

Lord Wellington.—The enemy having received a considerable accession of strength, and advancing against him with much superior forces, his lordship, on the 17th of June, made an orderly retreat with the allied army to a strong position opposite to Abrantes.

A serious insurrection took place among the peasantry in the neighbour-

hood of Malmoe, on the 17th and 18th of June, on account of the conscription. —From 1200 to 1500 men assembled, armed with scythes, flails, forks, &c. &c. The military were called in to disperse them; a dreadful scene ensued; forty of the peasants were killed, and 130 wounded, besides 200 taken prisoners; the others retired to their respective homes. Similar acts of insubordination have occurred in other parts of the kingdom, some of which have been pardoned, and others visited with death, and the severest punishment the law can inflict.

Paris, June 18.—King Joseph has set out on his return to Spain.

June 20.—The French garrison in Astorga blew up the fortifications, and abandoned the place.

London, June 21.—Letters from Petersburg state, that British vessels, with colonial produce, are permitted to land their cargoes in the Russian ports.

Letters from Petersburg, of June 23, state that seventy-eight vessels had arrived in the Russian ports, nearly seventy of which were Americans, direct from the United States, with coffee, sugar, cotton, and other produce, that were obtaining high prices, while the British were excluded from the benefit.

London, June 24.—A literary society has been established in the Philippine islands —Its first object is to form a vocabulary of all the languages spoken in the Western Archipelago.

Carlsbam, June 27.—A decree of his Danish Majesty declares, that all cargoes with bale goods, belonging to Russian and Danish subjects, shall be confiscated.

A remarkable literary prodigy is now at the University of Gottingen, in the person of a boy, ten years and a half old, who understands the languages, history, geography, and literature, ancient and modern, and who, at the age of eight years, possessed, besides his mother tongue, Greek, Latin, French, English, and Italian, to such a degree of perfection, that he could not only translate currently the *Æneid* of Virgil and the *Iliad* of Homer, but could besides speak, with an astonishing facility, all the living languages just mentioned.

June 28.—The French general Suchet took Tarragona by storm, slaughtered four thousand men in the city, and made near ten thousand prisoners.

London, July 1.—By the ship Archduke Charles from Lima, which has brought a million and a half of dollars,

we learn that the coinage in Mexico in 1810 did not exceed twenty millions of dollars, which is one-third less than it has been of late years: and it is not expected to exceed ten millions this year.

Letters from Port-au-Prince mention, that Petion had ordered all the French white inhabitants to quit the island, on suspicion that they were aiding General Rigaud.

London, July 8.—The Henry, merchant vessel, has arrived in six weeks and two days from Brasil. A gentleman, who came passenger in her from Rio de Janeiro, states, that, at the time of his departure, several ships of war were preparing to sail for Monte Video, in consequence of a representation having reached Admiral De Courcy, relative to some outrageous conduct on the part of Elio, by whose orders several British subjects, found on board two Spanish vessels belonging to Buenos Ayres, had been seized and publicly executed at Monte Video.

London, July 11.—The Heligoland letters, by the mail of yesterday, brought information of the departure of the King of Sweden for the Danish territory. It is said, that in a paroxysm of rage at some circumstance unexplained, but which is believed to be a dispute with a British officer in authority on the station, he threw himself into an open boat, and proceeded to the Eyder. He landed at Tonningen the same day, and was there arrested.

London, July 15.—The loan of one million of dollars, which the Spanish Regency has been attempting for the last three months to raise at Cadiz, was not negotiated at the date of the last accounts. In one of the late Gazettes which have reached us, we perceive, that this want of success is attributed by the Minister of Finances to there being no cash in Cadiz, but only paper-money and colonial goods, of which it was very difficult to dispose.

London, July 17.—Letters and papers were received yesterday from the shores of the Elbe, and the neighbourhood of the Baltic. A young man had been shot in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, on a charge of holding commercial intercourse with this country. Several other respectable persons have disappeared; and it is imagined that they have been conveyed to the new Bastilles of France, or have been otherwise disposed of by the police.

London, July 22.—A ship of the United States, called the Independent Ameri-

can, has been captured in the Baltic, by the Courageux man of war. She was bound from Petersburg to some port un-

known, but supposed to be destined for one of the harbours blockaded under the British Orders in Council.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

From the date of our last publication, his Majesty continued his daily walks on the Terrace, under the care of Dr. Willis, until the 6th of July, when the Queen's council met to examine the medical and other attendants. Their report says—"The state of His Majesty's health, at the time of this our meeting, is not such as to enable His Majesty to resume the personal exercise of his royal functions."

"His Majesty's bodily health is but little disordered."—"Some of His Majesty's physicians do not entertain hopes of His Majesty's recovery quite so confident as those which they had expressed on the 6th of April. The persuasion of others of His Majesty's physicians, that His Majesty will completely recover, is not diminished; and they all appear to agree that there is a considerable probability of His Majesty's final recovery."

Immediately after this report was made, he had a fresh access of paroxysm; and from that time was no longer allowed to walk out.—On the 12th, he had a fresh and more serious paroxysm, accompanied by most alarming symptoms. He was cupped. For two days, the paroxysm was excessive: his pulse was up to 120; and, during 54 successive hours, he neither took refreshment of sleep or food, nor ceased to talk incoherently.—On the 15th, his life was despaired of; and he suddenly became so extremely low, that the physicians deemed it necessary to send off hourly expresses to the Regent, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c.—On the 19th, he was in a low state, bordering on melancholy.—On the 20th, he obtained some sleep by means of opiates, and was a little better on the 21st. His bodily health, all this time, has been good, except so far as affected by the paroxysms, which are of late become more frequent, more violent, and of longer duration: and it is only from the known influence of the mental malady on the brain and bowels, that any apprehension of his sudden demise can be apprehended; though, upon the whole, there seems to be no hope entertained of his ever being qualified to resume the personal exercise of the regal functions.—On

the 26th, he passed a very restless night; and apprehensions were entertained of his speedy dissolution.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, June 27, thirteen pence, earthing—July 4, 11, 18, and 25, the same.

Portuguese Subscriptions.—Amount advertised.—City of London Tavern, to July 29, above £56,000.—Willis's Rooms, to June 15, near £15,000.—Ladies' Subscriptions.—Mansion House, to June 15, near £800.—Marchioness of Lanesdowne, &c. to July 2, above £850.

June 18—As a jobber, of the name of Doe, was driving seven calves to Bury, in a cart, some sparks from a lighted pipe, which he held in his mouth, communicated with the straw—himself being asleep; in consequence of which, five of the calves were burned to death, the cart was nearly consumed, and the jobber very severely burned in the arms and hands. The remaining two calves were obliged to be immediately killed.

June 19—Lord Louth appeared in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, to receive judgement, for abuse of his authority, and oppression as a magistrate, in 1809, in issuing a warrant against Matthews, his tenant, and having him arrested and committed to Dundalk goal for an alleged felony, of having cut timber upon his Lordship's estate. The Court, understanding that a compensation of £300. had been made to the prosecutor, besides paying his costs, sentenced his Lordship to be imprisoned three calendar months.

June 19.—A tradesman in Holborn, whose wife eloped from him three months ago, attempted in the paroxysms of a violent fever, brought on by excessive grief, to cut his throat. He employed for this purpose a pair of scissors, but was only able to inflict a deep wound, which was sewed up. A few hours after, taking advantage of the absence of his attendant, he threw himself out of a two-pair of stairs window, in the hope of dashing out his brains; but his fall being broken by a projection in the yard, he escaped with life, but his arms was shattered in three places. Irritated at failing in these attempts, he then tore the bandage from

his throat, and forcing his fingers into the wound, brought on a violent hæmorrhage, and expired the same evening.

June 25.—Mr John Coxetter, of Greenham Mills, Newbury, had two South Down sheep shorn at his factory, exactly at five o'clock in the morning; from the wool of which (after passing its various processes) a complete damascen-colored coat was made, and worn by Sir John Throckmorton, Bart. at a quarter past six in the evening, being two hours and three-quarters within the time allotted, for a wager of one thousand guineas.

Libel—*June 27*, in the Court of King's Bench, Geo. Mannes, esq. editor of the "*Satirist*," received judgement for two libellous articles, published by him in that miscellany. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and bound to keep the peace for three years.

Gold and Paper.—*June 27*, in consequence of a notice given by Lord King to his tenants that they must either pay their rents in gold, or, if in bank paper, at sixteen shillings in the pound, Earl Stauhope introduced a bill into the house of Lords, to prevent the gold coin from being paid or received for more than its nominal value, or the bank paper for less.—In the course of the debates his lordship stated that guineas were publicly bought at Manchester, at an advance of twenty per cent. by persons from Ireland, for the purpose of paying their landlords, who insisted on gold: and the earl of Lauderdale declared that he knew an instance, where a landlord called up on his tenants to pay in gold; and the latter having represented to the steward the impossibility of procuring gold, they were each told that there were 100 guineas at a chandler's shop in the neighbourhood, which might be purchased; and it was a fact, that with those 100 guineas, passing from one to another, a rent of 7,000*l.* was actually paid.—The bill has passed both houses, and received the royal assent on the 24th of July.

Swindling—A swindler, of genteel address, who has cheated a number of tradespeople by personating gentlemen of rank and fortune, lately introduced himself to Mr. H. a gentleman retired from business, in Wigmore-street, and succeeded in persuading the old gentleman that he was his nephew, by his sister in Gloucestershire—that he had just returned from the army in Portugal, and was a captain of dragoons. He managed his business so well by the production of notes from

the Secretary of State's office, to prove intimacy between him and the under secretaries, as to obtain from Mr. H. the loan of 50*l.* for immediate use.

June 29—About 150 sail of merchantmen arrived from the Baltic and Norway with cargoes, consisting of 30,000 quarters of wheat, tar, hemp, and other commodities. We are informed, that the saving in the duty on the timber by this fleet, which is augmented from the commencement of the present month, will amount to 150,000*l.* in favor of the importers.

Plymouth, July 1—Arrived, yesterday, the ship Diligence, from Truro, with a cargo, consisting of 18 half, and four quarter barrels of gunpowder, porter, &c. As she was coming round Peulce Point, a flash of lightning struck the vessel, by which the crew and passengers were laid senseless on the deck; in which state the greater part of them remained some minutes, but none of them received any serious injury. The mast of the vessel was split in every direction, and is thereby rendered useless; and the topmast was shivered to pieces, as if it had been cut up by an axe: but (wonderful to relate!) the gunpowder was not affected.

Extraordinary Occurrence.—*July 2*, For several days past, a lad, nine years old, belonging to a respectable tradesman in the neighbourhood of Paddington, had been missing. He was at school near that place, and not returning home at his usual hour, search and inquiry was made for him. No tidings were heard until this morning, when he was found dead in one of the vaults of St. George's chapel, Paddington.—The body was standing against the wall of the vault. His bag, with his school-books, was on his shoulder; there were several coffins in the vault. It is conjectured that the boy had been led there by curiosity, to see a funeral, and that, having been inadvertently shut in, he died of fright.

Purchasing Guineas.—*July 3*, in the Court of King's Bench in the case of De Yonge, who had been convicted of purchasing guineas for more than 21 shillings, and whose case had been reserved for the opinion of the twelve judges, it was decided that such purchase was not an offence punishable under the existing laws.

Balloon.—*July 3*, Mr. Sadler ascended with a balloon from Cambridge.—He completely lost sight of Trinity college in three minutes and a half, when he entered a mass of dark clouds, which, from

the time (six minutes) spent in passing through them, he supposes to have been near a mile in thickness.—At the expiration of one hour and thirty-five minutes, he alighted near Standon in Hertfordshire, distant about 34 miles from Cambridge: but he conceives that he must have travelled upwards of *ninety* miles, having at first taken a course due South, and afterwards to the Eastward.

In Torrington Marshes, near the town of Lynn, a youth was drowned, last week, while bathing. His faithful dog witnessed the fatal transaction, flew to his relief while struggling for life in the water, drew the body to land, and immediately ran howling and barking incessantly to every person and house in the neighbourhood. Some humane people were soon attracted to the spot by means of the dog, but too late to render any assistance in restoring animation.

Poney-Race—At Beaconsfield, July 3, two ponies, belonging to Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Fareham, were started for a wager, to run four hours. The one was driven *fourteen* miles in the first hour, but was "*knocked up*" in the end. The other ran *forty nine* miles in the given time!

Distress—July 3, Alderman Birch stated in the common-council the case of a young man, who, being discharged under a recent insolvent act, immediately on obtaining his liberty, hastened to the wretched habitation where he expected to find his wife. He found her indeed, but dead! She had expired half an hour before his arrival, of absolute want. Distracted at this event, he left the house, applied to a friend, who lent him money enough to enable him to purchase a dose of poison, which he did—he took it, and death followed: he was buried in the same grave and on the same day with his wife.

Life-Boat—July 6, a life-boat, on a new construction, was launched at Greenwich. It was invented by a Mr. Morris, and appears very simple. It consists of four common size beer-butts, which are laid lengthwise, and two smaller at each end, which are lashed upright. These empty butts, fastened together in a frame, form the basis of the boat; on them are gratings, &c. and side-pieces, which form the gunwale. The whole apparatus may be put together in less than 15 minutes, and is secured by means of wedges. It will carry 12 or 15 people at one time.

Government are at this time shipping 60,000 load of timber, for masts, yards, &c. from Canada.

Tea.—From the sales at the India House, it appears that our domestic consumption of that article amounts to near twenty-four millions of pounds weight per annum.

July 7.—The directors of the Bank of England issued their three-shilling tokens, of which the intrinsic value is estimated at something less than two and sixpence.

Pedestrianism—July 7. A young gentleman, about twenty years of age, slight and slender, but well proportioned, started from Whitechapel church, to go fifty miles on foot, against a pair of horses in a gentleman's carriage—the horses to stop only once to bait on the road. He won the race, and performed the task in little more than eight hours—Two or three days afterwards, Capt. Dodd, for a wager, ran a mile on Wimbledon common in five minutes, and twenty-five seconds;—and, lately, a man, named Lock, at Sunning-Hill, ran a mile in four minutes and fifty seconds.

Two ships have arrived from the French coast under licence from Buonaparte, with wines and other produce, according to his commercial stipulations.

Subscription for Mr. Drakard—From June 15th to the 26th of July, £421, 14s. (See our Magazine for June, p. 284.)

Chancery.—July 8, the Lord Chancellor stated in the House of Lords that he had, at that moment, under his official care, *twenty five millions* of the property of his Majesty's subjects.

Landlord and Tenant.—July 8, An interesting case was decided in the court of King's Bench, Marks v. Howard.—Marks had held a house at £45 rent, first under a lease, which expired at Michaelmas, 1807; and afterwards as a yearly tenant. In July 1810, he was served with a warning to quit at Christmas, or pay 60l. a year. He kept possession, tendered the old rent due at Lady-day, and was distrained for the advanced rent.—The judge, Lord Ellenborough, declared that the warning was irregular, and the distress illegal; that the tenant's holding was from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, and that he was entitled to six months' notice to quit at that term.—Verdict for the tenant, with damages.

Pedestrianism—July 9, a Mr. Howe started from Oxford-street, to go to Bristol and return (234 miles) in forty hours, with two resting hours allowed. He was 36 miles on the road in ten minutes more than six hours after starting.

Guineas and Bank-Notes.—In the House of Commons, July 9, Mr. Tierney stated that a gentleman, lately returned from France, had seen 1500 guineas taken out from a quarter of an ox carried from this country; and Mr. Manning stated the amount of bank-notes out-standing at twenty-two millions.

Irish Catholics—July 9, At the aggregate Catholic Meeting, held in Dublin, it was unanimously resolved to elect a new committee, consisting of the Catholic Peers and their eldest sons, the Catholic Baronets, the survivors of the committee appointed in 1793, and other delegates to be chosen by the counties of Ireland and parishes of Dublin. This new organ of the Catholic body is to commence its functions on the 1st of next September. It was likewise resolved to petition Parliament again next session.

The lightning has been more awful and destructive the present summer, than it has been for a series of years past. No less than twenty-six head of cattle were killed in the course of last week by lightning, at Risby and Walsham, in Norfolk. A man was killed in a field near King's Castle. His head was split to pieces by the electric fluid.

The ship, Archduke Charles, just arrived from Lima, whence she sailed on the 16th Jan. with a valuable cargo, under convoy of his Majesty's brig *Mutinee*, has landed four officers, sent over on a political mission. The principal is Don Francisco De Salazar, a colonel in the Spanish army, charged with dispatches for the Spanish Minister in London, and accredited to the Cortes of Spain.

Property-Tax—Court of King's Bench, July 11.—Chas. Page, having lent to R. Wright 800l. and three several times refused to allow him a deduction from the interest for the property tax, was condemned in the mitigated penalty of 400l.—the full penalty, if exacted, being 7200l., viz. three times the amount of the principal for each refusal.—Another verdict was given on the same day, against a broker, who, having been employed to distrain for rent, had refused to allow the sum paid by the tenant for the landlord's property-tax.

Apothecaries.—Court of Common Pleas, July 11.—Mr. Fuller, surgeon and apothecary, obtained a verdict against the executors of the late Duke of Queensberry for attendance on his Grace.—The judge, Sir James Mansfield, observed that he would have deemed this action untenable

in a court of justice, had it not been proved that the late duke had declared his conviction that Mr. Fuller expected, and had a right to expect to be paid for his visits and trouble: otherwise he (Sir J M) was not aware that an apothecary had any right to claim for attendance, much less to sue for it. but, under the peculiar circumstances of the present case, in which the deceased had recognised a claim, he left it with the jury.—Verdict for the plaintiff, £7500.

It has been for several weeks a known and common practice at one shop in the city, for a man to give a twenty-shilling note and a dish of fish for a guinea.

Lord Chancellor—From the report of a committee of the House of Commons, it appears that the fees received by the lord chancellor, in his jurisdiction of chancellor and from commissions of bankruptcy, in nine years, ending April 1811, have amounted to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds—and his fee, as speaker of the House of Lords, from the session commencing January 1801, to that commencing January 1810, inclusive, to upwards of £51,000.

July 17.—A fraud, of a curious nature, has, within these few days, been practised upon several publicans and other persons in Windsor and its neighbourhood, by a woman dressed in a long cloak, pretending to be a smuggler's wife, and who produced samples of excellent Cognac brandy, at several houses, about dusk, stating that her husband was waiting at a short distance with several casks, which they could afford to sell at very low prices. Several agreed to take casks; and, as soon as she got the money, she made off. On tapping the casks, they were found to contain only pure water.

British Prisoners in France.—Amount of subscriptions for their relief, July 26, upwards of sixty-two thousand pounds.

There were lately found in a field on Mr. Davidson's farm, Mains of Cairn-bogie, in the parish of Tarves, a great number of the gold and silver coins of James VI. of Scotland.

Bank robbery.—July 14, the Glasgow Bank was entered by means of false keys, and robbed of £20,000 in cash and notes.

Bullion.—July 17, fifty tons of silver, recently arrived from Lima, were lodged in the Bank.

The Commercial Dock Company have agreed to let their premises, for two years, to the West India Dock Company, who offered 50,000l. for that term.

BORN.

June 15. Of the lady of Lieutenant-general Sir Geo. Nugent, a son.

June 24. Of the lady of W. Agar, esq. Hauger Hill, a daughter.

June 27. Of the lady of W. T. Stretton, esq. Fitzroy-square, a son.

June 28. Of the lady of Robert Ogilby, esq. Grosvenor-place, a son.

June 29. Of the lady of Joseph Pole Carew, esq. Queen Ann Street, a daughter.

June 30. Of the lady of the R. H. Lord Sinclair, a son.

June 30. Of the Hon. Mrs. Wellington, Hay Castle, Breconshire, a daughter.

July 4. Of the lady of Thos. Fitzherbert, esq. of Swinerton, Staffordshire, a son.

July 7. Of Mrs. Berkeley Paget, Portsmouth-street, a daughter.

July 8. Of Viscountess Falmouth, a son.

July 10. Of the lady of the Rev. Weeden Butler, Chelsea, a daughter.

July 11. Of the lady of J. H. Hogarth, esq. Bedford-place, a son.

July 17. Of Lady Lovaine, a son.

MARRIED.

Lately, at Paris, Monsr.***, wine-merchant, to a captain of *husars*.—The latter had served six years in a regiment of that description, and given such proofs of valour, as to obtain promotion from the ranks to a captaincy. But a wound, received in a late action in Spain, led to a discovery that the gallant captain was of the feminine gender; and she was allowed to retire upon half pay.

June 25. Thos. Daniel, esq. of Aldridge-Lodge, Staffordshire, to Miss Mary Smith, of Woodhall Park, Berks.

June 26. Lord Burgherston to Miss Wellesley Pole.

June 27. Chas. Scudamore, esq. of Highgate, to Miss Georgiana Johnson, of Finchley.

June 27. Mr. Abraham Borradaile, of Fenchurch-street, to Miss Elizabeth Borradaile.

July 2. Ferdinand Jeyes, esq. Alfred-place, Bedford-square, to Miss Osborn, of Northampton.

July 2. At Putney, Walter Clifton, esq. to Miss E. Bell.

July 4. The Hon. Col. Wm. Fitzroy to Lady Elizabeth Fitzroy.

July 6. Muzio Clementi, esq. to Miss Emma Gisborne, of Alfred-place, Bedford-square.

July 6. Jas. W. Farrer, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to the Hon. Mrs. Scott, of Weymouth-street.

July 8. The Rt. Hon. Chas. Monners

Sutton, judge-advocate general, to Miss Charlotte Denison, of Ossington, Nottinghamshire.

July 8. Viscount Hawarden, to Miss Jane Bruce.

July 15. Capt. John Cochet, of the navy, to Mrs. Long.

July 18. Joseph Brown Wilkes, esq. of Dartford, to Mrs. Croft, of Montague-street, Russell-square.

DECEASED.

June 19. In Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mrs. Jane Walker.

June 26. Sir John Anstruther, baronet.

June 26. At Wolston, Warwickshire, General George Scott.

June 27. Sir John Lawson, Bart. aged 67.

July 1. At Brighton, in his 85th year, W. Ainge, esq. bencher of the Middle Temple.

July 2. Suddenly, at Norwich, Miss Sillett, so near to matrimony, that her wedding-dress and shroud were brought home on the same day.

July 3. At Fulham, Captain Octavius Bond.

July 3. On his way to Brighton, the Hon. Baron Nathaniel Dimadale.

July 4. Sir Sitwell Sitwell, bart.

July 4. Richard Lee, esq. of Highbury-place, Islington.

July 4. Abbot Kent, esq. Muswell-Hill, aged 66.

July 4. Mrs. Crauford, George-street, Hanover-square.

July 8. Thomas Berington, esq. Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.

July 8. Col. Sargisson, of Cuckfield-park, Sussex.

July 9. At Leatherhead, the lady of H. W. Money, esq.

July 14. At Westerham, Kent, Louisa, the lady of the Rev. W. Moreton.

July 16. Mrs. Eleanor Vyner, relict of Robert Vyner, esq. of Gauthy, Lincolnshire.

July 16. Richard Gurney, esq. of Keswick, Norfolk.

July 18. The Hon. General Henry Edward Fox, governor of Portsmouth.

July 18. The Rev. Lewis Mercier, pastor of the French Protestant church, Threadneedle-street.

APPENDIX.

A piece of amber, 14 inches long, 9½ broad, and weighing 21lbs. was last month found by a Russian soldier between Menzel and Konigsberg. It is confessedly the largest piece ever seen, exceeding in size and weight the one found in the Prussian territories in 1803, and is supposed to be worth near 6000 dollars.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.
 For AUGUST, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. A correct Likeness of HIS MAJESTY, GEORGE III. engraved by Mr. Heath, from an original Picture by Sir W. Beechy.
2. LONDON fashionable MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. Three select PATTERN BORDERS for Ladies' Dresses.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

ON the subject of "*Payment*," in answer to A. B.'s inquiry, we have to observe, that, although the contributions to Magazines are usually gratuitous, we shall feel no objection to allow him a moderate remuneration for his productions, provided that we approve them.

Freckles, and Postage.—To the quizzing correspondent who has favored us with a Laconic billet on the subject of *Freckles*, charged with pretty high postage, we give notice that the said billet is now safe lodged in the dead-letter office: for, although we never regret the postage of any article which is worthy of insertion, and do not even desire it to be paid by any correspondent whose antecedent productions have met our approbation—the case is different with new correspondents, who may think proper to send us frivolous or hoaxing letters, *unpaid*. All such we regularly return to the postman at his next visit, and have the postage allowed to us.

"*The Suicide's Grave*."—We have received five packets of this novel, but cannot proceed, until favored with an answer to the letter which we some time since wrote to the author, relative to a different subject, but equally applicable to this.

"The "*Letter to a Lady against changing her Religion*" we cannot insert. We see no reason why she should not be suffered to adopt, unmolested and uncensured, whatever religion she thinks best; and we wish to see her, and all our fellow subjects, left at perfect liberty to follow the dictates of their own judgement in religious matters, and to worship their Maker in the manner most agreeable to their own conscience.—Had the writer of the letter in question perused the Numbers of our Magazine for last February and March, he would not have troubled us with religious controversy.

If the author of an imitation of the "*Crafty Valet*" which we have not inserted, will alter the thirteenth line of the piece accompanying it, so as to exclude the objectionable word at the end, we will insert this latter.

L* B*** P*****—The two packets are come safe to hand: and, if we find the contents to answer our idea, we shall not fail to communicate them to our fair readers.

An early continuance of "*Sappho*" is requested.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1811.

*The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE;
• or the History
of the LAIRD of CALDERWOOD,
and his Family;
in a Series of Letters.*

*Lady Jane Falkland, to the Honorable
Miss Fortescue.*

Lennox Abbey.

I HAVE frequently laughed, my dear Miss Fortescue, at the air of seriousness with which you asked me, at the time of our separation, one day to favor you with an account of the particular events that have happened to myself and Miss Conyers, since the commencement of our friendship. I have laughed likewise, my dear Louisa, at the importance I assumed when I promised to gratify your curiosity. But what possible events worth relating can have happened to girls born and educated like my friend and me? Reared in the bosom of prosperity, our youth has glided on in a pure unmixed course of felicity, which admits not a description. Adversity generally affords more matter worth relating than prosperity. But, not to disappoint you entirely, I will endeavour to throw as much importance as I can on the history of my fair friend, whose nuptials I am now celebrating.

Sophia Conyers is the only child of Mr. Conyers of Ongley House, in *****shire, and heiress to his large estate. Sophia, having lost her mother when an infant, was placed at an early age at the same school with your friend, where commenced an intimacy, which, I trust, will end

only with our lives. Miss Conyers and myself were continued at school longer than the generality of young women of fashion usually are, and from the same motive:—we had, neither of us, a mother, or near female friend, to superintend our conduct, and see us properly introduced into life. My father, the Earl of Ossenvor, was a very gay man, of free principles, and considered the female part of his family to be as great an incumbrance as a mortgage on his estate.

An old and intimate friend of my mother, who knew my father's disposition, and was sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, advised him to place me in a convent abroad for a year or two, in order to complete my education. His lordship listened to this advice with pleasure, and left it to her care to see me properly placed.

I was then just turned of seventeen—a period of life, in which girls of my rank and expectations usually participate in the pleasures and amusements of the gay world: yet I felt no reluctance at the thought of being immersed in a convent, and should have quitted England without a sigh, could I have taken with me my dear Miss Conyers.

I seldom saw my father; and, when I did, I was not treated with kindness by him; and my only brow was abroad on his travels; so that I had no attachments to excite any regret on quitting my home. The thought of our separation was as painful to Sophia as to me:—she therefore entreated her father to let her accompany me abroad.

Mr. Conyers, who doted on his daughter, and made it his study to gratify her every wish, agreed to this request, though not without reluctance. He dreaded her being at so great a distance from him: he had a thousand fears relative to her health and safety, and trembled lest the breath of heaven should visit her face too roughly: but my friend's importunities overcame all his scruples; and I had the happiness of being accompanied by my beloved companion.

The house in which we were placed, was a very celebrated one, and was, more properly speaking, a seminary for young women of fashion, than a nunnery. The time that I spent there will ever be remembered by me with pleasure:—no sorrows, no disappointments, ever visited us in this calm retreat. I sometimes heard from my father, oftener from my brother Lord Stanley; and his letters were longer and more affectionate.

Thus nearly two years had glided on in undisturbed repose, when my brother informed me that he should soon be at Paris, where he should stay sometime, previous to his return to England. My heart beat with transport at this intelligence: I longed to embrace so near and dear a relative; and, when Lord Stanley's name was announced, I flew into his arms, and almost fainted with joy, while he pressed me fondly to his bosom, calling me his dear Jane, his beloved, his only sister: and with what infinite satisfaction did I introduce this beloved brother to my Sophia, whose fine eyes sparkled with pleasure, at seeing me so happy!

Lord Stanley, on his next visit, brought with him two gentlemen, whom he introduced to us as his most particular friends.—It is almost

unnecessary to tell my Louisa that those friends were Lord Beaumont and Mr. Lenox.

The introduction of these gentlemen produced a new train of ideas in the minds of Sophia and me.—The frequency of their visits, their attentions, their assiduities, could not fail to please such young girls as we were, and to excite in our bosoms a desire of appearing agreeable in their eyes.—It was soon evident that the lovely person and attractive manners of my friend had captivated the heart of Mr. Lenox; and I was happy enough to gain the affections of your brother.

The manner of passing our time was so agreeable to all parties, that the gentlemen seemed in no hurry to quit Paris. They staid indeed till my brother received peremptory orders from his father to return to England.

Lord Beaumont had asked my permission to make proposals to my father; and he had made himself too great an interest in my heart to be refused this request. When my brother took his leave of me, he spoke to me, in the following words:—"Lord Beaumont loves you, my dear Jane; and you seem disposed to return his passion. It is a connexion every way desirable; yet be not too sanguine, my sister! you know your father: he expects implicit obedience from his children: therefore, my dear girl, let me beg of you, not too warmly to encourage this inclination, till it receive the sanction of his Lordship's approbation."

The parting words of Lord Stanley affected my spirits exceedingly, so that I waited with anxious expectation for the letters that should acquaint me with Lord Ossenvor's determination. Not so the gay Sophia.—As much attached to Mr.

Lenox, as I could possibly be to your brother, yet the playfulness of her disposition long prevented her from giving her admirer a serious answer. She told him that she could not possibly make any promises; for, from the very recluse manner in which she had spent her days, how could she tell whom she could or could not like? But, as she hoped soon to mix a little more with the gay world, she might perhaps see a hundred fine fellows, whom she might like as well, if not better, than she did him: therefore she would not, by too hastily engaging herself to him, deprive herself of the pleasure she expected, on her return to England, of making innumerable conquests."

Lenox, who loved her for her vivacity, gave way to it, and endeavoured to find out whether he had made any impression on her heart. He was hurt to see that even the moment of separation could not make her serious.—Sophia saw his chagrin, and, to alleviate it, held out her hand to him. "There, Lenox! Go to my father: make known your hopes and fears to him; and, as I am a very dutiful child, tell him I will accept a husband of his choosing."

Lenox pressed her hand to his lips. "My dear Miss Conyers," said he, "if I should be so happy as to be approved by Mr. Conyers, must it be only from a sense of duty, that you will give me this dear hand?"

"The man is unreasonable! Go, Lenox! leave me something to say at our next meeting. Our happiness often consists in expectations: it loses its charm, when known." She hung her head, and blushed, and looked so inexpressibly lovely, that her charmed lover with difficulty tore himself away from her.

Our calm retreat, in which we had once been so happy, had now

lost all its charms; and the conversation of several of the young ladies, which had formerly been very agreeable to us, was now grown insipid. At last the much-wished-for packet from our friends arrived.—I opened the letter from my father with a trembling hand; but the perusal of it removed all my fears. In it his lordship commanded me to receive Lord Beaumont as the man whom he had chosen to be my husband.—I also received an epistle from your brother, my Louisa, which was such, I suppose, as lovers usually write. Lord Stanley congratulated me on this occasion, and informed me that he was likewise happy enough to unite duty with inclination, and flattered himself that a double marriage would take place in our families; for that Lord Ossensor had authorised him to make a tender of his hand to you, my dear Miss Fortescue, who had long been in possession of his heart.

While I was indulging the heartfelt satisfaction which these epistles afforded me, Sophia came in with two letters in her hand, and, with a face half grave, half gay, "There, my dear Jane," said she, "read those hopeful letters! My wise father, forsooth, seems wonderfully glad to dispose of me; and the man too seems to triumph upon the occasion. I was in hopes there would have been some little difficulty in the affair; and I am monstrosly afraid I shall repent of having given Lenox so much encouragement; for you know," continued she, "it would now be a sad thing if I should happen to fancy any other man in preference to this saucy fellow."

I could not help laughing at the drollery of her manner. Many might have thought it too full of levity; but I, who knew her, knew her to possess the best head and the best

heart in the world, and that her heart was fondly attached to the happy Lenox.

We made immediate preparations for quitting France.—Lord Beaumont, Mr. Lenox, and my brother, met us at Calais, to conduct us safe over the water.—You, my friend, will form as good an idea as I can give you, of the interview between us lovers. Miss Conyers and her lover took the route to Ongley House; and I hastened to pay my respects to my father in Grosvenor Square.

I had the happiness of experiencing a most affectionate reception from Lord Ossenvor. The projected alliance had softened his lordship's heart, and disposed him to receive with paternal kindness a daughter whose heart was melted by his unexpected tenderness.—Lord Stanley, impatient to introduce me to the chosen mistress of his heart—my lover, equally impatient for me to become acquainted with a sister in whom he so justly prided himself—conducted me to you the next morning.

What has since passed, my dear Louisa, you are as well acquainted with as myself: but, for the sake of connexion, I will continue my tale to the present time.

The first real anguish of mind that I ever experienced, was occasioned by the premature death of my father, at a time, too, when I was so happy in his society—when I had just begun to taste the sweets of paternal love! This loss was felt by me so sensibly, as to bring on a nervous fever. In this exigence, my friend Miss Conyers forgot her father, her lover; she flew to render me all the assistance which the most animated friendship could give. It was then, that you first saw Sophia: you saw her fine form bend over me: you saw with admiration, with what extreme solicitude she endeavoured to sooth my hours of pain and languor.

—I recovered; and joy sparkled in the eyes of my tender friend:—Time, and the attentions of friends so dear to me, converted my excessive grief for the death of Lord Ossenvor into a tender melaucholy, to remove which, I accompanied my friend to Ongley House; soon after which, Sophia gave her hand to Mr. Lenox. I attended them with some more friends to this delightful seat, where all is festivity and happiness.

Lord Beaumont is unreasonable, my Louisa: he presses me to fix an earlier day for the completion of our nuptials.—My brother is more importunate, as you have vowed not to give him your hand, till I receive that of your brother. These men are so impetuous, so little used to controul!—Surely there is something due to the memory of a parent!—You thought my reasons just, when I declared that I would not enter into the matrimonial state, till the time of my mourning was expired; nor do I see any reason for altering this resolution:—it did not originate from caprice, or a desire of showing my power. Lord Beaumont can be as much with me as he pleases: he is sensible of my attachment to him, and knows that I look forward with pleasure to our approaching union.

Thus far, my dear Miss Fortescue, I have endeavoured to fulfill the promise I made you—and, I hope, to your satisfaction. You will perceive from the nature of things, that it is not possible to make this narrative more interesting: the incidents which I have related, are such as every day happen, and are likely to end in the usual result—matrimony.

Your brother, who is going to town, takes charge of this voluminous packet.—Adieu, my Louisa! and believe me to be most affectionately yours,

JANE FALKLAND.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Magazine.
The two ROSE-TREES ; a moral Tale.
From the French, by C. J. K.

ON one of those fine spring mornings which pour into Paris the fragrant produce of the flower-gardens all around, Monsieur Dorimont, accompanied by his two daughters, Adelaïde* and Celina, happened to pass through the market where Flora seemed to have collected all the various treasures of her smiling domain ; and where stood exhibited to view every rare plant and shrub, every curious exotic, that art or nature was capable of producing.

Captivated with the sight, the young ladies naturally expressed a wish to participate in the productions of the season, and requested their father to purchase for each of them a rose-tree.—“With all my heart,” replied Mons. Dorimont : “and I give you leave to choose for yourselves such as are most agreeable to your fancy.”

Thus at liberty to gratify her inclination, Adelaïde, whose taste was for curious and uncommon objects, chose one of those fine oriental rose-trees*, so highly prized and admired by the fashionable fair, and whose chief recommendation was its rarity. This shrub, when in bloom, was intended by her to occupy a beautiful china vase which ornamented the mantel-piece in her apartment.

Celina, more easily pleased, regardless alike of fashion and luxury, and preferring to them what she knew from experience to be capable of affording a sure and durable pleasure, chose a large native rose-tree, which, amid a profusion of verdant

foliage, displayed a prodigious number of buds, and which she intended to plant in a simple wooden box that stood at the outside of her chamber window.

The rose-trees being placed in the different stations respectively allotted to them, that of Adelaïde, having its sap forced into early circulation by the warm temperature of the hot-house which had fostered it during the winter, soon put forth all its beauty, and produced a quantity of fine exotic roses. Adelaïde viewed them with delight, was incessant in her praises of them, and took a pride in exhibiting them to all her father's visitors.

Meantime, Celina's humbler shrub, which had slowly followed the order prescribed by the common law of nature, and whose juices had not been forced into premature circulation by the contrivances of art, as yet only displayed its nascent buds ; and its faintly-expanded foliage yielded no other pleasure than that of anticipative hope. Confined to its wooden box at Celina's window, it did not strike the eye, and afforded as yet no present enjoyment. All the praises and all the admiration of the visitors were confined to her sister's elegant exotic, which, proudly displayed in its elegant china vase, constituted the chief ornament of the apartment where it stood.

But Nature does not leave unpunished any attempt to outstrip her regular progress, or to accelerate the result of her operations. She seems to refuse to plants and shrubs the usual portion of vigor necessary to retain for any length of time the beauties which they have derived from art. She even appears to view them with a jealous eye : so rapid is the decay of hot-house flowers, however carefully nurtured.

Accordingly, Adelaïde enjoyed

* In the French, the *Bengal* rose-tree —perhaps the same which our English florists call the *Chinese* rose-tree.—The other, chosen by Celina, is called, in the original, the rose-tree of the four seasons : but I cannot learn that it is known in this country.

but a short and transient pleasure from her fine exotic. Its second produce of roses were quite different from the first. Scarcely were its buds successively disclosed, when each opening flower lost its beauty, and shed its withering leaves around; while many other of the buds had hardly strength to open, and fell lifeless on their stems without blooming at all. Soon, therefore, that fine exotic was spoiled of its rich array: even its foliage lost its verdant freshness; and, before the close of the spring, the oriental rose-tree stood exposed in all the nudity of winter, presenting to the eye of its disappointed mistress only a barren shrub covered with withered leaves. In short, it now appeared unworthy to occupy the elegant china vase, to whose beauty it so lately gave additional charms,

But Celina's native rose-tree, less forward at first, and less showy, had gradually arrayed itself with foliage of more durable texture. The pure air, which it imbibed at the window where it had modestly taken its station, invigorated its stem, and gave to its branches greater strength and extension. At length its numerous buds gradually opened; and it was covered with a prodigious number of roses, whose fragrance far surpassed that which had, for a short season, been exhaled from the transient bloom of its rival. But what gave it a still greater advantage over the exotic, was, that no sooner had these roses expanded their bosoms, than numberless new buds were seen bursting forth, which, following each other in regular succession, and blooming each in its turn, never ceased, during the whole of the vernal season, to exhibit the most pleasing assemblage of floral beauties.

Every morning, Celina made her appearance at the breakfast-table

with a rose in her hand, which she presented to her father; nor was she in the smallest degree apprehensive of stripping her fertile tree of its ornaments, as a single night was sufficient to array it with new-born bloom.

At this period, Adelaïde, who, for some time, had not had a single rose to offer to her parent, began to perceive that her own choice had not been so judicious or so fortunate as that of her sister: and, as the impression, left on the mind by past pleasures which we no longer enjoy, is weakened by the sight of present pleasures which we see enjoyed by others, Adelaïde acknowledged that the flowers of the native rose-tree exhaled a much more fragrant perfume than those of the exotic; and that, although the roses of the latter were more rare and therefore in greater request, those of the former were much more numerous, more durable, and productive of a greater portion of pleasure.

To confirm her in this opinion, behold! at the close of autumn, and even at the commencement of the winter, Celina's inexhaustible tree, braving the first attacks of the frost and snow, produced a fourth crop of full-blown roses, still more fragrant than their predecessors, and presenting, amid the desolation of winter, a spectacle still more brilliant than that which the spring had witnessed.

Celina, triumphant and intoxicated with joy, had now, in her turn, the pleasure of ornamenting her apartment with her beloved rose-tree, and gratifying her sister with occasional presents of its flowers.—Adelaïde, mortified and chagrined at her own less fortunate lot, was going to tear up her dear-bought exotic by the roots, and throw it into the fire, to make room for her

sister's prolific tree in the china vase, which the other so undeservedly occupied : but Celina prevented her, and refused her consent to the removal--apprehensive lest her charming shrub, if disturbed from the humble wooden box in which it had been so productive, and transplanted to the china vase, should there contract the habits of its rival, and become, like it, withered and barren.

Adelaïde yielded to her sister's reasons, but entirely abandoned her favorite exotic, and formed, for the remainder of her life, the wise resolution of being more considerate in the choice of her objects of purchase or predilection, and paying less regard to mere fashion and transitory gratification, than to real utility and durable enjoyment.

Anecdotes of RELIGION in Spain.
(From Jacob's "*Travels in the South of Spain.*")

RELIGION in every country is calculated to produce an effect on manners as well as on morals ; in England, among those who read but little or not at all, the effect is accomplished by public preaching ; but in Spain, where preaching is by no means common, the knowledge of religion is kept alive by sensible representations of the events of the gospel history. These are exhibited in the churches, or the calvarios, on the days set apart for celebrating the leading facts of the Christian religion, or on days consecrated to the memory of particular saints. From these the people collect with tolerable accuracy the true accounts of the life and miracles of our Saviour and his apostles ; but they receive with equal credit legends of saints, which, from the manner in which they are taught, they cannot distinguish from authentic facts : but virtue, which ought to form the ultimate ob-

ject of all true religion, which elevates man to the highest rank of which he is susceptible, and assimilates him to a superior order of beings, is left to the confessor to be impressed on the mind of the penitent.

Auricular confession is but a poor substitute for public preaching ; or, rather, public teaching, which the reformation introduced, is an excellent substitute for auricular confession. The dignity of the pulpit makes reproof more severe, denunciations more alarming, advice more powerful, and consolation more soothing ; while the intimacy, and sometimes the familiarity of auricular confession, makes the penitent feel but too forcibly that the spiritual guide has all the passions and weakness of those who rely on him.

I should, however, be sorry to see this practice abolished till some better were introduced in its stead : for, though it be obvious that the profligacy of the higher classes is not corrected by their religion, and whatever dominion they may allow their priests over their faith and their rituals, they allow them very little over their morals, yet, with the middle and lower ranks of society, who form the most virtuous and moral class of the people, they have a beneficial influence. With the higher order, the great struggle of the confessor is to keep the mind free from doubts, to enforce submission to the dogmas and ceremonies of the church, and prevent the inroad of heresy. With the other classes there is no such task ; they never read books written by foreigners, nor ever converse with them ; they have no doubts on points of faith, no scruples in matters of ceremony ; and the task of the confessor is more directly addressed to the formation of the moral habits of sobriety, honesty, and ve-

Anecdotes of Religion in Spain.

city. On these points they have evidently been successful; for I have never been in any country, where the mass of the people has approached the conduct of the Spaniards in these respects; in chastity, as far as I can judge, they have not been so successful; whether the evil arise from the celibacy of the clergy, the voluptuous climate, or the remains of Moorish manners, I cannot determine; but there is, in this respect, a degree of profligacy extending to all ranks in this country, which, I trust, will ever remain unexampled in our own.*

In the midst of the gaieties which commence about five o'clock in the evening, when the Paseo, or public walk, is crowded with company dressed in their most splendid attire, and indulging in the liveliest conversation, the sound of a bell announces the approaching hour of sunset. At this signal, which is called *oracion*, every one, as if by magic, seems fixed in his place; every head is uncovered, and the whole company repeats, or is supposed to repeat, a mental prayer: after a few minutes devoted to these formalities, the lively scene is resumed, and the conversation continued from the point at which it met this pious interruption. This ceremony takes place in every part of Spain; and where theatres, or other public amusements are open, the sound of this bell suspends the entertainment till the prayer is over; so great is its effect, that it is even said that assassins, at the moment of executing their horrid design, have held their hand at the sound of the *oracion*; and, after repeating the habitual prayer, have perpetrated their diabolical purpose.

I have reason to suspect that this practice, as well as some others, arises more from conformity to the

usages of their country, than from any strong religious feelings; for I have observed in private houses, that the attention paid to this bell diminishes in proportion to the rank of the family: among the lower classes of people, it is usual to kneel or stand up; among those of greater consequence, they merely sit still and remain silent; while those of the highest rank suffer the bell to toll unheard and unregarded.

No one of the various religious observances with which this city* abounds, appears more ludicrous to me, or more solemn to the inhabitants, than the procession of the host to the houses of the sick, at the hour of approaching dissolution. A priest, seated in a sedan chair, with the holy elements in a gold case on his lap, escorted by a guard of soldiers, and preceded by a bellman, is literally denominated by the people 'His majesty coming down the street.' To increase the singularity of the spectacle, the bellman strikes three strokes, in allusion to the three persons of the Trinity, and then ceases. At this well-known sound, whatever be the state of the weather, or the condition of the streets, every one drops on his knees, and continues in this devout posture till the object of adoration is out of sight. If this procession should pass through a street, containing a theatre or a ball-room, the actors on the stage, and the dancers at the assembly, alike drop on their knees, till the sound is lost, when they resume their thoughtless dissipation.

However decorous the Spaniards may be in the performance of their public devotions, nothing can be more indecent and slovenly than the manner in which their domestic worship is conducted; a circumstance which I have frequently no-

* Seville.

ticed in the family with whom I lodge. Towards the conclusion of supper, when seated round the table, the master of the house commences with repeating ten Ave Marias; the wife repeats the Pater noster and her ten Ave Marias, others at table repeat in the same manner, while one of them with a rosary of beads, keeps the account, till they have repeated the Ave Maria fifty times, and the lord's prayer five times, the number being accurately corrected by the string of beads. They then say a litany, adding to the name of every saint of a long list, '*Ora pro nobis*;' then a prayer for the dead, another for protection during the night, and conclude the whole with a *Gloria Patri*. The words are uttered with as much rapidity as possible; and if any employment calls away the person who is repeating, he performs the work without interrupting the prayer, or losing any time; in fact, the Spaniards appear to act slowly and deliberately in every thing they undertake, except it be in this single instance of family worship.

With all this attachment to forms and ceremonies, it might naturally be expected, that the clergy would be looked upon as objects of veneration; but, so far as I can judge, this is by no means the case. The language held towards the ministers of religion is not always respectful, and is sometimes scurrilous. A few days ago, the auxiliary bishop of this city made a tour round his diocese, for the purpose of confirmation; from every person confirmed, a small sum of money was required, which was either an increase of the customary fee, or a novel demand. On his return to the city with the money he had thus collected, he was attacked by a banditti, who robbed him, not only of his extorted

wealth, but also of all the clothes and vestments which he carried in his coach. The knowledge of the story excited the jokes and the merriment of the people, mixed with wishes that the clergy were the only victims of robbers. The character and conduct of the friars is generally the object either of virulent reprobation, or ludicrous jocularity. They have lost the esteem of every one, and instead of being respected for their seclusion from the world, they are reproached by all classes for their indolence, their voluptuousness, and their profligacy; their dispersion is generally looked forward to with pleasing anticipation, as an event that must take place, if ever the people of Spain are assembled by their representatives the Cortes.

It would have appeared singular, had I not been prepared for the fact, that, among the warmest advocates for the destruction of ancient institutions, I have seldom heard the Inquisition spoken of as an evil of great magnitude. I have introduced the subject frequently, and have uniformly found it treated as an institution, which, though originally bad, is now too insignificant to merit attention; and yet two instances have occurred within my own knowledge, since I have been here, which show its meddling disposition. An Englishman had imported some printed handkerchiefs, with patriotic emblems, and the names of the patriot generals. But the printer in England had unfortunately mixed with these patriotic emblems some of the symbols of religion, such as the crosier, the cross, and the mitre. The Inquisition became acquainted with the fact, and, fearing that using handkerchiefs on which such sacred objects were imprinted, would tend to bring religion into contempt, seized the whole parcel; and they

were burned by the holy office. Another merchant had a number of bales of Spanish wool, which were about to be shipped for England; by accident, these bales were marked with a cross; information of it was conveyed to the inquisitors, and a consultation was held, to determine in what mode proceedings should be instituted against a person who could apply that sacred symbol to so common a purpose. As the person in question was an undoubted Catholic, a friend gave him information of what was going forward; and, being aware of the consequences, he immediately rectified his error by protracting the upright line of the cross, and adding to the bottom of it two flukes, so that, when the officers of the Inquisition came to seize the bales, they were found to be marked with an anchor, and not with a cross, as the information had stated.

For the Lady's Magazine.
The new-mounted KNIGHT;
an Anecdote.

From the French, by T. W.

IN the year 1165, John de C***, a nobleman at the court of Louis VII. of France, having indulged the glass too freely, made his appearance before the king in a state of ebriety, and uttered some harsh reflexions on his mode of government. Incensed at this liberty, the monarch immediately ordered the offender from his presence, with a strict injunction, that, "*neither on foot nor on horseback,*" he should ever again dare to appear before him.

The imprudent courtier was forced to obey the stern mandate, and retired to his country-seat in a distant province. Here solitude whetted and increased his ambition; and the state of insignificance, to which his disgrace had condemned him, appeared to him in all its horrors.

But how could he evade the sentence which expressly said "*neither on foot nor on horseback?*" "*Neither on foot?*" shut him out from court; "*nor on horseback?*" excluded him from the military service: and, in those times, the military service was the chief delight of the French nobility, who hardly thought they enjoyed existence, except in the tented field. His genius, not very fertile in resources, did not, for some time, suggest to him any mode of relieving himself from his present calamity: but at length, after much study, he bethought himself of a stratagem, whose whimsical singularity strongly savours of the age in which he lived.

For the purpose of evading at least the latter part of the prohibition, he resolved to tame a bull, and train him to serve as a horse. With this view, he chose one of those animals—the largest and strongest that he could find—and labored, for two years, in breaking him, accustoming him to the bridle, training him to his steps, and, in short, giving him all the agility, all the rapid and pleasing motions of the best trained horse. At length he succeeded, though not without having a hundred times exposed his life to imminent danger, in struggling against the native stubbornness of an animal before deemed untamable.

His success exhibited, no doubt, a notable proof of patience, skill, and temerity: and, when it was now certain, he provided for his new-fashioned courser a most magnificent suit of harness, caused his horns to be gilt, adorned him with ribbons and garlands, covered him with a gorgeous housing, and, followed by a train of attendants in brilliant livery, set out on his way to court. On his arrival, he equipped himself with a superb suit of armour,

and, riding on his bull, presented himself, in that Minotaur style, before the walls of Louis's palace.

So novel a spectacle naturally attracted every eye: the name of John de C***, repeated by every mouth, soon reached the king, who, doubting the truth of the report which he heard, came forth himself in person to ascertain the fact. Convinced by ocular demonstration, "I had forbidden you," said the monarch, "to appear in my presence: how dare you thus. . . . ?"—"You had forbidden me," replied John, "to appear before you *on foot or on horseback*; and you see I have strictly obeyed you."—The king, pleased with his ingenuity, and good-naturedly supposing that John's attachment to his royal person had suggested this stratagem which had in reality been dictated by ambition, immediately pardoned the offender, and loaded him with favors.

JEALOUSY.

(Continued from page 308.)

THE Countess Mulhausen, alternately agitated by love, rage, hope, and despair, shut herself from company, and meditated new crimes.

She had gone once to Leitmankor, in the hope that Ruhlberg would admit her to see him, though he had refused admittance to every one else. No exception, however, was made in her favor; and she returned overwhelmed with deadly disappointment—forced to acknowledge the power of that love which death and despair assail, without being able to change it.

After Ruhlberg had lived for six months at Leitmankor, cherishing the memorials of his undying passion, he received a billet from an unknown hand, to the following effect—"Since the death of Mrs. Patterson—of which, it seems, no per-

son has been a witness—her husband has never appeared at Sleswick. It is said he is on his travels: but is this certain? A husband, who believes his honor wounded, is often more ingenious than open in taking his vengeance. Think of this."

This billet, so full of mysterious hints, glancing upon that subject which filled the whole soul of the unhappy Ruhlberg, ended at once that state of sad serenity in which he had for some time remained. No longer did he walk for whole days in the shades of Leitmankor, marking each point of view where he had seen the fair form of his love:—no longer did he gaze upon the moon in the deep silence of night, absorbed in visionary doubts whether that pure-eyed planet might not now be the abode of Helmina. This billet, by an imperious force, instantly dragged him back to the present world. "Of Helmina's death no one had been a witness!" a small, a distant, an undefined hope now sprang up in his heart, and almost overset his reason. Of Mr. Patterson and his vengeance Ruhlberg thought but little: his courage would have sufficed for every trial which might be connected with these, even un-aided by so clear a conscience as he had taken care to preserve.

The week after he had received the last billet, another arrived, which contained these words—"You are followed, observed, inquired after unceasingly. Mr. Patterson is not gone to France:—all will be discovered:—only allow yourself to be guided; and on no account quit Leitmankor."

The advice which the last words of this billet contained, came only just in time to prevent Ruhlberg from setting out instantly towards the castle where Helmina was reported to have died. Distance and

difficulties were nothing to him. He was determined to see the very tomb of Helmina, if indeed she was entombed—which sometimes he disbelieved. He clung with vehemence to this disbelief; and the excessive perturbations that assailed his heart from dwelling continually upon those doubts which involved the whole pleasure of his existence, soon injured the powers of his understanding; and reason itself threatened to be the last of those fatal sacrifices which Ruhlberg was destined to make upon the altar of unhappy love.

A few days after the arrival of the last billet, Ruhlberg received another, which was written in these terms—"Come to Sleswick to-morrow. Let no one see you.—Come to a certain ball-room, which I am sure you cannot have forgotten, and wear the same dress which once you wore there. Show the inclosed card, and you will obtain entrance.—Be secret.—Prepare nothing:—all is prepared for you."

"Let my fate be accomplished," said Ruhlberg, as soon as he had read these words: and, with the utmost composure, he charged a pistol, which he determined to take with him upon this mysterious expedition. He passed the whole night in the room where hung his portrait of Helmina. Never had the representation of that celestial form appeared so lovely to his eyes. That habit, chosen to please him! that mask, thrown off to excite his pity, and to elaim his protection! He fancied that the picture smiled at him; and this delightful idea procured him a sleep more serene than had for many long weeks fallen upon his eye-lids.

The next morning Ruhlberg arrived at Sleswick.—Giving orders to his servants to await him at the lodgings he had there, he went

directly to the place where the mysterious billet had appointed him; and, putting on his mask and domino, he entered the very room where Helmina had appeared in the character of the Holstein peasant. All is void and silent; and Ruhlberg, supported against a pillar, yields to that flood of ideas and feelings which now rushes upon his mind, and of which the surrounding scene increases every instant the overwhelming force.

At length a woman enters. "Heavens! it is the very figure of Helmina, as she appeared at the masked ball! her foot, her leg, her enchanting simple vestment!" A shuddering seizes his whole frame; his limbs fail him; and he is unable to approach that mysterious figure, which still he follows with a distracted gaze. It glides softly along—now lost among the distant pillars, now approaching in full clear view. It is surely Helmina! she appears to seek, to await her Ruhlberg. He draws near; they look at each other. It presents a trembling arm for her support, and an arm still more trembling accepts the offered aid. Ruhlberg at length pronounces the sweet name of Helmina; and the arm which leans on his, then clasps it with a tender and convulsive pressure.

Distracted by hopes and fears which endanger his very reason, Ruhlberg hurries on the supposed Helmina. He stops: he makes her sit by him: he shudders; he sobs; and his heart threatens to burst his bosom. He speaks: but he cannot correct his ideas; only, in broken and vehement language, he supplicates for one word—one single word—from which he will receive his life or death.

The figure, without answering, puts her hand upon her lips, and makes signs that it is impossible for her to

speaking. Eager, distracted, disappointed, yet still hoping, the thoughts of Ruhlberg course, like fiery meteors, through his brain. He weeps; he laughs; he strikes his hands upon his forehead, and exhibits every sign of the highest delirium. The figure arises, and beckons him to follow her: he obeys, and they enter a small apartment faintly illuminated. Ruhlberg throws himself upon his knees. "Speak, speak," cried he: "throw off your mask; it is only the voice and the countenance of Helmina which can preserve my reason: I feel, I feel, that madness must be my portion, if. . . ." Slowly, hesitatingly, the mask is untied, and discovers to the shuddering sight of Ruhlberg a death's head!!! Desperate with horror and affliction, Ruhlberg seizes the pistol he had brought with him and points it against his own forehead. The spectre endeavours to avert the blow; the pistol goes off; and Ruhlberg falls upon the ground.

Our readers doubtless recollect, that the ball-room where Ruhlberg had formerly conversed with Helmina in the character of the Holstein country girl, and to which he had now been summoned to repair by the words of the mysterious billet, was in the house of Count Mulhausen. The report of the pistol, which had gone off in Ruhlberg's hand, alarmed the whole family. The count, his visitors, and his servants, all ran in. A dreadful spectacle awaited them. Ruhlberg was found upon the ground in a fainting fit; and near him was a woman bathed in her own blood, whose hideous countenance frightened the spectators from approaching. Some among them take courage to examine her; and they find that the hideous death's head is but a mask, which, on being

removed discovers the Countess Mulhausen!!! The ball from Ruhlberg's pistol had entered her bosom: streams of blood issue from the wound; and she groans with intolerable anguish.

To describe the last hour of a woman who had used her high endowments to purposes so atrocious, might perhaps be more horrible than instructive; suffice it, therefore, to say, that, before the next day's dawn, Madame Mulhausen was summoned to the more immediate presence of her eternal judge—of him who alone knew the extent of her crimes, and who alone had the power to pardon them.

Our readers will now inquire what were the motives which had induced the countess to assume that horrible disguise, which eventually proved so fatal to her. On this point we prepare to satisfy them—The manner in which Ruhlberg had received the news of Helmina's death from the lips of Madame Mulhausen, was not sufficient to induce this violent woman to discontinue her secret attacks upon his heart. She had gone to Leitmankor, a few weeks after Ruhlberg had been informed of Helmina's death, upon a day when she knew he was to be from home. By her artful discourse among the servants, she had gained a knowledge of every little circumstance relative to his occupations, his usual habits, and the manner in which his grief discovered itself to the eyes of his domestics. Among other things, she had been told of the portrait which Ruhlberg had taken of Helmina in the character of the Holstein peasant—of his having hung it in that room which had been Helmina's chamber before her marriage—and of the daily and nightly adorations which he paid to that cherished image of his love.

Her aim then was to break, if possible, the powerful charm which drew Ruhlsberg to the contemplation of Helmina's portrait: and this she designed to effect by mingling the idea of it with circumstances of horror and disgust, which henceforth, she hoped, might be associated, in Ruhlsberg's ardent imagination, with the idea of Helmina herself. In pursuance of her scheme, the countess wrote those mysterious billets, which were calculated to produce in the mind of Ruhlsberg a faint hope that Helmina was still living, and thus to draw him into the room where he had formerly conversed with her as the Holstein peasant, and where the countess was now lying in wait, dressed exactly in the same peasant style, and with a mask, representing a death's head, beneath the ordinary mask, contrived in such manner as to appear an inseparable appendage of the natural head. The countess flattered herself that the association of a hideous countenance with the well-remembered figure of Helmina, might so influence the imagination of her lover, that henceforth he would more frequently contemplate her as food for worms, and as mouldering in the earth, than dwell on the idea of her former beauty, or on that of a superior and angelic beauty, with which it might be supposed that her pure soul was now adorned. If once Ruhlsberg could be induced to forget Helmina, Madame Mulhausen made no question that his heart would become her own. "But what romantic folly!" exclaim our readers. "Ruhlsberg must afterwards have found out the contriver of this hideous pantomime; and then"—The observation is perfectly just. We pretend not to account for all the romantic follies which passion and

jealousy may create, even in the cleverest woman.

(To be continued.)

*Characteristic Traits of BONAPARTÉ;
(From Faber's "Sketches of the internal
State of France.")*

I have seen this man, whose name is Bonaparté; I have seen him an officer in the artillery, general in the army, consul, emperor! When yet the Italian *u* in his name gave him no concern, all then was Italian about him, his physiognomy, his complexion; he had neither the habits, the manners, nor the agreeable figure of a Frenchman; the rough motions and the sharp form of the foreigner displeased. A cold reserved air gave his exterior an appearance of indifference for all about him. He always walked concentrated in himself. Careless of the events which awaited him, but always occupied with his glory, he appeared determined to perform whatever could conduct him towards it. Attached to no being but himself, he never joined any party but to serve his glory; he has been republican, conventional, directorial, moderate. The proofs exist in the public documents: he is accused of having been a terrorist; this is not proved; but it is proved, that he has sworn to all principles, and that he has abjured them all.

I have seen this man; in the midst of the greatest crowd and bustle, in all places and at all times, he appears to be alone and insulated. Nothing that surrounds him can reach him. He, alone, forms his world. Men are nothing to him; they are the means, himself is the end. His mouth his hideous when he smiles on them; it is a smile of contempt, a smile of pity, which cheers cowards in the terrible immovability of the rest of his features.

This solitary smile has been given to him by Heaven.

I have seen this man; he is simple in his private manners, in his tastes, and in his wants. A uniform the least showy, a black hat, without any other ornament than the cockade—this is his dress. His ostentatious splendor is not for himself, but for others. He is a slave to it, in order to reign over others; he is a borrowed character in the imperial mantle, as in the hat à la *Henri IV.* as he is in all costumes; but it is better to be a borrowed character than not to have consequence:—he has neither a taste for the table, nor for women, nor for the fine arts; these tastes would level him with other men: he has only one, that of being above them.

He speaks little, he speaks without selection, and with a kind of incorrectness. He gives little coherence to his ideas; he is satisfied to sketch them by strong outlines. His words, pronounced with a sharp voice, are oracles; he does not occupy his attention by the form in which he gives them, provided the thought is weighty, strikes, and overturns. Thus frequently something common appears in the turn of phrase he employs. He writes as he speaks. Flatterers have discovered in it the style of Montesquieu; this is comparing two men who have no points of resemblance. The public speeches of Bonaparté have been dry and cold. That which he addressed to the directory, when he presented the treaty of Campo Formio, was insignificant. On the 18th Brumaire, his inattention to the form of his thoughts had nearly changed the fortune of that day against him. Being in the court of the building in which the legislators were assembled, Bonaparté would harangue the soldiers, to secure them for himself.

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‘Soldiers,’ (he said) ‘you will not abandon your general, who has so often led you to victory? You will not lend your arms to the factious who are tearing the republic? You will not uphold those who have occasioned the country to lose the fruit of so many triumphs?’ To these apostrophes, and several others, all expressed negatively, the soldiers near him answered by ‘No! No! No!’ which filled the air. These *Noes*, repeated by a thousand mouths, spread further among the ranks; and the distant bodies, supposing that their comrades were repelling, by their *Noes*, propositions against their honor and their liberty, echoed alike their *Noes* with a tone of disapprobation and refusal. For some moments, a hesitation throughout the ranks was becoming a strong opposition, and Bonaparté was near losing the fruit of that day. It was then that his brother Lucien, by his presence of mind, corrected the fault which had been committed by a want of attention to the form of expressing himself. Lucien mounted his horse, passed among the ranks, and addressed to the soldiers the questions his brother had asked; but in such a manner as to obtain a unanimous *Yes*. This *Yes* decided that day, and the future greatness of Bonaparte. After this critical moment, even in the hall of the council of five hundred, he spoke without coherence and without dignity. His speeches from the throne are—speeches from the throne!

I have seen this man, when he was the hope of humanity—I have seen him, when he had preferred to be its scourge. It is terror personified, which accomplishes the predication of heads criminally exalted*.

* We have not seen the French original, from which this is translated: but *exalté*, in French, signifies *of heated imagination, slighty, enthusiastic*. EDITOR.

that the revolution would make a circuit through the universe, and overturn all the thrones of kings.

I have seen this man—I have seen him near; his head is a rare reunion of the most marked characteristics. Every portrait of Bonaparté will be known, even if it should not resemble him. In this they are like the portraits of Frederic the Great; he admits of an overcharged likeness. It requires only lips—where the contempt of men eternally resides—to be placed between the protuberance of such a chin and the concavity of such a transition from the nose to the upper lip. The full length, by Isabey, representing Bonaparté in the gardens of Malmaison, while it embellishes the form, strongly expresses the character of the original.

I have studied the eye of Bonaparté; that eye shuns inspection. A German observer, with the hand of a master, has pointed out the difficulty of describing it*. This eye is represented lively, sparkling, open, and deeply arched. Engravings, medals, and coins, represent it as such; but all flatter in approximating the countenance to the antique.

This eye suffers nothing to escape of what is passing within; it appears dull and fatigued by the efforts to which it has served as the organ. Eyes I have found none in those deep sockets; I found two places where these had once been. They are two craters, bearing the traces of the lava which has issued from them, and announcing that frightful abyss, whose borders they form. Perhaps at the moment the volcano groans in its recesses, and prepares death and destruction; perhaps at the moment it is breaking out, and is about to annihilate all that is within its reach.

How looked this eye when Bonaparté

resolved on the destruction of the throne of Naples, the degradation of Austria, the extinction of the Germanic empire, the humiliation of Prussia? How looked this eye when Bonaparté resolved on the exile of his benefactor Barras?—the death of Moreau? How, when he ordered the young D'Enghien, just entering the suburbs of Paris, to be hurried away to Vincennes, and when Madame Bonaparté was drowned in tears at his knees? I should like to see this eye when it wants sleep.—Does it ever close?—How sleeps Bonaparté?

(From General Sarrazin.)

In regard to Bonaparté's manner, a great change took place after he was made emperor. From that time forward, ministers, marshals, and foreign ambassadors, were all obliged to dance attendance in the antechamber. On the military parades, he desisted from the practice of returning the salute to the generals and the colors, a form which the great Frederic kept up to the last. The oath from the public officers, of fidelity to him in his new capacity of emperor, was administered with great pomp. He received it with all imaginable stateliness, and deigned to smile only after the ceremony was performed. If we form an estimate of his character with an equal distrust of the injustice of his enemies and the blind admiration of his friends, we shall pronounce him to be highly studious, and possessed of an excellent intellect and memory. He is a great physiognomist, and expresses himself in writing with much correctness. As to courage, he has enough to be respectable, and to carry his point: but he possesses not the intrepidity of Lasnes, who could kindle the enthusiasm of soldiers to a pitch that would make them rush into the hottest fire. Nature has

* Reichard's Letters on Paris.

refused him this half physical quality, but she has made up for it by conferring on him the singular talent of knowing how to choose men who are capable of executing his vast conceptions. His deportment during an action is not calculated to convey a striking impression to those about him: but his generals make up for it, by riding forwards to the fire in front of the line, till the men call on them to retire. Bonaparté's great talent consists in planning a battle. Kleber, Moreau, and Frederic of Prussia, who were all inferior to him in that respect, were more brilliant during the action itself. Soult is equal, in my opinion, to Bonaparté in the plan, and to the others in the execution, but inferior in turning a victory to account. Bonaparté often takes advantage of woods and low grounds to conceal the station of his bodies of reserve. He never attacks without thoroughly reconnoitring the enemy's position; and he keeps back the reserve till a fault committed by the enemy renders its co-operation decisive. When our infantry marches forwards in columns, if we apprehend a charge of cavalry, we deploy into line a part only of the column, leaving a solid body on each flank. Every general of division is free master of the movements of his corps, unless he has received special directions from the marshal. On the morning of action, a distribution of wine and spirits is made to the troops; and on the day after a victory, they are in motion as soon as it is light, in pursuit of the enemy. In short, as a commander, Bonaparté possesses the most eminent qualities; but he has the great fault of being easily prejudiced against deserving officers. Several meritorious generals are un-

employed, from a vague suspicion of their being either Jacobins or Bourbonites; and a very prevailing dissatisfaction exists in the army, on account of the partialities which have been shown to the advantages of birth, of wealth, and of female influence. He has also the presumption of thinking that he is qualified to take the lead in every thing. He was accustomed to dispute on naval topics with Bruix, the only officer who had the courage to speak the truth to him. Enraged at finding the harbour of Boulogne so awkward for his craft to get out, Bonaparté fancied that there was a want of zeal in his naval officers, and ordered Bruix, one day when the barometer had fallen, to take the whole flotilla into the roads. The admiral replied that it would be very hazardous to venture out in the face of a south-west wind which was likely to become very violent, and begged the emperor to wait a few days. "Not one hour," rejoined Bonaparté; "my will is that it be done instantly. My victories have been obtained by a single word, '*forwards*;' and I desire that henceforth it may be the watchword in my navy." Bruix, in despair, obeyed, and took out the fleet; but it had not been three hours in the roads when a dreadful tempest arose. Several boats foundered, and others were wrecked. Admiral Lacrosse succeeded in running into Etaples, after the most imminent danger. Bonaparté came down to the beach to assist in saving the shipwrecked, and remained there during a great part of the night, plunging often into the water to lay hold of the floating bodies. The loss of lives was computed at nine hundred: but Bonaparte no longer interfered with Bruix in his naval command.

*THE DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*
(Continued from page 302.)

BOOK II.

"In the vast fields of boundless space, extends an immense region, covered with perpetual clouds and darkness: there the events of futurity are written in order; and, posted at the entrance, stand Hope, Fear, and Fiction. There the vulgar throng can discern nought but phantoms, and are alternately the sport of hope and terror: the illumined sage at times discovers a transient gleam of light darting through the gloom, and oft remains uncertain.—Toward that region we directed our eyes, and endeavoured to penetrate the dark veil which covered the decrees of fate.

"Thus the bold mortal who first ventured to embark on the ocean, long contemplated the unmeasurable expanse of waters: instead of an opposite shore, he sees nought but dangerous rocks—he hears the dread roar of the winds and the waves—he beholds the monsters of the deep rolling in those profound abysses:—attached to the shore by the tenderest of ties—a beloved wife, an infant child—impelled however by the thirst of glory, by the ambition to surmount dangers and to pass the boundaries of a narrow world, he sallies forth, to brave the winds, the sea, and all the monsters it contains.

"Mounting our cars, I set out with the deputies of Belgium. In our rapid route we soon leave behind us the plains, the mountains, the forests—and descend from the smiling hills of Saxony, where Dresden throws open her gates to receive us. Here we learn that precursor Fame had already announced our approach, and that the German princes, with the deputies of the free cities, assembled in Maurice's palace, awaited our arrival.—I made my ap-

pearance in that august assembly, where the deep sense of our own misfortunes impelled me to plead, in the name of a single nation, the cause of universal mankind.

"Chiefs of Germany!" said I—"and you, worthy representatives of the free cities! you here behold a suppliant band, whose lives are declared forfeit: but it is not for ourselves that we implore your assistance. I consent you should forget that I myself hold a rank as a member of your body—that the same common country, and the ties of blood, united our ancestors:—forget all this, and confine your whole attention to the Belgians. The Belgians and the Germans, long considered as a single nation, have ever entertained the same sentiments: you breathe the same air with the Belgian: your rivers traverse and fertilise his provinces: commercial intercourse and numerous alliances have revived that intimate union which formerly subsisted between you and him. Such, in the deep recesses of the forest, two contiguous trees, entwining their vast boughs together, are mutually engrafted on each other by the hand of nature; while, nourished by the same sap, and spreading a joint shade, they seem to proceed from one common root.—Desert rocks and caverns afford lurking-places for the brute creation: but the tribes of men, when persecuted and distressed, seek an asylum under the protection of flourishing states, where altars are erected to Humanity. The cause of justice is that of all nations: it is the common cause of mankind.

"In different countries, men were beginning to emerge from the gulf of ignorance and superstition, and to open their eyes to the light which had for so many ages been concealed from their views;—hu-

man reason, awaking from her long lethargy, beheld with astonishment the shackles by which she had been fettered, and was preparing to burst those by which she was still bound ;—when a power, which had alternately acted as the accomplice of tyranny, and hurled kings from their thrones, exerted her last efforts to support her iniquitous usurpations, and to bind the human race in eternal chains. That colossus of despotism, the most enormous that ever crushed mankind with its intolerable weight—it was you who first shook it on its pedestal : you have in part leveled it to the ground ; and your hands have prepared the way for its complete and irrecoverable fall. You have given to the whole universe that grand signal for the regeneration of their laws :—do not, therefore, destroy the great work you have so gloriously achieved :—the times will change : unsupported by laws, power rapidly hastens to decay.

“ A whole nation wish to tread in your footsteps : having more enemies to encounter than you have already conquered, they are ambitious of the honor of outstripping you in this extensive career. If they cannot reach the wished-for goal, still so far distant from them and from all nations, at least they are animated by the generous desire of approaching it as near as circumstances will permit, and pointing out the road to others.—Yours be it to respect the laws which were framed for the protection of our liberties—to show your sympathy for our sufferings, and to second our generous efforts : the voice of justice—the ancient ties of fraternity—your own interests—alike demand this of you.

“ If the Belgian and the Batavian be reduced to slavery, you may rest assured that the colossus which you

have nearly overthrown will again rise more formidable—that Rome will exert every effort to subject you once more to her yoke—and that Philip, whom she protects with theegis of her power, and who extends her dominion to the vast regions of the other hemisphere, will carry his victorious arms into the heart of Germany. Stimulated by the most inordinate ambition of which the soul of a despot is susceptible, and possessed of sufficient power to encourage him in the hope of fully gratifying its boundless desires, he has marked you out in his mind as the first objects among those upon whom he intends to impose his yoke—well assured, that, if he can erect his throne upon the ruins of the free states and cities of Germany, he will soon see all Europe prostrate at his feet ;—satisfied, if he can extend his invasions to every quarter, overthrow all laws wherever he penetrates, and bind the whole universe in chains.’

“ Truth and justice, in whose name I spoke, no doubt gave animation and energy to my language : the entire assembly felt the most lively emotion, and testified their approbation by an inarticulate but expressive murmur ; as when the loud breath of Boreas sounds through an extensive ridge of mountains, which long repeat it in re-iterated echoes.—Instantly obeying the generous impulse of their souls, they unanimously voted me an army.

“ I soon commenced my march with the first battalions of that host which were ready to accompany me : the others overtook me on my route ; and with rapid steps I proceeded to the Meuse. I burned with eager ardor to join the Batavians, and impatiently waited the arrival of Egmont and Horn, as well as that of Aldegonde, who was to bring with him my brother Adolphus, together

to tread the field of war:—he seems to hold forth the peaceful olive. One more, one last effort will I now make, to prevent the effusion of those torrents of blood which threaten soon to inundate the earth. If the laws are extinct, we, who wish to resuscitate them, are the living images of those laws. Should both you and I at once refuse to obey the summons of Alva, inevitable ruin would be the reward of our disobedience. You, I perceive, can no longer restrain your martial enthusiasm: depart then secretly with those warriors who await us: I shall soon join you: in the mean time I repair to the presence of that formidable mortal.

‘No!’ replied Horn—‘I should not fear Alva in the field of battle: there, every-where, without trembling in his presence, I abhor him. It will cost me a severe struggle, if I must repress my hatred and my anger; and I foresee an unfortunate issue to this affair: but, happen what may, Horn will never abandon Egmont.’

(To be continued.)

Anecdote of Mr. Fox:

THAT celebrated statesman was often heard to assert that he was proof against the assaults of flattery. To ascertain how far his conduct agreed with his professions, the following scheme was concerted by a noble earl now living, and several others of his acquaintance. Being once on a party with Mr. Fox in the country, they agreed to give their unqualified assent to every proposal made by him, and to applaud every thing that he said, however repugnant to their own sentiments, and however absurd in itself. This farce continued for a couple of days; at the expiration of which, they asked him whether he had

seriously believed them to be in earnest, when they seemed to approve all the inconsistencies which he had uttered during that time. This question operated on him as an electric shock: he felt its full force, and, candidly acknowledging his own weakness, replied, ‘That never struck me: but I never passed two such pleasant days in my life.’

*On the Peculiarities of Dress,
with reference to the Station
of the Wearer.*

(Continued from page 306.)

THE bosom, which nature has formed with exquisite symmetry in itself, and admirable adaptation to the parts of the figure to which it is united, has been transformed into a shape, and transplanted to a place, which deprives it of its original beauty and harmony with the rest of the person. This hideous metamorphose has been effected by means of newly-invented stays or corsets, which, by an extraordinary construction and force of material, force the figure of the wearer into whatever form the artist pleases.

A vile taste in the contriver, and as stupid an approval by a large majority of women, have brought this monstrous distortion into a kind of fashion; and, in consequence, we see, in eight women out of ten, the hips squeezed into a circumference little more than the waist; and the bosom shoved up to the chin, making a sort of fleshy shelf, disgusting to the beholders, and certainly most inconvenient to the bearer.

Curiosity may incline you to wish to know something of these buckram machines, that you may form an idea of their intention, use, or rather inutility. I will satisfy you by describing them to the best of my power.

The leader in this alarming phalanx

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is usually called the *long stay*: and its announcement to the female world, if not by drums or trumpets, furnishes not only much matter for oratory in the advertisement, but a no considerable fund of merriment to the readers of these curious performances. For instance, "Mrs. and Miss L. P. have willed it; and it is done at their houses, &c. &c." Here follows a list of their *improved long stay, pregnant stay, divorce, &c. &c.* O female delicacy! where is thy blush, when thou lookest on such exposure of the chaste reserves of thy person?

The first time my eye met these words so coupled, I was seised with that honest shuddering which every delicate woman ought to feel at seeing the parts and situations of her person, which modesty bids her conceal, thus dragged before the imagination of the opposite sex. The pure must read it with a frown of disgust, the impure with the smile of ridicule. To this moment (though I find that nothing disrespectful to modesty was *meant* by the advertisement) I cannot approve the terms in which it is written; for it is my opinion (and I am so happy as to be supported in it by the sanction of the wisest moralists) that, rob woman of her delicate reserves, and you take from her one of the best strongholds of her chastity. You deprive her of her sweet attractive mysteries; you lay open to the eye of love the arcana of her toilet, the infirmities of her nature: the enchantment is broken; and "the bloom of young desire, the purple light of the soul's enthusiasm," expire at the disclosure.

To please my still-curious readers, I will still further displease myself, and enter more circumstantially into a detail of these strange appendages to the female wardrobe.

But, before I proceed with my remarks on the *long stay* (the ring-leader of the rest), I will so far rescue the intention of its constructors from any *design* to excite improper ideas by the words of their advertisement, as to explain to you the proposed usefulness of the inventions denominated *pregnant stay* and *divorces*.

The first is a *corset* or *stay* of dimity, or jean, or silk, reaching from the shoulders, down the waist, and over the hips, to the complete envelopement of the body. It is rendered of more than ordinary power by elastic bones, &c. which, introduced between the lining and covering of the *stay*, bring it to something like the consistence and shape of an ancient warrior's hauberk. This new-fashioned coat of mail for the fair sex is so constructed as to compress and reduce to the shape desired the natural prominence of the female figure in a state of fruitfulness. Some women, who are bold enough to wear this Procrustean garb during any stage of their pregnancy, affirm that it preserves the shape without injury to their state of increase. However this may be with a few hardy individuals, I profess myself no proselyte to the innovation, as it must necessarily put a degree of restraint upon the operations of nature, very likely to produce bad effects both on the mother and the child.

Support and confinement to an overstrained part are two different things: the one is beneficial, the other destructive. And this I can assure my readers, that I ever have remarked, that those married women who have longest maintained their virgin forms, were those who, in a state of maternal increase, observed a proper medium between a too relaxed and a too contracted boddice.

Peculiarities of Dress.

Nature, in these concerns, is our best guide; and, when she dictates to us to provide against the possible disagreeable consequences of any of her operations, it is well to obey her: but, when a fastidious, and, allow me to say, an indelicate regard to personal charms would excite you to brace with ribs of whale-bone the plastic mould of your unborn infant—or when, after it has, in spite of these arts, burst its prison-house alive, you seek to deprive it of the nourishment your breast prepares—then remember, that you perform not the duty of a mother, but show yourself rather egregiously guilty of wantonness and unpardonable cruelty.

The next ill-named thing I have to describe, is the article of apparel called the *divorce*. This title is even more shocking than the foregoing; and I confess I should not think the woman who could have the face to inquire for it, far from giving a specimen of a different meaning to the same word in a different place.

This supposed auxiliary to female loveliness is, like its type in Doctors' Commons, designed, most unnaturally, to separate what the hand of their Creator had brought into most graceful union. It consists of a piece of steel or iron, of a triangular form, gently curved on each side. This formidable breast-plate (for the attraction of Love's arrows, not to repel them!) is covered with soft materials; and, thus bedded, placed in the centre of the chest, to divide the breasts. I have heard of the cestus of Venus as the talisman of beauty; of the girdle of Florizel the pledge of female honor; and the zone of Serena, the band of gentleness and love: but of this iron investment I never heard till now; and, from certain deductions,

I can pronounce that it possesses not one of the virtues so eminent in its three classic predecessors.

I pause upon my pen, while I muse on what my youthful readers will think, when they have read the foregoing description. Can they believe that I am writing of an article of dress belonging to modest women? They must suppose I am depicting the meretricious arts of some courtesan: it cannot be the delicate virgins, the discreet matrons, of a land famed for female decorum, that I am thus holding up to public censure! Even so. When the soul is forgotten in the catalogue of our charms, no wonder that the body should be made all in all. When a wife prefers the tumults of passion before the tenderness of love, can we be surprised that she assumes the garb of Thais, the artifice of a — my pen refuses to write the epithet: but you will not be at a loss to complete the sentence.

No person living can feel a more lively admiration than that which animates me at the sight of a beautiful form. I behold in it the work of a most perfect being—the accomplishment of one of his fairest designs: he seems to show in earthly mould the lovely transcript of the angels of heaven: she looks, she breathes of innocence and sweet unconscious beauty. But, when I cast my eyes on women issuing from the house of a modern manufacturer of shapes; when I see the functions of nature impeded by bands and ligatures; when I behold the abode of virgin modesty, the tender mother's fountain of aliment for her new-born babe, thrust forward to the gaze of the libertine; when I observe the pains taken to attract his eye—I turn away disgusted; I blush for my sex, and cannot forbear to cry aloud, "Oh! that my daughters were

hidden from the face of man, and of woman too, that they might never witness such prostitution of the female form !”

Vile as these meretricious arts are, they are not less dangerous to health than to morals. The constant pressure of such hard substances as whalebone, steel, &c. upon so susceptible a part as the bosom, is very likely, in the course of a very short time, to produce all the horrid consequences of abscesses, cancers, &c. On their miseries I need not to descant.

On the *long stay* (in distinction from the *pregnant stay*) I shall now make a few remarks, arising from the observations I have been enabled to make on the ladies of various ages and figures whom I have known to wear it. To the woman whose waning charms set in an exuberance of flesh, perhaps the support of this adventitious aid is an advantage. But, in that case, its stiffening should rather be cord quilted in the lining, or very thin whalebone, than either steel or iron. In all situations, the bodice should be flexible to the motion of the body and the undulations in the shape ; and it should never be *felt* to *press* upon any part.

Thus far we may tolerate the adoption of this buckram suit for elderly or excessively *embonpoint* ladies ; but, for *growing* girls, (whom, I am sorry to say, mothers not unfrequently imprison in these machines) it is both unrequired and mischievous.

Before nature has completed her work in the perfection of the youthful figure, she is checked in her progress by the impediment which the valves, bands, &c. of the *long stay* throw in her way. Those finely rounded points which mark the distinction and the grace of the female

form—and which the artist, enamoured of beauty, delights to delineate with the nicest accuracy—are, by the constant pressure of these *stays*, rendered indistinct, and in a short time are entirely destroyed.

Let then the *long stay* be restricted to the too abundant mass of fattening matronhood : so may art restrain the excesses, not of nature, but of disease. Unwieldy flesh was never yet seen in a perfectly healthy person : it generally arises either from intemperance overloading the functions of life, or dissipation decomposing them.

Let the *padded corset* rectify the defects of the deformed. But, where nature has given the outline of a well-constructed form, forbear to traverse her designs. Youth should be left to spring up unconfin ed, like the young cedar ; and, when the hand of man, or accident, does not distort the pliant stem, it will grow erect and firm, spreading its beautiful and cheerful shade over the heads of its planters.

DEFENCE of WOMEN ;
translated from the Spanish
of Father Geronymo Feijoo,
by ELENIR IRWIN.

(Concluded from page 323.)

CHAP. XXIII.

I foresee that all I have said will now be answered in this manner :—
“ If the abilities of women are equal to those of men in arts and in sciences, in political government and in statistical œconomy, why has God established the dominion and superiority of the man over the woman in this sentence in the third chapter of Genesis—‘ he [*thy husband*] shall rule over thee’—since it is to be believed that he would place the authority with that sex in which he saw the greatest capacity ?”

But I reply ; first, that the true

sense of this passage is not known with certainty, owing to the dissimilarity of the different versions*.

And, secondly, I might reply that the political subjection of the woman was merely a consequence and punishment of sin, and therefore that it existed not before the fall. At least there is nothing in the sacred writings which refutes this assumption: on the contrary, there is reason to suppose, that, if the woman were subject to the man during their state of innocence, God would have announced it to her when he created her.—The case standing thus, it does not appear that the preference was given to the man for his superiority of understanding, but because the woman gave him the first temptation to offend.

I also say, in the third place, that the mental superiority of man cannot be proved, even if his Creator should have given him authority over the woman from the beginning; because, supposing their talents and merits to be equal, it would still be necessary, for the prevention of disorder and confusion, that one should rule over the other in the government of their house and family.—Among the various species of government, the moral philosophers, according to Aristotle, considered a democracy as the most faulty, because it allowed an equal authority to the vote of each individual. But, between husbands and wives, this method of domestic government would not only be imperfect, but impracticable, because, though, in a multitude of people, the inconvenience arising from the diversity of opinions may in some degree be

* Here we omit different interpretations, ancient and modern, and, for more satisfactory information, refer our fair readers to the explanatory notes annexed to some of our numerous English editions of the sacred volume. EDITOR.

obviated by attending to the plurality of votes; yet, in a domestic difference, this arbitration of the multitude could not be admitted; and therefore the power of determination ought to rest with him whom God has pronounced the superior.

But then it may be asked, "Why, if it were predetermined in the counsels of infinite wisdom, that the man should possess the actual superiority—why should the woman have been endowed with equal mental powers?"—But this is an idle query, since, if it be proved that they are gifted with similar capacities, it would be presumptuous to question the wisdom by which they are thus endowed; and this is only one among a thousand instances, in which it behoves us to confide in the propriety of the divine dispensations, without being able to comprehend the motives by which they are regulated.

CHAP. XXIV.

I shall conclude this essay by answering one objection that may be urged against my *Defence of Women*, which is, that to persuade the human race of the intellectual equality of both sexes, cannot produce any public good, but may, on the contrary, occasion much mischief, by exciting women to pride and presumption.

I might silence this scruple by merely observing, that, with regard to every subject which offers itself for discussion, it is sufficient to ascertain truth and to refute error. It is always desirable to form a just estimate of the fitness of things:—truths possess an intrinsic value; and the treasures of the understanding consist of no other coin:—some are more precious than others; but none are useless.—The truth, which I have endeavoured to establish, cannot however induce women to the indulgence of vanity, or the display

of arrogance : and, if they be really our equals in the qualities of the mind, there can be no evil in their knowing and understanding it.—St. Thomas, when speaking of vain-glory, says, that no one commits this fault from perceiving and valuing any merit which he really possesses. And, in another place, when speaking of presumption, he says that this vice is always generated by some error of the understanding : therefore, in teaching women to estimate themselves justly, I do not incite them to presumption, as I might by an undue appreciation of their powers : but I divest my own sex of the arrogance with which they have been accustomed to undervalue them.

But this is not all which I hope to accomplish ; since I consider my system not only as inoffensive, but as capable of becoming beneficial. Let us consider how many men have encouraged themselves, from the imaginary superiority of their talents, to attempt criminal conquests over the other sex, and how often it happens that our success or discomfiture depends on our confidence in or diffidence of our own powers.—Man, persuaded of his own advantage, attacks vigorously, while woman, impressed with the idea of her weakness, resists fearfully : and who can deny that these are reasons why he should triumph, and she should yield ?

If women are aware that their intellect is commensurate with that of men, they will exert it boldly to unravel the sophisms with which iniquity invests itself ; whereas, if they be persuaded to regard us as oracular, they will lend a submissive ear to the most unworthy proposal, and venerate, as an incontrovertible truth, the most notorious falsehood.—It is well known to what turpi-

tude the heretic Molinists reduced many women who had previously been accounted virtuous : and whence should this perversion have arisen, except from their having imagined those men to possess understandings superior to theirs, and from their having too much distrusted their own judgement, when it had detected the fallacy of those pernicious dogmas ?

There is another consideration, of great importance in this matter : it is certain that every one yields readily to those whose superiority they acknowledge : a man feels no repugnance to obeying another who is more noble than himself : but he submits with difficulty to those who are his equals in birth : and the same occurs in our case. If a woman receive the erroneous persuasion that man is of a much nobler sex, and that she is comparatively an imperfect and worthless creature, she will resign herself to him with less conviction of the ignominy attached to such a submission ; and she may even carry the illusion of inferiority so far as to glory in her shame.

But let woman know her worth ! Let her be convinced that no inherent superiority exists in man ; and she will then perceive that she is degraded by allowing him the dominion over her without the sanction of the holy rite.

I have not yet enumerated all the advantages which will result to morality from undeceiving both men and women with respect to their imaginary inequality : I firmly believe that this error has been the cause of innumerable conjugal infidelities ; and, though it may seem paradoxical, I can nevertheless demonstrate it to be probable.

But few months elapse after the bands of matrimony have linked two

beings to each other, before the wife loses that ideal loveliness which novelty attaches to all our possessions : her husband soon passes from tenderness to indifference ; and this indifference often displays itself in slights and in scorn. When he has arrived at this pitch of alienation, he thinks himself authorised, by the fancied superiority of his sex, to insult and domineer over her as much as he pleases ; and, being familiar with the sayings that “ the woman who knows most, has only learned as much as a boy of nine years old ” —that “ it is vain to expect wit or wisdom from a female brain ” —with other aphorisms of equal merit—he treats his wife on every occasion with sovereign contempt :—“ her thoughts are childish, her speeches impertinent, and her actions extravagant.”—Her beauty, if she possess it, has lost all power to soften his asperity : he has forgotten the adoration he formerly paid to it, and remembers only that woman is an imperfect creature, and that he is her superior by nature as well as by law. In this state of abasement, the hapless wife receives a glance of love and admiration from another man ; and how sweet is the countenance of kindness to those who are always appalled by looks of severity ! and how gladly do we admit the discourse of those who smile when they address us !—From her lover, the neglected wife hears only what is flattering to her feelings ; from her husband, what is painful to them. —The one speaks to her with arrogance, the other with adoration :—on the one hand, she sees herself considered as less than woman ; on the other, she is elevated to the sphere of a divinity :—on one side she is told that she is an *imbecile*, on the other, that she is all-accomplished. All the words of her hus-

band are harsh, and all those of her lover are soothing.—The one tyrannises over her as an imperious master, the other bows to her as a willing slave :—and, though the latter, if he were her husband, would probably follow the steps of his predecessor, the sorrowing fair one knows it not. Her husband plants thorns in her destined path, while her lover strews with flowers that to which he invites her :—the one calls her to slavery ; the other beckons her to empire.

And, in this situation, what can the most virtuous woman do ?—how shall she resist two impulses directed to the same end—one which impels, while the other attracts her ? —If Heaven extend not a protecting arm to save her, her fall is certain : and, if she fall, who can deny that her husband caused her error ?

If he had not treated her with contumely, the flatteries of the seducer would have lost their charm : it was *his* unkindness which made her need the delusive consolation.—And all this evil springs from the slight estimation in which married men hold the female sex.—Let them cast aside their erroneous maxims ; and they may hope for unshaken fidelity in the wives of their bosoms :—let them *esteem*, since God has commanded to *love* them, and since *contempt* and *affection* cannot concur in the same bosom towards the same object.

History of HAMBURG.

(Continued from page 333.)

ADOLPHUS II. being reinstated, built the city of Lubeck in 1140, and was killed in 1164 in the Pomeranian war. He was succeeded by his son, Adolphus III. who being too young to take the reins of government, they were entrusted to the care of a guardian ; but the mo-

ment he was of an age to act for himself, he followed the example of his father and grandfather, and bestowed much time and pains in embellishing Hamburg. An unfortunate misunderstanding, however, taking place, in 1181, between him and Henry, the latter took possession of his dominions; but being attacked, and put to flight by Frederick Barbarossa in 1182, the emperor took Lubeck, which has ever since remained a free and imperial city; and restored Holstein, Wagrie, and Stormar, to Count Adolphus, who possessed them undisturbed till 1189, when he followed Frederick Barbarossa to the Holy Land. The city of Hamburg having made him very rich presents for this expedition, he, in gratitude for such favors, engaged the emperor to exempt the city from all custom-house duties and taxes on the Elbe as far as the sea, which might be levied by the Counts of Schawenburg, in any war they might hereafter undertake; the same exemption also to exist every-where under the dependence of those counts; and to forbid all persons to build either a fortified castle or citadel within ten miles of Hamburg. To this he added the right of fishing in the Elbe ten miles above, and ten miles below the city; likewise five miles in the small river-Bille which falls into the Elbe at a little distance from Hamburg.

After the emperor and Adolphus had departed for the Holy Land, Henry the Lion, who was in England, returned to Germany, retook Lubeck and Hamburg, rased Barderie to the ground, after a long resistance, and sold the ruins to the Hamburgers, who employed them in building a bridge over the Elbe.

Adolphus returned from the crusade to defend his country, and was

received at Hamburg, from whence he soon drove out the enemy's garrison; and this city assisted him in the re-conquest of the rest of his dominions; but the taxes he imposed, and the wars he engaged in against Waldemar, Duke of Schleswig, brother and successor of Canute, King of Denmark, ended by reducing Count Adolphus to the simple title of Duke of Schawenburg. He built the chapel of St. Nicolas, situated in the quarter then called the New Town, and which is since become a considerable church. The abdication of Adolphus III. took place in the year 1203.

The chapters of Hamburg and Bremen disputed, for a long time, the right of precedence; but it was at last decided in favor of Bremen, to which church Hamburg ceded the title of Metropolitan.

The Danes kept possession of Stormar and the city of Hamburg. The inhabitants ill supported a foreign yoke, and made some proposals to Adolphus III. who was so well satisfied in his retreat, that he refused to try his fortune anew. The Emperor, Otho IV. appeared before the city with his army, in 1215, when the citizens received him with open arms, and swore allegiance to the empire, from which, they declared, they had been forcibly separated. It is for this reason, they, to this day, call themselves the immediate subjects of the empire. No sooner was the emperor departed, than Waldemar, King of Denmark, besieged the city, which at first made a vigorous resistance, but at length was forced to capitulate. Waldemar did not observe the articles of capitulation, but behaved with great cruelty, and sold the city for ever to Albert, Count of Orlamunde, for seven hundred silver marks; but Waldemar being made

prisoner by Henry, Count of Schwerin, Adolphus IV. the son of Adolphus III. Count of Schawenburg, endeavoured to recover the inheritance of his forefathers.

Albert began his reign by gaining the affections of his new subjects, whom he governed with great mildness, and permitted to enjoy all the privileges granted them by the emperors, Dukes of Saxony, and Counts of Schawenburg his predecessors; but when he perceived that Adolphus was supported in his claims by Gerard, Archbishop of Bremen, and Henry, Count of Schwerin, he was determined to make the most he possibly could of a possession which he found himself unable to retain. He therefore sold to the city of Hamburg, for fifteen hundred silver marks, those claims which he had purchased from the King of Denmark; and having received the above-mentioned sum, immediately declared the city free and independent. He then marched against Adolphus, whom he took prisoner, and again possessed himself of Holstein, Wagrie, and Stormar.

He also returned to Hamburg, and confirmed all the privileges granted by his predecessors. His first care was to destroy every fortress in the neighbourhood of that city, which had been erected by the King of Denmark, to serve as a check to the citizens; among the number, was the fortress of Schiffbeck, some of the ruins of which remain to this day. The posterity of this count kept possession of Hamburg, and that part of the country, till the death of Adolphus VIII. the last Count of Holstein of the house of Schawenburg, who died in the year 1459.

Adolphus VIII. had a sister named Hedwige, who married Theodoric Fortunatus, Count of Oldenburg.

By her he had three sons, the eldest of whom, Christain, became king of Denmark in 1448, king of Norway in 1450, and king of Sweden in 1458.

There still existed in Westphalia, Otho of Schawenburg, who was undoubtedly the next heir to Adolphus: but the King of Denmark induced him to sell his right of succession; after which, he proceeded to Hamburg, which promised to submit to his authority. He then insisted that the citizens should take an oath of allegiance; but this they refused, alleging, that it had never been demanded of them by his predecessors. Things, therefore, continued as formerly; and Zeyler says, that they only promised him obedience on condition that the city should enjoy all its usual privileges, and that he would maintain their commerce both by sea and land. His successors endeavoured once more to obtain the said oath; but the citizens constantly refused to take it, and only acknowledged them as under the emperor and empire; and without prejudice to the liberties granted to the city by them. During the lifetime of Christian III. the imperial fiscal laid claim to Hamburg as an imperial city. The cause was tried in the chamber of the empire; but this did not prevent the city from acknowledging Christian IV. in 1603; and afterwards Duke John Adolphus, of Schleswig and Holstein, to neither of whom they took the oath. The Emperor Rodolphus II. together with the empire, pardoned this conduct; though Maximilian the First, in the year 1510, at the diet of Augsburg, had declared Hamburg to be a free imperial city; and though the house of Holstein had been sent to the chamber of Spirés to dispute their claim according to law.

The Bible ; an Anecdote.

MARSHAL Keith visited Paris while Folard was engaged in his translation of Polybius. At that time a military author was an animal much more rare than at present. It was not long before Keith heard the chevalier spoken of as a prodigy ; his first desire, therefore, was to obtain his acquaintance, and to visit him at his house. Folard, after the usual compliments, showed Keith some specimens of his work, which he thought most merited attention ; among others, his remarks on the battle of * * * *, where the Gauls were attacked by two Roman armies, and were obliged to engage with two fronts. Keith told him, that he would find a case in point in the Bible, in the first book of Chronicles (chap. xix.), where king David fought in the same order against the Ammonites and the Syrians. Folard looked at Keith with astonishment, and, in a transport of joy at his having made such a discovery, embraced him, saying, "Ah ! my dear Sir, could you not procure that book for me ? can it not be found in Paris ?" and it is only since that time that the chevalier began to read it. When he was afterwards rallied upon this affair, he excused himself by saying, that he knew the book only by the name of the Holy Scriptures, and not by that of the Bible ; but that, as he never conceived it had contained such excellent things, he had never given himself the trouble to read it."

SAPPHO ; an Historic Romance.

(Continued from page 315.)

PHAON expressed his gratitude daily at the altars of his benefactors, and entered the temple without being perceived by Sappho, who was covered with her veil to conceal

her distress ; and, having uttered her complaint to the goddess, was languishingly reclined at the base of a column of marble. Phaon advanced towards the statue, and threw some perfumes on the fire of the altar. An odoriferous fragrance exhaled, which revived Sappho, who immediately raised her eyes, and recognised the amiable wrestler. Confused and charmed at this unexpected sight, she ceased to entreat the goddess to tear from her heart a passion which she again cherished, on perceiving the lovely object. O Venus !" she murmured — let his heart at least feel that pity, which is the first step towards a more tender sentiment !"

Phaon continued to scatter incense on the altar of the propitious divinity ; and, either as a fresh instance of favor to him, or to increase the distress of Sappho, Venus imparted to his features, already brilliant with grace and beauty, an additional degree of lustre.—Sappho could not detach her eager eyes from his face, and at every look adds fuel to the flame which already consumes her.—How anxiously did she wish to approach him ! but the natural reserve of her sex prevented her, and she remained suspended between her opposite feelings.—At length, turning to Rhodopè, and pointing to Phaon, who stood before the altar, she said, "Behold the lovely wrestler !"—"The excess of your transports," returned Rhodopè, "merits compassion. Venus has bestowed on that young man all the charms of Adonis, whose fate she so long lamented. Perhaps she has decreed that you should shed as many tears for the wrestler, as flowed from her eyes for the death of the lovely boy."—Phaon, having presented his offering, looked round the temple,

and recognised Sappho, recollecting at the same time her verses and her present.—Not less amiable than beautiful, he gracefully approached her, and again expressed his grateful acknowledgements: he praised her verses; but added that “they contained more poetry than truth.”—“Ah!” replied Sappho, whose fond heart beat with emotion, and heaving one of those sighs which are the eloquence of love, “there was more truth than poetry.”—“Pardon me,” said Phaon: “the expressions prove that you are a favorite of the Muses, who have been liberal in their inspiration: but you must acknowledge, that truth is not a characteristic of poetry:—she is a daughter of the imagination, and exists on illusion. Such was the source of the too flattering eulogy, which you were pleased to bestow on me.”—Sappho, pleased with the charms of this seductive conversation, said, “How great must be your power in the empire of Love—you!—the favorite of his mother, who does not smile on all with equal benignity!”—She blushed at these words, unconsciously uttered, and hastily covered her face with her veil: but Phaon immediately said, “Can you complain of the cruelty of the goddess, who have hardly yet reached the vernal prime of life? Besides, have you not received from Heaven a gift of greater value than perishable beauty—the talent of poetry, which subjugates hearts, as well as music, whose influence is exercised not only on the man of feeling, but on the most ferocious savages—even on the monsters of the forest? Such was the power of Orpheus.”—“Of what avail is youth and genius,” replied Sappho, “if the arrow which wounds the heart, does not affect the object of our

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love? If his wishes are elsewhere, is there any remedy for such extreme distress?”—“Undoubtedly.”—“And what?”—“Give your heart to him who deserves it, and refuse it to him who cannot appreciate its value.”—“Do you think, then, because you triumph over all hearts a sovereign despot, that it is so easy? You are un-acquainted with the pain which the goddess heaps on others, but from which you are exempt by her too liberal bounty.—You, who cannot lose a heart which you have once gained, or, who, in losing it, would find a thousand ready to acknowledge your power—you cannot conceive the misery of those who sigh at the foot of the altars, where the goddess employs perhaps even you to exercise her cruel vengeance.”—“Me! me a minister of vengeance! that service would be too odious to my feelings.”—“You are too exalted, perhaps, to perceive the misfortunes of those beneath you.”—“You have a bad opinion of the delicacy of my sentiments:—but since, by your praises and by your reproaches, which I do not merit, you wish to know the sentiments of my heart, I will open it to you without disguise.—I love sincerely.—If the goddess (I swear before her altars) has condescended to bestow her favors on me, which sometimes facilitate the way to please, be assured, that I will never abuse her goodness, to inspire a passion which I cannot participate.”—“If Venus has given you beauty, Minerva has given you wisdom.—You love then! . . . and who is the happy object of your vows?”—“Your curiosity shall be satisfied: my heart is given to Cleonicè: to her I owe the most tender return.”

At these words, the heart of Sappho received an accession of misery,

and her confusion was extreme.—Phaon thought he had continued the conversation too long, and that he ought to retire.—“Perhaps,” said he, “I deprive your lover of some precious moments:—I repent having interrupted your fervent prayers:—continue to address them to the goddess:—may she be favorable to your love; and may I, in my first combat, prove myself worthy of the verses that you were pleased to bestow on me!”

As he withdrew, he bowed gracefully to Sappho, and bestowed likewise a mark of attention on Rhodopè, who had remained at a respectful distance. In retiring from the altar, he met one of the priests, of whom he inquired the name of the virgin with whom he had been engaged in conversation.—Sappho followed his steps with anxious eyes.—Rhodopè durst not ask whether the conversation had fulfilled or deceived her expectation: but, perceiving that her mistress dropped her veil over her eyes bathed in tears, and that frequent sighs escaped from her bosom, she readily conjectured that she had only drunk another potion of deadly poison, and waited a favorable opportunity to offer her consolation.

But Sappho, in the despair of sacrilegious delirium, exclaimed—Cruel Venus! Can there be a more dreadful torment, than to refuse me the power to please, when thou hast filled my heart with the most ardent love?—And, at the moment when I am plunged into an abyss of humiliation, barbarous goddess! thou hast displayed before my eyes the hateful triumph of my rival!”

She would have continued her impious ejaculations, when Rhodopè interrupted her “Un-

happy girl! if you destroy the barriers of all reserve, think at least of the respect you owe to the divinity!—If the unfortunate implore her compassion, what ought you to do, who suffer under her displeasure?—Would you irritate, when you ought to appease?”—“Ah! you talk with reason, because an unfortunate passion has not deprived you of its use;” and, addressing herself to Venus, she said, “O goddess! thou seest that passion blinds my understanding: this delirium is thy work: impute my folly to the excess of my misery: forgive the mad transports of a bewildered brain!”

She prostrated herself before the goddess, and then retired, oppressed with grief and sorrow.—Rhodopè accompanied her, and sought in vain to administer consolation, which she was incapable of receiving.

(To be continued.)

Anecdote of Miss SEWARD.

(From Mr. Scott's Preface to her Poetical Works)

In the summer of 1778, the countess of Northesk visited Lichfield to consult Dr. Darwin for the benefit of her health, then rapidly sinking by hæmorrhage. The poetical physician became deeply interested in the fate of a lovely and amiable young woman, distinguished by her sufferings and her patience, and the same circumstances produced a strong attachment on the part of Miss Seward. Of this interest and attachment a proof was nearly made of a kind so very remarkable, that I will tell it in Miss Seward's own words*.

“One evening, after a long and intense reverie, he [Dr. Darwin] said, ‘Lady Northesk, an art was practised in former years, which the

* Quoted from her Memoirs of Dr. Darwin.

medical world has very long disused, that of injecting blood into the veins by a syringe, and thus repairing the waste of diseases, like yours. Human blood; and that of calves and sheep, were used promiscuously. Superstition attached impiety to the practice. It was put a stop to in England by a bull of excommunication, under some of our popish princes, against the practitioners of sanguinary injection. That it had been practised with success, we may, from this interdiction, fairly conclude, else restraint upon its continuance must have been superfluous. We have a very ingenious watchmaker here, whom, I think, I could instruct to form a proper instrument for that purpose, if you chose to submit to the experiment.' She replied cheerfully, that she had not the least objection, if he thought it eligible. Miss Seward then said, 'If the trial should be determined upon, perhaps Lady Northesk would prefer a supply from a healthy human subject, rather than from an animal. My health is perfect, neither am I conscious of any lurking disease, hereditary or accidental; I have no dread of the lancet, and will gladly spare, from time to time, such a portion from my veins to Lady Northesk as Dr. Darwin shall think proper to inject.'

"He seemed much pleased with the proposal; and this amiable patient expressed gratitude far above the just claim of the circumstance. Dr. Darwin said he would consult his pillow about it."

"The next day, when Miss Seward called upon Lady Northesk, the doctor took her previously into his study, telling her that he had resigned all thoughts of trying the experiment upon Lady Northesk; that it had occurred to him, as a last resource to save an excellent woman,

whose disorder, he feared, was beyond the reach of medicine; 'but,' added he, "the construction of a proper machine is so nice an affair—the least failure in its power of acting, so hazardous—the chance, at least, from the experiment, so precarious—that I do not choose to stake my reputation upon the risque. If she die, the world will say I killed Lady Northesk, though the London and Bath physicians have pronounced her case hopeless, and sent her home to expire."

Under Doctor Darwin's care, however, "the disease abated; and, in three weeks, she pursued her journey to Scotland, a convalescent, full of hope for herself, of grateful veneration towards her physician, whose skill had saved her from the grave; and full also of *over-rating** thankfulness to Miss Seward, for the offer she had made. With her, Lady Northesk regularly corresponded from that time till her sudden and deplorable death."

Improved Management of INDIAN INK.

INDIAN ink, used as imported, has an unpleasant gloss, which is injurious to the effect in drawing, and offends the eye of the connoisseur. To remedy that defect, break the ink into small pieces, and dissolve it in warm water. If the water be in sufficient quantity, it will so weaken the glutinous ingredient in the composition of the ink, as to render it incapable of suspending the coloring matter, which will of course subside to the bottom. After it has stood till perfectly settled, the colorless liquid may be poured off; and the remainder is then fit for use, divested of its disagreeable gloss.

* The reader will recollect that it is Miss Seward herself who thus modestly *under-rates* the merit of the offer.

380 *Adulterated Wine.—Russian Officer.—Vehicle.*

Detection of ADULTERATED WINE.

THE following method of detecting spurious wines is used in Paris : take a phial containing four or five spoonfuls of Spanish wine, and, when quite filled, stop the mouth of the phial by placing the thumb tightly on it ; plunge it into a basin of water ; and, while thus plunged, withdraw the thumb. If the wine be adulterated, the honey which enters into the composition will sink to the bottom. When this precipitation has ceased, replace the thumb on the mouth of the phial, and bring it up. The liquor, deprived of its honey, frequently proves to be some meagre wine, and sometimes nothing but water, which had held the honey in solution.

Anecdote of a RUSSIAN OFFICER.

By Sir R. WILSON.

A Russian officer being stationed on the banks of a river, where his party and the enemy kept firing at each other, went into a house which was close upon the river ; but a French officer advancing, reproached the Russians with the cowardice of their commanding officer ; who, on hearing the insult, instantly quitted the house, and approaching the French officer, requested him to stop the firing of his people, that they might decide by the sword, in the presence of both parties, who was the most courageous. The French officer assented, and was in the act of commanding his men to cease firing, when a Russian's ball pierced him to the heart. The Russian officer instantly rushed forward, and cried out to the French soldiers, " My life shall make reparation for this accident—let three marksmen fire at me as I stand here : " and then, turning to his own soldiers, he ordered them to cease firing upon the French, whatever might be his

fate, unless they attempted to cross the river. Already a Frenchman had levelled his piece, when a French subaltern struck it down with his sword, and running to the Russian, took him by the hand, declaring that no man worthy the name of a Frenchman would be the executioner of so brave a soldier. The French soldiers felt the justice of the sentiment, and confirmed the feeling by a general acclamation.

Vehicle for the Conveyance of sick or wounded Persons.

LIEUTENANT-Colonel Creighton, of Edinburgh, to whom the country is indebted for his ingenious plans for the conveyance of troops in case of an invasion, is also the inventor of a very simple but most admirable contrivance for the purpose of carrying persons with fractured limbs or with dangerous wounds to any distance, at a rate equal to that of common posting, without the slightest injury or danger. Instances are on record of most extraordinary advantages derived from this humane invention. The plan is particularly simple : it requires little or no skill in making ; and the whole may be supplied at a very trifling expense. Two pieces of ash are procured about six feet long, made to resemble bows, being left stronger in the middle, and gradually weaker towards the extremities ; the centre of each rests upon upright posts, about four feet asunder ; these are perhaps two feet six inches or three feet high, and stand upon two strong poles, which form the sides of an oblong frame. From the extremities of the two bows of ash is suspended the cot, containing the bed or mattress, on which the patient reclines ; and from the spring if these proceeds the only motion which he can receive. The lower poles are either carried by the hand,

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Walking & Evening Dress.
N^o 8. 1811.

or may be lashed on to the carriage of a post-chaise, the body being taken off. They may also be applied to a cart or waggon; and, in such case, the success is equally certain; but when affixed to the springs of a post-chaise, a patient has been carried at the rate of seven miles an hour; and so far from receiving any injury—the cure advanced materially during the journey.

London Morning and Evening DRESSES.

1. *Morning dress.*—A gown with long sleeves of muslin, over which is a pelisse of satin or silk, without sleeves, so as to have the effect of a robe, richly trimmed with lace. A bonnet composed of the same materials as the pelisse and lace joined together with a flower.

2. *Evening dress.*—Of muslin over a slip of colored silk. A small ker-

chief of lace hangs loosely over the shoulders, without any fastening. A cap of lace, ornamented with an artificial flower of any fancy suited to the month.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or Ends of Verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes of the writer's own choice.

Fire, Inspire — Lays, Bays—
String, Sing—Soar, Explore—Page,
Age—Flight, Blight—Born, Adorn,
—Tomb, Doom.

Any approved completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of October, shall appear in our Magazine for that month.

POETRY.

The ADIEU.

*Addressed to Miss M. A. G*****.*

To you, my love, what language can impart

The fond anxiety that rules my heart?
How can I tell you, Mary, what I feel?
How shall the pen my keen distress reveal?

Alas! no art, no words, can e'er convey
The tenderness these verses would display.

Nature is pow'rful—Nature, in your
Will tell how true affection is distress'd,
When disappointment and indifference
meet

To bid sweet Hope's pulsation cease to
How heavy roll the hours!—and my
warm heart

Is heavy too:—it acts pure nature's part!
No worldly feelings guide me in my love:
For I would seek for sanction from above.
Worldlings would tell you they would live
or die

By the command of your all-pow'rful eye;
But oh! my Mary! little do they know
The sacred fire affection can bestow!
I love you:—and 'tis God alone can give
The high command to bid me die or live.

Yet truth shall live when time itself
shall cease,

And I in heav'n shall find eternal peace!
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Where'er you go, whatever be your fate,
May heav'n still show'r upon you ev'ry
joy!

And may the happy man, your destin'd
Feel such pure love as nothing can
destroy!

Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Let Fate her darkest cloud hang o'er my
head;

Let the vain world perplex me with its
If you have happiness around you spread,
I still can smile, nor heed the ill of life.

Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

I would not give to your dear feeling^o
breast

One care, to lessen or disturb its peace.
Whate'er anxiety may hurt my rest,

My pray'rs for you shall never, never
cease!

Mary! to you my heart is fondly true;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu!

Frail is each worldly joy!—If heav'n ordains [mine ;

That you, dear Mary, never shall be
Presumptuous is the man who still complains, [sign.

Who cannot yet his earthly hopes re-
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true ;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu !

And will you sometimes think of one
whose hours [and bliss,

With you have pass'd in tranquil love
When Hope inspir'd, with all her siren
pow'rs, [think of this ?

His breast?—Oh! will you, will you
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true ;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu !

Yes! I had hop'd, I once had hop'd to
find, [fire,

In your dear converse by my ev'ning
Such joy, such comfort, as would yield
my mind

All that a mortal ever can desire !
Mary! to you my heart is fondly true ;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu !

Remember, Oh! remember, I have been
Your anxious lover, but have lov'd in
vain ;

Remember that my mind is now serene
In resignation, never to complain.

Mary! to you my heart is fondly true ;
But, if in vain, accept a warm adieu !

Yet let us join in *friendship's* gentle band,
Though you are destin'd ne'er to be my
wife : [and hand,

And may your virtuous mind, your heart,
Bless a more worthy partner for your
life !

Mary! to you in vain my heart is true :
Accept a tear—accept my last adieu !

CONSTANS.

The SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

THE strife, the horrid strife was o'er :
Tir'd slaughter, satiate with the slain,
Had hush'd the murr'ring cannon's roar,
And sullen left the ensanguin'd plain.

Poor Mary ran, with hurried tread,
(Anxious her William's fate to learn)
O'er heaps of dying and of dead,
To hail the victor host's return.

As, horror-fraught, she onward press'd,
And shudd'ring view'd the dreadful
scene,

Strain'd closer to her throbbing breast,
A lovely babe smil'd all serene.

"Tell, tell, my friends," she eager cries,
"Does William yet survive the fray ?

Say, does he live to bless these eyes,
Or must I ever rue the day ?

"Sure heav'n my fervent prayers heard,
While rag'd the tumult of the strife,
And my lov'd hero's life has spar'd,
In pity to his child and wife !"

Extended on the coarse-strown ground,
Poor William lay in anguish near ;
Caught the foud accents, knew the sound,
And faintly utter'd, "Mary dear !"

She heard, look'd round, her William
knew,

Sore mangled! gasping hard for breath!
One hand held up, to bid adieu,
While struggling in the arms of death !

What words, what language can express
The anguish, that her bosom tore ?

Who paint the exquisite distress
Of Mary, in that dreadful hour ?

She shriek'd aloud, like lightning flew
To where the gory turf he press'd ;
Upon the youth herself she threw,
And fainted on his heaving breast !

The hero felt her last embrace :
No more his parting soul desir'd ;
He gaz'd once more upon her face,
Thank'd heav'n, and in her arms ex-
pir'd.

Poor Mary from her trance awoke,
As one awaking from the dead ;
Survey'd the scene with wilder'd look,
And found her William's spirit fled !

Found those once lovely-beaming eyes,
That glow'd so late with ardor bright,
That saw the sun in glory rise,
Now clos'd in ever-during night !

Those lips, that e'er did truth impart,
That told th'unvarnish'd, simple tale,
Which won her yielding, faithful heart,
Touch'd, touch'd by Death's chill hand
so pale !

A while with tearless eyes she stood,
Till feeling came, and grief renew'd ;
Then burst her heart :—a copious flood
Her husband's clay-cold corse bedew'd.

"Ah me!" she crieth, "a widow now!
A foreign land! no house! no home!
O Death! deal thine unerring blow!
O Earth! inclose me in thy womb!"

She snatch'd the hero's reeking blade :
"Oh heav'n!" she cried, "the deed
forgive !"

Just then a voice her phrensy stay'd,
Which whisper'd, "Thou'rt a mother!
—live!"

"Oh, God!" she cried, "My child! my
child !

Still will I bear the load of life;—
Ah me! my ev'ry thought-rau wild—
A mother still, though not a wife!"

She caught the prattler in her arms,
Then press'd it to her aching breast;
Dispell'd its infantile alarms,
And slowly mov'd, with woe oppress'd.

Kind heav'n! this widow'd mother see,
And with her orphan babe befriend.
Assist her, sweet Humanity!
Warm Charity! your boon extend.

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed
in our Magazine for June.*

The Faded ROSE—By JOANNA SQUIRE.
Ah! droop not thus, sweet, blushing
pride of June!—

[soon;
It grieves me much to see thee fade so
For I have mark'd thy progress, since
the day

[poet's lay,
That op'd those leaves, which not the
Nor the bright touches of the painter's
muse,

[that views,
Can well portray:—and who, sweet flow'r!
And feels those beauties—(which so oft
in verse

The rhyme-struck lover labors to rehearse;
And swears by all he deems would make
him blest,

[of rest—
That the lov'd maid, who robs his mind
More bright, more fair, than she* who
from the stream

[dream—
All beauteous rose, to gild the poet's
Can shame thy blush; and, like thee, tor,
through life

[noise, for strife,
With sweetness charm'd)—ah! who, for
For proud ambition's toys, a sound, a
name,

[fame!
Would barter feelings, sweet as life, or
[*]. We request that the fair authoress will
favor us with her address]

Another Completion, by J. M. L.

LIFE,

LIFE, like a morning hour in June,
Begins its transient day:

But, ah! its beam is clouded soon,
And Joy neglects her lay.

Then mournful strains employ the muse,
And sorrow fills her verse. [views:
She grieves o'er youth's quick-blighted
She grieves—but must rehearse.

Had youth's advancing days been blest
With pleasure's purest stream,

Its ev'ry hour of smiling rest
Had seem'd a placid dream:

But truth thus whispers—"Learn that
Is but another name

[life
For sorrow, envy, pain, and strife!

* Venus.

And e'en the wreath of fame,
That twines around the victor's brow,
The bloody and the brave,
Shall wither, and, with him laid low,
Its laurel'd bloom no more shall blow,
In glory's grave!

Another, by A. K.

ADDRESS to W. T.

MY much-lov'd friend! observe, how soon
We lose the smiles of rosy June—
How soon we lose the brightest day,
The cuckoo's note, the blackbird's lay.

O'er Nature's page extend thy views:
Restore thy lyre: invoke the muse.
In untaught strains thy love rehearse,
Or tune thy reed to rustic verse—

Why sleeps, dear youth, in slothful rest
Thy tuneful mind by genius blest?

Oh! why forsake Castalio's streams,
That sooth'd thee with poetic dreams,
That distant chas'd the cares of life,
Or pangs of love's capricious strife?

Come! stretch thy pow'r, exalt thy name;
And claim the laurel'd wreath of fame!

Another, by WILLIAM.

VILLAGE SPORTS.

WOULD you behold the pure delights of
life!

[strife,
Observe the rustics, void of guile and
Upon the village green at close of day,
Tread the blithe dance, or tune the jo-
cund lay.

[to rest;
Night's sable veil spread wide, they sink
Unbroke their slumbers by the frightful
dream:

[blest,
Their lowly lot with sweet contentment
Smooth glide their days adown time's
constant stream.

[same,
Ah! such the joys of those unknown to
Who never sought nor e'er desir'd a name!
And such the pleasures, such the charms
of June.—

[soon!
Oh! that a time so sweet should fly so
And such the season, whose gay scenes
my muse

With diffidence endeavours to rehearse;
And, while, with raptur'd eye, well-pleas'd
she views,

[verse.
She strives to picture in her humble

NOVELTY.

*Imitation of the French Epigram given in
our Magazine for June.*

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

WHERE Folly rears her gorgeous throne,
There Novelty did once repair:

All eyes were instant on her thrown;
All tongues exclaim'd, "How young!
how fair!

"Ah! Novelty, our cherish'd guest,

Do with us for a while sojourn !
With more delight thou fill'st the breast,
Than Beauty's smile, or Wit's sharp
turn."

To Folly's sons the maid replied,
"I will, my friends, with you remain.

To-morrow, if no ill betide,
At this same hour I'm here again."

The day arriv'd. As summer eve,
She came as lovely to behold :—

The first who did her form perceive,
Exclaim'd, "Ye Gods ! she's wond'rous
old !"

Lines written at eighty Years of Age.

(From the French.)

EACH day's a blessing now bestow'd by
heav'n :

Of this I still enjoy the present hour.—
To you, ye blooming youths, no more is
giv'n ; [pow'r ?

For who can say to-morrow's in his
ANONYMOUS.

RELIGION compatible with the HAPPY-
NESS of Life.

(From "Sacred Meditations," by a Layman)

RELIGION sings no gloomy tales,
When virtue in the heart prevails.

Her voice is then a scraph's lay,
That calls to rapture's endless day.

Religion interdicts no joy,
But what would health and peace annoy ;
Or disunite our social ties ;

Or cloud our prospects of the skies.
She asks a corner of our heart,

But lets earth share its needful part.

She loves not sad exclusive cells ;

But smiles wherever reason dwells.

Her monarchy is o'er the mind ;

Her subjects are all human kind ;

To all her temple spreads its gates ;

For all her heavenly treasure waits.

The seaman, wet with sleet and rain,

While watching o'er the midnight main,

May, as the waves around him roar,

With silent gaze his God adore.

The husbandman, who breathes the dawn,

While striding through the dewy lawn,

Or bending o'er the healthful plough,

His humble mind to heav'n may bow.

The son of trade may still pursue

His useful toil with upright view ;

Yet bless at times, with grateful mind,

The benefactor of mankind.

All ranks their sev'ral tasks may tend,

Yet still keep nature's Lord their friend ;

If the pure heart and pious thought

The tribute to his will be brought.

With ~~and~~ unsinning aid serene,

Thus may we pass the present scene ;
Enjoy the sweetest fruits of time,
And feel our nature more sublime.

But when these skies shall roll away,
And heav'n disclose its glorious day,

How will the deathless mind rejoice,
And triumph in Religion's voice !

Then, while she calls, her strains obey ;
This is her kind accepted day.

Her claims accredit, and assume
Those habits which will bless the tomb.

To a Lady, on her presenting the Author
with a WATCH-PAPER in the form
of a TREE.

By Mr. FITZGERALD, Author of "Poetical Pastimes."

THUS trees, my fair, resemble thee,
Array'd in all the charms of May ;

Save that thy charms still fresh shall be,
Long after theirs have pass'd away.

Yet, ah ! this ev'ning watch observe,
Prophetic of all beauty's doom ;

It tells me, too, without reserve,
That years shall steal away thy bloom !

But virtues of unfading grace,

With ev'ry ornament of mind,

Shall haste to fill thy beauty's place,

When beauty could not hope to bind.

The DECLARATION of LOVE.

By JAMES NEALE, Esq.

MY heart is gone—I can't tell how.

But pure's the flame I feel.—

To richer girls let others bow ;

To Mary Ann—I Neale.

MARY ANN'S Reply.

To others Neale, with vows so vain—

Go, perjurd, faithless man !

Some simple maid you may obtain ;

You cannot Mary Ann.

*On a hasty Marriage between a young Lady
and a Pop.*

BELINDA, in her twentieth year,

Holds solitude such woe,

Sho'd rather lead a Monkey here

Than lead an Ape below.

La VERTU.

Nous traitons la Vertu comme on traite
une reine :— [nous toucher :

Sa bouté, sa douceur, son air sait

Mais un respect si fort loin d'elle nous
enchaîne,

Que nous n'osons en approcher.

* * * Any approved translation or imitation
which may have reached us by the fifteenth of
October, shall appear in our Magazine for
that month.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Meteorite Stone.—On the first of March, a stone, weighing fifteen pounds, fell from the clouds to the earth, in the village of Kouleghowsky, dependent on the town of Romea, in the government of Tschernigoff, in Russia. Its fall was preceded by three violent claps of thunder. When it was dug out from the depth of more than three feet, through a thick layer of ice, it still possessed heat. It was remarked, that, at the third clap of thunder, there was an extraordinary explosion, with a loud, hissing noise, and throwing out a great quantity of sparks.

Locusts.—The Roman states were again visited in April by locusts, which devastated the country for many leagues. For near two months, 6,000 men were employed by the government in extirpating these insects by means of fire and nets, and burying them in deep pits.

The Archduke Francis.—Some time in April, that prince, brother to the Austrian monarch, privately withdrew from Vienna, and, with a suite of about ten persons, travelled *incog.* under the title of a count, to Salonica, whence he sailed to Smyrna. After he had remained there a short time, on order arrived from the British admiral to Capt. Peyton, of the *Weasel*, gun-brig, to convey the prince and his suite to Sardinia, where they arrived in May.

Advices from Buenos Ayres, of May 7, state that a treaty of peace and amity has been concluded between the provinces of Paraguay and Rio de la Plata.

South-American Congress.—A meeting of Cortes—the first ever assembled in America, and denominated the "*General Congress of Venezuela*"—has been held at that city, consisting of the representatives of twenty confederate cities and territories, sworn to defend their "rights and those of Ferdinand VII, without any connexion with or influence from France, and independently of any form of government adopted in Spain."—The supreme provisional junta have resigned into the hands of this congress the powers and authorities with which they had been invested.

Advices from Rio Janeiro, of June 8, state that tranquillity prevailed throughout Brazil.

Avalanche.—June 14, an *avalanche* took place at Villeneuve, in the neighbourhood of the lake of Geneva. The heavy rain that fell during the preceding month, is supposed to have penetrated a part of the mountain in the vicinity of the above town, and detached the summit from its base, as large fissures, three yards in width, were observable two weeks preceding. On the 14th, at mid-day, the atmosphere being remarkably serene, and clear, the summit of the Fourches, covered with several hundred trees, suddenly gave way; the concussion was so loud, that the report was heard at the distance of eight miles. The ruins occupy a space of one mile and a quarter, including a part of the town of Villeneuve. At Vevay and Noville, the *avalanche* had all the effects of an earthquake; the houses being rocked, the earthen ware broken, and the furniture displaced.

Conflagration.—About the middle of June, a conflagration took place at Smyrna, which laid a great part of the city in ashes.—The damage is estimated at ten millions of piastres, at least.

Spain.—June 19, the Cortes passed a decree relative to an offer, made by the British government, of mediation with the American provinces. The offer is accepted, on condition that an acknowledgement of the sovereignty of the Cortes should be the basis of the treaty; and that the British government should, on the failure of the negotiation, suspend all intercourse with the refractory provinces, and assist in reducing them to subjection.

June 21. The American brig *Tamaash-maah*, which had just sailed from New York for France without a cargo, was captured by the British frigate *Melampus* on the American coast.—The passengers, with their baggage, were set at liberty: but the brig was carried off as a prize.

July 7. An engagement took place in the Gulf of Bahrak, in the Black Sea, between a Turkish squadron and a Russian armament; when, after a severe conflict of two hours, victory declared in favor of the Russians.—One Turkish ship of 24 guns was blown up, a second otherwise destroyed, and three taken.—One Russian ship was sunk, and the rest much damaged.

Tarragona.—At the storming of this place on the 28th of June, [See our Magazine for July, p. 339] the garrison, panic-struck on seeing the French mount the breach, immediately betook themselves to flight. The slaughter within the walls was immense—neither age nor sex being spared: numbers lost their lives in attempting to escape to the British squadron in the harbour; a great multitude were butchered on the road in their flight from the city. Females, young and old, were treated with the utmost brutality, and many of them (it is said) thrown alive into the flames with the wounded Spaniards; the city having been set on fire by the French, and completely burned to ashes, with the exception of a very few houses, which, in consequence of their hasty march, they had not time completely to destroy.

Turks and Russians.—July 4, a Turkish army of 60,000 men, commanded by the grand vizier in person, was defeated by the Russians at Rudschnuk. The Turks left on the field of battle 1500 killed, besides those they had carried off during the action.

Petersburg, July 10—A fire at Archangel has destroyed a number of warehouses, and a great quantity of foreign merchandise. The loss it has occasioned is estimated at two millions of rubles.

July 11. The king of Sweden quitted the British fleet, and landed at Tonningen, as mentioned in our last Number: but he was *not* arrested on his arrival, as there stated on the authority of the newspapers: he only is narrowly watched.

King Joseph arrived at Madrid, on his return from France, July 16. But advices of a latter date, say that he is destitute of all regal authority; that his orders are counteracted by the French generals; that contributions are levied throughout the country with unrelenting severity, and that his frequent applications to alleviate the oppression have been treated with neglect, if not with insult.

Heat.—At Augsburg, July 2^d, in the afternoon, the thermometer, in the shade, facing the south, rose to 99 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Longevity.—A Russian peasant, of the name of Alexei Nikiforov, lately died in the village of Kamenka, in the province of Ufa, at the advanced age of 124. At 104 he lost his wife, aged 90; and two years after married another, by whom he had two daughters, whom he lived to see married, and mothers.

A gentleman, who was at Petersburg on the 24th of July, states, that such was the confidence with which the Russian government had inspired Sir James Saumarez, that the British admiral had permitted 200 ships, principally laden with the produce and manufactures of this country, to proceed to the port of Cronstadt; and some of them were then entering the Neva.

July 21 or 25. The French general Suchet made himself master of the convent of Moutserat, which, from its lofty situation, and the strong batteries erected for its defence, was deemed impregnable.

Gibraltar, July 25—We learn from Cadiz, that the Minhi ship of war has come in from Vera Cruz, with seven millions of dollars. This acquisition is very opportune, as the Spanish executive government was in so much distress for money, that they could not even supply the army with necessaries, much less pay up the arrears. According to Blake's account, one third of them were destitute of shoes, and although there was abundance of flour in the port, the Regency had no resources to purchase it of the proprietors, for the maintenance of the forces.—Mr. Wellesley, the British minister, had advanced to the Spanish government two millions of dollars.

July 28—Information from France, of this date, states that the experiments to procure saccharine matter from beetroots, to rival our colonial productions, had wholly failed; the quantity extracted being insufficient to compensate for the expenses attending the growth and process. One hundred weight of the vegetable yielded only four pounds of sugar, and three of molasses.—The price of sugar in Paris was 4s. 6d. per lb. unrefined, of coffee 3s. 6d. per lb. and of bread only 2d. per lb.

The ecclesiastic synod, lately held at Paris, was, on account of the freedom of some of its discussions, suddenly broken up by a mandate from Bonaparte; and eleven of the bishops were sent prisoners to the castle of Vincennes.

Bonaparte has lately issued an edict, by which no heiress, possessed of the income of 6,000 francs per annum (about £250) is to be allowed to marry without the consent of the Emperor. It is understood that such marriages are to be confined to the military class by special indulgence.

The Pope has been removed, by the

order of Bonaparté, from Savona, in the Genoese territory, to Tortona, a strong place of Piedmont.

Madame Blanchard, in one of her late ascents from Paris in a balloon, was caught in a storm of hail and rain; but, notwithstanding, ascended so high that she was lost in clouds and whirlwinds. In consequence of the prodigious height to which the balloon ascended, she fainted, and continued insensible for some time. Her ascension occupied fourteen hours and a half.

There are now building in the East Indies three ships of 1200 tons each. They are nearly finished, and are expected to be very creditable to the abilities of the shipwrights of our Eastern empire.

A Leipzig journal states, that it was ascertained by the Diet, during its late sitting, that the manufactures of Saxony employed heretofore upwards of 400,000 workmen; but that they had dwindled to about one fourth of that number.

Nazious Snuff!—A house was lately robbed at Leipsic by a villain, who, coming on pretended business in the master's absence, and entering into conversation with his servant, gave the latter a few pinches of snuff mixed with some narcotic ingredient, which soon threw him into a lethargic sleep.—This practice was so frequent in France about a century and a half ago, and so many persons were thus robbed even in coffee-houses and taverns, that a royal edict was issued, prohibiting, under a severe penalty, the offer of a pinch of snuff.—The villains who followed the practice, were called *Endormeurs*.

The practice of vaccination has been extended to the remoter provinces of the Russian empire; and letters from Orenburg state, that, in March and April last, it was introduced with the greatest success among several of the Tartar tribes.

Helligoland, Aug. 8—Rigorous measures continue to be enforced on the opposite coast, to prevent any intercourse with British ports. A son of a senator has been branded and condemned to ten years' imprisonment for holding correspondence with this island.

London, Aug. 8—An intercepted letter from Belliard, governor of Madrid, which was taken from the bearer by the guerrillas, and by them transmitted to lord Wellington, states his situation of embarrassment and danger, from the reduction of his garrison, which was cooped up in the Retiro, and with much dif-

iculty preserved subordination within the city. The patriots frequently in open day approached the walls, and during the night did considerable damage to the place on several occasions. He urgently demands re-inforcements, and states the absolute necessity of abandoning the capital, should his application be unsuccessful.

France.—All the ancient patents for medicines ceased in January last, by virtue of a decree issued in 1810; but those found worthy have been bought for the purpose of being rendered public. A provisional committee has since been appointed to receive applications for new patents, and to ascertain if the medicines be new, in which case the committee fixes the price.

By a recent decree, the apothecaries, and other compounders of medicines in Paris, are subjected to annual visits from the professors of the special schools of medicine.

London, Aug. 15—The French government has notified to the merchants of Paris, and of the other principal towns, that, to prevent the necessity of a clandestine correspondence with England, all letters sent *unsealed* to the post-office at Paris, addressed to merchants in England, will be forwarded conformably to their addresses. After this notification, no indulgence will be shown to any person detected in a private correspondence with England.

London, Aug. 19—Letters from Anhalt state, that the remonstrances of Sir James Saumarez to the Swedish government respecting the sequestrated property at Carlsham, have been attended with good effect; and that several of the cargoes have been restored in consequence.

London, Aug. 21—By gentlemen just arrived from France, it is stated, that the quantity of money in that country is immense; and so untrue is it that bullion has there risen in price to the same rate as in England, that a guinea, which used to be worth 25 livres, four sous, now sells only for 26 livres.

London, Aug. 29—Letters from Cadiz, of July 25th, describe a total want of energy in the Regency and the Cortes—a very evident jealousy, entertained by those in authority, against our officers and troops—the government overwhelmed with debt—the treasury exhausted—the marine eighteen months in arrear of pay—the army five, and the troops often four or five days without rations.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

IN our last publication, we left His Majesty in a very dangerous state on the 26th of July.—In the night of the 28th, he obtained several hours' rest: on the 29th, he took some *solid food*, and, after another good night, seemed much improved on the morning of the 30th, and appeared more quiet during the day.—In the evening of August 1, he suffered another relapse, and continued in violent agitation during the whole night, under the influence of a paroxysm of the brain, but without any increased symptom of bodily disease.—From that period, he continued, with occasional variations for the better and the worse, until the 20th, when, for a time, he was considered to be in a very dangerous state.

On the fifth of August, the public were informed that His Majesty was not so much confined or restrained as he had been before; that he was allowed the liberty of a whole suite of apartments, and his *powers of personal action were not limited*; but, to prevent his doing himself mischief by coming into contact with hard substances (a danger, to which he would be particularly exposed by the combined operation of the violence of his paroxysms, the freedom of his personal action, and the deficiency of his sight), the floors, walls, and furniture, were covered over with soft cushions, and stuffings, and the floors covered with cork, laid on to a sufficient thickness under the carpets.

With respect to *food*, a disinclination to it is a part of His Majesty's malady; and he would sink for want of sustenance, if it were left to his own demand for food. What he takes he has not power to digest; and it is only by medical means that he is made to swallow it.—His medical attendants (it is said) are now convinced that he labors under an *effusion* on the brain, which precludes all hope of his mental recovery, though, from the state of his bodily health and the strength of his constitution, his existence may yet be protracted for some time. Meanwhile, one of the Regent's servants is in constant attendance to carry immediate intelligence to his master of any important event. We have to add, however, that, within these few days, His Majesty

is reported to have recovered his natural appetite, and to have made some hearty meals with good relish; and, at the present date (August 30), he is said to be, at intervals, "*very collected*." On the whole, he appears to be evidently better.

Irish Catholics—The Catholics having announced their intention of electing delegates to a General Committee of their body to frame and promote petitions to parliament for the repeal of the penal laws against them, the lord lieutenant and council issued a proclamation on the 30th of July, ordering all persons elected or concerned in such elections to be arrested and held to bail, to be afterwards tried under the Convention Act. The Catholics, however, not considering a proclamation as having the force of a law, and viewing the proclamation in question as an actual violation of law, determined to disregard it. Accordingly, in open defiance of it, meetings were immediately held in various parts of the kingdom, and resolutions passed, expressive of their sentiments. At some of these meetings many respectable protestant gentlemen, and even magistrates, in their robes, attended and openly testified their approbation of the proceedings.—But, on the 9th of August, five gentlemen, who had been present at an election in one of the Catholic chapels in Dublin, on the 31st of July, were arrested by the magistrates of the police-office, and conducted, in custody, to the chief justice of the King's Bench. Having been arrested without previous notice, they requested to be allowed time until the next day to advise with counsel: but the chief justice refused it, and declared, that, unless bail were then given, he would commit them to prison.—One of them having demanded a copy of the information upon which they had been arrested, the judge refused that likewise.—Bail, however, was given; and the important question now remains to be decided by a jury.

Price of Bread—Quartern wheaten Loaf, August 1, thirteen pence, three farthings—Aug. 8, fourteen pence—Aug. 15, fourteen pence, halfpenny—Aug. 22, fifteen pence, farthing.

Another Monster.—July 20. A female, of respectable appearance, was suddenly

attacked, near St. George's Church in the Borough by a villain unknown, who, without speaking a word, stabbed her with a sharp instrument, and escaped.—She fell senseless to the ground, was conveyed to St. Thomas's hospital, and died on her arrival.

Stage-Coaches.—*July 23* The proprietor of a Portsmouth coach was convicted at Union Hall in penalties to the amount of £ 50, for carrying more outside passengers than allowed by the act.

Bank-Robbery.—In the night between the 24th and 25th of July, the banking-house of Messrs. La Costa, and Co. at Chertsey, was entered by means of pick-lock keys, and robbed of Bank of England and Chertsey notes to the amount of above four thousand pounds.

Sicindler.—*July 27.* As Mr. Jameson, of Wakcot-place, was passing over Westminster-bridge, he was accosted by a reverend looking person, dressed as a clergyman, who said he was suddenly taken ill, and requested permission to lean on his arm for support across the bridge, or till he met a coach. Mr. Jameson, unsuspecting of any fraud, immediately consented, and walked with the supposed invalid till nearly opposite Astley's Theatre, when he hailed an empty coach, and Mr. Jameson assisted him into it, and received his thanks for the assistance he had afforded him. The stranger at the same time gave him his card, on which was written, "The Rev. Mr. Bowen, Trafalgar-place, Newington," and requested the favor of a call from him, when convenient. The coach drove off, and Mr. Jameson soon discovered, to his astonishment, that, during their walk, the Reverend Mr. Bowen had contrived to ease him of his watch, his purse, and his pocket handkerchief. The address was fictitious.

Two young women, have been sentenced to seven years' transportation at the Exeter Quarter Sessions, for throwing oil of vitriol on the clothes of another young woman.

July 29. A horse and gig, stolen from the nursery, New-Road, St. Marylebone, about two o'clock in the morning, were, by ten o'clock the same night, taken to Seagrove in Leicestershire, where the robbers were apprehended—Seagrove is about 120 miles from London.

Sunday Schools.—*July 30.* At the Sessions-house, Portsmouth, John Mayhee, master of a Sunday school, where poor children are taught to read the Scrip-

tures, the explanation of the Catechism, and the Common Prayer, was tried under the obsolete act "*to prevent and suppress seditious conventicles*," on an information, preferred, nominally, by a person wholly unacquainted with the matter, but, actually, by the Rev. Dr. Scott, chaplain of Portsmouth Dock-yard church.—The penalty for transgression of that act is twenty pounds: but—The defendant was acquitted.

John Dory.—Immense quantities of that delicious fish have lately been taken in Cawsand Bay, and sold at from five to nine pence each—almost every fish weighing six or seven pounds.

Prolific Vine.—The extensive vine at Hampton Court exhibits at this time 2750 bunches of the finest fruit that this celebrated tree has ever produced.

Quadruped Actors.—Messrs. Davis, Crossman, and Parker, the proprietors of the equestrian troop, cleared £10,000. by their late engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Ring-dropping.—*Aug. 10.* As Mr. Winkton, of the Minories, was going through St. James's Park, he perceived a genteel-looking man, a short way before him, stooping, as if in the act of picking something up from off the ground. On his coming up with him, the fellow stated he had found a beautiful gold ring, set with pearls, and a ruby stone set in the middle of it; on which Mr. W. on looking at it, asked him if he would dispose of it? The fellow pretended he did not know the value of the article, but in a few minutes afterwards offered to take a guinea and a half. Mr. W. thinking the ring a very valuable one, did not hesitate, but paid the money. The fellow then wished him a pleasant walk, and departed. Shortly afterwards Mr. Winkton went into a jeweller's shop, in the Strand, inquired the value of his bargain, and was informed that the ring was nothing more than a piece of pinchbeck, set round with an imitation pearl, and glass in the middle.

Collieries.—Not less than 19,661 wagon-loads of coals have been shipped from the Earl of Lonsdale's works at Whitehaven between the first of July and the tenth of August—making an average of 3277 per week.

Balloon.—*Aug. 12.* Mr. Sadler and Capt. Paget ascended from Hackney, and, after a voyage of one hour and thirteen minutes, landed near Tilbury Fort.—In one part of their flight, the city of

London, the four bridges, and the German Ocean, were all at once distinguishable to them. When the balloon was at its greatest height, Capt. Paget experienced an extreme pain in his ear, which, however, gradually abated as he descended, and left him free from any inconvenience. — Besides provisions, &c. the balloon carried 130 pounds weight of ballast. — During the operation of inflating it, a prodigious number of swallows alighted on the church and steeple, apparently much surprised at that novel phenomenon. When it was launched, the shouts of the assembled multitude alarmed the birds, which all instantly took flight, and followed it. Some of them alighted on its top; others perched on the car, and were caught by the aeronauts.

Turtle.—The Duke of Cumberland has lately received a present of a turtle, weighing *three hundred weight and a half*.

Horsemanship.—Mr. Langley, an attorney at Bath, lately, for a wager, rode a seven-years-old mare a *hundred miles in ten hours and fifty minutes*.

Canine Conspiracy.—An action was lately brought at Okham Assizes, to recover damages on account of a dog having worried some sheep belonging to a neighbour. It appearing in evidence that there were two dogs engaged in this predatory excursion, one only of which belonged to the defendant, his counsel submitted whether his client could be held liable, as it was doubtful which animal was the criminal. The judge held, that, even if only one was principal, the other was an accessory, and therefore both were liable. They were conjoint trespassers, and therefore liable jointly and severally. It was a remarkable circumstance, said his lordship, but it was well known, that dogs agreed together to go out upon these marauding expeditions. Verdict for the plaintiff.

The treasure brought by the China fleet amounts to about one million four hundred thousand dollars.

Methodists, Aug. 13. The conference of the Methodists, closed their sittings at Sheffield. There is an increase of 7445 members; and the preachers and chapels have increased in proportion. The number of preachers who attended was not less than 250. Twenty-six preachers, having finished their probation of four years, were publicly received into full connexion: and the demand for preachers from different parts of the United Kingdom induced the conference

to admit 60 young men for trial, as candidates for the ministry.

Upwards of eight hundred Dutch fishermen have recently made application to the British government to be taken under its protection, and have solicited to be allowed to settle on some part of the east coast of Scotland. They are infinitely better acquainted with the fishing banks and stations upon the coast than our own fishermen, and government are now devising measures for procuring a permanent settlement for these useful and industrious people on some part of that coast. The great body of these fishermen has already arrived at Heligoland; and many others on various parts of the Dutch coast are preparing to follow their example.

Polygamy.—Aug. 14. At Warwick assizes, a man, named Wilkes, was convicted of "*bigamy*", in having married four wives.

Apricots.—At Standon, in Essex, no fewer than 6,570 apricots (it is said) were lately taken from one tree, to *thin the tree*, for the proper quantity to remain as fruit.

Sharp-Shooting.—Aug. 15. Adjutant De Berenger, of the Duke of Cumberland's sharpshooters, in firing at the target, at two hundred yards' distance, without a rest, hit the bull's eye six times in seven shots.

Fleet Bank Notes.—Sussex Assizes, Aug. 17.—J. B. Shuckard had shown some of these notes to a publican at Brighton, as Bank of England notes, sealed them up in a paper, and given them to him to keep. He then bought various articles on credit, referring to the publican for his responsibility. Having thus cheated several tradespeople, he decamped; when, upon examination, the deposited notes proved to be Fleet Bank notes for pence.—He was acquitted on the charge of frauds through a deficiency of evidence; but he was convicted of publishing a note with the sum expressed in "*white letters on a black ground*," which, by the Bank Act, is a misdemeanour, subject to six months imprisonment; which sentence he received.

The Rape of the Beard.—A few days ago, a tradesman of Leicester, observing a Jew with a long beard, invited him into his shop, and cut it off with a pair of scissors. This, to the Jew, was a serious loss, as his office of rabbi depended upon his preserving it: he therefore brought his action for damages; and it would

have gone hard with the offender, had not the Jew consented to forego his suit on condition of the defendant's paying 20*l*.

Pawnbrokers.—*Aug.* A pawnbroker was fined forty shillings, with ten shillings costs, for having charged one *half-penny* more of interest than is allowed by act of parliament.

Poisoning of Horses.—A bill of indictment has been found against Daniel Dawson, who is now confined in Cambridge jail, to be tried at the March assizes, on a charge of having poisoned two race-horses at Newmarket in 1809. He is not charged with the more recent poisoning, noticed in our Magazine for May, of which the author yet remains undiscovered.

Fictitious characters.—A fellow, named Jackson, who keeps an office for selling characters to servants, has been committed from Marlborough street office, for having given a fictitious character to a servant, who afterwards robbed his master, and decamped.

Aug. 21—There is at this time an immense importation from Paris, of books, pictures, prints, bronzes, busts, clocks, jewellery, toys, and elegant articles of all kinds, which our ministers have allowed to be entered at the Custom-house.

Pedestrians.—*July 27*, a Mr. Oliver completed the task of walking 100 miles in 24 hours—*August 5*, a Mr. Dufour walked, in fifty seven minutes, eight miles and a half, viz. from the middle of Holborn to Bow, and back again.—*Aug. 21*, Lieut. Gent ran four miles in twenty-four minutes, with five minutes' rest intervening.—Mr. Elackie, of Somersetshire, who had undertaken to imitate Colonel Barclay's exploit of walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours, was obliged to relinquish the task on the twenty-second day of his labor; his legs frightfully swollen, and his weight reduced from fourteen stone, six pounds, to eleven stone.

Negro Navigators.—Lately arrived at Liverpool, from Sierra Leone, owned and commanded by Paul Cuffee, a negro, and navigated by a crew of all negroes, or immediate descendants of negroes. Captain Cuffee was born of negro parents in New England, where he built a vessel almost entirely with his own hands; and, having learned navigation, and been converted to Christianity, felt a wish to impart the blessings of religion to his kindred race in Africa. Having visited that region, he is now come to England with the sole view of promoting his fa-

vorite object, and has brought with him a native of Sierra Leone, the son of a negro of considerable property, to learn navigation, in which the youth has made considerable progress during the voyage.

August 22. Parliament was prorogued to the 4th of October.

Mock Parson.—An impostor, of the name of Tucker, alias Tuck, &c. &c. is now in custody, charged with numerous frauds.—Falsely pretending to be in holy orders, he introduced himself to several clergymen, borrowed money of them—performed divine service in their churches, and even married some couples—and practised a variety of deceptions on tradespeople, tavern-keepers, &c. sufficient to fill three or four pages of our Magazine.—On one occasion, after having read prayers at Hammer-smith, he went (arrayed in the rector's best gown) to the academy, where he had formerly lived as usher. Being suspected, and charged with the imposture by the rector, who demanded his gown, and sent for a constable, the mock parson pretended to be so severely hurt by the charge, as to need the fresh air of the garden. He went out without his hat, and, when in the garden, took a hat from one of the biggest boys, telling him that he was going to take a walk in the fields; and thus he escaped across the country.

BORN.

July 20. Of the Countess of Elgin, a son.

July 22. Of the lady of Coxhead Marsh, esq. Park-hall, Essex, a son and heir.

July 22. Of the lady of W. Astell, esq. M. P. a daughter.

July 23. Of Lady Houstoun, a son.

July 24. Of Lady Arundell, a son.

July 26. Of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Paget, a son.

July 27. Of the Countess of Enniskillen, a daughter.

August 2. Of the Hon. Mrs. Holland, lady of the Rev. Dr. Holland, a daughter.

Aug. 10. Of Mrs. Brown, Russell-square, a son.

Aug. 17. Of Mrs. Thomas W. Harris, Winchester-place, twins.

Aug. 19. Of the lady of W. Anderson, esq. Russell-square, a son.

Aug. 22. Of the lady of Richard Ahmuty, esq. Saville-row, a daughter.

MARRIED.

July 11. Geo. Maguys, esq. of Manchester, to Miss Emma Allingham, of Islington.

July 20. Lieut. col. Adam, to Miss Thompson, only child of the late Stephen Thompson, esq.

July 22. The Rev. T. B. Woodman, vicar of Brackley, to Louisa, second daughter of Baron Chapuret de St. Valentine

July 22. The Rev. Thos. Pickthall, of Waltham Abbey, to Sophia, second daughter of the late John Reeves, esq. of Lombard street.

July 29. Whisfield S. Round, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Mrs. Rowley, of Great Baddow, Essex

July 30. W. Jackson, esq. of Portman-place, to Miss Ann Roberts of Chelsea.

August 5. The Earl of Plymouth, to Lady Mary Sackville.

August 6. The Hon. Frederic Howard, to Miss Lambton.

August 8. At Canterbury, W. Delman, esq. of Keffineld house, to Miss Emma Abbott.

August 8. Major Deanshire, of the 7th Hussars, to Miss Webb.

August 14. Bateman Dashwood, esq. of Well in Lincolnshire, to the Hon. Georgiana Pelham.

August 14. Edward Greathead, esq. of Dorset, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir R. Carr Glyn, bart.

August 19. Francis Richard Price, esq. of Flintshire, to Miss Susanna Parker, of Lancashire

DECEASED.

July 9. Mrs. Richard Hill, of Upper Seymour-street.

July 17. Edward Blakeway, esq. of Broseley, in his 93d. year.

July 21. W. Spear, esq. of Gray's Inn Square.

July 25. At Bath, W. Fawkenor, esq. heretofore clerk of the privy council.

July 26. Tryphena Lætia, wife of W. Seymour, esq. Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

July 26. Catharine Josepha, Lady Skeffington, aged 69.

July 27. The Marquis Townshend, suddenly.

July 27. The Rev. John Gamble, rector of Althamston, &c.

July 29. The Duke of Devonshire.

Aug. 1. The Hon. Mrs. Gordon Byron, mother of Lord Byron.

Aug. 2. W. Budge, esq. commissioner of the Victualling-office.

Aug. 2. Mrs. M. A. Williams, relict of Capt. Williams, of the navy.

Aug. 3. Mrs. Mary Franklin, wife of W. Franklin, esq. formerly governor of New Jersey.

Lately, at Worcester, Sarah Smith, aged 103, and married, ten years since, to a second husband.

Aug. 11. In Harpur-street, Mrs. Elizabeth Dodson, relict of Michael Dodson, esq.

Aug. 12. At Derby, John Cummins, aged 31, and only *thirty-one inches* high.

Lately, in his 89th year, John Mills, esq. one of the last survivors of those persons who were inhumanly confined in the Black-Hole at Calcutta, by order of Suraja Dowla, in 1756.

Aug. 15. Richard Walpole, esq. nephew to the late Earl of Orford.

Aug. 15. In child-bed, the lady of Jacob Elton, esq. of Stockwell-hall, Essex.

Aug. 17. The Rev. Dr. Edward Pearson, rector of Remstone.

APPENDIX.

Slave Trade—By a recent act of parliament, any person insuring, or causing to be insured, any property embarked in the slave-trade, is punishable with two years imprisonment.

Remarkable Tree—There is an oak tree at Hendre, near Denbigh, in the farm-yard of the Rev. W. Chambers; its base is 33 feet in circumference; 15 feet from the ground it is 30 feet in circumference. Only one solitary branch remains in verdure of this venerable trunk, and, strange and ignoble reverse! this monarch of the woods forms a pig-stie capable of accommodating near a score of the swinish multitude.

Longevity—The following remarkable instances of longevity occurred in the Russian Empire during the year 1809—Died, 307 persons between the age of 95 and 100; 188 between 100 and 105; 86 between 105 and 110; 36 between 110 and 115; 23 between 115 and 120; 8 between 120 and 125; 5 between 125 and 130; 1 between 130 and 135; 1 between 135 and 140; 1 between 145 and 150; and 1 between 155 and 160.

In April last, a baker at Constantinople, who was detected in selling bread short of weight, was punished by order of the Cadi, by being thrown into his own oven!

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. THE RECOVERY.
2. LONDON fashionable MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. Various PATTERNS for different Parts of a Lady's Dress.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

"*Gertrude and Emma Lloyd*."—We lately wrote to the fair author of this novel a letter addressed agreeably to her directions. Having received no answer, we presume, that, from change of residence, or other cause, our letter has miscarried.—Should this notice meet her eye, we request the favor of a line, to remove our doubts.

Three printed stanzas have been sent to us. But, as they came without single syllable of explanation, and as we think we recollect to have lately seen in another Magazine, we are at a loss to discover for what purpose they were sent to us.—If the author should at any time think proper as with any of his *original* productions, they shall meet with due

The "*Handsome Polander*" we intend to publish as soon as we conveniently can : but we cannot promise an early insertion, as we must neither devote too great a portion of our miscellany to novels, nor neglect prior engagements.

Margaretta's stanzas would best appear in the other Magazine, to which she refers.—We cannot publish them.—We wish she would favor us with an answer, of some kind, to a former communication from us.

In an *Impromptu*, which the author *knows* to have reached us, we wish the fourth *word* of the second line expunged, as injurious to the sense.

Five *Completions of Routs-rimés*, sent under one cover, are come safe to hand, and shall receive due attention : but the time for their publication is not till the first of *November*.—Meantime, if the authors choose to make any alterations, they have an opportunity of doing it, until the fifteenth of *October*.

The same remark applies to the *Completion* in which occurs a line beginning with "*What clime*."—We wish that line rendered more grammatical. We could easily amend it : but we rather choose that the author should please himself.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Recovery.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1811.

JEALOUSY.

(Concluded from page 361, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

To return to our unfortunate hero—As soon as he recovered from the fainting-fit in which he had been found by Count Mulhausen and his servants, he fell into a violent delirium, which ended in a total derangement of his intellects. In this calamity, the most dreadful to which human nature is subject, the amiable Ruhlberg found a true friend : and this friend was no other than Miss Patterson—that mistaken woman, who had drawn upon herself universal ridicule by attempting to captivate the hearts of men at a season of life when she should have aimed only at cultivating their esteem. Our readers have already seen that Ruhlberg was particularly the object of this lady's favor ; and they have also been told of those various absurdities, at once disgraceful to herself and laughable to others, which her ill-judged preference impelled her to commit. But our readers have not been told of the noble amends which Miss Patterson made for her errors, nor of the force and celerity with which the rectitude and innocence of her heart threw the rays of truth upon her intellect.

When those scandals against Helmina were circulated at Sleswick, of which the malice of Countess Mulhausen was the secret source, Miss Patterson felt an honest indignation at seeing a person, whom she believed totally blameless, the object of universal censure. The cause,

however, which had excited this censure, led Miss Patterson to a more correct examination of herself, than it had been hitherto her custom to enter upon ; and she then became persuaded that it was rather more probable that Ruhlberg should be in love with Helmina than with her sister-in-law : yet, far from yielding to any mean suspicions relative to Helmina's conduct, she ingenuously detailed to her all the reports which had been set afloat, in order that she might gain an opportunity of justifying herself. This Helmina did, fully to the satisfaction of Miss Patterson ; and it was not Miss Patterson's fault, if every person in Sleswick was not equally satisfied ; for she now became Helmina's most zealous defender against her slanderers.

It was not wonderful that a sentiment of shame and mortification at her own self-deception should incline Miss Patterson to shun the society of Ruhlberg, as soon as she became persuaded that he had never regarded her with affection. This lady and our hero, therefore, very seldom met after the night of the masked ball : but, in secret, he respected her zealous defence of Helmina's reputation : and such was his manly delicacy, that Miss Patterson gained more in his esteem by this one instance of her goodness, than she had ever lost by the many instances he had witnessed of her folly.

On the night when the Countess was so fatally wounded by Ruhlberg's pistol, the news of that accident, and of the situation of him

who had innocently caused it, flew through the town of Sleswick; and Miss Patterson was among the first of those whom it reached. Far from shunning Ruhlberg then, she instantly flew to his lodgings, whither he had been just conveyed by the servants of the Count: she procured for him the best medical advice; she nursed him with the tenderness of a mother; and, when his fever had subsided into a settled derangement, she went with him from Sleswick to Leitmankor, still watching, with indefatigable friendship, the progress of his unfortunate malady.

She had soon occasion to observe, that, in madness, as when he possessed his reason, Ruhlberg's whole soul was filled with Helmina. The ideas which appeared most constantly to float in his brain, were the scene at the masked ball, and the dreadful pantomime which the Countess had prepared for him. He neither talked nor read; but he would often use his pencil. Sometimes he would copy the portrait he had taken of Helmina exactly, and sometimes he would attach to the figure that terrible death's head, with which the Countess had scared away his senses.

A skilful physician, whom Miss Patterson consulted upon the malady of her unhappy friend, was of opinion, that, if ever he were restored to reason, it must be through the means of some impression upon his mind, nearly associated with those images which continually dwelt there. But those means—those means—how are they to be procured? Where is that regent of his destiny, whose power was so dear and so unlimited? Alas! alas! are not those eyes extinct, which could bring sun-shine to his benighted soul? Is not that voice passed away,

which might accustom his bewildered intellect to the clear accents of truth? Yet "of Helmina's death no one was a witness!"

Miss Patterson, following the directions of her medical friend, invited Ruhlberg to walk with her in the shrubbery at Leitmankor, on a day when he was more calm than usual. This shrubbery had been Ruhlberg's favorite haunt ever since he had received the news of Helmina's death; because, during those visits which she and Mr. Patterson made to Leitmankor, he had frequently walked with her through its smooth shady paths.—Ruhlberg now willingly complied with Miss Patterson's request; and she, after they had walked for some time, sat by him upon a green sloping bank, and pointed his attention to a little thicket of liburnums and wild-roses, then sprinkled by the golden rays of noon, and moved by a soft summer breeze.

Ruhlberg directs his eye where she points, and—behold! the figure of a woman issues from the thicket, and moves towards the green bank where they are sitting. Heavens and earth! it is the very figure of Helmina, in her character of the Holstein peasant: it is her air, her stature, her fairy footstep! No horrid death's head, but the well-remembered mask worn by the sweet Helmina. This mask she snatches from her face: she throws herself into the arms of Ruhlberg, and exclaims, "Save me! Oh! save me, Mr. Ruhlberg*!"

A tide of happiness, almost too great for endurance, now rushes upon his soul:—the warm, the blooming, the living Helmina! for it is Helmina's self, whom he now clasps to his heart.—Her mask is

* These are the words which had made so strong an impression upon Ruhlberg's mind at the masked ball. See our Magazine for May.

on the ground; and her lovely countenance shines confessed before him. Oh! these are her own soft blue eyes, which stream with tears for the past sufferings of her lover. Oh! these are her own rosy lips, which so often he has gazed upon with distant admiration, and which now, for the first time, he dares to press with his. Bliss so full, so perfect, so un-expected, acts like a talisman upon the shattered intellects of Ruhlberg:—his ideas resume a connected chain; and he speaks so as he has never spoken since his last disastrous interview with Madame Mulhausen.

It now remains for us to acquaint the reader by what means Helmina, so long supposed to be dead, is thus restored to life and to her lover. It will be remembered, that, when Mr. Patterson took his wife to the castle which he possessed at the distance of two hundred miles from Sleswick, he nourished suspicions of her conduct with Ruhlberg, which were highly injurious to her honor. The continual low spirits of Helmina tended to confirm and increase those suspicions, so that, after he had lived a few months in this remote solitude, he seriously believed that he was the most injured of husbands, and that he should be justified in taking a severe revenge.

Being called to a foreign country, on some affairs relative to his pecuniary interests, which were likely to detain him a long time, Mr. Patterson would not quit his home till he had effectually secured Helmina from holding any intercourse with Ruhlberg during his absence; and, for this purpose, he gave it in charge to a confidential servant to shut up his wife in a remote wing of the castle; for such was the influence of Helmina's spirit and dignity, that he did not dare to appear before her in

the character of her jailer. Previous to this arrangement, he discharged all his domestics, excepting those who were in his confidence, in order that the report of his wife's death, which he chose to circulate, might gain the more easy credit. At length this report reached Sleswick; and the distance of that town from the place where Helmina's death was supposed to have happened, precluded all investigation of its truth; and the consequences it produced upon the hero of our tale are already known to the reader.

A few weeks after Mr. Patterson arrived at the place of his destination, he suddenly died: and, as soon as the news of his decease reached the castle where Helmina was confined, she recovered her liberty, and set out for Sleswick. There she learned the dreadful end of Madame Mulhausen, and the calamitous condition of Ruhlberg.—Miss Patterson showed her the tenderest attention; and she was every-where received with high respect.

Conscious of her own irreproachable behaviour, and impressed with the merits and misfortunes of her lover, Helmina scrupled not to avow how entirely her affections would, ere now, have been Ruhlberg's, had her duties permitted her to bestow them upon him. With the dignity and firm spirit which distinguished her character, she went to Leitmankor, confessedly to make inquiries after Ruhlberg, and to consult with Miss Patterson and the physician upon the most probable means of curing his malady. If all means should fail, this young and beautiful woman was determined to devote her whole life to the employment of attending in madness the unhappy youth who had lost his reason through the excess of his affection for her.

But a happier destiny awaited the excellent and lovely Helmina. In a month after the scene which passed in the shrubbery, Rubl-berg was restored to as sound a state of mind as he had ever in his life enjoyed; and, soon afterwards, he became the husband of her whom he had so tenderly, so constantly, and so passionately loved.

*Sketch of CADIZ and its Inhabitants;
collected from Jacob's "Travels
in the South of Spain."*

THE view, on entering the bay of Cadiz, presents the finest collection of objects that can be conceived. On one extremity of the left point, is situated the town of Rota; a little further, the castle of Santa Catalina, and the neat little city of Santa Maria: at a greater distance, on the lap of a lofty hill, stands Medina; nearer the sea, the town of Puerto Real, and the arsenal of the Carracas; and on the extremity of the right hand point of land, the city of Cadiz. The whiteness of the houses, their size and apparent cleanliness, the magnificence of the public edifices, and the neat and regular fortifications, form together a most striking assemblage of objects. The ground opposite to Cadiz has little appearance of verdure; and, except the vineyards near Santa Maria and Rota, all looked brown and barren. . . .

After I had entered the gates, and become a little reconciled to the nauseous effluvia of oil and garlic, I was greatly struck by the extraordinary scene around me, and could have imagined almost that I had suddenly been dropped from the clouds into the midst of a large masquerade: the variety of dresses and characters, the swarms of people, the height and externally clean appearance of the houses, with the cur-

tains drawn across from one side to the other, and the extreme narrowness of the streets, rendered still more narrow by the projecting balconies of painted or gilt iron grating, all produced feelings I never before experienced, and which no language can describe.

Our apartments—with the exception of the staircase, which is public and indecently filthy—are tolerably neat and comfortable. The floors are paved with brick—the rooms dark, and consequently cool, with large windows opening into balconies towards the street, which is so narrow that we can almost shake hands with our opposite neighbour. . . . The beds, which are on tressels, and removed in the day, are good; and the sheets, which are made of calico, with a border of muslin about a quarter of a yard wide, are clean. I have hitherto had no reason to complain of the heat: in fact, it has not been warmer than some of our hottest days in England. . . . The thermometer in my room has varied only from 72 to 75 since my landing [*i. e. about the middle of September.*]

The best houses have brick floors, and stone or marble stairs. As the windows generally look into the court, they are private and retired; and, under the house, is a cistern, which, in the rainy season, is filled with water. Every dwelling is a separate castle, and capable of military defence. The streets of this city are remarkably well paved; which may in some measure arise from there being few or no wheel-carriages to destroy the pavement. Coaches are not in use; and most of the streets are too narrow to admit them. Carts for the conveyance of goods are almost unknown. The Gallegos, or natives of Galicia, a strong and industrious race of men,

perform those laborious occupations, for which, in other countries, horses and carts are employed. These men, by the help of poles on their shoulders, remove the heaviest articles with the utmost facility, and, being frugal as well as industrious, execute their tasks at a very cheap rate. They emigrate from the northern provinces, in search of employment in the more southern parts of the peninsula; and every large town is filled with them: but a man from any other part of Spain, following the occupation of a porter, is, from custom, called a Gallego—a name at present implying the occupation as well as the country.

Though considerable attention be paid to the cleanliness of the streets, none is shown to the entrances of the houses, which are the receptacles of every kind of filth.....except in the houses of the richer class, who keep a Gallego constantly sitting at the door.....

As this city is placed on a peninsula at the termination of a long sandy isthmus, there is no ground unoccupied; and little can be spared for squares. The Plaza de St. Antonio is the only one, and is very small: but, being surrounded with magnificent houses, and contrasted with the streets, (all of which, with the exception of Broad Street, are very narrow) it has a good effect, and is the principal resort of the inhabitants. To the ladies it is the mall, to the merchants the exchange, and to the officers the parade. The Alameda, or public walk, is very beautiful—always dry under foot, and furnished with good marble seats on both sides.....

The climate of Spain at this season [*September*] is delightful, and certainly tends to improve the spirits. The air is dry and clear, notwithstanding we are surrounded by

water: the heat is not excessive, the thermometer seldom exceeding 70, and the walk in the evening by the sea-side most refreshing and cool. The mode of living is also favorable to health and enjoyment: fruits and vegetables form the principal food, even at the best tables; and, though a species of cookery, approaching to French, is introduced at Cadiz, it is so combined with that which is purely Spanish, that the difference is scarcely to be distinguished. Very little wine is drunk during dinner; and, immediately after, the gentlemen retire to coffee with the ladies. The habits of the Spaniards are very temperate and frugal, so far as regards the table and the furniture of their houses; but they keep a much greater number of domestic servants than families of the same description in England.

In their dress and personal ornaments, both the men and women are very extravagant, especially the latter; and I am told that the money expended on a lady's silk stockings and shoes alone (for they never walk out twice in the same) is enormous. Gaming forms the principal amusement, and is carried to a very considerable extent in some of the private houses, where parties meet regularly every night, and play for large sums at games of hazard..... At such parties, the quantity of gold and silver spread on the table is astonishing; and the rapidity with which it passes from one possessor to another, strikingly exemplifies the uncertainty of a gamester's wealth.....

One of the chief amusements of the higher class of inhabitants is the theatre; and, as the performance begins early, and continues only about three hours, it does not interfere with the more serious business of gaming, which usually continues the night.... There is no gallery

for the lower order of the people ; and few of them ever attend a species of amusement for which they appear to have no taste ; the people in Spain uniformly preferring a bull-fight or religious procession to any theatrical representation of life and manners. Adjoining the theatre there is a suite of coffee-rooms, where all kinds of refreshments are prepared for the company. In these apartments the ladies are seen drinking sangre or iced water, and the gentlemen are employed in smoking their segars—a practice, which is carried to a disgusting excess.

The mode of visiting, after a first introduction, is easy and familiar : you may enter the house at any hour, and, without being announced, proceed to the apartment of the family, where you generally meet agreeable company. On these occasions, refreshments are seldom distributed, beyond a glass of iced water, or a very cool liquor called *agrace*, composed of the juice of unripe grapes, cooled with ice, and sweetened with sugar. The visit is always paid to the lady of the house, who is constantly dressed to receive company. . . .

I must not omit to mention one occupation in which they pass a large portion of their time. They daily frequent the churches : yet I fear their religious ceremonies are performed rather with a view to amuse than instruct. They kneel, it is true, before the altar, or humble themselves before the image of some saint—lip a few prayers—count their beads to ascertain that the number is correct—but depart with little of that religious feeling so necessary for the regulation of worldly conduct.

The walking-dress of the women, from the duchess to the servant maid, is entirely black ; which gives

an appearance of equality, and renders it difficult to distinguish one rank from another. In their houses, they throw aside the *mantilla*, or veil, and appear, in their dress, much like the English ladies, but more decorated with lace and jewels. They frequent the public walks, the streets, and the theatre, un-attended ; nor is it deemed indecorous for them to enter the coffee-rooms at the theatre, and take refreshments, by themselves. . . .

So far as I can learn, the state of education here is intolerably bad ; and the education of women is, if possible, more defective than that of the men. A little reading and writing is quite as much as the ladies are expected to acquire ; and if, by chance, they can talk a little broken French, it is the summit of their acquirements. This is the case generally ; but there are some few exceptions.

Yesterday, though Sunday, the market was excessively crowded, especially the fish and vegetable markets :—the latter was supplied with a surprising profusion of every thing in season. Garlic, in this place, is a most important article, and is sold in strings three or four yards long, which are piled in stacks The consumption of meat in this city is very small, and the little consumed is of a very inferior quality. The poorer and middle class of people live principally on fruits and vegetables, with fish, which is sold, fried in oil, at shops in different parts of the town.

Good water is very scarce in this city : there are no springs on the peninsula but what are brackish, fit only for washing, and not for culinary purposes. Every house has a cistern or tank filled with rain-water : but they usually prefer drinking that which is brought in

asks, by boats, from St. Mary's. To cool this water, and render it fit for drinking, they filter it through small jars of porous clay; which renders it very pleasant and refreshing. The richer inhabitants use water cooled with ice, which is brought daily from the mountains of Ronda in large quantities, and, in this climate, is a great luxury.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 367.)

"ACCOMPANIED by her tender offspring, the wife of Egmont, whose grief rendered her natural charms more impressively interesting, meets the heroes on their way. — 'Behold these children!' said she, embracing her lord; and, while she bedewed him with her tears, the youthful train, participating their mother's grief, joined their innocent hands, and formed a circle around the warrior. — His soul agitated by the most lively emotion, he seemed to hesitate whether he should break through the barrier which they opposed to his progress: he alternately clasped to his bosom his wife and his children, and long protracted his tender and mournful adieux.

"The intrepid Horn was affected by the sight: but Egmont, resuming all his native firmness of mind, exclaimed, 'Dear partner of my bed! impressed with these testimonies of thy affection, I fly to the palace of Alva, whence I shall haste to return to thy embraces. But, if fate has ordained that the performance of that duty, which, as a father, I owe to these my children, shall devolve upon thee, forget not that I intrust them to thy maternal care.'

"The tears still glistened in the eyes of Sabina: yet some rays of hope seemed to beam through her

sorrow, as the orient rays of the sun glitter in the morning dew. Her children, riveting their eyes on their mother, relax their grasp of each other's hands, and open the barrier by which their father stood inclosed. For a moment he yet remained within the tender circle—he took up in his arms the youngest of his sons, but immediately laid him on the bosom of the afflicted mother, and tore himself away from the spot.

"The two patriots now advanced to the palace of Alva, who at first received them with a mixture of haughtiness and affability. A faithful eye-witness — whom the presence, the language, and the misfortunes of those heroes inspired with generous sentiments, and who afterward joined the Batavian bands — related to me the whole of their conversation, which I retain deeply imprinted on my memory.

"Shall the most powerful of monarchs,' said Alva to them — 'shall he yield to the pretensions of a few provinces of his vast empire? More assuming than Madrid and the Tagus, Brussels and the Meuse aim at the enjoyment of greater liberty! and you have placed yourselves at the head of those who pretend to circumscribe the authority of Philip within certain bounds, which you will not allow him to transgress! Your courage is, no doubt, commensurate to the greatness of your undertaking: but Philip has a right to expect on your part more loyalty and attachment to him, and less audacity.'

"Audacity!' interrupted Egmont — 'Does that name belong to the legitimate defence of those laws which Philip has sworn to support — which it were his duty to respect, even if he had not taken the solemn oath — and which are founded on the rights of the people, and on the law of nature? — To render

ourselves the accomplices of injustice—to betray the cause of virtue, and violate our oaths—that, indeed, were an act of disloyalty: and still more criminal would it become, if we could submit to plunge our swords in the bosoms of our fellow-citizens, or take the command of the troops who are commissioned to execute the detestable office.’

“The rights of the people!” exclaimed Alva in a burst of anger and disdain—“You would then have Philip to recall, as from the grave, a set of musty charters, and prostrate himself before those empty phantoms?”

“Alva!” replied Egmont, “our laws, which are the emanations of pure reason and universal justice, do not require to be recalled from the grave: to the grave they have never descended; for they were imperishable. When Philip swore to observe and maintain them, they were in existence: they still continue to exist; and it is beyond his power to destroy them. Philip was afraid the Belgians would abuse their liberty!—and when he, on the other hand, arms himself with the brands of the inquisition, he does not think himself guilty of any abuse of the authority intrusted to him!.....But why do you address to us those insulting reproaches? You have publicly announced to the nation that you came the messenger of peace, and that Philip intended to pay due respect to our laws.”

“I am not surprised at the high tone you assume,” returned Alva.—“You were preparing for your departure: whither did you mean to direct your course?”

“To where we intended to combat you, not with words, but with the weapons of war,” impetuously answered Horn—“where the voice of duty, of justice, of valour, de-

manded our presence—where the Belgian is prepared to meet you, if, instead of being the minister of peace, you are only the instrument to execute the orders of a despot. Lay aside—it is full time—lay aside the mask of dissimulation: Horn exposes himself to your view without disguise.”

“Learn then to know Alva!” exclaimed the governor in a transport of rage.—“Before you be reinstated in the possession of your laws, let your over-daring countrymen lay down their arms at the feet of Philip: the greatness, the security of the monarch require this submission on their part. And, as for you, rash, audacious chiefs! I shall this instant execute the orders of your royal master: his will ordains that the Belgians be disarmed; and it is with you that he begins.—Quick there! my guards!”

“The guards, instantly obeying his summons, rush into the hall; and Alva, though deliberately guilty of such foul treachery, was not yet sufficiently callous to the sting of shame, to remain a spectator of the execution of his own commands.

“As the tiger, from the hidden recesses of his gloomy retreat, descends a company of peaceful travellers, and suddenly, as if multiplied by his fangs, springs on them, seizes his victims, and, overpowering their feeble opposition, drags them to his den;—such were the numerous myrmidons of Alva, rushing on the two heroes.

“In the first sally of his indignation, the undaunted Horn, preparing to attempt the unequal combat, unsheaths his sword; and at the same instant the uplifted steel glitters in the hand of Egmont. Astonished at their daring courage, the soldiers stand motionless: they recall to mind the days when, under

the auspices of those heroes, they were wont to march to certain victory. Three times they advanced to seize the chiefs, and as oft recoiled, without daring to raise their hands against them.

"Alva!" exclaimed Horn—"why thus conceal thyself? Dost thou blush for thy perfidy? Come! increase the number of our enemies, or dare singly to oppose thy courage and strength to mine. This sword shall be thy prize, if thou art able to conquer me."

"Exerting more than human efforts, the two chiefs put to flight the whole band of Alva's guards, and with successful valour open themselves a passage from the inmost recesses of the palace to the gates, when, at the voice of the governor, the soldiers, stung with shame, and dreading his resentment, return to the attack.—Egmont receives a tremendous blow: he totters: the intrepid Horn supports him with one arm, while, with the other, he repels the assaults of the hostile crew.

"At this moment, Brederode, who by a secret passage had penetrated into the palace, rushes into the midst of the danger, and, listening only to the suggestions of his dauntless spirit, nobly attempts to snatch the victory from the hands of the Spaniards: but, alas! he receives the wound of death—he falls—and, first victim in his country's cause, stains with his generous blood the path of honor which was now opened for our courage.—Horn, frantic with rage, plunges to eternal night the Spaniard who had sacrificed his friend: but at length, overpowered by numbers, he feels his arm enfeebled—the blood gushes from his wounds—the heroes are surrounded.

"Tyrant! perfidious Alva!" cries Egmont—"our countrymen, who groan under thy oppression, will yet

be able to achieve their deliverance, and avenge our wrongs. Here, take these weapons, of which thy base treachery disarms us, and with them ornament a trophy."—He said, and with his valiant hand delivered up his sword.

"Ah! useless steel!" exclaims Horn—"deceit and force prevail over courage: art thou henceforward to be the instrument of tyrants alone?"—At these words he flung down his weapon at the feet of his assailants.

"The bare looks of the vanquished heroes still commanded respect, and inspired their adversaries with terror. They were dragged away, and led in triumph through crowds of citizens, who in loud murmurs gave vent to their indignant rage—while I was a sad witness of the scene—unable to afford my friends the smallest assistance: they were conducted to that gloomy cell, the usual receptacle of crime, but now the abode of virtue. They embraced each other: their tyrants tore them asunder: I heard the doors of the dungeon barred on them.

"Thus the patriot heroes signalled the commencement of our struggles: they threw the barrier open before us—the only service which their valour was enabled to perform for their country. The only advantage we can henceforward derive from them, is the animating example of their unshaken fortitude.

"Distracted with grief, I turned my thoughts towards young Buren, and immediately hasted from that disastrous spot, determined to avert the stroke which I apprehended from the perfidy of Alva, and fondly hoping that the tyrant, so lately arrived in Brussels, had not yet been able to rivet his chains on the son of William. Elate with this flattering idea, I flew to Louvain: but—o cruel de-

cree of fate !—at the very moment when the career of glory was opened to his view—when, glowing with generous courage, he was impatient to distinguish himself in it—a band of Alva's slaves, deceiving the youthful inexperience of Buren, carried him off, under a promise of conducting him to his father.

“ On this intelligence I instantly hurried after the ravishers : I pursued their steps, and would have either rescued Buren from their hands, or perished in the attempt : but never did ravening vulture display greater rapidity in sweeping off his prey. Un-able to overtake them, I was informed that the youth had been conveyed in a carriage impenetrable to the day-light—had been kept ignorant of the route he was traveling—and, arriving with his treacherous conductors, eagerly rushed into the palace of his enemy, with throbbing heart and extended arms, to meet his father.—Instead of William, he saw Alva—turned pale at the sight—but darted on the tyrant a look of proud disdain, nor condescended to address to him one supplicating word.—Even Alva admired his dignified behaviour ; yet he gave orders for conducting him to the gloom of a dungeon.”

A long silence now prevailed through the whole assembly, and every countenance exhibited the impression of profound sorrow. But William and the Batavians utter a hollow murmur of indignation, as the giant oak, tall monarch of the grove, murmurs responsive to the repeated peals of the thunder.

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 350.)

Mr. Denham, to Mr. Stanhope.

Beaumont Lodge.

I HAVE made one, Jack, among the

sons and daughters of folly, who have sacrificed at the shrine of extravagance and dissipation, and have felt the usual effects of such a life—satiety and *ennui*—and was ready to exclaim with Solomon, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. At this listless and vacant period of my existence, fortunately for me, my relative, Lord Beaumont, returned from the Continent. You know that I have ever had a strong attachment to this nobleman : it therefore gave me an infinite deal of satisfaction to find that his Lordship was now determined to settle entirely in his own country ; and he informed me that he intended to take unto himself Heaven's great, best gift—a wife. I had long suspected, from the air of importance and gravity which my cousin Louisa had assumed, that there was something in the wind. Women generally look solemn and mysterious on these occasions. Beaumont likewise informed me that Louisa was to be married to the Earl of Ossensor, and that it was Lady Jane Falkland, the earl's sister, to whom he hoped to be united. I requested my lord to introduce me to his fair one : for, though intimate with the brother, I had never seen the sister ; for, soon after her return from France, the late earl died ; so that she has not appeared in public.—Lady Jane Falkland is really a most lovely woman, and will certainly be distinguished in the circle of our most celebrated beauties. Her eyes are the finest I ever saw—large, dark, and languishing. In symmetry of form she may possibly be inferior to my cousin, Miss Fortescue. They are both very handsome women, and, to outward appearance, perfectly amiable.—Soon afterwards the nuptials were celebrated, and the happy couples set off for their respective seats in the country. Lord

Beaumont had asked me to spend the summer with them at his lodge: this invitation I very readily accepted. I was received by my lord and his blooming bride most cordially, and found there the Earl and Countess of Ossenvor, and a Mr. and Mrs. Lenox—the latter the most intimate friend of Lady Beaumont.—Mrs. Lenox, Jack—but what can I tell you of her? Faith I am in a most perilous situation! This fascinating little gipsy is small and delicate, but fashioned by the hand of harmony and love. Her face is certainly not half so handsome as the countesses or Lady Beaumont's: but, in my eyes, she is infinitely more attractive than either of them: in every motion, there is grace; in every look, there is enchantment.—The two ladies play finely on the harpsichord; and Mrs. Lenox accompanies them with her voice.—Oh! I am lost, I am lost, Jack, when I listen to her.—By Heavens, I would give half my estate to receive one of these soul-reviving glances which she so frequently casts at her husband. Happy Lenox, to possess the affections of such a being as this! I have frequently told him that I envy him:—he laughs at me, and so does his too charming wife.—I tell her I must fly from her, before she has quite robbed me of my heart. She advises me to marry, and recommends, as a very proper object for my help-mate, my lord's aunt, a withered piece of virginity, who flourished in the last century, and who is just arrived here, to pay her compliments of congratulation to her new niece.—Amid all this raillery, Lady Beaumont's languishing eyes tell me that she thinks me rather too particular to her beloved friend. She is right, Stanhope: I must fly while I am yet safe: this woman gains upon me every day: I begin to feel myself

awkward and embarrassed—a sure sign that all is not right within!—Matrimony here wears so seducing a form, that I shall not be happy till I am entered within its pale: but I fear, fate has not in store for me a female who will bear any comparison with these three Graces. Adieu, Jack! I shall be in town next week, and remain there till Lenox and his wife have quitted the lodge; so that you see I am really serious in this matter. It is necessary to be so, or I shall soon be like the poor moth, that foolishly flutters about the candle till the flame consumes him. Farewell then, old friend! and expect to see me, notwithstanding all that I have said, blythe and debonair as usual.—Yours most sincerely,

CHARLES DENHAM.

Mr. Denham, to Mr. Stanhope.

Beaumont Lodge.

I AM once more returned to this place, Stanhope. The air I breathe here is so pure, the pleasures I enjoy are so refined, that I could not bear the smoky atmosphere of London; and its gross enjoyments have no longer a charm for me. You tell me it was Lenox's wife that made this alteration in my sentiments:—if so, I am indebted to her for a wonderful improvement in my taste. But I assure you on my honor, I think not of her in any other light, than that of an amiable, lovely woman, who is wife to a man every way deserving of her. I own I was glad to find she had quitted Beaumont Lodge; for it is certainly best to be out of harm's way. But I shall never be out of harm's way, Jack. Cupid is now playing a slower, but a surer game. Know then, that, when in the country, I generally rise early, and have walked some miles, before I meet my lord and lady in the breakfast-room. In one of these morning walks, a mile or two beyond

the park, I entered a small meadow, in which was a girl, milking.—I went up to her, and, as an introduction to conversation, asked her for a draught of milk.—“Ah!” says the girl—“if you can drink out of the pail, you may ha’ some, an you wull: for I have nothing else to give it you in.”—While she was saying this, I saw a child come running toward us.—When he came near, I found he was a boy, lovely as a cherub.—The maid asked him if his mamma was up. I felt my curiosity excited, and asked her who his mamma was. “Humph!” says she;—“I know nothing of you and mayhap Madam Beville mayn’t like of my telling about her coming to our house.”—I slipped a piece of money into the simple girl’s hand, and assured her of my secrecy:—she had no longer any scruples about telling me all she knew; and the purport of a multiplicity of words was, that Madam Beville had been there some months. She well remembered the day she came; for it was a very memorable one: it was the very day their brindled cow calved:—and Madam lived very close, and did not choose to see any body.—I could not help caressing the rosy Cupid; and the child seemed pleased with me, and said I should go and see his mamma; and pulling my coat with his little hands, I felt myself unaccountably impelled to go with him.—The nearer we came to the cottage, the more awkward I felt myself. I certainly had no right, Jack, to force myself into the retirement of a stranger.—When we came to the door, I saw an old man and woman at breakfast. I had not impudence enough to go in, though my young conductor still held me by the finger.—The old woman, after staring at me some time, got up, and, dropping me a low curtsy, asked me if my ho-

nor wanted any thing. I was dumb, Jack: but the child spoke for me, and, drawing me toward a parlour door, the mother, I suppose, hearing her son’s voice, opened it; and I saw a female figure, such as a cottage does not often produce, come forward.—On seeing me, she started:—I made a bow, lower, Jack, than I ever before made one in my life; and, stammering out something of an apology about meeting with her son, and seeing him home, I was again silent, but still did not offer to take my leave.

The lady seemed embarrassed: the little fellow looked at us both.—“Mamma,” says he, “won’t you give the gentleman some breakfast?”—She blushed, and could not help asking me, coldly, to walk in. I waited not for the invitation to be repeated; and, finding my assurance revive, I endeavoured to enter into conversation.—As the tea-equipage stood before her, she asked me, though evidently with reluctance, to drink a cup of tea.—I did not refuse: and, while she was employed in making it, I ventured to take a view of her person. She was in mourning; and melancholy was strongly impressed on her features: but her sadness and her weeds seemed to have passed the first stage of sorrow. Her light-brown locks partly shaded a forehead that had once been beautifully fair; but that and her cheeks had now rather a yellow hue; nor had the roses, which once bloomed so fresh, entirely forsaken her cheeks, though the color was faint and feeble.—Her eyes I with difficulty saw; for she seldom lifted them up. There was nothing particular in their shape or color: but their expression was every thing, though heavy and languid. As I gazed upon her, I felt

an emotion of sadness pervade my heart; and my pulse beat quick at the thought of such a form being a prey to sorrow.—The room was small and neat, and the window shaded with jessamine and roses.—It insinuated that I thought this cottage must be dull and inconvenient for her: but she was on her guard against my curiosity; and I found it vain to endeavour to draw her into conversation; though her voice, when she did favor me with the sound of it, was inexpressibly soft and melodious.—When our repast was over, she arose from her chair; and, taking her son by the hand, she said she hoped I would excuse her, but she must bid me good morning.—I started, and begged that I might not drive her from her room; and, asking pardon for my thoughtlessness, I was taking my leave; but the child cried, and hung about me, to prevent my going.—I soothed and caressed him, and promised that I would soon see him again.—As I said this, I ventured to look up in Mrs. Beville's face, to see if I could discover the least encouragement there to repeat my visit: but all was cold and reserved.—Reluctantly I at last tore myself away.—This fair stranger had planted thorns in my pillow: I could not sleep: I therefore rose the next morning with the lark, and bent my steps toward the habitation of my incognita.—When I came to the meadow, all was still and silent: no cows, no milk-maid was to be seen.—I dared not go to the cottage: but I took a circuit round it. The door was shut; and I could not catch the least glimpse of a human being. Though I was disappointed, my reason approved the discretion by which I was kept at a distance.—On my return to the lodge, there was a chagrin hanging about me, which I could not shake off. It was visible

to the piercing eye of Lady Beaumont; and she affectionately inquired after my health.—I complained of the head-ache.—There was a great deal of company dined there that day. In the evening I escaped from them, and once more fluttered about a cottage that was now so interesting to me.—And now fortune once more befriended me; for I saw the elegant form of Mrs. Beville, and her son, enter the little garden, seemingly on their return from a walk. As soon as the child saw me, he ran towards me, clapping his little hands, and exclaiming, “The gentleman, the gentleman is come again, mamma!”—I cannot say that Mrs. Beville seemed so rejoiced to see me as her son, though she smiled at his vivacity, and entered rather more freely into conversation with me than at our first meeting.—She permitted me to walk by her side round the garden, and even condescended to accept some flowers that I gathered and offered to her. All this will appear trifling to you, Stanhope: but you know not how very important these trifles are grown to me.—Fearful of offending her, and losing the ground I had gained, I very soon bade her good night, and returned, quite elate with my success.—The next day I made an excuse for not accompanying the Beaumonts on a visit. As Mrs. Beville walked in the evening, I thought it not improbable that I might meet her, and that our meeting might appear to be accidental. Full of these fond hopes, I set out on my walk, but took a different road from that which leads directly to the cottage. This brought me to a little wood, which I entered, and presently, had the felicity of meeting with the lovely Beville and her young companion. My heart beat quick as I approached her; and I

saw that her face was in a glow.—She made no answer to my compliments, and seemed quite distressed.—To calm her fears, I thought it necessary to be a little more explicit.—“I fear, madam,” said I, “that my obtruding myself thus frequently into your company is disagreeable to you: but, believe me, I have no improper views in so doing. You are a stranger, madam, and seem to be unhappy. Would to Heaven it were in my power to remove or alleviate your sorrows! My name is Denham; and my residence is not far from yours. I am an inmate in the family of Lord Beaumont. Permit me to introduce to you Lady Beaumont, the best and most amiable of women; and I am sure she would think it a happiness to be acquainted with Mrs. Beville.”—While I said this, I ventured to press the hand of my timid fair one:—she listened to me in silence; and a tear stole down her pale cheek.—I was softened, Jack; and I would have given worlds to have removed the cause of those tears.—After a while, she withdrew her hand from mine, saying, “I am infinitely obliged to you, sir, for the offers of kindness you have made me. I own, your appearance distressed me. I am in retirement; and I make no doubt that retirement has, to many people, a suspicious appearance.—Your visits, therefore, sir, will give weight to what the tongue of Calumny may dare to say.”—“I admire your prudence, madam: but the acquaintance of Lady Beaumont will make Detraction and Slander hide their baneful heads.”—“But would you, Mr. Denham,” said she with a languid smile, “at a venture introduce to so spotless a character as Lady Beaumont an obscure being like me, who, for aught you know, may be utterly unworthy of her es-

teem?”—I here eagerly interrupted her: “My dear Mrs. Beville! I would stake my life on your integrity. To-morrow I will bring her ladyship to your cottage.”—“Oh! no! this must not be, sir!—I have tasted happiness and misery in the extreme: I have now no wish but to bury my griefs in solitude.—I am not a stranger to the character of Lady Beaumont. I would not embitter her joy by my tale of sorrow.”—But, not to weary you, Jack—with the utmost difficulty I prevailed on the fair mourner to consent to see Lady Beaumont the next morning.—Faint and feeble with ill health, and exhausted with our conversation, it was with difficulty she tottered along: yet would she not accept the aid of my arm, though so very weak was she, that I do not think she could have reached the house, had not I, notwithstanding her reluctance, encircled her delicate waist with my arm. When I saw her a little composed, I bade her good night, and hastened to the lodge, impatient to solicit the protection of Lady Beaumont for my fair recluse.—Her lady-hip, who has a heart in which soft pity loves to dwell, listened attentively to my story; and, by the variation of her charming features, I saw she was interested in the fate of Mrs. Beville. Her mind, superior to narrow suspicion, felt no other sentiment than compassion for one of her own sex who appeared to be unhappy.—In the morning I drove her ladyship in my phaeton to the cottage. I flew to Mrs. Beville, and found her humble, abashed, and dejected: but the irresistible ease and gentleness of Lady Beaumont’s manner soon gave the diffident mourner courage.—Never did her ladyship appear to such advantage as in this affecting scene, which witnessed a fine woman, accustomed to rank and splen-

dor, seated in a lowly room, soothing, with the utmost softness of voice and feature, an humbled unfortunate stranger. The little Frederick frisked about her ladyship, who was highly pleased with this lovely child.—Mrs. Beville was prevailed on to spend the next day at the Lodge, and her visits have been frequently repeated.—Lady Beaumont would very fain have prevailed on her to take up her residence entirely there : but she seems attached to her cottage.—I have listened to her tale of sorrow, Stanhope : you shall one day know it :—at present I will bid you adieu. You well know I love to make a pause in the middle of an interesting story : it has a wonderful effect in trying a man's patience, which is a virtue you are not over-burdened with. Besides, you are troubled with the most insatiable curiosity. Have patience, Jack : I tell you, you shall one day hear the fair Beville's story : but I must allow myself a little respite from the labors of the pen ; for I am confoundedly weary with writing this long epistle.—Once more farewell.—Yours most sincerely,

CHARLES DENHAM.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS ; a Moral Tale.

CHAP. I.

Whate'er the motive be, deceit, I fear,
And harsh unnat'ral force, are not the means
Of public welfare, or of private bliss.

Thomson.

To the reflective mind that delights in the study of human nature, the world affords no subject of contemplation more delightful, than a man gracefully resigning the pleasures of youth, and acting up to the duties of maturer age.—We would portray that period, when his gay and impetuous flow of spirits has subsided, with the calm sedateness of

experience ; when his hopes for a future world are grounded upon the firmest foundation, and his views in this are bounded by the welfare of his children. In their griefs he participates ; but in their felicity he is doubly blessed ; and he regards them as a sort of undefinable link, which endears the recollection of youthful joys, and softens the anticipation of senile cares.

In the Viscount Saint-Villiers, however, whom we must now introduce to our readers, we present a melancholy reverse of this portrait. At nine and forty, he retained all the passions of early life. He had been many years a widower—was a votary of dissipation in all its shapes, and totally neglected the only child left him by a most amiable wife. Her ladyship died at Almington, the principal mansion of the family in Ireland ; and there her son had remained for some years, without any other tutelage than that of a neighbouring clergyman, who attended him at stated hours every day, and was, luckily, well qualified to initiate him in classical learning.

Lord Saint-Villiers affected to justify this unusual mode of bringing up a young man of rank, by inveighing against the vices of all public seminaries. His hearers thought these were the last points, on which the viscount's life and character entitled him to expatiate : but, on perceiving that a considerable sum was saved, for his own gratifications, by thus curtailing the rights of his son, the real source of these pretended objections was discovered. With more fore-thought, too, than might at once strike the casual observer, his lordship considered, that, by being thus brought up in obscurity, his son would be less spoken of and recollected, than if associated with those who would infuse notions into his

mind, of that sphere of life, where his rank entitled him to move.

Thus neglected and unknown, and making a proficiency in all that he had an opportunity of acquiring, which outstripped the expectations of his preceptor, Frederic Saint-Villiers remained at Almington until he had attained his sixteenth year. He had, though an untutored, a spirited, and, where he received kindness, a most engaging manner. His face and figure might almost have served for models of youthful beauty; and his appearance was manly beyond his years. His abilities were good, though deficient in proper cultivation. His temper was open, generous, and sincere—but subject to starts of passion, haughty, self-willed, and violent in whatever he undertook. The gentler affections of his soul had never been awakened, nor the native excellencies of his mind called forth. He only acted from the impulses of the moment; as yet, they had not betrayed him into evil: but that critical period of life was approaching, when the efforts of that reason which he had never been taught to use, would all be requisite to controul an ardency of disposition, that, when rightly cherished, leads to every thing great and good in human nature, but, uncurbed, resembles those soils, which, though capable of producing the finest fruits, are, nevertheless, too frequently disgraced by the rankest weeds.

Such was the youth, whom Lord Saint-Villiers, upon revisiting Almington after an absence of some years, beheld with astonishment, at his growth and appearance: but, unhappily, it was a sentiment more tinged by envy, than by that delight most parents would have felt on seeing the appearance of their child so far superior to their expectations.

Hitherto he had only neglected, he now began to dislike, his son. A sort of scowling ill-nature marked his manner, whenever he addressed him; and he not only seised, but even sought for occasions to chide and condemn, and to render the young man's life as uncomfortable as possible.

Frederic had never had any sentiments of filial love or reverence inculcated upon his mind. His feelings, therefore, unfortunately, took their color from those of his father. Hence arose even more than indifference; and a sort of haughty defiance in his manner increased the discontent of his lordship.

Lord Saint-Villiers, from first censuring, now openly abused his son in all companies. Lord Blenmore, a distant relative of the family, was at Almington, when this unnatural conversation was carried on with uncommon virulence. It excited his curiosity to know more of the youth who was its object; and, in subsequent opportunities of their being together, he formed a more liberal opinion, and determined on endeavouring to meliorate the condition of one whom he saw so well deserving of every effort that could be made to improve his situation. Lord Blenmore was then going upon a political mission to one of the Italian courts; and he offered to take his young relative along with him. Lord Saint-Villiers's pride and avarice both felt some reluctance to comply: but, at length, the desire of being rid of one, who grew every day more and more distasteful to him, procured his consent.

CHAP. II.

— No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtue, or from vice restrain'd.

From this period, Frederic Saint-Villiers became the *protégé* of Lord Blenmore, of whom it may consequently be right to give some further description.—His lordship had passed the meridian of life, and was a man of polished manners, immense wealth, and more than moderate abilities. His habits of living had always been free; but anxiety to preserve the good opinion of the world had, in some measure, corrected his natural propensities to dissipation. The veil of decorum shrouded his irregularities from general observation; and his inclinations were indulged with a privacy, exactly the reverse of Lord Saint-Villiers's unshaded profligacy; while, from the deference he paid to the sanction of the public, he had long secured its suffrages in his favor. He had more than once procured diplomatic appointments abroad; for continental manners suited his taste better than those of his own country; and always, upon such occasions, leaving Lady Blenmore at home, he considered himself freed from many restraints, to which, from policy, he submitted in his native island.

His lordship's motives for befriending the young Saint-Villiers, though plausibly glossed over, were, however, not difficult to penetrate; for he knew, that the popularity which he courted, would be augmented by thus rescuing a young man of quality from neglect and degradation. He was consequently rewarded by present applause, and foresaw future advantage from the influence he might acquire, and the obligations he should confer upon his *élève*.

Frederic was placed at an academy at Turin, but was as much at Lord Blenmore's house, and in general society, as he liked. At this critical period, had the necessity of fixed principles been impressed upon his

mind, the native excellence of his heart been properly cherished, and the effervescency of his disposition checked by the restraining hand of prudence and affection, his historian might have presented him as a model of all the perfection that humanity is capable of attaining:—but, alas! he rose to manhood, devoted to dissipation, and infected with the frivolity of those with whom he associated. He had a boundless turn for expense—a love of play—a considerable share of personal vanity—and an impetuosity of temper, that brooked not controul, but, in all exigencies, impelled him to action first, and then to reflexion afterwards. As a balance, however, to these errors, he possessed great penetration, a discriminating judgement, and a heart and hand ever ready to relieve the unfortunate. Upon the classical learning he had carried with him into Italy, he had engrafted a love for the fine arts, and adorned it with all the embellishments of education. In fact, he had that sort of ardent mind which endeavoured to excel in whatever he undertook.

Of all the different pursuits to which he had devoted his attention, the game of billiards engrossed it the most; and in that he arrived at such a degree of perfection, as almost defied competition. During the last year of his residence abroad, he seldom met with a conqueror. The liberality of his play rendered him indifferent to the emoluments it produced; yet, they were nevertheless considerable, and, though dispersed with a lavish hand, diminished the applications for money to his father, or Lord Blenmore, to which his extravagance would otherwise have subjected him.

As well as Saint-Villiers, the earl had carried his eldest son, Lord Thackwood, to Turin along with

him. This young nobleman was, unhappily, so weak in intellect—so elated by conceit, and by the rank and affluence to which he was heir—that neither shame nor emulation stimulated his improvement. Like Saint-Villiers, he gave his principal attention to billiards; but he did not, like him, devote any portion of it to other pursuits; nor, even in that one, did he, except in his own conceit, arrive at similar excellence. Many were the matches they played together: yet, though Saint-Villiers uniformly conquered, his adversary never acknowledged his inferiority, but would throw the blame on the state of his nerves, or any incidental cause, rather than want of skill.

Lord Blenmore, however, thought it high time to separate the two young men; and, apprehensive, that, where his son's folly was so well known, he might be inveigled by more designing players than his principal opponent, he sent him back to his mother, under such severe threats and restrictions, as he knew the pusillanimous spirit of his heir would not—for a time at least—venture to disregard.

When arrived in his native country, the foolish puerile manners and insignificant appearance of Lord Thackwood excited general surprise; and the universal comment was, that, "if Mr. Saint-Villiers did no more credit to a foreign education, he might as well have remained at Alington"—to which, the friends of the Blenmore family would subjoin, that, "as the two young men had had the same preceptors, and in every respect been treated alike, it was probable they would much resemble each other."

A little previous to the Earl of Blenmore's quitting Turin, the young Lady Rossford, with her guardian, his lady, and two nieces who had

resided with them from infancy, arrived there, with particular letters of introduction to him. This lady was a baroness in her own right, possessed of property worth thirteen thousand per annum, and in the prime of health, youth, and beauty. She had determined not to marry before she came to age; a resolution, in which her uncle and guardian strongly encouraged her: and, to pass the intervening period of her minority, they made the grand tour.

Sir Everard Reevesmoore was a man of the utmost integrity. He had no wish but for the happiness of his niece, and always with candor pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of every proposal that she received.

It has frequently been remarked, that early adulation deadens sensibility; and, in lady Rossford's case, the remark was apparently verified. Amidst the variety of homage that was offered to her, her heart acknowledged no preference, and equally revolted from the idea of disposing of herself by negotiation or bargain to an equal, or yielding to the sly insidious flatteries of an inferior.

Lord Blenmore, in conformity with his usual habits, it may easily be supposed, was unbounded in his attentions to the fair heiress; and, the time of their return happening to agree, they all proceeded together.

Saint-Villiers, who never extended a thought beyond the present moment, and in whose ideas the felicities of matrimony or the advantages of connexion had never yet found a place, behaved to lady Rossford exactly as he did to every body else—grave or gay, according to his humour—civil or inattentive, as his fancy prompted—combating her opinions, when not co-inciding

with his own—or applauding her sentiments, and admiring her accomplishments, when they happened to strike him as deserving his approbation.

This unstudied manner, and his occasional flatteries, which possessed a double charm from being unpremeditated, struck the young heiress, as different from those of every other man with whom she had been in company; and, almost imperceptibly to herself, she imbibed an attachment, without any room for imagining that she had inspired a similar one in return.

From Dover, where they landed, it was necessary for Lord Blenmore to proceed immediately to the metropolis; and poor lady Rossford felt herself involved in a most embarrassing dilemma. To her great regret, her plans had been so arranged, that, without betraying a caprice which she disdained to gratify, she could not now alter them, to continue in a society where she felt so strong an interest. It had been previously settled between her and her uncle, that they should cross the country immediately to Holyhead, and thence proceed to her paternal estate in Ireland, where the twenty-first anniversary of her birth-day was to be celebrated. The intervening period she intended to pass there in quiet tranquillity, informing herself accurately of the state of her property, before Sir Everard resigned the charge, and taking his instructions towards those improvements which she was certain must be requisite.

The blind god, however, who had slyly marked her ladyship for his victim, contrived an unexpected wile, which more effectually secured her as his votary. Sir Everard had, for some weeks past, been much indisposed: and the fatigues of a rough passage rendered him so ill, that it

was necessary to carry him from the vessel to the hotel; and his remaining there at least a week, to recruit, was pronounced indispensable.

Lord Blenmore professed the utmost concern at the impossibility of his remaining with them, while their only gentleman was in a condition rather to require than bestow attention; and, half in jest, he added, "Shall I delegate to the attention of my young friend here such services as I might have had power to render?"

A smiling assent was given. Frederic had no particular wish to be in one place more than another; and, by separating from Lord Blenmore, he knew he should avoid some formal political dinners—a species of entertainment, for which he had little relish. The plan was accordingly arranged. As soon as Sir Everard was capable of traveling, the party set out, and Frederic escorted the ladies to Castle Rossford. After a short stay there, he returned to Dublin, where those who had pre-judged him from seeing Lord Thackwood, were now astonished at his personal and mental superiority.

(To be continued.)

SAPPHO; an *Historic Romance*.

(Continued from page 378.)

WHEN Phaon quitted the temple, he directed his steps towards the mansion of Scamandronymus, with whom he wished to confer on subjects relative to commerce; and, at the moment of Sappho's entrance, he was engaged with her father in earnest conversation. The babbling and curious slaves had busily spread the report of the young man's arrival, who had not his equal for beauty; and Cleis, who heard the account, that she might more leisurely admire the object of their idle

curiosity, had seated herself in a corner of the apartment, apparently attentive to her accustomed occupations. The slaves, like a swarm of bees, besieged the doors, straining their eager eyes to behold the lovely stranger; and Sappho, partaking their curiosity, wished to know the cause of this unusual interest. She immediately recognised Phaon; and her imagination suggested the most pleasing illusions. "Perhaps the conversation in the temple had inspired him with the wish to obtain her hand!" Too ready to indulge this flattering delusion, she endeavoured to give a favorable explanation to all that had passed there:—his indifference! . . . it was undoubtedly feigned, and the natural consequence of the respect due to the feelings of an innocent girl. Propriety directs that he should address her father first.—But his love for Cleonice! . . . pure fiction, to discover the secrets of her heart by exciting her jealousy. And the theft of the flowers! . . . mere accident.

A prey to these pleasing impressions, Sappho fixed her eyes attentively on all the movements of Phaon and her father; and such is the effect of ardent desire, that it gave to every motion the most favorable interpretation. The conversation being terminated, Phaon arose; and Scamandronymus attended him to the door of the apartment.—Sappho now appeared; and Phaon gracefully saluted her.—She endeavoured to discover in their looks the thoughts of their minds, and anxiously waited that a word might confirm her conjectures; when Phaon, turning towards Scamandronymus, said, "Though I have nothing further to say on commerce, yet you will permit me for a moment to converse with your amiable

daughter."—"You do me honor and pleasure," replied Scamandronymus courteously, and at the same time beckoned Cleis to approach. The slaves arrange the cushions; and they sit down.—A domestic brought a basket filled with the most delicious fruit, still humid with the dew of the morning.—Scamandronymus said, "Daughter, 'tis for you to present to our guest these fruits, since they are the produce of your care and industry."—Sappho never received a more agreeable command from her father; and, taking the basket from the domestic, she presented it to Phaon. Timidity bent her eyes to the ground: yet, with stolen glances, and with anxious curiosity, she examined the expression of his countenance, and the beauty of the hand which received the present.—"This fruit," said Phaon, "is the best eulogium of your merit; and your attention to domestic cares promises a happy companion to him who shall have the good fortune to be united to you in marriage."—Scamandronymus, interrupting him, said, "Since we have leisure, pray relate to us your miraculous adventure, and how you received from Venus that precious gift of beauty which is naturally the joy and delight of your father."—Phaon, with a modesty which still added to his beauty, replied, "I only perceive, in the gifts of the goddess, the bounty of celestial goodness: I did not merit her favors; but I rejoice in the possession, in the hope of being relieved perhaps from the misfortune of not being loved."—Fortunate young man!" exclaimed Sappho—"to receive ambrosia at the banquet of Love, where so many drink bitterness and despair."—"You complain of Love," said Phaon, "as if you had felt his rigors: yet, if I may judge by your years,

how is it possible, that, in the spring of existence, you can have experienced pains of frequent occurrence, or long duration?"—"A single moment," replied Sappho, "is sufficient to plunge into an abyss of misery, even when we appear raised to the summit of happiness."—"Happiness," said Scamandronymus, "is too often destroyed by immoderate desires or chimerical apprehensions. In misfortune, we drink the bitter cup even unto the last drop, without admitting the consolations of hope: but why should we seek to look through the dark veil of futurity which is impervious to our sight? Let us change the subject; let us learn from your own lips, how you became blessed with the favor of the goddess, whose generous bounty renders her still more worthy of our homage."

Phaon yields to their repeated wishes, and relates the details of his adventure. His words flowed from his lips, as from an abundant source: Sappho listened to the narration with the most tender and lively interest.—Her face expressed all the energy of her soul; and her looks were steadfastly fixed on the lips of Phaon. Scamandronymus raised his eyes to heaven; and the aged Cleïs was affected even to tears.

The narration ended, the delighted auditors still listened, and preserved the most religious silence.—An expression of universal applause succeeded.—The women admire his beauty; and the men envy him its possession. Scamandronymus wished the gods had given him such a son.—Phaon took his leave.—Their remarks were flattering; and they slowly resumed their accustomed occupations.—As he retires, the unfortunate Sappho feels the arrow pierce deeper and deeper into her wounded heart.

(To be continued.)

Horrible SUPERSTITION of the HINDOOS.

(From Buchanan's "Christian Researches in Asia.")

WE know that we are approaching Juggernaut* (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of Northern India. Some of them, with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, traveling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrim's Caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking *tameness*. The obscene animals will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Wherever I turn my eyes, I meet death in some shape or other.

Many thousands of pilgrims have accompanied us for some days past. They cover the road before and behind as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance. When the multitude first saw it, they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand, I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer

* In Orissa.

gate of the town of Juggernaut ; where a guard of soldiers is posted to prevent their entering the town, until they have paid the pilgrim's tax.—I passed a devotee to day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut, by the *length of his body*, as a penance of merit to please the God.

A disaster has just occurred.—As I approached the gate, the pilgrims crowded from all quarters around me, and shouted, as they usually did when I passed them on the road, an expression of welcome and respect. I was a little alarmed at their number, and looked round for my guard. A guard of soldiers had accompanied me from Cuttack, the last military station ; but they were now about a quarter of a mile behind, with my servants and the baggage. The pilgrims cried out that they were entitled to some indulgence, that they were poor, they could not pay the tax ; but I was not aware of their design. At this moment, when I was within a few yards of the gate, an old Sanyassee (or holy man) who had traveled some days by the side of my horse, came up, and said, "Sir, you are in danger ; the people are going to rush through the gate when it is opened for you." . . . I immediately dismounted, and endeavoured to escape to one side ; but it was too late. The mob was now in motion, and with a tumultuous shout pressed violently towards the gate. The guard within, seeing my danger, opened it, and the multitude, rushing through, carried me forward in the torrent a considerable space : so that I was literally borne into Juggernaut by the Hindoos themselves. A distressing scene followed. As the number and strength of the mob increased, the narrow way was choaked up by the mass of people ; and I apprehended that many of them would have been suffocated, or bruised

to death. My horse was yet among them. But suddenly one of the side posts of the gate, which was of wood, gave way, and fell to the ground. And, perhaps, this circumstance alone prevented the loss of lives. Notice of the event was immediately communicated to Mr. Hunter, the superintendent of the temple, who repaired to the spot, and sent an additional guard to the inner gate, lest the people should force that also ; for there is an outer and an inner gate to the town of Juggernaut ; but both of them are slightly constructed. Mr. Hunter told me that similar accidents sometimes occur, and that many have been crushed to death by the pressure of the mob. He added, that sometimes a body of pilgrims, (consisting chiefly of women and children and old men) trusting to the physical weight of their mass, will make, what he called, a *charge* on the armed guards, and overwhelm them ; the guards not being willing in such circumstances to oppose their bayonets.

I have seen Juggernaut. The scene at Buddruck is but the vestibule to Juggernaut. No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death ; it may be truly compared with the "valley of Hinnom." The idol, called Juggernaut, has been considered as the Moloch of the present age ; and he is justly so named ; for the sacrifices, offered up to him by self-devotement, are not less criminal, perhaps not less numerous, than those recorded of the Moloch of Canaan. Two other idols accompany Juggernaut, namely, Boloram and Shubudra, his brother and sister : for there are *three* Deities worshipped here. They receive equal adoration, and sit on thrones of nearly equal height. . . .

This morning I viewed the Tem-

ple; a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the extensive sway of "the horrid king." The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture.—I have also visited the sand plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of the pilgrims; and another place a little way out of the town, called by the English, the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth; and where dogs and vultures are ever seen*

I was surprised to see how little they † seemed to be moved by the scenes of Juggernaut. They said they were now so accustomed to them, they thought little of them. They had almost forgotten their first impressions. Their houses are on the sea shore, about a mile or more from the temple. They cannot live nearer, on account of the offensive effluvia of the town. For, independently of the enormity of the superstition, there are other circumstances which render Juggernaut noisome in an extreme degree. The senses are assailed by the squalid and ghastly appearance of the famished pilgrims; many of whom die in the streets of want or of disease; while the

* The vultures generally find out the prey first; and begin with the intestines; for the flesh of the body is too firm for their beaks immediately after death. But the dogs soon receive notice of the circumstance; generally from seeing the *Hurries*, or corpse-carriers, returning from the place. On the approach of the dogs, the vultures retire a few yards, and wait till the body be sufficiently torn for easy deglutition. The vultures and dogs often feed together; and sometimes begin their attack before the pilgrim be quite dead. There are four animals which are sometimes seen about a carcase, the dog, the jackal, the vulture, and the *Hurgeta*, or Adjutant, called by Pennant, the Gigantic crane.

† Certain English gentlemen named in the narrative. EDIT.

devotees, with clotted hair and painted flesh, are seen practising their various austerities, and modes of self-torture. The vicinity of Juggernaut to the sea probably prevents the contagion, which otherwise would be produced by the putrefactions of the place.

(To be continued.)

Characteristic Traits of BONAPARTÉ.

(Continued from page 303.)

* * * These additional Traits are from
M. Fuler.

BONAPARTÉ, in his journeys, the same as when at Paris, displays prodigious activity. Besides the audiences which he gives to the local authorities, he transacts business with the counsellors of state or with the ministers. He takes very little rest: sometimes he orders the minister for foreign affairs, or war, to be called up in the middle of the night. At three o'clock in the morning he has a report read to him, or dictates ideas for some official piece. This indefatigable industry is mentioned in the newspapers, and well it may be, for it surpasses the ordinary energies of man; every city in which it is displayed infers, but erroneously, that its local interests are the object of this application. It would be impolitic in Bonaparté to pay no attention at all to them; but they occupy the smallest portion of his solicitude and of his concern. The decrees relative to local objects seldom appear during Bonaparté's stay at the places themselves; he frequently leaves nothing but promises behind him, and the newspaper consoles itself with conjectures.

When he travels, 'tis the whole government of France, the cabinet of St. Cloud in perambulation.—The astonishing activity of the traveler is not directed to the places through which he passes, or to the

present moment, but is dictated by his political character and views. I have attentively examined all the local regulations by which he has commemorated his passage through departments and provincial towns, and have never been able to discover a single act of generosity.—The first regulation that is offered to or forced upon the cities is the establishment of an *octroi municipal*, or duty on provisions, or an increase of its rates, if previously established. The next measure is to give orders for the execution of the public works which are called for: such as the construction of a port, an exchange, a bridge, a new road, or a canal; the erection of an *entrepôt* for prohibited commodities, denominated *port-franc*; the repairing of a cathedral, a prison, or an hospital. The invariable rule, in all these cases, is to throw the expense upon those who require the establishment. If the revenues of the commune and the produce of the *octroi* are not sufficient for the purpose, extraordinary taxes are imposed, and the *centimes additionels* already charged in the tax-list are raised.

In eleven of the northern departments of France the canals are in a ruinous condition: an additional tax to continue for a number of years was laid upon the inhabitants to defray the expense of putting them in order. It is the same in the south, in the west, in the east; it is the same in every part of France. As to the measures which Bonaparté commands, he never furnishes more towards them than the decree and his name. The favors which he grants are always burdens, and his boasted beneficence invariably saddles his wretched subjects with new imposts. I have often seen magistrates and people who would fain have been released from the weight

of decrees bountifully issued in their behalf.

In these journeys, indeed, he displays an activity which astonishes the spectator. No sooner does he alight from his carriage than he receives the Authorities. When the audience is over, he mounts his horse, and rides round the town to reconnoitre its situation and its environs. If it happens to be late when he arrives, this reconnoissance is deferred till day-break the next morning, at six, five, or perhaps at four o'clock. Before the inhabitants are out of bed, Bonaparté has often returned to his lodgings. I have known him immediately on alighting propose a hunting-party, which has lasted several hours. All his surveys are taken with extreme rapidity. Bonaparté, mounted on his Arabian horse, generally leaves those who accompany him far behind; while waiting for them to rejoin him, he gains time to make his observations. With the exception, perhaps, of some general, extraordinarily well mounted, scarcely any one of his suite can keep pace with him; his favorite Mameluke, Roustan, who attends with the led horses, often cannot. The citizen commanding the guard of honor, who has obtained permission to follow him, is generally the first obliged to give in. Bonaparté has sometimes fatigued two horses in riding round a town of a moderate size. Falls from their horses are not at all uncommon to his suite; I myself saw this happen once to Roustan. Bonaparté always seeks the shortest roads: he never follows the windings, and obstacles do not stop him: he leaps over walls, hedges, and ditches, leaving those who follow him to go round. He scales, on horseback, mountains almost inaccessible to the pedestrian.

and descends them in the same manner; he has been seen mounting in this way an ascent almost perpendicular, situated near Aix la Chapelle, and descending from it. He often makes with his Arabians most dangerous leaps: his friends have remarked to him the risks to which he exposes himself; to which he one day answered, "Do you not know that I am the first horseman in the world?" Bonaparté is certainly a good horseman, without grace or dignity, it is true, but with a firmness and a rare *sang-froid* he shows himself every-where absolute master of his seat. Wherever he passes, he leaves behind him the remembrance of the rapidity of his course, of the boldness of his leaps, and of an activity unparalleled. He always appears in the act of reconnoitring spots of ground fit for the positions of armies, for forts or redoubts. One would say, to see his active haste, that he was preparing to give battle the following day. Round a manufacturing, a commercial, or an agricultural town, Bonaparté's circuits always bear the same character; he carries the same *coup d'œil* every-where. It is true that this *coup d'œil* is just; it is always that of an experienced engineer, and one that may become very useful when it is necessary. At first sight Bonaparté will point out the best direction to be given to a projected canal, the best place for establishing or for constructing a port or a dyke.

Bonaparté does not come like a father to be surrounded by his children; he appears like a master among his slaves. When saluted, he pays no attention; thousands of heads are uncovered when he passes, he makes not the slightest inclination; never is his hat moved from his head, he seems deaf to the cries of *Vivat* and *huzza*! Never is the least im-

pression visible on his countenance, nothing astonishes him, nothing rejoices him. When he is spoken to, his physiognomy remains immovable, and seems to express that he knows beforehand all that can be told him. He allows speeches to be recited to him, as so many formulas which he knows to be dictated; it is painful to him to listen to them; he submits to this pain, not for himself, but because he wishes the world to learn what men say to him to confess their subjection.

I happened, one day, to be placed, in my official character, next to the mayor of a considerable city, when he was about to harangue Bonaparté on his arrival. The mayor had taken great pains to commit his speech to memory; but Bonaparté scarcely gave him time to present the keys, and to repeat the passage relating to that part of the ceremony. The coachman was impetuously ordered to drive on, and the mayor left to harangue the air. He had, however, the consolation to see the account of the delivery of the keys and his whole discourse in the newspaper the next day.—"No harangue, gentlemen!" is frequently the discouraging apostrophe with which Bonaparté cuts short these trembling deputations; he asks for the intended speeches in writing, that he may order them to be inserted in his official gazette. The hurry of the traveler is not proportionate to the wants of the country visited, nor even to the ceremonial; the only thing with which it corresponds is the esteem of the person addressed for the addressers.

If he ask questions, it is in the tone of command. He will be answered with quickness; he will be promptly obeyed. It were better to give a false answer than hesitate. A man in office, scrupulous in his

assertions, incurs reprimands. Well-informed men have been removed into other departments for not having replied with confidence. Others have obtained crosses of the legion of honor for having answered with boldness.

If Bonaparté will not be beloved, he is well paid in return. He finds nowhere attachment, nowhere enthusiasm, for the one necessarily combines with the other. The curious crowd which follows Bonaparté in his various courses is mute. Not a voice would be heard when he passes, if the police was not careful to organise the sounds. I have seen, placed by the local authorities among different groups of people, certain barkers, to cry with Stentorean voices, *Vive l'Empereur!* They lead the mob, and rule it by terror. Their voices pierce amidst the groupes, and are heard in different places and at different moments above all others. I have seen how these men have been compelled to lower their voices, their game being too gross and easily discovered. In towns where the idiom is Italian or German, one hears French voices insulated amidst the native groupes.

The HEROINE of SARAGOSSA.

(From Sir John Carr's "*Descriptive Travels in Spain.*")

DURING the first siege of Zaragoza [or Saragossa] by the French, they seemed to direct their attacks principally against the gate called the Portillo. The sand-bag battery before the gate of the Portillo was gallantly defended by the Arragonese. It was several times destroyed, and as often re-constructed under the fire of the enemy. The carnage in this battery throughout the day was terrible. It was here that an act of heroism was performed by a female, to which his-

tory scarcely affords a parallel. Augustina Zaragoza, about twenty-two years of age, a handsome woman of the lower class of the people, whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed at it. The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to re-man the guns; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and the slain; snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery-man, and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege; and having stimulated her fellow citizens by this daring intrepidity to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy.

In the second siege, some particulars of which I shall hereafter relate, she surpassed her former achievements. Augustina appeared to be of the age which Mr. Vaughan has assigned to her, about 23, when I saw her. She was neatly dressed in the black mantilla. Her complexion was light olive, her countenance soft and pleasing, and her manners, which were perfectly feminine, were easy and engaging. Upon the sleeve of one of her arms she wore three embroidered badges of distinction, commemorative of three distinguished acts of her intrepidity. Brigadier-General Doyle told me, that she never talked of her own brilliant exploits, but always spoke with animation of the many she saw displayed by others in those memorable sieges. These insignia of military merits had been conferred upon her by her illustrious commander, General Joseph Palafox. The day be-

fore I was introduced to this extraordinary female, she had been entertained at a dinner, given by Admiral Purvis on board of his flagship. The particulars I received from an officer who was present; as she received a pension from government, and also the pay of an artillery-man, the admiral considered her as a military character, and, much to his credit, received her with the honors of that profession. Upon her reaching the deck, the marines were drawn up and manœuvred before her. She appeared quite at home, regarded them with a steady eye, and spoke in terms of admiration of their neatness, and soldier-like appearance. Upon examining the guns, she observed of one of them, with the satisfaction with which other women would speak of a cap; "My gun," alluding to the one with which she effected considerable havock amongst the French at Zaragoza, "was not so nice and clean as this." She was drinking her coffee when the evening gun fired; its discharge seemed to electrify her with delight; she sprang out of the cabin upon the deck, and attentively listened to the reverberation of its sound. In the evening she joined in the dance with the rest of the company, and displayed a good ear for music, and considerable natural gracefulness. The sailors, as it may be supposed, were uncommonly pleased with her. Some were overheard to say with an hearty oath, "I hope they will do something for her: she ought to have plenty of prize-money; she is of the right sort."

So much envy does merit always excite, that there were many in Cadiz, and men too, who coldly called this young heroine the artillery-woman; and observed, that they should soon have nothing but battalions of wo-

men in the field, instead of attending to their domestic concerns, if every romantic female was rewarded and commissioned, as Augustina had been. Base detractors! happy would it have been for your country, if many of your soldiers, and most of your chiefs, had acted with the undaunted intrepidity and unshaken patriotism of this young female! The interest of my interview with her was much increased by the following circumstance. Brigadier-General Doyle was relating to her the deplorable state to which Palafox had been reduced just before and after he fell into the hands of the enemy in the second siege; she listened to him with the most anxious attention. "Ah Augustina," said he, "now attend to the last letters of your friend, hero, and general; he will speak to you through them." He then read to her some very affecting letters written to Brigadier-General Doyle a short time before, and after the surrender, which he afterwards translated to me, and of which the following are translated copies.

"Zaragoza, February 7th, 1809.

"My dearest Friend and Brother.

"I have just received your letter, but no one comes to my assistance on any side; you, however, know me well; you know I will sooner die than cover myself with disgrace: but if you do not help me, what am I to do? Ah, my friend! this thought does indeed afflict me, but I want not courage to die for the preservation of my honor; if you do not come quickly, very quickly, receive the last embraces of your dearest friend and brother! Sufficient that I say to you, *my tried friend*," (these three words are in English.) "The bearer of this will tell you. Ah, my friend! my brother!"

It may be proper here to ob-

serve, that the line of service in which Brigadier-General Doyle was principally engaged, was that of collecting information of the movements of the enemy, and furnishing succours to the patriotic troops of Spain, - a species of service for which the general, by his activity, zeal, address, and local knowledge, was eminently qualified. He made every exertion to send succours to the brave Arragonese in their renowned city, but without success. A dreadful pestilential fever broke out amongst them. Owing to excess of fatigue, and the desperate condition of himself and his heroic comrades, Palafox became delirious, and when the French entered Zaragoza, was unable to make any arrangements for his personal safety. Augustina caught the pestilence, which was incumbering the streets with its victims. She had too much distinguished herself not to attract the notice of the French. She was made prisoner, and removed to an hospital, where, as she was considered to be dying of the fever, her guard paid but little attention to her. However, her good constitution began to triumph over this cruel malady, and, finding she was but little watched, she contrived to elude the sentinel, and, in a manner as extraordinary as the rest of her exploits, escaped in perfect safety. General Doyle then read another, the last note but one he had at that time received from Palafox: it was written at Pamplona, to which place he had been removed by the enemy in his way to Paris, and was dated March 13. "My dearest Doyle, my friend, my brother, for God's sake send me by the bearer, or by a letter on Fayonne, some money.— You know how long a journey is before me, and the moment will arrive when I shall beg charity. This

is the only comfort I can now receive from your good heart. My dearest friend, they have robbed me to the very shirt. Adieu! adieu! adieu!" The face of Augustina, which, as I have observed, is remarkable for its sweetness, assumed a mingled expression of commiseration for her hero, and revenge against his enemies. Her eyes, naturally soft, flashed with peculiar fire and animation; tears rolled down her cheeks; and clasping her hands, as the last word, "adieu," was repeated, she exclaimed, "Oh! those base invaders of my country! those oppressors of its best patriots! should the fate of war place any of them within my power, I will instantly deliver up their throats to the knife." General Doyle was much impressed with the manner in which she uttered this fierce denunciation, a manner that can leave but little doubt of her carrying it into execution, should an opportunity offer. Soon afterwards the husband of Augustina entered, who had been severely wounded during the sieges, accompanied by a youth, a nobleman, and a cousin of Palafox. When the second siege took place, this young man was at college, which, upon the irruption of the French, he abruptly quitted, and after having distinguished himself at Rio Sico under General Cuesta, with scarcely any money, and little food and clothing, he made his way to Zaragoza, and fought under his noble relative with enthusiastic bravery. It does not often fall to the lot of a traveler to meet with occurrences such as I have related, and to see a group of persons so distinguished for their intrepidity and patriotism. Augustina calls herself the *Woman of Zaragoza*; she occasionally wears the dress of the service into which she has entered, the artillery, but mo-

destly preserves the petticoat. One evening, as she was walking alone in this habit, in one of the streets of Cadiz, with her sabre by her side, a man, attracted by her beauty, followed her a considerable way; upon which, offended at his impetuness, she turned round, and, drawing her sabre, with great calmness but determination, told him, that, if he followed her another step, she would cut him down. The desire of this gay, but not gallant Lothario, was instantly turned into fear; and he fled from the object of his wishes, as fast as his legs could carry him. She was proceeding to Seville, to be presented to the central junta, for the purpose of soliciting a higher appointment in the patriotic army.

Traits of the Character of
SAMUEL FOOTE.

(From Jesse Foot's "*Life of Arthur Murphy*")

HE had a fund of wit, humour, and sense; but he did not make a good use of his talents, though he got money by them, which he very idly squandered. He was too fond of detraction and mimicry, which were blemishes in his conversation, though you were entertained by them. He was ridiculously vain of his family, and of his classical knowledge, which was superficial, and boasted of his numerous relations among the old nobility. He was very extravagant, but by no means generous. Though he spared no expense in entertainments, nor in wine, yet he did not understand a table. He affected to have disguised cookery, and French dishes, and never eat plain meat. He was not clean in his person, and was disgusting in his manner of eating: but he was so pleasant a fellow, and had such a flow of spirits, that you forgot his faults, and pardoned his want of

elegance and decency. He always took the lead in conversation, and was generally the chief or sole performer, and he had such a rage for shining, and was so delighted with applause, that he often brought to my mind those lines of Pope in his character of the Duke of Wharton:

"Though list'ning senates hung on all
he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the
joke."

He was civil to your face, and seldom put you out of humour with yourself: but you paid for his civility the moment you went out of company, and were sure of being made ridiculous; yet he was not as malignant as some men I have known: but his vanity, and the desire he had of showing his wit, made him run into satire and detraction. He loved titled men, and was proud of their company, though he gave himself airs of treating them with scorn. He was licentious and profligate, and frequently made a jest of religion and morality. He told a story very well, and added many pleasant circumstances of his own invention to heighten it. He had likewise a good choice of words and apt expressions, and would speak plausibly on grave subjects; but he soon grew tired of serious conversation, and returned naturally to his favorite amusement, mimicry, in which he did not excel; for he was coarse and unfair, and drew caricatures. But he entertained you more than a closer mimic. If he had applied to the bar, and took pains in the profession of the law, it is probable he would have succeeded in it; for he was very quick and discerning, and could relate the material occurrences of a debate in parliament with wonderful precision and perspicuity.—He was a bad actor, and always ran into farce, and in

tragedy he was detestable : for when-
ever he aimed at expression, he was
distorted. His voice, face, and fi-
gure were equally disagreeable.

He was always buying rings, snuff-boxes, toys, &c. which were the great expense to him, and was a bubble at play.—Upon the whole, his life and character would furnish matter for a good farce with an instructive moral. It would show us, that parts and talent are of little use without prudence or virtue; and that flashes of wit and humour give only a momentary pleasure, but no solid entertainment.

He rented Charlton-house, the family-seat in Worcestershire, where he lived in some splendor for about a year and a half. During his magnificence there, he invited his old schoolmaster, Mr. Miles, to dine with him, who, admiring his service of plate, and well furnished sideboard, very innocently asked Mr. Foote what it might cost. "Indeed," says he, "I know not: but sure I am, I shall soon know what it will bring."

Divine JUSTICE.

(From Watson's "*Plain Statement of some of the most important Principles of Religion.*")

WE find justice absolutely necessary for the government of the world; and we see that the Divine Governor acts generally upon this principle in the whole of his administration. We see his justice in making wickedness, in many cases, its own punishment. There is scarcely any act of wickedness but what is followed up by some immediate punishment. The situation of mankind does not permit, that the present state should be a system of the complete moral government of God. In fact, it could not be accomplished, whilst we are

in this imperfect and mixed state. But we see sufficient to show us what is the principle of God's government. Every vice produces, less or more, even here, some kind of punishment. Habitual intemperance is followed up by disease, by an impairment of faculties, by a weakened memory and reason, by a reduced fortune, and very often by contempt. And nothing can render a man more contemptible than sensual indulgencies carried to an excessive length. Anger preys generally upon its own bowels, and tears and rends the weak frame: envy corrodes the heart: malice distresses the man in its pursuit, and not unfrequently is checked or corrected by some equivalent return. Avarice is punished by shutting up the heart, and preventing men from the enjoyment of what they possess. The miser is condemned to watch over his money, but not for his own benefit, but for the benefit of others; and he is as effectually debarred, by the narrowness of his mind, from the rational enjoyment of it, as if it were in the possession of his greatest enemy. Every vice takes away also from enjoyment; and declares in the strongest language, that here is neither joy nor peace to the wicked. In this constitution of our nature, we see the wisdom and justice of the divine administration clearly manifested, to tell us, that God is just and righteous in all his ways.

It can be no objection to the justice of God, that virtue is not completely rewarded, or vice fully punished, in this world. The reasons for this imperfection are obvious. Vice could not be completely punished here without involving the innocent with the guilty. A wicked father could not be effectually punished without causing his innocent

offspring to suffer. In the present state, the good and the bad, the righteous and the wicked, are so closely interwoven, that the greatest injustice would be committed, were vice to meet with its final punishment in the present state. But we see sufficient to convince us of the justice of God; and the full display of it must be in the eternal world, where there will be a final and everlasting separation between the righteous and the wicked. The same reasons may be assigned for virtue not being fully rewarded in this life. There are sufficient indications of virtue's final recompense to support the diligence and hopes of good men, in the faithful discharge of their duty; and their great reward must be deferred to the future life.

Virtue here is followed up with great benefits. Temperance strengthens our body; and increases or preserves our health. Justice begets satisfaction, confidence, and respect; and benevolence is followed up by the most delightful enjoyment; and every virtue, fully exercised, produces peace and pleasing reflexions; and encourages us to look forward also to the approbation of our Maker.

Hence we infer, that He who formed this constitution of our nature, must be himself infinitely just.

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Notices of the Elephant.—Colonel Kirkpatrick, in his "Account of the Kingdom of Nepal," mentions his having been informed that two or three wild elephants sometimes take possession of a road, and obstruct the progress of travelers for a considerable time.—He adds, that certain deputies, on their way from Nepal to Patna, had their camp assaulted

by a large herd of those animals, of which they found it difficult to rid themselves.—He further observes, that the elephants sometimes issue from the forest in droves, over-run the cultivated country on its borders, and sometimes even penetrate a good way into the districts of the East India Company. — On the other hand, Mr. Buchanan, in his "Christian Researches in Asia," gives a remarkable instance of the natural, or, at least, habitual reluctance of the tame elephant to injure a human creature. One of those animals, as he informs us, being suddenly frightened, ran off through a countless multitude of pilgrims assembled before the temple of Juggernaut*: but, though the crowd was very closely thronged together, "he endeavoured, in the midst of his own terror, to throw the people off, on both sides, with his feet; and it was found that he had only trodden upon one person."

Anecdote of Lord HOLLAND.—Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), father of the celebrated Charles James Fox, said one day to his son—then about thirteen years of age, and just come home from Eton school—"Well, Charles, do you bring any news from Eton?"—"News! None at all. Hold! I have some news. I went up to Windsor, to pay a fruit-woman seven shillings that I owed her: the woman stared, and said, "Are you son to that there Fox that is member for our town?"—"Yes, I am his son."—"Poo! I wo'n't believe it: if you were his son, I never should receive this money."—This anecdote is related by the late Arthur Murphy, who adds, that Mr. Fox (the father) "laughed heartily" at this curious article of intelligence, and said, "Here, Charles—here's a glass of wine for your story."

* See page 415 of our present Number.

Anecdote of HAMOODA, the present BEY of TUNIS.—In the early part of his life, (as we learn from Mr. Macgill, in his "Account of Tunis") Hamooda, notwithstanding the strong prohibition in the Koran, was much addicted to drinking; and his slaves, encouraged by his example, indulged in similar excesses. —One night, as they were over their cups, a noise was heard in the courtyard below; with impatience the Bey demanded the occasion of it; and finding that it proceeded from some people of the Dey of Algiers, who were also making merry, he ordered his late prime minister, Mustafa, who was a sensible man, to have them immediately strangled. The prudent minister, who is still much spoken of, received the order, but contented himself with putting the poor fellows in prison; telling the prince that he had been obeyed. In the morning, when the fumes of the preceding night's debauch had begun to subside, the Bey inquired after the Algerines. Mustafa reminded him of the order he had given the night before. Almost frantic, Hamooda asked if it had been obeyed? Mustafa answered in the negative; for which the prince thanked him; and, since that time, he has never tasted wine or strong drink.

Burning of WIDOWS.—Few of our readers, we presume, are ignorant of the horrid custom which prevails among the "*mild*," the "*gentle*" Hindoos—that the widow should *voluntarily* consent to be burned alive on the funeral pile with the body of her deceased husband; in default of which, she is ever after considered as infamous, and shunned by all her acquaintance, as carefully as the most abandoned female in this country is shunned by the virtuous portion of the fair sex. But, lest it be supposed that such inhu-

man sacrifices are of rare occurrence, we quote the authority of Mr. Buchanan, who, in his "*Christian Researches in Asia*," gives a minute and distinct enumeration of *one hundred and fifteen* widows thus barbarously immolated in the space of *six months*, within thirty miles round Calcutta, so late as the year *eighteen hundred and four*!

FATTENING for MARRIAGE.—The Tunisians have a curious custom—noticed by Mr. Macgill in his "*Account of Tunis*"—that of fattening up their young ladies for marriage. A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room. Shackles of silver and gold are put upon her ancles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dishonoured, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore, are put upon the new bride's limbs; and she is fed until they are filled up to the proper thickness. This is sometimes no easy matter; particularly if the former wife was fat, and the present should be of a slender form. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drough*, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of nurses rich and abundant. With this seed, and their national dish, "*cuscusu*," the bride is literally crammed; and many actually die under the spoon!

Spanish Bachelors.—Mr. Jacob, in his "*Travels in the South of Spain*," notices a singular custom prevalent among the peasantry of that country. A young peasant, he tells us, never sleeps on a bed, till he is married. Before that event, he rests on the floor in his clothes, which he never takes off, except for the purposes of cleanliness; and, during the greater part of the year,

it is a matter of indifference to him, whether he sleep under a roof or in the open air.

Parliamentary BON-MOT. (From Sir Jonah Barrington's "*Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.*")

—Sir Henry Cavendish, a member of the House of Commons, "was so expert at short-hand, that he was correct even to a word, and frequently, during important debates, sent the most remarkable speeches to the Castle, to gratify the solicitude of the impatient Viceroy. —His Excellency, after a warm debate (during which, Sir Henry succeeded from the Devonshire party), asked Sir Hercule Langrishe, if Sir Henry had taken notes that night? —The baronet, affecting not to understand the tenor of His Excellency's question, pleasantly replied, that he believed Sir Henry had taken either *notes or ready money*, but he could not exactly inform His Excellency, which. —Sir Henry went into office immediately after.

Extraordinary MEMORY.—By accounts from New York, we learn that a curious phænomenon has lately appeared there—a most wonderful instance of the powers of memory and calculation.—A boy, under seven years of age, who reads so imperfectly that it may almost be said he cannot read at all, and who is quite un-acquainted with figures—yet possesses the astonishing power of multiplying numbers so as to give the result of the most difficult questions. For instance, a person asks him how much (suppose) 5679, multiplied by 5678, or any other number, will produce; he appears to consider for a moment, and will then give the exact sum. If asked, how he knows that it is so?—he says he cannot tell, but that it is so. —Sometimes the persons try to

puzzle him, and will tell him he is mistaken, or will sometimes make a mistake in the result of the question proposed, to try him. The boy will then reply very positively, and often pertly, when told that he is wrong—"No, you are wrong;" and in no instance has the child been found to have erred in the result he gives. —What is more, he is equally expert in division and subtraction. In this there can be no trick, as the boy could never be instructed to answer the variety of questions that are daily put to him by different persons who go to see him.

CONGELATION OF WATER in a warm Room.—Professor Leslie effects the congelation of a mass of water in a warm room by the following curious process.—Under the receiver of an air-pump, he places two vessels, the one containing water, the other any substance very attractive of moisture. The weight of the air being removed by working the pump, copious evaporations begin to take place from the water. Were there nothing under the receiver but this liquid, an atmosphere of vapor would be formed, by whose pressure further evaporation would be prevented; but the other substance absorbs this vapor almost as speedily as it rises. Hence evaporation and its invariable effect, the production of cold, proceed so vigorously, as soon to convert the water into ice, *spicula* of which are seen shooting beautifully across.

Instantaneous LIGHT.—Mr. Chapman, chemist, in the Strand, has offered to the public a composition for producing immediate light on the application of a match. How far it may be superior to the liquid phosphorus commonly used for the same purpose, we cannot tell, as we have not witnessed its effect: but it has been represented to us as a different

composition—dry, hard, durable, and free from all offensive odor.

For the Tooth-ache, an infallible cure is said to be found in rubbing the outside part under the jawbone and ear, for a whole day together, with a mixture of spirits of wine and rum, applied with the finger. The friction itself being useful, may be continued with rum and oil, if the part become sore from the application of the spirits of wine.

Preservation of Articles of Food.—

Mr. Durand, of Hoxton-square, has obtained a patent for a mode of preserving meat, vegetables, milk, &c. for a considerable time, without the aid of salt, or other condiment. A jar or other vessel, containing the article of food, is placed in a pot of cold water, which is gradually made to boil, and kept boiling for a sufficient time; after which, the vessel is closely stopped, and not to be opened until its contents are wanted for use. Such of our readers as wish to be better acquainted with the process, will find it explained at large in a recent publication, of moderate price, entitled, "*The Art of preserving all kinds of animal and vegetable Substances for several Years; a work published by order of the French Minister of the Interior, on the Report of the Board of Arts and Manufactures.*"—By M. Appert.—

Tax-GATHERING at TUNIS.—Mr Macgill, in his "*Account of Tunis*," informs us, that, when the Tunisians are called upon to pay their dues to the prince, they uniformly plead inability, and make use of every protestation to support their plea. The tax-gatherer, accustomed to this kind of pretence, puts him who refuses, immediately under the bastinado; he then cries out, that he will pay, and generally, before rising from the ground, draws forth his bag, and counts out the cash. A

gentleman who stood by, on an occasion of this kind, inquired of the man who had been under the bastinado, if it would not have been better to have paid at once? "What!" cried he, "pay my taxes without being bastinadoed? No! no!" Such conduct may arise not only from their great ignorance and love of money, which makes them hope to the last moment that they will escape, but also from the rapacious nature of the government, which renders it dangerous to appear rich.

Improved Soap.—Baron Van Doornich, of Broad-Street, London, has invented a new species of soap, to wash, not only with soft, but also with hard or salt, water.

Library.—Col. Kirkpatrick, in his "*Account of the Kingdom of Nepal*," says he was credibly informed that a single private library in that country contained upwards of fifteen thousand volumes.

Cheap Warmth.—Mr. Buchanan, of Glasgow, states that a place of worship was, during last winter, heated by means of steam, on a very simple plan, requiring little or no attendance, and no fresh supply of water above three times in the whole winter, in addition to that first put into the boiler.—He mentions another mode, by which a fire of three hours in the morning serves for heating during the remainder of the day.

Scarlet Die.—Mr. Dunlop, of Manchester, has invented a scarlet die for cotton, warranted to resist the action of soap, air, and acid.

Deep Well.—At Purbleigh, near Maldon, in Essex, a well has lately been dug 334 feet deep. The water, when at length found after about four months' digging, rose 252 feet in 14 hours—leaving the depth, from the surface of the earth to the surface of the water, 82 feet.

Violin.—A violin, made by Nico-

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



London. Morning & Evening Dress
379.1811.

las Amati for Louis XIV. at the beginning of his reign, was lately sold at Paris for £126.

London Morning and Evening DRESSES.

1. *Morning dress*.—A gown of muslin worked in any fancy manner; a bonnet of pale blue satin; and an Indian shawl.

2. *Evening dress*.—Of pale pink satin richly trimmed with white lace; a kerchief or tippet of lace to hang loosely on the shoulders; hat of the same satin, with three feathers to match in color; the edge Vandyked with lace.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,
or *Ends of Verses*, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhymes of the writer's own choice.

Sweet, Greet—Sublime, Clime—
Decay, Clay—Sore, Tore—Load,
Abode—Scene, Serene—Taste,
Graced—Ear, Cheer.

Any approved Completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of November, shall appear on the first of December.

POETRY.

Lines, respectfully addressed to Miss C. C. RICHARDSON, Hinderswell.*

By JOANNA SQUIRE.

FAIN would my grateful Muse, in
strain sincere, [dear
Her thanks express, and tell how truly
(Beyond those views which sordid natures
bind) [mind.

I prize the friendship of a gen'rous
To such (like you) I could, unsought,
impart

The nearest, dearest, wishes of my heart;
Frankly, to such, its inmost thoughts
display, [portray.

Each hope acknowledge, and each fear
But ah! my Muse! thy rude un-
polish'd lay [to say:

But ill could paint what feeling sighs
Though strong thy will, thy pow'rs—but
weak at best— [press'd,

Now crush'd by sorrow, and by pain op-
Desert the post, where anguish takes her
stand,

Aw'd by the horrors of her gloomy band.

So the sweet bird, whose notes, though
weak, impart

A glow of pleasure to the feeling heart—

* See, in our Magazine for January, an *Acrostich*, addressed to the ingenious author of these lines, by Miss Richardson, to whom we take this opportunity of expressing our regret that her Muse has, during so many months, omitted to enrich our pages with any of her valuable effusions.

Taught by un-erring instinct to descry
When the loud tempest threatens from
the sky— [form,

In the kind thicket hides his trembling
And hears in silence the imperious storm,
Nor dares again attune the grateful lay,
'Till flying clouds proclaim a fairer day.

But ah! my friend! athwart misfor-
tune's gloom, [tillume.

Hope sheds no ray, my dreary path
For me, no more her magic hand por-
trays [days:

The future glowing bright with halcyon
For me, no more she spreads her glit-
tring wings, [sings;

For me, no more in strain harmonious
But yields her once bright mansion in
my breast

To the dread empire of a baneful guest.

Chill'd by her frown, my weak unfriend-
ed Muse

On ev'ry side unnumber'd dangers views;
With timid glance, her proudest page
surveys, [the bays.

And yields, with tears, to happier bards
Yet still, though fancy's gilded dreams
are o'er, [more,

And Hope's delusive whispers charm no
I dare (though late) this grateful tribute
pay

To her, whose praises animate the lay;
And, if the friendship of a soul sincere
Will to thy gen'rous heart indeed be dear,
From me accept, what you so kindly
claim; [name.

And on your chosen list inscribe me

A maiden Effort.

By J. M. L.

ONCE I attempted to unfold
My genius in a rhyme;
But found 'twas dross instead of gold,
And did but waste my time.

I wrote a line, then struck it out:
Again I did the same;
But still I tried, and did not doubt
To gain immortal fame.

At length I found I had destroy'd
Of foolscap a full quire,
And, as new thoughts my mind employ'd,
Threw old ones in the fire.

Then, in a pet, I curs'd my Muse—
If Muse indeed I had—
And said, "This trade I will not choose;
A poet's trade's so bad!"

Sonnet.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

STILL, still she frowns—with adamant-
tine heart, [ardent vows;
Mocks all my sufferings, scorns my
Ne'er does one look of sympathy impart,
But cold neglect, for purest love, be-
stows. [kind:

Come, gentle Sleep! nor be, like her, un-
Come, though reluctant, to a wretch
distress'd! [temples bind;

Bring poppy-wreaths, and round my
And lull me in thy drowsy arms to rest
My pray'r is heard!—[ethargic dews
descend; [close;

Increasing weights my weary'd eyelids
Wide o'er my couch Sleep's sable wings
extend:

My senses fail: I sink into repose.
Oh that 'twere Death thus stole my
powers away, [day!
That I no more might view returning

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES proposed
in our Magazine for July.*

The MARINER, by J. M. L.

OBSERVE yon sea-wave soaring high,
While desolation hovers nigh,
And ruin rides the blast!—
The seaman dreads the tempest's reign;
For life may sink, as sinks his gain!
Each breath may be his last!

Dear then would be the sight of shore—
To him more dear than all the love
Of Learning's studious train:
But, ah! sweet hope no ray will lend;
And life's last hour he's doom'd to spend
In bitterness and pain!

For him no more will day-beams shine:—
But poetry shall form the line
That consecrates his doom.

Life's gayer dreams no more can clay:
To heav'n his soul must look for joy,
Beyond his wat'ry tomb!

His was a course full fraught with fear &
Danger and death were ever near,
And stole his hours of peace:—
But, as, when here, his griefs were great,
So are his joys, in that pure state
Where joys can never cease!

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.
O great Omnipotent on high,

Who dost o'er all with mercy reign!
Whose aiding spirit e'er is nigh

All those who would thy favor gain!

To win thy love, my hours I'll spend,
Still read with awe thy sacred lore;
Still in thy praise my voice I'll lend,
Till summon'd to that happier shore,

Where, round thy throne, a radiant line
Of seraphs stand; and, hymning near,
Just men, made perfect, ever shine,
Exempt from age, from woe, from fear.

How soon all earthly pleasures cloy!
How empty, vain, the name of great!
Seek then, my soul, immortal joy;
Secure a blissful future state.

*Imitation of the French Epigram given in
our Magazine for July.*

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

"You live in a country rude, rugged, un-
pleasant," [sant:

A fat-witted Fleming said to a Swiss pea-

"Hence, those characteristics we trace
in your mind: [climate, we find."

For the manners are form'd from the
"The remark is illib'ral," the Switzer
replied, [tuous he eyed:

As Mynheer Vander Dogger contemp-
"But, if right I remember, your country's
quite flat: [that?"

Pray, what's the effect on a Fleming from

The Village SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

By Mr. HERSCHE, author of "Poems,
rural and domestic"—"a youth" (to use
his own words) "born in a humble cottage,
and bred at the plough, unblest by the smiles
of Fortune, debarred from every advantage
of education, and instructed only by the
village matron;" but whose volume, never-
theless, exhibits a very respectable list of
subscribers.

ON Arun's bank, my native vale,
Where pass'd my sportive infant days,
There liv'd a neat and cleanly dame,
Whose learning gain'd the village praise.

For well she knew to guide the pin
Across the Primer's mottled page;

And she had read, and could explain,
The scripture through, with aspect sage.
She oft with birch the youngster scur'd,
Or pinn'd him to her apron blue;
And which the scholar, which the dunce,
By early proof, her judgement knew.
Her solitary cottage stood
Snug shelter'd from the northern breeze;
With mossy thatch warm cover'd o'er,
And shaded by two high elm trees.
A path, with pinks and daisies trimm'd,
Led from the homely entrance gate;
The door, worm-eaten and decay'd,
Bespoke the tenant's low estate.
'Twas she first taught my infant tongue
The hard-learn'd characters to trace;
'Twas she first caus'd the cloud of care
To rush in showers down my face.
Oft have I walk'd, in frosty morn,
Across the common wide and bleak,
"Creeping, like snail," a loit'ring pace,
With shiv'ring limbs and visage meek.
Or when, in summer's genial hours,
With blooming thyme the heath would
smile,
The purple sweet I've staid to pluck,
And climb'd reluctant o'er the stile.
And often have I linger'd there,
And stopp'd to see, with raptur'd eyes,
The little, warbling, joyous lark
Above the village steeple rise.
Yet, though with pure delight I lov'd
To gaze on nature's beauteous vest,
The time thus spent dam'd call'd a crime;
And blushes oft that crime confess'd.
First lectur'd sharp, then was I doom'd
Beneath her chast'ning hand to bow;
Or, to the apron pinn'd, to grieve
Before the matron's frowning brow;
There trembling stand; while she per-
chance
Caress'd some dunce; nor dar'd I ask,
With swimming eyes, to be releas'd,
Nor glance aside my destin'd task.
Hard was that task; yet harder still,
While others roiv'd, enjoying play,
'To be a pris'ner left alone, [stay.
With bursting heart there doom'd to
But, when the sov'reign of the school
Was pleas'd, and on me kindly smil'd,
Then none so happy, none so blythe,
And none to learn more cheerful toil'd.
Head student in the humming throng,
A rank by all superior thought,
Was my much-envy'd happy lot;
And elders my instruction sought.

On ev'ry busy washing-day,
To regency I made my claim;
Exalted on her brown rush throne,
While foaming suds half hid the dames
Quick flutt'ring in my little breast,
Proud joy was mine, and ruling sway.
With scorn I view'd each taller dunce
Compell'd my mandate to obey.
Oh! could I now as happy prove!
As soon elate my bosom glow!
But ah! distress'd by wordly cares,
No more can I such pleasure know.
She, who first in my infant mind
Saw learning's early shoot appear,
Now rests beneath the sacred sod;—
And still to me her mem'ry's dear.
Simplicity! thou gentle pow'r!
Weep o'er her lowly rural shade!
Oh truth! bestow thy warmest tear,
Where thy kind advocate is laid.
Ah! Dame, I thought not, as I pass'd
The ancient yew, when school'd to thee,
That I should ever see thy grave
Beside that hollow spreading tree.
And does, alas! thy warning voice,
Do thy instructive accents cease?
Thy grateful pupil heaves a sigh:—
Oh! may thy spirit rest in peace!

Address to a SNOW-DROP.
By Mr. WEBB, author of "Haverhill," and
other Poems.

WHY dost thou, silver-vested flow'r,
While tempests howl, and snow-storms
low'r,
Thus boldly brave stern Winter's pow'r,
And rear thy head?
Why so impatient? why not stay,
Till Zephyrs drive rude blasts away,
And day's bright orb, with cheering ray,
Warm thy cold bed?
Why stay not till the primrose pale
With simple beauty spots the dale,
Till violets load the passing gale
With luscious balm—
Till moist-ey'd April's genial show'rs
Rouse Flora's train of painted flow'rs,
And songsters fill the leafy bow'rs
With music's charm?
Fair flow'r! thy hardy front defies
The rigor of inclement skies;
The blast of winter o'er thee flies,
Nor chills thy form.
Thus Virtue stands with placid mien,
While whirlwinds desolate the scene,
And, cheer'd by hope, with mind serene,
Smiles at the storm.

**The LANDING of the BRITISH ARMY
in Portugal**
(From Mr. Scott's "Vision of Don
Roderick.")

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!
The billows foam'd beneath a thousand
oars. [unite,
Fast as they land, the red-cross ranks
Legions on legions bright'ning all the
shores. [roars;
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal
Then peals the warlike thunder of the
drum, [pours,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet flourish
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts
are dumb; [of Ocean come!
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands
A various host they came—whose ranks
display [the fight:
Each mode in which the warrior meets
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman
light; [bright,
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing
Where mounted squadrons shake the
echoing mead, [night,
Lacks not artill'ry breathing flame and
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid
steed, [speed.
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in
A various host—from kindred realms they
came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For you fair bands shall merry England
claim, [crown.
And with their deeds of valour deck her
Hers their bold port, and hers their mar-
tial frown, [dom's cause,
And hers their scorn of death in Free-
Their eyes of azure and their locks of
brown, [out a pause,
And the blunt speech that bursts with-
And freeborn thoughts, which league the
soldier with the laws.
And O! lov'd warriors of the minstrel's
land*! [wave!
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans
The rugged form may mark the mountain
band, [grave;
And harsher features, and a mien more
But ne'er in battle-field throb'd heart so
brave [tish plaid:
As that which beats beneath the Scot-
And, when the pibroch† bids the battle
rave, [laid,
And level for the charge your arms are
Where lives the desp'rate foe, that for
such onset staid?

* Scotland. † The Highland bag-pipe.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laugh-
ter rings, [minstrelsy,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern
His jest while each blithe comrade round
him flings,
And moves to death with military glee!
Boast, Erin*, boast them! tameless, frank,
and free, [ger known,
In kindness warm, and fierce in dan-
Rough Nature's children, humorous as
she: [proudest tone
And He, yon chieftain—strike the
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is
thine own.

* The Gaelic name of Ireland.

† Lord Wellington.

TO-MORROW.

By Mary F. JOHNSON, author of "Ori-
ginal Sonnets, and other Poems."

Now high reflected radiance richly warms
The blue horizon with vermilion streaks;
And of To-morrow's renovated charms,
Propitiously the ev'ning glory speaks.
But why, oh Hope! wilt thy confiding
heart

To-morrow's pledge so credulously trust?
Deceitful as to-day, will she depart—
Like her, to ev'ry previous vaunt unjust.
Yet Hope's enchantment robes the distant
scene: [view:

Fair seems To-morrow in perspective
False will she be, as former days have
been; [is true:

But, though the dream deceive, its bliss
And still shall expectation fondly say,
"To-morrow will be better than to-day."

To a MISER.

MEN say you are wealthy, but falsely,
I'm sure;
And thus can I prove it, my friend:
You have not a penny to give to the
poor,
Nor have you a penny to spend.
You keep, it is true, an abundance of pelf;
But that's for your heirs: it is not for
yourself.

L'ESPÉRANCE.

J'ENTENDS toujours l'homme crier
misère,
Et, chaque jour, accuser le destin:
Mais, chaque jour, on attend, on espère;
Et, chaque jour, nous vivons pour
demain.

*** A Translation or Imitation is requested.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Infamy un-exampled.—In June 1810, a cause was tried at Bombay (Kitson v. Sterling) in which it was clearly proved that the defendant, Capt. Sterling, had, by threats of death, compelled his wife falsely to swear herself guilty of acts of adultery with her own brother-in-law, and several other men, for the purpose of extorting considerable sums of money from the supposed adulterers.—The particulars of this shocking trial have lately been published in London in a pamphlet.

Population of the United States.—The official returns, in the year 1810, stated the number at above seven millions two hundred thousand souls.

In May last, some robbers broke open the tomb of the mother of the Sultan Selim, at Constantinople, and robbed it of gold cloths and precious stones to the value of one hundred and fifty thousand piastres. Suspicion alighting on some Slavonian slaves, they were taken up, and put to the torture; two of them refusing to make confession, were impaled in the streets of Constantinople, and remained alive, but in dreadful agony, twenty-two hours.

St. Domingo.—Christophe and his wife were crowned, with great pomp, on the 2d of June, as king and queen of Hayti [the original name of the island.]—In the same month, several British cruisers anchored off Gonaïves, and demanded the restitution of two vessels from Jamaica, which had been carried into that port, as well as satisfaction for the death of a British seaman, killed by a shot from one of the batteries at Cape François. These demands being rejected by Christophe, measures were immediately taken for blockading his fleet at Gonaïves and the Cape.

A flight of some hundred storks, on the 25th June, alighted in the vicinity of Bamberg, in Germany, and were caught by the inhabitants.

The Volcano, which broke out near the Azores on the 16th June, had, on the 4th July, formed a new island from two to three miles in circumference.

Hurricanes.—Great damage was done by a violent gale at Quebec and in the gulf of St. Laurence on the 6th of July, and in various parts of the West Indies on the 7th and 8th.

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Sicily.—A letter, of July 26, from on board a British vessel off Palermo, mentions that an order had been issued by her Sicilian Majesty, directing all the English travelers to quit Palermo without delay, in consequence, as she said, of their having interfered too much, and taken liberties too great respecting the government of the country.

Letters from Malta, of August 2, state that a very destructive conflagration had occurred at Constantinople.—The numerous calamities of this kind, in so many different parts of Europe, have excited strong suspicions that they have been occasioned by political incendiaries.

Rome. Aug. 2.—Great improvements have been made in this city. The Forum, the places in the vicinity of the Capitol, and the monuments which were the pride and glory of the ancient Romans, have assumed a very different and improved appearance. Several convents and houses have been pulled down; and, in their place, are open walks and promenades. The filth which had accumulated for several centuries in the public places, has been in a great measure removed, and will soon be completely so. The waste and barren places in the environs of Rome will be changed into gardens and cotton-plantations; and many other improvements are intended to be made next year.

Cadiz, Aug. 9.—Serious dissensions and a total distrust prevail between the government and the people: and a placard has been posted up in the principal streets of Cadiz, cautioning the people to "look to themselves," and "not suffer themselves to be blinded by hypocritical patriots."

Königsberg, Aug. 12.—During the late excessive heat, the thermometer here being placed in the sun, and exposed to the south, stood always above 40 degrees (122 of Fahrenheit) so that wax was melted; sealing-wax could be bent and worked up; and it was impracticable to remain exposed to the sun-beams. During the continuance of this excessive heat, Prussia has suffered much by a number of the forest woods taking fire, some of which were to a considerable extent, one of which was in the woods on the estate of Sadbreken, where nearly three fourths of the large underwoods were destroyed.

2 K

Frontiers of Hungary, Aug. 13.—All letters received from Wallachia unanimously agree in stating, that the opening of the campaign has not been favorable to the Russians, and that they have successively evacuated all the fortified places situate on the right bank of the Danube; they have even, it is said, abandoned Silistria and Rasgrad, after having demolished their fortifications.

August 19.—The fortress of Figueras, after a close blockade of above four months, was, from a total want of provisions, compelled to surrender to the French, at discretion; the only condition granted to the garrison being that of sparing their lives.

London, Aug. 24.—Advices from France by the last cartel state, that the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Council at Paris had been resumed, and it was supposed that an arrangement would be at length agreed upon between Napoleon and the Pope.

The New York Gazette notices, in a recent number, the daily arrival of passengers in the United States from Ireland. It adds, that many of them are persons of respectability and property, and computes, that, from May to the middle of last month, 3000 have landed in that city.

A handsome theatre is now erecting in the island of Barbadoes.

By advices from Lord Wellington, of *August 28*, we learn that the extreme heat obliged the armies to remain in their cantonments, and the allies maintained the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, but there appeared no preparations for undertaking the regular siege of that place. The advices add, that, owing to the influence of the season, there had been some increase in the numbers of our sick; but the cases were generally slight, and the deaths were very few.

London, Aug. 30.—A chain bridge has been cast over the Merrimack, three miles above Newbury Port, in the State of Massachusetts. It consists of a single arch of 244 feet in length. The abutments are of stone, 47 feet long and 37 high; the uprights, or framed work, which stand on the abutments, are 35 feet high, over which are suspended ten distinct chains, the ends of which, on both sides of the river, are buried in deep pits and secured by large stones; each chain is 516 feet long. This bridge has two passage ways, of 15 feet in width each: and the floor is so solid as to admit of horses, carriages, &c. traveling at any speed, with very little perceptible motion of the floor.

Chinese Tartary.—It is stated in a German paper, on the authority of some merchants who have arrived at Moscow from China, that an adventurer, named Baghvan-Ho, has recently collected a number of followers in Great Tartary, and has induced them, in conjunction with several wandering tribes of Mingals, to submit to his authority in the double character of Prince and Pontiff. His followers, believing him to be possessed of supernatural power, profess the most ardent devotion to his will; and their conduct, on several occasions, when attacked by other tribes, was characterised by all that zeal which marks the adherents of a new religion. The caravans which traverse the desert, pay him tribute, though escorted by Chinese or Russian soldiers. The merchants who were introduced to him fell prostrate at the threshold of his tent; and remained in that posture during the audience; he spoke to them in four languages, and was courteous in his manners. The Chinese governor of Nayman, not daring to attack him, lately sent some individuals in his confidence, with presents, and orders to learn his views, resources, &c. Baghvan-Ho, at this audience, assumed the title of *King of Tartary*, and made a pompous display of his followers, about 60,000 of whom were armed with bows and arrows, lances, and indifferent guns. To show the influence he possessed over them, he made a signal, and 100 voluntarily embraced death by stabbing themselves to the heart. The Chinese government, alarmed at the proximity of this aspiring chieftain, was strengthening the frontier garrisons, and taking other measures of precaution against the consolidation of a power, which not only threatened the independence of the country, but menaced the extinction of the present dynasty.

Heat.—On the 30th of August, some fusee, at a few miles' distance from Lisbon, took fire from the intense heat of the weather; and the conflagration extended, in a few hours, over an area of four square miles, in which twenty-seven houses were consumed.

Mr. Laug, a wealthy landed proprietor in Styria, has been extremely successful in extracting oil from grape-stones. He calculates, that all the vines in the Austrian monarchy will furnish yearly 800,000 lbs. of good oil.

Two theatres are building at Petersburg, under the avowed patronage of the court, in which none but dramatic pieces

in the Greek language are to be represented.

Advices from Hamburg, of September 3, state, that a young man, as he was proceeding to the place where he was to be shot, for holding intercourse with England, was rescued by the multitude. In consequence of this obstruction, the military immediately fired on the populace, and killed between 40 and 50 of them.

London, Sept. 5.—Jamaica papers, just received, inform us that fresh attempts have been made to set fire to the town of Montego Bay.

Guineas, in France, have lately fallen in value fifteen per cent.

London, Sept. 7.—Information from Portugal states that our army is becoming extremely sickly—that the typhus fever rages among them to a great degree—and that the number of sick exceeds twelve thousand.

London, Sept. 10.—A letter from Lisbon states, that the deaths in the British army had been 12 per day, but that they had been reduced, by removing northward, to 80 per month.

London, Sept. 13.—It appears from the French papers received yesterday, that more than 1000 acres in the territory of Rome have been recently planted with the cotton-shrub. A considerable cotton-mill was erected some time ago at Therme, not far from Rome. A flock of Merinoes is also on its journey to the Campagna di Roma.

London, Sept. 14.—We have intelligence, that the town of Kioff, the capital of the Ukraine, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Several hundred people lost their lives, and about 3000 houses were consumed. The loss is calculated at 15 millions of roubles.

London, Sept. 17.—We learn that the unrolling and transcribing of ancient manuscripts, found at Herculaneum, is carried on, with much industry and success, by Messrs. Rosini, Scotti, and Pessette, who, under the patronage of the government, have already published some portions of the literary treasures thus recovered from oblivion.

London, Sept. 19.—Letters from Gibraltar state, that the yellow fever had not made its appearance in the town or garrison. In consequence of its having visited Carthage, an order had been issued at Gibraltar, that all ships from the Mediterranean should perform a ten days' quarantine.

London, Sept. 22.—The city of Wreden, in the department of Lalippe, has, with

the exception of fourteen houses, been entirely destroyed by a conflagration.

Horrors upon horrors!—A slave-owner in Nevis—a civil magistrate!—lately caused above twenty of his slaves, women as well as men, to be publicly flogged in the open market-place, for having only shown a reluctance to acquiesce in his cruel practice of compelling them, after the laborious drudgery of a toilsome day, to perform additional work in the fields by moon-light; which is forbidden by law.—The mode of flogging is so cruelly severe, that the law forbids above forty lashes—perhaps more than equivalent to five or six hundred in the army: yet this fiend incarnate inflicted on one man three hundred and sixty-five of those lashes! on one woman, two hundred and twelve! on another, two hundred and ninety one!—One of the females exclaimed, under the lash, that she was in a state of pregnancy: yet the punishment was continued.—During the execution, seven magistrates were near enough to have interfered: two of them, clergymen, were within hearing of the lash: another was seen looking on during the greater part of the time: yet no interference took place.—The House of Assembly, however, passed a censure on the blood-thirsty author of those atrocities, and ordered a prosecution. He was acquitted! and, in his turn, commenced an action against the printer of the St. Christopher's Gazette for publishing the resolutions and minutes of evidence by order of the Nevis House of Assembly.—The printer was found "Guilty of publishing a libel issued by the House of Assembly of Nevis, under a mistaken opinion that it was not a libel, and that the authority of that body justified his publishing their resolutions."—He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and to find bail for three years!—But we are happy to add, that the Prince Regent has ordered all the magistrates, who might have known and prevented such an outrage, to be deprived of their commissions in the most public and disgraceful manner possible.

London, September 24.—On Friday last, Bonaparté sent out from Boulogne seven large praams, eleven gun-brigs, and some small craft, in all 27 sail, to attack one British frigate, three sloops of war, and a cutter. Himself in person was stationed without the harbour, to view the action; and so confident of success, that he had sent out a pilot to conduct the British frigate to Havre de Grâce. But his flotilla was defeated, and one of his commodores taken.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

WITH slight occasional variations for the better and the worse, His Majesty has continued, and still continues, in the same hopeless state with respect to mental recovery, in which we described him at the date of our last publication. His bodily health at present is reported to be tolerably good: he is said to take his meals regularly, and with good appetite, and to walk freely through his suite of apartments. But the account, heretofore given in the newspapers, and by us repeated upon their authority, of his apartments being lined with cushions and stuffings, and the carpets underlaid with cork, has since been acknowledged to be a pure unfounded fiction.

Irish Catholics.—In defiance of the Viceregal proclamation, the Catholics, in every quarter of the island, have held, and continue to hold, public meetings, and to pass resolutions strongly declaratory of their determination to persevere in the pursuit of their rights. Those meetings, conducted with calm and dignified decorum, are sanctioned by the presence and warm approbation of numerous Protestants of the highest respectability for character, fortune, and talents.—among them, a long list of magistrates—and, at one particular meeting (that of Galway), two members of the privy council.—Some of the most eminent of the legal profession have decidedly given their opinions in favor of the Catholics, and against the authors of the proclamation; the legality of the late arrests having been positively and openly denied by three judges, eleven king's counsel, and upwards of sixty utter barristers. The Government, however, still retain their own opinion; and the attorney general has commenced prosecutions against the proprietors and printers of the "*Freeman's Journal*" and "*Dublin Evening Herald*," for publishing the proceedings of the Catholic meeting in Dublin. Besides, a magistrate (Mr. Lidwell), who had refused to obey and enforce the proclamation, has been struck off the list of magistrates; and a corps of yeomanry, which he commanded, were ordered to deposit their arms and accoutrements in the barracks at Thurles; in consequence of

which order, the corps and their commander have indignantly resigned.

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, August 29, fifteen pence, halfpenny—September 5, the same—Sept. 12, sixteen pence—Sept. 19, sixteen pence halfpenny—Sept. 26, sixteen pence, three farthings.

Intrepidity.—In the night of March 11, nine armed robbers entered the house of Sir John Purcell, at Highford in Ireland. Sir John, armed only with a case knife, but having the advantage of being himself in a dark room, and seeing them by moonlight as they advanced from the adjoining apartment, killed two of the villains, severely wounded three, and succeeded in completely routing the party; the survivors carrying off their lifeless associates.

Lime-Vapor.—August 19, a man, sleeping in the close cabin of a vessel in Ballycarry bay, was suffocated by the vapor from a cargo of lime in the hold—Two others narrowly escaped.

Comet.—August 21, at ten minutes past eight in the evening, a comet made its appearance above our horizon.

Another Monster!—Aug. 22, as Miss L. of Chelsea was walking home through the Park in the evening, she was accosted by a villain in the garb of a clergyman, who addressed her in the most insinuating manner. When about half way across the Park, he suddenly seized her round the waist, and, drawing out a sharp instrument, stabbed her in the thigh.—A few nights afterwards, a villain, probably the same, conversing with a female in Gore-lane, severely wounded her in the arm.

Sheriff's Officers.—Aug. 22, at the Kent assizes, a verdict was given against a sheriff's officer for the amount of a debt due from a person whom he had been employed to arrest. The officer had given the writ to two unauthorised persons, who arrested the debtor, but suffered him to escape. The judge (Lord Ellenborough) declared that they were not justified by law in executing the writ; and that, if the debtor had resisted, and killed one of them, his act would have been simple manslaughter, or perhaps only justifiable homicide.

A curious fish was last week caught off

the Yarmouth coast. It is about four feet and a half long, and weighs 80lbs. has a head like a toad, with very small eyes; its upper fins like wings, broad body, and tapering tail near two feet long. The color of the back of this fish is dusky, the belly white, the skin smooth: it resembles the *lophius*, fishing frog, or toad fish.

A Knock at the Door—A few nights since, Mr. Brown, at Maidenhead Thicket, having opened his door on hearing a knock, received a blow of a mallet on the forehead, from a villain, who, with an accomplice, rushed in, and robbed the house.

Cleaning Windows—Aug. 27, the female servant of Mr. Humphries, of Portland-road, while cleaning the first floor windows of her master's house, missed her hold, and fell on the spikes of the iron railing beneath. She was so dreadfully lacerated, that little hopes are entertained of her recovery—What a shame that females should be employed in such dangerous service!

A printed account, attested by several respectable medical gentlemen of Litchfield, Burton, Derby, &c. has just been put into circulation, containing the particulars of the remarkable case of a young woman, about twenty years of age, of the name of Sarah Houghton, from whom it appears that nearly two hundred pins and needles have at different times, and from various parts of her body, been extracted. From the respectable signatures which accompany the account, there can be no doubt of the fact. She affirms that she has no recollection of ever having swallowed either needles or pins.

Singular Occurrence.—John Develin, of Ballintory, and another passenger, left their boat on the beach near South End, Kintyre, to look for a third hand to navigate her home. He had a chest on board containing bank-notes, amounting to upwards of £50. On their return they found the ebb had left their boat dry, leaning to seaward, and the chest gone. Concluding it had been stolen, they made search for it, but in vain. Giving it up for lost, he came home, and a few days after heard it was found in the island of Rathlin. He went there, and was agreeably surprised to get it restored to him by the finder, with his notes and every other article in it, as safe as when he locked them up. The island of Rathlin lies between Scotland and Ireland, about three leagues from the latter, and probably ten from

the former, from whence the chest had floated.

Insolvent Debtors—Aug. 28, the Common Council of London ordered five pounds to be paid to each of the freemen of the City (thirty-seven in number), confined for debt in Newgate and Ludgate prisons, and intending to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act.

Gluttony.—A few evenings since, a man well known by the name of Hungry Joe, undertook for a trifling wager to eat two bullocks' hearts, weighing together twelve pounds and a half, a half quartern loaf, and to drink half a gallon of porter, and half a pint of brandy, in the short space of an hour. This feat took place at a house at Bermondsey; but he lost, not being able to get down the last quarter of a pound of one of the hearts, in consequence of being taken extremely ill.

This is so great a plum year, that the most delicious *green-gages* have been sold in some of the Kentish markets at eight pence a gallon.

Simon's Crown Piece.—Aug. 29. At the sale of the duplicates of the British Museum, a crown piece, supposed to be the identical one presented by the artist to Charles II. was sold for one hundred and two pounds!

Balloon.—August 29, Mr. Sadler again ascended from Hackney, accompanied by Mr. Beaufoy, and, after a flight of forty-seven miles in one hour and a half, alighted near East Thorpe, about six miles from Colchester.—In their aerial voyage, they experienced a severe storm, which rapidly whirled the balloon about in an alarming manner, and was attended with a heavy shower of hail, which seriously incommoded them, as well by its beating in the first instance, as by its subsequent melting, and dripping on them from the balloon.—Mr. Sadler had taken up with him some carrier pigeons:—when liberated from the bag in which they were confined, they took a circular flight, and immediately returned to the balloon, on which they perched, as if unwilling to leave it. Six of them, however, were at length forced from the car, and they winged their course towards the region from whence they had come. The seventh, on which the greatest dependence had been placed for carrying intelligence to the friends of Mr. Beaufoy, instead of obeying the wishes of his master, flew to the top of the balloon, and there kept its station till the descent,

when it flew into a tree, from whence it was driven by a boy sent up for the purpose. It did not arrive home till the next morning.

Dwarf.—There is at present living at Lochlyack, in the parish of Carmichael, near Tinto, a young man who has now reached his eighteenth year, in full health, and complete organization; but whose height is only two feet five inches. There is nothing singular in his appearance, except his head, which is much larger, in proportion, than the rest of his body.

Mushrooms.—At Newry, in Ireland, four persons lately lost their lives by eating of a poisonous fungus resembling a mushroom.

Mr. Finnerty's Subscription.—September 3. Amount advertised, above £870.

Methodists.—The Society of Methodists have purchased the superb mansion and grounds of Apperley-bridge in the West-riding of Yorkshire, for the purpose of a public school on the model of that at Kingswood, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and on a scale sufficiently large to accommodate 400 boys, principally the sons of ministers of that community.

Love.—A young lady, of great respectability and large fortune, attended by some female domestics, is going out in one of the transports for Botany Bay, to be married to one of the convicts on their arrival.

Population.—London (including Westminster and the Borough) contains at present 483,781 male inhabitants, and 615,323 females—total, 1,099,104 souls, making an increase of 133,139 in the last ten years.—Glasgow contains 108,830 inhabitants—Edinburgh, 103,143—Manchester, 98,573—Liverpool, 98,371.

British Prisoners in France.—Sept. 4. Amount of subscriptions advertised, above sixty-six thousand pounds.

Pawning.—Sept. 4. John Williams was publicly whipped on Clerkenwell-green, for pawning watches which had been given to him to repair.

Lamp-lighters.—From an investigation at the police-office, it appears that the proprietor of Vauxhall gardens has, during the season, been regularly robbed of between eighty and a hundred gallons of oil per week, by persons employed to trim and light the lamps.—After the discovery, the lamps burned brighter, though the quantity of oil was less than usual, by above twenty gallons per night.

Impounding of Cattle.—In a cause tried at the Somerset assises, it was decided

that proprietors of land adjoining to commons or wastes, if they do not keep up good and sufficient fence, are not legally authorised to impound cattle found trespassing.

French Theatricals.—Sept. 3. A neat little theatre, fitted up by the French officers on parole at Cupar, was opened for the first time. They have been in every thing their own artists. The scene-painting, the interior decorations of the theatre, the arrangement of the costume, the getting up of a complete stage apparatus, and, above all, the forming of a most excellent band for the orchestra, are all their own doings.

Cabbage.—An Edinburgh paper describes a cabbage, in the garden of James Cunningham, Esq. of Kelso, of so large a size, as to cover with the external leaves a circuit of 18 feet, and measuring, in the solid body of the plant, 39 inches in circumference.

September 7. A powder-mill blew up on Hounslow Heath, and two of the workmen unfortunately lost their lives.

Diving-Bell.—Sept. 8. One Rogers, a Welch seaman, descended in a diving-bell, to recover the cargo of a lighter, laden with iron, which some time since sunk at Passage, Cork. The bell had 14 cwt of metal fastened round its circumference. A sloop was placed over the wreck, from the bowsprit of which the diver descended three times before he ascertained the precise situation of the wreck; in the third attempt, he was lowered into the hold of the vessel, from which he brought up a bar of iron in his hand.

Purity of Election.—The Morning Chronicle, of Sept. 9, quotes the following curious advertisement from a Plymouth paper—"Prospect of a general Election.—To be disposed of by private contract, a bond for three votes in the Borough of Saltash, in three lots, or together.—Apply to the proprietor of this paper."—(Plymouth and Dock Telegraph.)

Fire-Balloons.—Sept. 9. A fire-balloon, sent up from the neighbourhood of Marlow, fell, at the distance of near twenty miles, into a farm-yard near Shottesbrook, Oxfordshire, where it caused a very destructive conflagration.

Convicts.—Upwards of two hundred men, selected from the hulks and prisons, are, in a few days, to proceed on their voyage to New South Wales.

Female Revolution.—Sept 10. A robber, in Oxford-street, snatched a lady's

ridicule [reticule] from her hand, and attempted to escape. She seized him by the coat, was dragged by him some distance, and received a violent kick in the breast, but still retained her hold, till a passenger assisted in securing the villain.

Sept. 10. At Plymouth, the foundation-stone of a new theatre, ball-room, and hotel, was laid.

Robbery at the Queen's House.—*Sept. 11,* it was discovered that the presses in the Queen's house, which contained her court and other most valuable dresses, had been opened, and the contents stolen, to the value of two thousand pounds. No injury was done to the locks: and no suspicion attached itself to any individual until the following day, when the husband of the female who was entrusted with the care of the presses being in the room, heard a gentle tap at the door; and, on opening it, a man, who had formerly been employed to keep the locks, &c. about the Queen's house in repair, presented himself with a key half hidden in the palm of his hand, who said he was looking for a bell-hanger. Being challenged with having a key in his hand; he denied it, and afterwards pulled one from his pocket, which appeared to be much larger than the other.—This man had formerly been employed by Mr. Hanson, locksmith to the royal family; but, having been, some time since, discharged for idleness and drunkenness, he had now no pretence whatever for going to the Queen's house.—He was taken into custody; and a warrant has been issued against another man, discharged by Mr. Hanson about the same time with him, and who has since been seen about the house.

Fictitious Bank-Notes.—*Sept. 12* W Sutton was committed from Union Hall, to be tried for a capital offence, in altering the sham notes of the "*Fleet Bank*," so as to make them resemble Bank of England notes.

The Gloucester Music-Meeting concluded on the 19th September. It produced, in the three days, £752 in aid of the Charity for Widows and Orphans of the poor Clergy. Madame Catalani, besides her gratuitous performance, gave £50 to the Charity.

Lap-Dog.—The Morning Chronicle, of September 13, says, "A lady has been presented with a lap-dog, in whose ears were a pair of diamond ear-rings."—No name is mentioned.

Gold Coin.—Great quantities are exported from Kent to the opposite shore; and the exporters receive, for every hun-

dred pounds in cash, good bills on London for a hundred and forty.

Two shipwrights belonging to the dock-yard at Plymouth, being at work on board an old Spanish sloop of war, which is fitting for a receiving hulk, in cutting away a piece of ceiling plank, they found a bag of doubloons concealed, to the value of upwards of £500.

The Ely Bank stopped payment, September 16.

Rubbish.—At the Middlesex Sessions, Sept. 18, a person was condemned to pay a fine of ten pounds, and to be imprisoned a month, for laying rubbish in the middle of the street, by which a carriage was overturned, and the driver hurt.

Bank Coinage.—*Sept. 19.* At the half-yearly meeting of the proprietors of Bank-stock, it was stated, that the Bank had a considerable quantity of silver in their possession, which they destined for coining; and that no less a sum than £500,000 had already been put into circulation:—considerable sums had been sent to the different large towns throughout the country, in proportion to their reputed population; and very large sums had also been distributed among the different London bankers, so much as £500 weekly. They intended, in this way, to continue coining till the wants of the country were completely supplied.

Breaking Prison.—In the case of Rob. Roberts, lately tried at the Old Bailey for breaking out of the House of Correction in Cold-bath-fields, and acquitted, Mr. Justice Bayley gave his decided opinion that the crime for which a prisoner was committed must be proved against him, before he can be convicted of a crime in breaking out of custody.

BORN.

August 24. Of the lady of Thomas Langton, esq. Great-Ormond-street, a daughter.

Aug. 25. Of the lady of R. S. Adair, esq. Great Cumberland-place, a son and heir.

Aug. 26. Of the lady of John Freeman Turner, esq. M. P. a son and heir.

Aug. 26. Of Lady Phillips, Buckingham-gate, a son.

Aug. 26. Of the lady of Thos. Peregrine Courtenay, esq. a daughter.

Aug. 27. Of the Hon. Mrs John Vaughan, Mountague-place, Russell-square, a son.

Aug. 29. Of Lady Elizabeth Littlehales, Dublin, a daughter.

Aug. 29. Of Mrs. H. C. Tindal, Gower-street, a son.

September 5. Of Lady Ann Chad, a son and heir.

Sept. 9. Of the lady of Thos. Lewin, esq Bedford-square, a son.

Sept. 15. Of Mrs. Samuel Bishop, Bedford-place, a son.

Sept. 17. Of Mrs. S. Cowley, Russell-square, a daughter.

Sept. 20. Of the lady of Chas. Coote, esq. Cadogan place, a son.

MARRIED.

August 20. Henry Cadogan, esq. of Arundel-street, Strand, to Miss Susanna Thomsett, of Dover.

Aug. 23. Captain Agar, M. P. to Miss Margaret Lind, of Stratford-place.

Aug. 24. Lieut gen Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, to Miss Catharine Pyndar, of Areley-House, Worcestershire.

Aug. 27. The Hon Capt. Bennett, of the navy, to Miss Conyers, of Essex.

Aug. 28. The Rev. John Grover, of Rainham, Norfolk, to Miss Harriet Dickinson, of Bramblebury, near Woolwich.

Aug. 29. Bernard Winter, esq. to Miss Mary Crowcher, of Densworth, Sussex.

Aug. 31. John Howard, esq. of Rippon, Yorkshire, to Miss Martha Compson, of Clebury.

September 3. The Hon. Henry Butler, to Miss Ann Harrison, of Yorkshire.

Sept. 12. Chas. H. Phillips, esq. of Pall-mall to Miss Charlotte Bunce, of Gower-street.

Sept. 14. W. Maish, esq. of Knightsbridge, to Miss Tregilian, of Hans-place.

Sept. 14. John B. Heath, esq. of Queen-square, to Miss Sophia Bland, of Leicester-square.

Sept. 19. J. P. Hodgson, esq. of Battersea, to Miss How, of Meare, Somersetshire.

Sept. 23. W. G. Frith, esq. of Sheffield, to Mrs. Thomas, of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

DECEASED.

Aug. 17. The Rev. Edward Pearson, D.D. rector of Kempstone, Nottinghamshire.

Aug. 17. Sam. Manning, esq. High Wycombe, Bucks.

Aug. 21. Ann, Countess of Dumfries and Stair, aged 73.

Aug. 28. Mrs. Jenkinson, relict of J. Jenkinson, brother to the late earl of Liverpool.

Aug. 29. Lady Bickerton, relict of Admiral Sir R. Bickerton.

September 1. Peter Baillie, esq. M.P. for Inverness, &c.

Sept. 3. At Paris, aged 87, the Count de Bougainville, the celebrated French navigator.

Sept. 4. At Hubberstone, aged a hundred and nine, Mary Martin, whose memory and intellects continued unimpaired to the last moment.

Lately, Mrs. Ann Cæcilia Doddridge, last surviving daughter of Dr. Doddridge.

Sept. 5. The Rev. Edward Kimpton, vicar of Ryegate, in his 68th year.

Sept. 5. Lady Hudson, wife of Sir Chas. Grave Hudson, bart.

Sept. 6. The lady of Major general Richardson, Nottingham-place.

Sept. 7. Miss Wallace, of Charlotte-street, Portland place.

Sept. 10. Miss Juliana Dilkes, sister of Major gen. Dilkes.

Lately, Sir John Lees, bart.

Sept. 17. The Hon. & Rev. Charles Digby, one of the canons of Wells cathedral.

Sept. 17. Isalla Georgiana, daughter of Lord John Townshend.

Sept. 17. The Hon. Mrs. Cornwallis, wife of the Bishop of Litchfield.

Sept. 20. Mrs. Portal, of Freefolk House, Hants.

Sept. 21. W. Adams, esq. M.P. for Totness.

APPENDIX.

Cuckoo.—About three months ago, a young cuckoo was taken from a hedge sparrow's nest in the neighbourhood of Liskeard, and carried to the house of Mr. Moon of that town. In the house was a Canary-bird, which, upon seeing the cuckoo, appeared much agitated. The cuckoo being then put into the cage with the Canary-bird, the latter immediately began to feed the young stranger, and continued to perform that maternal office down to the date of our information, about a month since.

Finding lost Property.—In a trial at the Nottingham assizes, it was decided, that a person detaining lost property after the offer of a reasonable reward (i. e. a reward equal to one twentieth of its value) is guilty of felony.

Chimney Robber.—A chimney-sweeper has lately committed several robberies, by climbing on the roofs of houses, and going down the chimneys.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 FOR
THE FAIR SEX;
 APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. The CONSULTATION.
2. LONDON fashionable WALKING and EVENING or BALL DRESS.
3. An Elegant New PATTERN for a Lady's Veil, &c. &c.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;
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NOTICES.

An accurate and elegant Likeness of H. R. H. the PRINCE REGENT, engraved by Mr. HEATH, is intended to grace our Number for January.

"*Benedict.*"—The ingenious authoress of that interesting novel—which, to the great regret of many of our fair readers, has been so long interrupted by her severe and tedious illness—is now, we are happy to say, so far recovered as to promise a continuation of the story for our next Number.

The "*Farewell*," by Miss Baxter—and "*Winter*," by Miss Richardson—shall appear in our next.

"*Benyowski.*"—The *Bouts-rimés* on that extraordinary character we would, with great pleasure, have inserted in our present Number: but, missing one pair of the rhimes, and supposing that the author had, in the hurry of transcription, omitted a distich, we postpone the publication till next month—hoping, that, in the mean time, the omission may be supplied.

Two other *Complimens of the Bouts-rimés*, from different authors—though possessed of merit—require revision and amendment:

Has our friend "*Anonymous*" of *N. P.* not received a private communication from us? We beg to be informed.

Of an *Imitation*, which the writer *knows* to have reached us, we are much pleased with the first half: the latter is liable to be misunderstood, as inculcating a doctrine which the worthy author certainly would not recommend.—He will oblige us by altering it.

To the author of an *altered piece of poetry* we are sorry to say, that the alteration does not meet our idea; and that we cannot insert it, or any of the pieces accompanying it.—On consulting some judicious friend, he will discover blemishes, on which it would be painful to us to animadvert, and for which the flattering compliment, that he is pleased to pay us in his verses, cannot compensate.

"*A Constant Reader*" will find the desired information, partly in our present Number, partly in that for February.—N.B. She ought to have paid the postage of her letter.

"*Homo's Acrostich*" we cannot insert.

A lady wishes to be made acquainted with a recipe for a liquid to eradicate *superfluous hairs* from the face and arms. If any of our readers will obligingly furnish one, it shall be inserted in our miscellany.

The verses relative to the "*twentieth of October*" are too defective in metre: otherwise we would publish them.

Mr. Hersee's "*Stanzas to Health*" came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

The "*Invocation to Health by an Invalid*" is just come to hand.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Consultation?

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR OCTOBER, 1811.

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*
(Continued from page 415, and accompanied
with an illustrative Plate.)

THE slaves retire, and resume their different occupations. Sappho alone remained with her parents, still cherishing the delusive hope that Phaon had submitted proposals to her father, in which she was deeply interested. Her eyes were alternately fixed on Scamandronymus and Cleis, in anxious expectation of some expression favorable to her wishes: but neither from their looks, nor from their lips, could she gain the wished-for intelligence. Her illusion at length gives place to doubt, and her doubt to fear. That she might, however, be assured of the truth, she inquired of Scamandronymus the occasion of his interview with Phaon.—"A voyage to Sicily," replied her father.

Sappho's tears spontaneously flowed at this communication; and it was in vain that she endeavoured to restrain her grief, or to conceal her tears with her veil. Scamandronymus, astonished and affected by her sudden affliction, said with mildness, "What is the cause of this grief? and why these constant tears at the age of pleasure and joy?"—Sappho, sighing, replied, "O my father! grief is involuntary."—"But involuntary grief is not so ardent in its expression," said Cleis tenderly.

"O my daughter," rejoined Scamandronymus, "you conceal the secret cause:—open your heart to our affection: we will assuredly find some remedy for your distress. If I am not deceived," he added

after a short pause, "I think I have remarked, that the name of Phaon yesterday at table was the cause of your sudden confusion; and his name to-day renews your grief. If I may trust to the experience of years, the cause of these tears is love:—it is better therefore to tear away a veil already transparent, than to persevere in this gloomy silence, which increases your affliction and ours."

"Alas!" exclaimed Sappho—"who can know the extent of my distress, and administer a cure?" Giving way to feelings which she could no longer conceal, and to the mildness of paternal advice, she raised her veil, and appeared overwhelmed with tears and anguish. Ashamed of her weakness, she threw herself on the bosom of her mother, to hide her grief.—"Cheer up, my daughter!" said Cleis. "You cannot reveal your misfortunes to more tender or affectionate friends."

"Overcome by these kind expressions, and by necessity, she disclosed all the secrets of her heart, and how her affections were first excited at the sight of the beautiful wrestler."

Scamandronymus, forgetting all paternal severity, listened to her sorrows with indulgent kindness—sensibly gratified that she had not concealed the cause of her grief in mournful silence. If happy love is dumb, an unhappy passion feels pleasure in the sympathy of the compassionate. Having once broken the first barrier of virgin reserve, and being pressed by the solicitations of af-

fectionate friendship, Sappho reveals her most secret thoughts: her full heart overflowed with an unfortunate passion, which she had concealed only by long and painful efforts.

Scamandronymus, when she had concluded her narration, said, "You talk seriously on subjects of trivial importance; for love—and, above all, the love of a young girl—is provided with a multitude of resources in similar misfortunes."—"And what are they?" said Sappho, wiping her eyes with her veil. . . .

"The first is marriage."

"But how, if he loves Cleonicè?"

"You have already told me so," said Scamandronymus; "and I have not lost a single word of your history: but you do not know the inconstancy of love: he has not yet conducted Cleonicè to the altar: his affections may still be gained: and there is no artifice of love in which I will not instruct you, to gain your object; for, if the beauty of Phaon pleases you, the gentleness of his manners has won my esteem:—he is rich: he understands commerce perfectly; and he possesses every advantage that can render marriage happy."

"O my father! or rather my friend!" said Sappho, embracing him with tears in her eyes—"this is the first moment of happiness I have ever enjoyed."

"Well!" said Cleïs, "I shall be satisfied with Phaon for a son: I shall participate in the happiness of my daughter, and be proud of her choice."

"But, supposing," said Scamandronymus, "that my efforts—from which however I expect much—should prove un-availing with Phaon; Lesbos still contains a race of blooming youths, among whom, you may, in a second choice, forget the first."

"And you will do well," said Cleïs, shaking her head, and passing her hand under the chin of Sappho, "to follow this advice: it would be folly to sacrifice yourself to ingratitude:—you will readily find a tender husband, and forget" . . .

"Never, my dear mother! I cannot live without him: he is the sole arbiter of my existence."

"Nevertheless, you will still enjoy it," said Scamandronymus cheerfully.—"However deep the wounds of love, they are never mortal: otherwise we should all die in our youth; and yet we reach to old age. It is not that I have never felt its torments:—yours recall them to my remembrance. When the tyrant reigns in our hearts, we think that we can never shake off his yoke. Experience teaches us, however, that this god, who triumphs over mortals, is himself conquered by time."

"Ah!" said Sappho—"you behold the tempests and shipwreck, from a place of safety."

"I will be your pilot," replied Scamandronymus: "and, to prove how sincerely I am disposed to assist you, as I know that love is impatient of delay, I will go immediately, and learn the dispositions of Phaon:—remain you with Cleïs until my return, and, as I hope, with favorable intelligence."

At these words, he retired, leaving Sappho with the most deceitful—but the only solace of human cares—hope.

Neither the tender mother whose only son is exposed to the horrors of war, nor the youthful bride whose husband braves the tempestuous seas, waits the return of the beloved object of her affections with more painful anxiety, than Sappho feels in the expectation of her father.

Cleis in vain endeavoured to calm the impatience of her daughter. Alas! of what avail are words, when the heart is occupied by one single object, and can only be satisfied by its actual presence? Cleis had attained an advanced age by a life of continued tranquillity, and whose serenity had never been disturbed by the tempests of the passions—indulgent nature rather than rigid virtue had preserved her from their influence: whilst Sappho on the contrary was gifted with an excess of tender sensibility.—The good Cleis lost herself in tiresome reasonings, and exhausted all the commonplace phrases of consolation to her wearied daughter, who continued silent, and occupied solely with her own melancholy reflexions.

Like the shepherd who sleeps at the monotonous sound of the murmuring brook, Sappho remained insensible to this unceasing repetition of fruitless exhortation: but, if she heard the wind, the sound of footsteps, or a human voice, she instantly expected to behold Scamandronymus:—she suddenly starts, stops, and returns to her seat—her veil wet with eternal tears.

Scamandronymus at length appeared:—he advanced with slow steps, and without uttering a word.—She anticipates the fatal answer:—they looked at each other in expressive silence. The impatience of Sappho could brook no longer delay: “I understand your silence,” she exclaimed. “A friend would have hastened to communicate good news.”

“Would to heaven I could,” said Scamandronymus sorrowfully, throwing himself on a couch.

“Let me not, however,” returned Sappho “remain ignorant of the extent of my misery:—yet I already know too much.”

“Phaon began,” replied Scamandronymus, “by praising your virtues and amiable qualities: he extolled the charms of your mind: but, when I mentioned my proposition, he said, ‘I perceive with gratitude that you honor me with the same friendship which united you to my father, when you deign to make a proposal to which so many would aspire: but I must reply with sincerity—Cleonice has received my plighted faith. If I were now to withdraw my promise, I should deserve your censure.—Allow me then to act towards her with the same candor that you expect to receive from me.—You are aware of the cause of my voyage to Sicily: I go to regulate my affairs, interrupted by the death of my respected father; and, after having shed on his ashes the tears of filial piety, my intention is to espouse Cleonice, and to seek in her society the only consolation I can receive for his loss. To you, who can appreciate the feelings of duty and affection, I appeal with confidence:—what stronger motive could induce me to decline so flattering an offer?’ After this explicit confession, I could no longer persist; but, O my daughter, in this excess of misfortune, listen to paternal advice. If my experience has any influence on your mind, I entreat you—not to forget Phaon—for I know how long it requires to cure the wounds of love—but to seek relief to your anguish in the public games, and in the assemblies of the people. ‘Tis there that a new passion may drive the former from your memory.”

Thus spoke the aged Scamandronymus: Sappho no longer heard his voice: her sight became dim: the paleness of death was expressed on her countenance: dumb and inanimate, she fell senseless on the couch from which she had just risen.

Scamandronymus ran forward to her assistance: Cleïs followed: their cries brought the slaves; and the house was a scene of confusion, tumult, and lamentation.—They all anxiously strive to recall Sappho to existence. When she opened her eyes, she saw all around her in tears, her parents mingling in their grief the tenderest expressions of concern and anxiety: her passion was now exalted to that degree of enthusiasm which broke through all the restraints of virgin reserve: her transports burst forth in loud exclamations: she tore her veil, her hair, and her vestments. More furious than the stricken deer which seeks the deepest gloom of the forests, she rushed out of the room, and shut herself up in her apartment.—Her unhappy parents, finding all consolation vain, left her to silence and solitude, from which they hoped some relief to her despair.—They ordered Rhodopë to follow her.

Sappho, overwhelmed with grief, was reclined on a couch, where, in her happier days, she was accustomed to court the influence of sleep, at that hour when the sun's ardent rays inflame the extent of the horizon: but now she can find no repose to her sufferings.—“What cruel pity,” she exclaimed, “recalls me to existence? In death I was on the point of finding relief: who ever thinks of awaking those whose eyes, exhausted with tears, close at length o'er the tomb of a tender son or an affectionate wife?”

Rhodopë, interrupting her, mildly said, “Hope sometimes revives even at the moment when it appears extinct. In shipwreck, the sailor is saved by a plank; or, if he is dashed upon a rock, he sometimes escapes on the wreck: others, falling headlong from the steep precipice, have been miraculously upheld by the

branches of a tree, which had been reared by chance in the fissures of a rock. Even on the field of battle, the living have been found under heaps of slain; and the shepherd, who played on the pipe at the foot of an oak, has, without being injured, seen the tree which gave him shelter shivered to atoms by the dreadful thunderbolt. Death alone destroys all hope: but, as long as we continue to breathe, we must still struggle with fortune. . . . Attend to my advice: you have heard of the fame of Stratonice, the sorceress, who lives not far from the eastern gate of the city: from the bottom of her cave, she invokes the deities of the infernal regions, and in particular the dread Hecate, the declared enemy of Venus.—Since your tears are vain, consult the oracle, which may afford more consolation than all your sighs.—I know the cavern of the Pythia; and, although I have not consulted her myself, a thousand others have related to me the prodigies that she has performed.”

Sappho listened to the counsel of Rhodopë; and they went forth towards the cavern of Stratonice.

Proceeding from the eastern gate, they soon reached the forest, where, at the foot of a lofty mountain, lived Stratonice. Darkness still prevailed; and they proceeded in silence, which was only interrupted by the discordant screams of wild birds, and the rustling of dried leaves under their feet.—At length they arrived at the entrance of the cavern, which was formed by the cleft of a rock, and appeared hardly wide enough to admit their entrance. The foliage of the tufted ivy, which shaded the entrance, was blackened by a thick cloud of smoke, which announced to the wanderers the accustomed sacrifices of the Pythia.

When Sappho perceived the

gloomy objects around her, her resolution began to fail; and she trembled with fear. Rhodopè, who observed her consternation, seized her hand, and drew her forward.—Still hesitating and fearful, she followed with extreme reluctance.

The light of heaven never penetrated into this abode of eternal darkness.—Still, as she advanced, from objects excited her terror: flashes of fire proceeded at intervals from the interior of the cavern, which threw a glimmering brightness on the smoky way, and were reflected from the sparkling stalactites which were suspended from the roof of the cavern;

Their progress was by a gloomy avenue, where at the extremity appeared a doubtful gleam of light.—As they approached, their ears were assailed by the most dreadful sighs and groans.—The terror of Sappho increased, and the old slave continued to encourage and direct her steps.

Stratonicè was employed at her mysteries.—Whenever her sanctuary is suddenly intruded upon by strangers she flies into the profound abysses, which are inaccessible to the footsteps of the profane, and only appears to those who implore her aid by supplication and confidence: but, if any one, from idle curiosity or other motives, should dare to disturb her sacred ceremonies, she instantly invokes the presence of the phantoms and monsters, which inhabit the forest; and, at her voice, the daring intruders are pursued by the most frightful and hideous spectres.

The two petitioners still advanced, and penetrated more and more into the interior of these frightful regions. The waters fell through the rock in icy dew on their clothes and their footsteps: they wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and walked with precaution along the slippery

path. A distant brightness flashes in their eyes, whose splendor gradually increases; and they now hear distinctly the mysterious songs of the sacrifice.—At the end of the narrow path the cavern became suddenly enlarged; and, in the midst of the sacred enclosure, they perceive Stratonicè attentive to the celebration of her mysteries.—They stood still in respectful silence. But hardly had their presence been discovered by the Pythia when she cried aloud, "Infernal powers, and ye, wandering spirits of eternal night, fly quickly!—Perish these strangers, if a guilty intention has brought them hither!"

She instantly waved her wand, and drew three immense circles in the air, uttering at the same time un-intelligible expressions. The earth immediately shook; and mournful sounds filled the air.

Sappho, seized with terror, feels her voice expire on her lips: her hair stands erect with horror: she fancies that the mountain is in the act of crushing her, or the earth swallowing her up. But Rhodopè, turning toward the Pythia, said, "You see before you two simple supplicants. Timid and fearful, we approach your formidable altars, to implore your compassion:—forbear then these frightful menaces."

Touched by their submission, Stratonicè softened the expression of her terrible countenance:—her hair, which shaded her forehead, and fell in waving undulations on her neck, almost concealed her from their sight:—she now divided it, and showed to their astonished eyes a face where beauty still mingled with the severity of her expression. She was now in the summer of her age, and might have served as a model for artists to represent the austere Pallas, or the majestic Juno.

Satisfied of the intentions of the

supplicants, she let fall her black mantle, which still exhaled infernal vapors; and, clad in a white tunic bordered with purple, she advanced with serene majesty, saying, "Strangers! peace be with you! May the gods, whose dictates I declare, be favorable to your wishes!"

Sappho, who through fear had concealed herself in the cloak of Rhodopè, raising her veil, now ventured to consider the Pythia. Stratonice, observing her, said, "Young maid, it is not necessary for me to consult the conjunction and influence of the stars, or to consider the features of your face, or to examine the lines of your hand: the knowledge of the human heart is sufficient to explain the motive which brought you hither. What could induce you to attempt this painful journey, and to traverse these deep caverns, but the invincible power of love, which surmounts every obstacle?"

Sappho was silent, her eyes bent to the ground, and her bosom palpitating—agitated like the wave which swells under the breath of the Zephyrs.—The mysterious cavern, the prophetic divinity, every thing around, strikes her with dumb astonishment.

Rhodopè now spoke—"Divine Stratonice! you know the violence of the passion which brings Sappho and her slave Rhodopè before you: there is, without doubt—there ought to be—some remedy for an evil so desperate. Of all those who have ever felt the passion of love, and came to supplicate the gods, you see the most unhappy.... You know...."

"'Tis enough," said Stratonice: "it is unnecessary to relate what I am already acquainted with. Give me your hand, Sappho."

Astonished, but yielding to the imposing voice and imperious ges-

ture of the Pythia, Sappho presents her hand.—The Pythia, seising a torch, examined her countenance with a severe and scrutinising eye—she paused—but, in a moment of prophetic enthusiasm, she exclaimed—

"Ah! luckless maid! by fate condemn'd
to prove
The cruel pangs of unrequited love!"

(*To be continued.*)

The TRIAL of LOVE.

From the German of Augustus Lu Fontaine.

"YES, fair, Armgard! you are dearer to me than life!" warmly exclaimed the young Louis of Echenloe, laying his hand on his heart.—"You all say the same," replied the blushing Armgard: "woe to the credulous maid who gives faith to your protestations!—Leave me!" added she—"Come along, Gertrude."—The two friends retired to a bower at the extremity of the garden, while Louis remained gazing on them, till the white robes of Armgard were no longer discernible among the shrubs; he then slowly returned to the castle.

"Dearer than life!" repeated Armgard with a gesture expressive of incredulity.—"If I were to trust any man," said Gertrude, "it would be that noble knight. I would not say as much for Rodolpho, or the lord of Rheindorf: they only regard you as the heiress of Hardeburg."—"And you think Louis entertains other sentiments?"—"I know he sincerely loves the charming Armgard."—"But what makes you imagine so?"—"I can hardly tell," said Gertrude: "but I perceive it in a thousand nameless trifles, which bear the marks of real love. Your father believes Rodolpho and the lord of Rheindorf to be as much attached to you as Louis, because they

are always by your side, wear your liveries at tournaments, and are your professed admirers: but how different from him! Love breathes in all his actions: if by chance his hand meet yours, his sparkling eyes betray his emotion: it was but yesterday, that, turning suddenly round, one of your flowing ringlets touched his hand: he seemed afraid to move, lest he should destroy the charm diffused over his existence.—These are follies, you will say: but is wisdom a characteristic of love?"

Armgard, although she continued to combat her friend's opinion, felt a secret pleasure in hearing from her lips proofs of Louis's attachment. Yet she could not believe that he really loved her *better than his life*:—this, she thought, was not in nature, though she wished that it were possible. She dwelt with such pleasure on the hopes of being so beloved, that she formed a resolution never to bestow her hand but upon one, who, beyond the possibility of doubt, would be willing to sacrifice his life for her.

"And how can you ever ascertain that?" asked Gertrude.—"There lies the difficulty," replied Armgard: then sitting down on the grass, and leaning her head on her hand, she indulged the most pleasing *rêverie*:—her glowing fancy pictured Louis exposing his life to the most imminent danger for her sake.—Gertrude guessed from her manner that she wished to be alone, and turned into another walk.

When they met in the evening, Armgard appeared agitated. "Gertrude," said she earnestly, "I must know it!" and, taking the hand of her friend, she precipitately conducted her from the garden to the cell of the chaplain.

"I am determined to know it!" repeated she, and proceeded to im-

part her wishes, her doubts, and her resolution, to the chaplain. "A husband who truly loves me, or the veil, holy father, must be my choice!" Thus Armgard concluded a long speech, in which she proved to the good monk, that her future tranquillity and happiness depended on the certainty she should gain upon this subject. She next developed the romantic scheme she had formed to try the constancy of Louis of Echenloe, and ascertain whether he actually loved her as fervently as he would fain make her believe. It required considerable trouble to be carried into execution; but what could be impossible to two young women, aided by the counsel of a monk, in whose convent very wonderful miracles had been wrought? The magical plan was agreed on, and every thing prepared for its execution: Armgard devoutly prayed to the Blessed Virgin, to support the pious knight in the severe trial he was to undergo.

One fine summer evening, the two young ladies, the knight, and the chaplain, were sitting in the garden, where the cool breeze, after a sultry day, induced them to prolong their stay beyond the usual hour.—When Armgard had for some time accompanied on her lute the sweet voice of Gertrude, they began to converse with the confidence of intimate friends, Louis telling love-stories, and the chaplain reciting legendary tales. The discourse turned, apparently without design, on Armgard's great grandmother:—the monk related so many extraordinary circumstances of her death, and of the prodigies which happened at her tomb, that Louis stared at him in amazement, and the two friends seemed almost breathless with terror.

"I have," said the monk, "visit-

ed her sepulchre, and seen fleeting shadows hovering round it. A short time before the decease of the late baroness, I descended into the vaults where the remains of the lords of Hardeburg were deposited, and there beheld frightful apparitions, and heard lamentable voices, foretelling the death of the lady of the mansion." He concluded by saying, that, "whenever any member of the illustrious house of Hardeburg was to die, those spectres appeared, and ærial voices warned the inhabitants of the castle of the melancholy event."

His narrative was so wonderful, and his manner so impressive, that the curiosity of the knight was wrought up to the highest pitch. He resolved on exploring the vaults himself, and asked for the keys, which he was told were in the custody of the baron.—Armgard pretended to be apprehensive for his safety. "For my sake, forbear the rash attempt," said she.—He promised her to desist, though fully determined not to keep his word.—They returned to the castle.

On their way thither, the two friends leaned on their companion, looking fearfully around. Armgard, with well-feigned horror in her countenance, pointed towards the arched window of the hall of the knights in the western wing of the castle, exclaiming that she perceived "a gleam of light on the painted casements."—The chaplain took this opportunity, to enlarge once more on the mysterious appearances in the vaults.—A vivid light flashed suddenly on the walls of the western wing:—the monk crossed himself: Armgard and Gertrude clung to Louis, who could not divest himself of a secret dread, as he knew that part of the building had been long shut up.

When they reached the castle, the three confederates, exulting in having thus awakened his curiosity, bade him good night.—He retired to his chamber, but not to rest: his thoughts were entirely occupied with the occurrences of the evening.—The next day he obtained from father Eustace such particulars as increased his desire to visit the mystic tomb.

On the third day, having received the keys of the vault from the baron, he repaired to the uninhabited part of the castle with his squire of tried courage and fidelity. Having traversed a spacious court-yard, they ascended a flight of stone steps, decayed and grass-grown, which led to the interior of the ancient edifice. Louis unfastened the massy folding doors, which he had no sooner passed, than they closed after him with a tremendous noise.

The clock had just struck seven.—Louis opened the first door that presented itself, and, crossing a long suite of rooms furnished in a style which at once proclaimed the magnificence of its former inhabitants, and the remote period at which they had lived, he came to a large iron door, ornamented with gilded carvings. Louis and his attendant, having with some difficulty unlocked it, were struck with admiration not unmixed with awe, at the Gothic splendor of the hall of the knights, where they now stood.

At the upper end of this hall, was a throne under a canopy, where, in feudal times, Armgard's ancestors sat in state, and gave audience to their vassals preparing for war. Pillars of red marble supported a magnificent gallery, appropriated to the ladies and retainers of the family: between those pillars, were placed the figures of the baron's predecessors; while their armour hung sus-

pendent to the walls, which, according to the fashion of the age, were decorated with emblematic paintings, interspersed with scriptural inscriptions, and warlike mottoes. Rusted lances rested against the pillars, over which waved the banners that had so often led the noble warriors to victory.

The stillness and vast extent of this solitary place—the faint rays of the setting sun, dimly reflected through the stained glass—the gloom behind the pillars—the effigies of departed knights—even our adventurers' footsteps on the tessellated pavement, re-echoing through the arched roof—all combined to dispose their minds to superstitious fears; and the shades of the lords of Hardeburg almost appeared to their frightened imaginations to glide along the colonnade.

Impressed with undescribable terror, they both remained silent, and, drawing close together, started at these phantoms of their own creation. If one pointed to any of the surrounding objects, the other scarcely dared to turn his eyes towards that spot, dreading to behold some hideous spectre!—Thus they spent half an hour in the hall of the knights.

Louis, however, was determined not to recede; and, lighting two wax tapers, he searched for an issue leading to the sepulchre, and discovered, behind the throne, a secret door, which yielded to a slight pressure of his hand. Followed by his squire, on whose countenance curiosity and affright were strongly depicted, he led the way through a narrow corridor, at the end of which was a door fastened by heavy iron bolts: he undrew them; and a steep staircase, that seemed to reach a great way under ground, presented itself to their view. They descended its high uneven steps, at the bottom of

which was a vaulted space, from which branched out three arched passages. The place was desolate and dark as the grave: the sighs of restless spirits seemed to die away in the hollow murmurs of the chilling blast, which issued from those dreary recesses. Louis crossed himself, and recommended his soul to St. George, while his terrified squire invoked all the saints whose names he had ever heard.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 413.)

CHAP. III.

..... I must not think these are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots in
heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness: hereditary
Rather than purchas'd—what he cannot
change,
Than what he chooses.

Shakspeare.

FREDERIC Saint-Villiers possessed, at this period, all the conviviality, all the openness of heart, inherent in his countrymen, with a fearless confidence of manner, that disregarded censure, though it courted not applause. He might almost be said to think aloud. Hence all his actions, even his very opinions, being publicly known, he gave a handle to the misrepresentations of the envious and the malicious, of which they failed not to make use.

Lord Saint-Villiers was in Ireland at his son's return, and perceived, with a jealousy which he could scarcely conceal, that he was one of the handsomest men in the kingdom. His Lordship was likewise almost equally provoked to find him one of the most expensive: for, though the young man did not draw upon his banker to near the extent of his extravagance, that portion was suffi-

ently large to excite the highest indignation in his father's bosom. Their first interview was cool; their second acrimonious:—in short, they soon kept as much asunder as possible.

At Castle-Rossford, however, where they were both invited to the birth-day, they were for a time stationary under the same roof. Their lovely hostess found her partiality for the son gaining additional strength: but that attention, which female delicacy restrained with respect to him, was unlimitedly shown to his father. Toward her, however, the manners of the young gentleman never altered: but the impression which he had already made on her heart, was too deep to require the aid of more attentive behaviour.

The festivities at Castle-Rossford being concluded, and its guests departed, the fair owner found a void, which equally unfitted her for business or amusement. The projected improvements were not commenced: the country grew cold and comfortless. The Miss Reevesmores, her ladyship found out, wished to participate in the gaieties of the metropolis. One month longer was all that her uncle could at present devote to her. Her heart, she felt, would not let her accompany him to his seat in Lancashire, as had once been proposed. She should (she said) have sufficient leisure to carry her projected plans into execution after his departure, and would not therefore suffer business to intrude upon the short time her friends now meant to favor her with their company.

Accordingly they were all soon established in Dublin. The residence of Lady Rossford was of course crowded with the gay and the affluent of both sexes. Numerous were the proposals then tender-

ed to her ladyship's acceptance; and unbounded was the admiration she received: but the former were rejected, the latter disregarded.

Grave and steady beyond her years, Lady Rossford gave the most pointed discouragement to the herd of idle triflers who sought to gain her favor. Frederic Saint-Villiers was the only guest whom her heart expanded to meet; and—though wholly unmixed with passion—he gave her all the approbation that he had to bestow; while, in her soft, yet sensible conversation, he often sought to recruit his scattered senses, after the orgies of the preceding day.

To his foibles she was no stranger; for the busy tongue of rumor delighted to blazon forth his errors and extravagancies: but her attachment whispered that it would be meritorious to rescue such a youth from their influence, before it was too late. She was ignorant that his faults were in some measure hereditary. Lord Saint-Villiers's libertinism had been so long known, that it had ceased to be spoken of; and her ladyship was too recently returned to her native isle, to be told "the tales of other times." Every one connected with Frederic was interesting to her: of course, she treated his father with peculiar distinction, and, quite unconscious of the construction he put upon it, allowed him to perceive how much she preferred his company to the younger beaux who flattered around her.

It has been before observed, that vanity was a leading trait in Lord Saint-Villiers's character: and hence, when he was joked from all quarters upon the partiality of the first *belle* in the capital, he scrupled not to believe that her naturally serious disposition made her choice fall upon a man older than herself; and he

finally flattered himself into the hope that he should carry off from his younger competitors one of the finest women, and the first heiress, in the kingdom.

The arrangement of his affairs, and riddance of certain incumbrances, he determined should be the preliminary steps to making his proposals; and, with all the absurdity of a premature dotage, he suffered his mind to dwell upon this one darling chimæra, till he admitted not even a doubt of its being realised. He accordingly set off for London, and, undertaking some commissions for Lady Rossford, seized with avidity the pretext which they afforded him to soften his absence by writing to her upon such business as occurred in selecting the articles which she had requested him to procure.

Nearly at the same time, the Reevesmore family quitted Lady Rossford, and returned to England. Saint-Villiers also left Dublin, upon an excursion with some of his gay companions.—The metropolis now appeared to her ladyship quite deserted; and she returned to her country seat, accompanied by an elderly relative, whose society she thought preferable to absolute solitude.

In the lonely seclusion of Castle Rossford, its fair owner reproached herself for the part she was acting: but it is rarely that the cool dictates of reason prevail at once over the sophistry of love; and the presence of her enslaver soon stifled them.

The mansion of Lord Blenmore was not above a few miles distant from that of Lady Rossford. He was just returned thither from London, and was soon waited upon by his *ci-devant protégé*.

Frederic Saint-Villiers had more regard than veneration for the Earl.

He knew his habits of life—his modes of thinking: but he was nevertheless accustomed to put the utmost confidence in his judgement, and was partial to his society. He knew, that, wherever his lordship was, gaiety and pleasure would prevail; and, having finished the excursion which had drawn him from Dublin, he quitted his companions, and came to Blenmore, with the intention of making some stay.

The alteration which his vicinity produced in the spirits of Lady Rossford, was too obvious to remain unnoticed by her companion. Mrs. O Donnell had that sort of subservient disposition and wish to make herself agreeable to her superiors, which made it the rule of her conversation always to chime in with their opinions. Hence the praise of Mr. Saint-Villiers became her principal topic; and so grateful was the theme to the partial ear of Lady Rossford, that her penetration never detected the source from which it flowed, or saw through the flimsy insinuation of her being the magnet that drew “the ornament of the capital to the shades of the country.”

Lord Blenmore also began to harbour a suspicion of the state of his neighbour's heart; and a proposal, which he was commissioned to make, soon unfolded it completely. He had requested a private conference with her ladyship, and briefly stated its import, before he mentioned to whom it related.

Lady Rossford, with only one idea predominant in her mind, mistook the person of whom he spoke: but the glow, the animation of her countenance, instantaneously changed, when, after a sort of preliminary *éloge*, he proceeded to say that the overtures, which he was desired to propose, were on the part of his young relative, the Marquis of Limerick.

The wily negotiator immediately perceived that similar proposals in behalf of some more favored youth would have been differently received; and a full possession of the secret which he already surmised, was no very difficult matter to attain.

When Lord Blenmore returned to his own house, he found Saint-Villiers violently irritated by a letter which he had just received from his father, telling him that his extravagance was not to be endured; that he had ordered his bankers no longer to honor his drafts; and that, in consequence of the immense sums he had already gone through, he must not in future expect a larger allowance than eight hundred a year: for, as he (Lord Saint-Villiers) was busied in arranging his affairs previous to a matrimonial connexion, he thought it best to let him know what he had to depend upon. He offered his interest, in either the political or military line; but added, that his further bounty, beyond the sum specified, would be regulated entirely by the prudence and reformation that he should perceive in his son's conduct.

"*Bien comique!*" exclaimed Lord Blenmore, as he returned: "a letter. 'What foolish fair one has yielded to the bait of a coronet? though, *entre nous*, 'tis equally probable that your sage papa is taken in by some veteran schemer, who only seeks to secure a maintenance. However, for you, my dear Saint-Villiers, the brightest prospects are opening.'" He then related his discovery of the morning, and even exceeded his usual eloquence in endeavouring to persuade his guest not to lose time in securing such incalculable advantages, as seemed to court his acceptance.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 409.)

Mr. Denham, to Mr. Stanhope.

YOUR suspicions, Jack, were hostile to my fair widow! So perfectly, however, was I convinced of her purity, that I felt hurt at the idea that the man possessed of my confidence should dare to harbour a doubt of her innocence; and, to punish you for your temerity, I determined to let you remain in a state of suspense with regard to my proceedings. But, as I am a placid good soul, my resentment is not of long continuance. On my arrival in London, I called at your lodgings: but, behold! you had quitted town; and, instead of yourself in person, I only found the letter which you had left for me, complaining of my silence.

Oh! Stanhope! when you see this charming woman, you will condemn yourself for having harboured a doubt injurious to her honor:—deceit never took up its residence in a form so gentle.—Mrs. Beville is still in the country, nor does she seem to have any desire to quit her present abode. You seem to have your doubts, too, with regard to my intentions towards this fair one. But, Mr. Wisdom, had you suffered yourself to reflect for a moment, your doubts would have vanished into air. Would I have introduced Lady Beaumont to a woman on whom I had formed dishonorable designs? No, Stanhope! Mrs. Beville will never be the object of my licentious passion: the sensations I feel for her are more tender, more refined; and I would not alarm her spotless delicacy, to be lord of the universe. And I flatter myself that I am not absolutely disagreeable to her: for she has long seemed to be reconciled to the frequency of my visits: nay she has even suffered me

to assist her in the culture of her little garden. I help her in supporting her flowers: and sometimes, in the twining of a honeysuckle, our fingers have met, and the tremors of mine seemed to be communicated to hers:—but you have no idea of this nameless something, so difficult to define, and which now possesses my whole soul.—But I forget that your curiosity is on the rack: I will therefore give you Mrs. Beville's tale in her own words—

“In a quiet and retired village within two short miles of Oxford, I spent the early part of my life in content and happiness. My father was vicar of the parish: his income was small: but it was sufficient to procure him the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of life: he had no wishes for any thing more; and his hopes of worldly happiness were centred in me his only child. Deprived of my mother in my infancy, I could not be sensible of my loss. My father, conducted my education with care and assiduity, and was my sole instructor, often telling me, that virtue would be all my portion.—I listened to him with attention: for I revered him as a parent, and loved him as my best and only friend.

“Un-acquainted with the world, I sighed not for a knowledge of its pleasures, and thought that true felicity was not to be found out of the pale of our village. I had a distant relative who lived at Oxford, whom I frequently went to see, and usually took with me a maid servant: and, though it was a seminary of young men, many of whom are gay and licentious, I never met with the least molestation from any of them, till one day, as I was walking towards the town, I met a party of them, who, far from passing me unnoticed, accosted me in a strain to which I was quite un-accustomed.

“Perceiving that they were great-

ly inebriated, I was alarmed, and begged of them to suffer me to pass on: but my entreaties had no effect. Their language and behaviour was so gross, that I endeavoured to run from them: but one of the party held me fast; and I know not to what insults I might have been exposed, if two gentlemen had not at that moment come up with us. The parties seemed to be acquainted. When one of them mildly expostulated with his friends for detaining a young lady in that forcible manner, they laughed at him, and bade him go about his business.

“Extremely terrified, I burst into tears, and entreated him to rescue me from those brutal young men.—A warm altercation and scuffle ensued: but, in the end, my champion was victorious. He took me under his arm, and, in a voice soft and soothing, asked me which way I was going—telling me that he would conduct me in safety.

“I was so affected, that I could not presently recollect myself, but pointed towards our village.—He strove to compose my ruffled spirits, and entreated me not to walk so fast, as I was now perfectly safe.—In broken accents I returned him thanks for his timely assistance, and gladly availed myself of his friendly offer.

“On our arrival at our house, my father immediately saw my discomposure, and tenderly inquired the cause.—I could not answer him, but fainted in his arms.—On my recovery, I found that my father had learned my adventure from my preserver, who seemed oppressed with the warmth of my father's acknowledgements, who thought he could not be sufficiently grateful for the attention he had shown to his only and beloved child.—Mr. Beville (for he had told us his name) soon took his leave.

"Harassed and fatigued, I retired early to bed: but my mind was too much agitated, to enjoy that sweet and un-interrupted repose which usually attended my pillow. My sleep was broken and disturbed:—the form of Mr. Beville continually swam before my heavy eyes. When I arose in the morning, I felt languid and unrefreshed; and a thousand times in the day did my eyes wander towards the road that lead to our house. I fondly hoped once more to see Mr. Beville: nor were those hopes delusive: in the evening he came, and inquired after my health with so much anxiety and attention, that I felt my face glow, and my voice falter, as I answered him. He was so attentive and respectful to my father, that the good old man was quite delighted with him.

"These visits were often repeated; and I soon found that I had no happiness but in his company. All my former amusements had lost their charms: I grew pale, was absent and restless.—This change could not escape the observation of a fond parent: he would often gaze fondly on me, would heave a sigh, and exclaim, 'My poor girl! I fear I shall not live to see thee happy?'

"Still Mr. Beville came more frequently to our cottage: he would walk with me, read to me, and sometimes join his fine voice with my feeble notes when I sang; which I often did, to amuse my father: and, by a thousand little delicate attentions, he made himself such an interest in my heart, that the idea of being deprived of the sight of him made me miserable: and what added to my uneasiness, was, that I was uncertain what were his sentiments with regard to me, as he seemed infinitely more assiduous to gain my father's good will than

mine.—Often indeed would he gaze upon me with looks full of softness and languor; often would he sigh, and sometimes press my hand.—Though I could taste no happiness out of his company, I was often extremely wretched when with him.

"At last my father thought it necessary to make some inquiries into the family and connexions of Mr. Beville.—I knew not that he had done so, 'till one day my father observing how assiduously I was gathering some fruit that I knew Mr. Beville was particularly fond of, 'Would to heaven, my dear Amelia,' cried he, 'that you had never seen Mr. Beville!'

"I hastily turned round, and, letting the basket drop from my hand, while the tears started in my eyes, I cried, 'My dear father! why do you wish so?'—'Because you must not see him any more and can you part with him, Amelia, without a pang?'—I hung my head in silence and dejection.—'Mr. Beville,' continued my father, 'is a younger son of Lord K***s: the knowledge of his rank must put an end to hopes which I fear you have too fondly encouraged. But tell me, Amelia, has Mr. Beville ever made to you any professions of love?'—'Never, sir. If he had, you may be assured I would not have concealed it from you.'—'I am glad of it, my Amelia: nor must you ever listen to him on this subject. Mr. Beville would be ruined, were he to form so imprudent a connexion. Would you wish to see Mr. Beville at enmity with his family on your account?'—'I would sooner die,' cried I with fervor. 'But surely we may be friends: and I have no reason to think that Mr. Beville feels any other sentiment for me than that of friendship,—'Friendship, my Amelia, is a false blandishment, when professed by two

young people of different sex: it will rob you of your peace, if encouraged. You must therefore part, my child. However painful, it is the only certain remedy. This newborn passion will soon wear away; and may Amelia will, I trust, be happy again.'

"Totally distressed by this conversation, I had not power to speak. —My father saw and felt my anguish, and, to relieve it, left me to myself. The next morning, walking in the garden, I saw Mr. Beville enter, and approach my father. — I wished, un-observed, to hear their conversation, and therefore crept behind a hedge of filbert-trees, which concealed me from their view.

"After some common conversation, my father asked Mr. Beville to seat himself on the bench beside him, as he wished to talk with him on a subject very near to his heart. —Beville seated himself in silence by him; and my father addressed him in the following words—"I have the highest opinion of your honor and integrity, Mr. Beville, and trust you would not deceive an old man who esteems you. Your visits are very frequent to this lowly cottage:—my conversation cannot possibly be the charm that attracts you hither. My treasure in this world is an only daughter: I am anxious for her welfare: I would not willingly have her fair fame sullied; nor could I, unmoved," continued he in faltering accents, 'see her droop and pine like a faded flower, the victim of an improper attachment. You are a young man, Mr. Beville. My daughter is in the bloom of youth and innocence: she possesses the charm of novelty too. There was something romantic in your introduction to each other's acquaintance: you may therefore fancy that you love my child. But have

you considered the consequence of indulging such a sentiment, whether real or, imaginary?—I have learned your connexions, sir: you are the last man that should form an imprudent attachment. You inherit rank from your birth: you must acquire fortune to support that rank, by an alliance with some opulent family. A union with the daughter of a poor vicar would be ruinous to you in every respect.—I speak to you, Mr. Beville, as to a rational being, to whom reason is given to controul the force of passion. Leave us then, sir—leave my daughter, happy and innocent as you found her.'

(To be continued.)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 454.)

"YOUR country," said Coligni, now breaking silence, "claims the greatest portion of your grief. By the loss of those heroes, which William had foreseen, your strength has sustained a greater diminution than it could have suffered by the event of an unsuccessful battle: and how cruel the decree of fate, that, at the very instant when the Belgic cause received so severe a blow, thy paternal bosom, O Nassau, should be rent by a new and deep wound! From the first moment of thy entrance on that glorious career, heaven was pleased to exercise and prove thy virtue by the severest of trials. . . . Nevertheless, if the painful feelings which rack thy bosom will permit thee, deign to conclude this narrative, in which our warriors take so lively an interest."

William raised his eyes, and read in every countenance the most eager attention.

"Impatient," he resumed, "to put a period to the perfidies and

cruelties of Alva, our army reached the banks of Meuse, where my brother Lewis awaited my arrival: and already had Alva displayed his banners on the adverse shore.—Had I listened only to the calls of vengeance and the dictates of my own courage, I should have immediately attempted the passage of the river, though at that time swollen beyond its usual height by the tributary streams of the mountain torrents. The two armies viewed each other from the opposite banks; and the Meuse, reflecting from its glassy bosom the warrior hosts, their glittering arms, and the long ranges of tents, and thus approximating them in the watery mirror, redoubled the ardor which already urged me on to engage in battle.

“The shades of night were now spreading o’er the plains, when, as I walked in slow and pensive mood along the margin of the stream, a young warrior rushed into my arms. ‘What!’ cried I—‘is it you, Adolphus? At a distance from your brothers, what were your intentions?’

“To imitate your glorious example,” returned Adolphus. “Behold! for this gold have I exchanged the whole of my possessions: in to your hands I resign it, and, in addition, offer you whatever assistance this arm is capable of affording—happy, if, before I resign my breath, I be enabled to inflict a few wounds on the hydra of tyranny!”

“At these words, I viewed him with affectionate tenderness, and, clasping him to my bosom, ‘Pardon, my dear Adolphus,’ cried I—‘pardon the insult I have offered you!—Ye tyrants! you have not robbed me of all that was dear to my heart: I have brothers yet remaining!’

“The silver orb of Phœbè gradually advancing in her nightly career, I continued on the bank of

the river, and kept my eye fixed on its waters, which were rapidly decreasing—when sudden a bark appeared, conducted by a hoary sire, who steered it to the spot where I stood. ‘I am a Batavian,’ said he to me, ‘and am not ignorant of the object of your present solicitude. The river is yet swollen by the torrents which have increased its stream: but I have traced its whole course—Come! at a short distance from these camps, its depth is inconsiderable; and you can there effect your passage.’

“Struck with the air of candor which beamed on his countenance, I surrendered myself to his guidance, and entered the bark, which rapidly skimmed along the watery expanse. In the middle of the river, I sounded the stream, and touched the bottom with my sword. The skiff was immediately steered back to the shore—I roused the chiefs and the soldiers—the troops eagerly flew to arms; and we commenced our march.

“Mounted on a spirited courser that defied all danger, I was the first to enter the tide: our horses, forming as it were a rampart above, broke the impetuosity of the current; and every circumstance seemed to smile success on our enterprise:—the lunar beam was slightly veiled by transparent clouds: the river continued to sink lower in its bed, and to abate the rapidity of its stream.—As a numerous host of the feathered tribe venture with daring pinions to traverse the realms of Neptune in quest of a serener sky and a more temperate climate, and, on their safe arrival, hail the happy region with the harmony of their song—thus did our army intrepidly cross the Meuse.

“But our measures did not long elude the vigilance of the foe: the

hostile camp was soon in motion. When apprised of our daring attempt, Alva could scarcely credit the report:—he flew to arms—advanced at the head of his troops to oppose our landing, and swore that we should not set foot on the Belgic shore.—While yet in the middle of the stream, ‘My friends!’ cried I—‘shall the bed of this river be our grave? shall we here perish in sight of the provinces which loudly invite us to their assistance? shall we abandon the Batavians, who burn with ardor to second our generous efforts? Ah! if we must fall, let us fall in close and gallant conflict. But our valour promises us a certain victory: we have already conquered the Meuse; let us next conquer Alva!’

“Having thus spoken, I advanced toward the adverse shore, which presented to our view a formidable barrier of swords and pikes, and seemed covered with a rampart of flame incessantly issuing from the brazen mouths of war. Grim Death lours on us in vain: regardless of his frowns, we pursue our way. Close by my side are my brothers, and the most intrepid of our chiefs: a band of dauntless warriors follow us: others have not yet reached the bank: the river is stained with their blood; and the combat we had to sustain included the additional perils incident to a naval engagement. The valiant Aremberg rushes toward me, and, with his trenchant blade, inflicts a wound on my kinsman Hoogstraten.

“At sight of his blood, Adolphus thought it was mine he saw flowing; and, forgetful of all danger except that which threatened me, furiously pressed forward to attack Aremberg. Death now hovered o’er Adolphus’ head, when, with a successful blow (may I ever, my dear brother, with

equal success screen you from impending fate!) I struck the sword from the hand of Aremberg, whose rage was inflamed to the utmost on seeing his intended victim rescued from the stroke of death. Meantime Alva advances, preceded by tumult and clouds of dust: he presses upon our cohorts, and forces them back into the Meuse. Around him glitter the swords of his son Frederic, of the intrepid Vitelli, and of the proud Avila.

“I alone, and a small number who adhered to me, still maintained our ground on the shore. I raised my voice, and, calling to my friends, pointed out to them the Belgic towers: at the same instant a furious tempest shook the firm ranks of the Spaniards, while the Meuse, covered with floating corpses, burst from his bed, and poured forth his auxiliary waves to fight in our defence.—Lewis, Adolphus, Aldegondæ, rally the German bands, and re-conduct them to the shore: confusion and dismay spread through the Spanish host; and Alva, reluctantly compelled to relinquish his un-availing opposition to our passage, retires indignant to his camp.

“A short distance intervened between the two armies; and, during the inaction of the night, we could distinctly hear the murmurs of the Spanish warriors, as the hoarse grumbings of the angry lion who had been obliged to retreat before the superior strength of the hunters, and take refuge in his den.

“Scarce had the first beams of returning day begun to gild the horizon, when the corps of Batavians whom you here see assembled, and whom Egmont and Horn were to have conducted to me, appeared before my eyes, as a forlorn family, escaped from some general disaster—deprived of father, friends, and

support—and wholly absorpt in grief and mourning. They were commanded, however, by two intrepid warriors, Douza and Lumey. The eyes of Lumey spark ed with gloomy fire ; and his beard, which he had suffered to grow neglected, announced the deep affliction of his soul.

“ Nassau ! ” said he, ‘ we have sworn to avenge the captivity of Egmont and Horn ; and here in your presence we renew our oath—happy to unite our fortune with yours, and enabled to do it by your recent victory. I swear, moreover, by the friendship which binds me to those chiefs, that, as a badge of mourning for their hapless fate, this beard shall remain unshaven, till the day arrive which shall restore them to liberty.’

“ He said.—I advanced among them—exhorted them to fortitude and perseverance—and, though deeply afflicted myself, offered them consolation. I vainly interrogated them concerning the fate of Barneveldt ; and my eyes instinctively strayed through their ranks, in search of Egmont, Horn, and my son.

“ But, lo ! Alva and his army, taking advantage of the shades of night, escaped beyond our reach. As soon as I discovered his flight, I hastened to pursue his steps with my faithful adherents, but was unable to overtake him. At length he seized on an advantageous position in the heart of our provinces, and stationed himself on a lofty eminence, which he moreover fortified with formidable ramparts. In vain each day I challenged him to try the fortune of the field : in vain, by numberless stratagems, I labored to dislodge him from his impregnable post, and allure him into the level plain.

“ Meanwhile the pale phantom

Terror winged her way through our provinces, and, from the summits of the towers, pronounced aloud the name of Alva. The whole of the Belgic nation seemed to be weighed down with the same chains which bound the limbs of Egmont and Horn : but, far from emulating the magnanimity of those heroes, each individual shrank petrified by the fear of punishment, and astounded by the voice of Fanaticism. Even in my camp, Terror made her appearance, and penetrated to the tents of the Germans. In the midst of them stood the pavilion of Morlin, one of the chiefs of those troops, in whose groveling soul honor gave way to considerations of sordid interest—and who, accustomed to crouch and fawn in the courts of kings, had accompanied me with reluctance. He now assembled his followers, and instigated them to revolt.

“ At the approach of the tempest, precursory murmurs of sinister omen are heard to echo from the fathomless abysses of the deep : soon the whitening billows are seen to tower on high, and mutually encounter in dire conflict ; and at length the heavens and the main unite their collective rage to swell the tremendous uproar. Thus the German bands proceed from murmurs to tumult—from tumult to ungovernable fury—then, suddenly snatching up their arms, crowd to my pavilion, and surround it with terrific cries.

“ I instantly presented myself to their view.—At sight of me, a general calm prevailed through the mutinous host.—‘ What ! ’ said I—‘ in this camp, where I expected to find none but heroes, the voice of sedition strikes my ear ; and the Germans, who took up arms at my call—who have lately won a bril-

liant triumph—want courage to achieve their noble enterprise—and, at the very entrance of the most glorious career, already think of retreating!—The Belgians are closely confined within their fortresses; but in due time they will second our efforts: we are free; nor do we stand in need of aught but our swords and our valour.*

“At these words, they stood astonished, but were not awed into submission. They gave vent to their seditious spirit in long murmurs; and the most daring among them had the audacity to point their swords against my bosom.

(To be continued.)

Horrible SUPERSTITION of the HINDOOS.

(Concluded from page 417.)

I have returned home from witnessing a scene which I shall never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day, being the great day of the feast, the Moloch of Hindoostan was brought out of his temple amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued equable for a few minutes, and then gradually died away. After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance; all eyes were turned towards the place, and, behold, a grove advancing. A body of men, having green branches, or palms, in their hands, approached with great celerity. The people opened a way for them; and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon, and worshipped. And the multitude again sent forth a voice “like the sound of a great thunder.”—But the voices I now heard, were not those of melody or of joyful ac-

clamation; for there is no harmony in the praise of Moloch's worshippers. Their number indeed brought to my mind the countless multitude of the Revelations; but their voices gave no tuneful Hosanna or Hallelujah; but rather a yell of approbation, united with a kind of hissing applause*.—I was at a loss how to account for this latter noise, until I was directed to notice the women; who emitted a sound like that of whistling, with the lips circular and the tongue vibrating: as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels, which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody color. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow color.—Five elephants preceded the three towers, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved.

I went on in the procession, close by the tower of Moloch; which, as it was drawn with difficulty, “grated on its many wheels harsh thunder.” After a few minutes, it stopped; and now the worship of the god began. . . .

After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacri-

* See Milton's *Pandemonium*, Book X.

fice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower, as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to smile when the libation of the blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the Hurries to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains. How much I wished that the proprietors of India stock could have attended the wheels of Juggernaut, and seen this peculiar source of their revenue !

The horrid solemnities still continue. Yesterday a woman devoted herself to the idol. She laid herself down on the road in an oblique direction, so that the wheel did not kill her instantaneously, as is generally the case; but she died in a few hours. This morning, as I passed the Place of Skulls, nothing remained of her but her bones.

And this, thought I, is the worship of the Bramins of Hindoostan ! and their worship in its sublimest degree ! What then shall we think of their private manners, and their moral principles ? For it is equally true of India as of Europe—if you would know the state of the people, look at the state of the temple.

I was surprised to see the Brahmins with their heads uncovered in the open plain falling down in the midst of the Sooders before "the horrid shape," and mingling so complacently with "that polluted cast." But this proved what I had before heard, that so great a god is this, that the dignity of high cast disap-

pears before him. This great king recognises no distinction of rank among his subjects: all men are equal in his presence.

I beheld another distressing scene this morning at the Place of Skulls;—a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead, and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said "they had no home but where their mother was."---O! there is no pity at Juggernaut! no mercy, no tenderness of heart in Moloch's kingdom !

As to the number of worshippers assembled here at this time, no accurate calculation can be made. The natives themselves, when speaking of the numbers at particular festivals, usually say that a lack of people (100,000) would not be missed. I asked the Brahmin how many he supposed were present at the most numerous festival he had ever witnessed. "How can I tell," said he, "how many grains there are in a handful of sand?"

The temple of Juggernaut is under the immediate control of the English government, who levy a tax on the pilgrims, as a source of revenue; and the following is an account of the annual expenses of the idol Juggernaut, as presented to the English government, and extracted from the official accounts.

	£. Sterl.
Expenses attending the table of the idol, - - -	4,514
Ditto of his dress or wearing apparel, - - -	339
Ditto of the wages of his servants, - - -	1,259
Ditto of contingent expenses at the different seasons of pilgrimage, - - -	1,373
Ditto of his elephants and horses, - - -	378
Ditto of his annual state carriage, - - -	939

£. 8,702

The French CONSCRIPTON.

(From Faber's "*Sketches of the internal State of France.*")

THE day of drawing is a day of public mourning, and of agony in every family. All labor is abandoned; every one has a melancholy interest in being present at the solemnity. The drawing is performed in the public hall of the town. At the hour appointed, the conscripts assemble; or, in place of the absent, their parents, tutors, delegates, and respondents. The business is performed in the presence of the municipal council, under the presidency of the mayor; and if it is a chief town, the prefect or subprefect assists. The spectator beholds youths, conducted by their parents, overwhelmed with the weight of their calamity; he discovers sometimes mothers at the point of despair, who have accompanied all that they hold most dear in the world. A mournful silence reigns in the hall; not even a breath is heard; a sigh occasionally bursts. The mayor makes a short harangue; the name of each conscript is called; the conscript advances; he stretches out his hand to the urn; the destiny of many is included with his; he draws his own. This lottery of human beings is a horrible game! The prefect who is present, born in another department, has a son, on whom, perhaps, at the same moment, the lot is passing at a distant part of the empire. The subprefect, born in the same department, perhaps also the mayor, behold their sons among the conscripts assembled; the son of the mayor touches the lot, the voice of the father trembles, his eye overflows; nevertheless he must pronounce a speech to inspire courage into the young soldiers. A third part, perhaps, of the members of the municipal council assembled have their

sons among the conscripts. The sentiments of nature must remain silent before imperious necessity. The business being finished, the mayor first must raise his voice, with "Long live Bonaparté!" and the military music strikes up a march.—The functionaries present have not always the means of providing substitutes for their sons on whom the lot has fallen. After the drawing, the substitutes are negotiated for. The conscripts who have drawn the first numbers are the first who must enter the ranks; the holders of the higher numbers have somewhat of a better prospect. But, on the very day after the drawing, the series of the numbers is often changed; unexpected cases, desertion chiefly, make large deficiencies. A son had hoped to draw a number which would exempt him from service; the lot having fallen upon him, his parents wish to find a substitute; the expense would ruin them; the son chooses rather to abscond; his parents will pay less by paying the fine, and he hopes one day to see them again, by a change of government. On the frontiers particularly the desertion is sometimes enormous; out of a hundred conscripts, eighty have been found deserters: such has frequently been the case towards the frontiers of Germany, as also towards the frontiers of Italy; nor have examples been wanting towards those of Spain. I have seen the ninety-second, one of the last of the reserve, obliged to make part of the active army. Young men, who often had no other resource in a foreign country than the profession of arms, have preferred a harder service to that of France, from aversion to the cause which it supports; and the French conscription has often furnished a rich harvest to the Austrian army.....

In each department there is a council of recruiting, consisting of the prefect, a superior officer of the department, a major appointed by the minister of war, a recruiting captain, some members in merely a civil capacity, and two physicians. They examine each conscript, to ascertain whether he possesses all the qualities requisite for the military service. With respect to height, five feet (5 feet, 5 inches, English,) only are required, and men even shorter are admitted; if in other respects they have no corporal defect, and are of a vigorous constitution, they are chosen for the species of light troops, called *vultigeurs*; those above five feet may serve in the cavalry or artillery.—Desertions frequently happen on the road; and the substitutes are almost always the deserters. Having at their departure received the premium from those for whom they have engaged to serve, they disappear with it; and the unfortunate conscript whom they represent is again obliged to find a man for the place which has become vacant. The substitute is at the risk of the principal till he has actually joined his colors; it is not till then that the government takes cognisance of the delegated recruit.—The conscripts who do not obey the calls and public summonses to appear, are declared refractory conscripts. That revolutionary term, with all its recollections, and all its terrors, is put in force anew, and revolutionary proceedings are energetically employed. Mayors, officers of police, *gendarmes*, have orders to suspect, to interrogate, and to arrest. All, with the description of the individual in their pocket, must hunt for the refractory conscripts, making sure of all who have the appearance of being the age of the conscription. . . .

You are traveling. Presently

you are stopped. A numerous crowd obstructs the high-way. The clanking of chains—plaintive voices—as escort of cavalry—naked swords—men pale and emaciated, heads shaven, hideously dressed, dragging fetters and cannon-balls, form a shocking procession on the road. Of what atrocious crime, great God! are these miserable wretches guilty, to be reduced to so abject and deplorable a condition?—They are refractory conscripts and deserters, who, collected in the *depôts* in a department, are transported to a fortress in the interior.—As soon as seized, they are carried under a safe escort to the prisons of the district nearest at hand. There they suffer hunger and pain, because the district which ought to subsist them has not wherewithal to satisfy their wants. Happy are they, who, by selling the clothes from their backs, are enabled to alleviate the miseries of their situation. The district must furnish a dress hideous, both in colors and make, of the coarsest materials, resembling that worn by the galley convicts. On a parade day the arrested conscript is brought out before the troop which happens to be at the place standing under arms. The law and his sentence are read to him; and he is declared unworthy to serve. He is stripped of his garments; his head is shaved; he is disfigured by a dress contrived to resemble partly that of a monk under penance, partly that of a convict in the galleys; he has large wooden shoes put on his feet, and a chain, terminated by a heavy ball which he must drag after him, is rivetted to his leg. In this grotesque equipment Bonaparté has contrived to unite all that is calculated to frighten the imagination of a Frenchman, in as far as it presents the exterior of a criminal worthy of the most ignominious punish-

Notices of Sicily.

ment; he has combined in it all that is calculated to humble military pride, and torture the sense of shame, by attaching to it the marks and forms which characterise a penitent monk. It is in this costume, and assembled in convoys, that the condemned conscripts are conveyed through France towards the fortresses, where they are employed on public works.

Notices of SICILY.

IN the present state of our relations with Sicily, any new information respecting that celebrated island can hardly fail to prove interesting to our readers; for whose gratification, therefore, we have collected the following particulars from a recent publication by Mr. Leckie—an “*Historical Survey of the foreign Affairs of Great Britain,*” &c.

The tribute, which each territory pays, is called the royal patrimony; and the “*Tribunal of Patrimony*” is the supreme moderator and controller of this revenue. It consists of six members, viz. the president, the *conservadore generale*; who is the king’s advocate, and four judges. As this board superintends the king’s territorial revenues, so it commands the municipalities of the royal and baronial towns; and, as the property of every individual is implicated either in the one or the other, so it has become a civil court, under the pretence of an authority in what regards the royal interests. In the same manner it has an authority over all ecclesiastical lands, and the copyholds granted thereon by the crown; thus no act whatever with regard to landed property can be done without its cognisance. In the same manner, as all duties on exports and imports (which answer to tonnage and poundage, and which are enforced with all possible rigor) and the exports and imports themselves, in-

terest the royal revenues; so this board has assumed a dictatorial right to command, not by fixed rules or general laws, but by issuing an order or permission on every individual occasion. None of the produce of the country, that is, corn, oil, and some others, as cattle, &c. can be exported without its permission, though the exporter offers to pay the duties. The permission to export hemp is given annually, as an exclusive privilege, to one person in each maritime district; so that the merchant who would export it must not only pay the duties to the king, but a duty to this individual: thus the Tribunal, after obliging the merchant to pay the tax, farms another for their own emolument to the best bidder. With regard to corn, cattle, and oil, the greatest difficulty occurs in the exportation; and a particular order is requisite from Palermo to obtain a permission for the same: to procure this, the trader must bribe through thick and thin. Sometimes the right of exportation is allowed for a short time, and then suddenly stopped; and thus causes the ruin of those who had provided a quantity to ship off. The corn-trade is a monopoly in the hands of the corporations. In order to support them in this abuse, these are invested with an absolute authority to prevent the produce of their district from being carried to a neighbouring town, and to forbid that of another from being admitted into their territory. The privilege of supplying the city of Palermo with oil and cattle is granted to contractors, who exercise every kind of tyranny, as the Tribunal supports them in every measure which they can devise to oblige the holder to sell to a disadvantage; and these gentlemen are in return handsomely complimented by the contractors,....

It will be natural to ask, who are the men who compose this board? They are lawyers, whose whole lives having been spent in scenes of the most iniquitous litigation, possess no kind of information on commerce, when they are promoted to this rank; so that all commercial regulations, which with us are fixed by act of parliament, are here left to their absolute will and caprice, to ignorance, and venality.

The Tribunal of Patrimony annually gives an order, not only to the corporations of the demesne, but also to those of the baronial towns, to provide at harvest a supply sufficient for the whole year; this of course forms a complete monopoly of corn in every part of the kingdom. The jealousy of each corporation in the material concern of provision for the year, causes the most prohibitory orders to be issued in every township.

As the country is very various in its surface, so the abundance of the harvest is often partial; nature generally providing more than sufficient in one district, and leaving but a scanty allowance in another. In the abundant districts, the corporations, after they have obtained enough for their own supply, forbid the exportation of the overplus; the holders of the corn must therefore sell it to the neighbouring districts by stealth, or give a share of their profits to the corporation, which turns the right of prohibition to its own advantage. In the district where the scarcity is felt, the corn for the use of the town is bought at a high price: and when the demand is satisfied as to the quantity required, or that the corporation have a sufficient supply to go on for a time, the holders of corn find means to sell it to the traders in those towns where it is still at a high price. Here begin the

endeavours of the corporation to prevent its sale, and the diligence of the merchants to deceive their vigilance; for, should the price of corn fall after the corporation has laid in its stock, they would either not be able to sell at all, or sell at a loss. They are obliged to make up the loss to the Patrimony, or capital of the township, and the Tribunal holds them answerable for the same. In one town, the flour was sold by the corporation for eighteen taris the tumolo, while in the neighbourhood flour of the same quality was distributed at twelve to the people.

Another law is in force in Sicily, with respect to corn, the absurdity and barbarity of which is unknown in any other part of the world, which, however, it has not been possible to get rid of. In every township, with the exception of a very few, the corporation takes an account at harvest, and obliges every farmer, renter, or landholder, to give in a declaration of the quantity of corn his lands have produced; the price of grain is fixed by an *assise* on the 15th of August; at this price the holder is obliged to deliver in to the corporation the third part of the produce of his estate on demand, notwithstanding the prices may have risen considerably. Sometimes the corporation, after having given permission to the landholder to sell his corn off, saying they had a sufficient quantity, two months after has called upon him for his quota, and he has been obliged to buy the quantity required, late in the season, at a loss of 30 per cent.

In abundant years, the surplus corn which cannot be consumed, and is intended for exportation, is carried to the *caricatorj*, or places destined for a *depôt*. The possessors who then deposit their corn hold it as a joint stock. By an abuse in the

officers who preside over these, it is necessary frequently to transfer the stock from one name to another in the books, otherwise its existence is forgotten or denied, and it becomes lost to the owner. He must then recur to the tribunals in Palermo, where in the space of two or three years, and after he has spent the whole value of the object in dispute, he gains his cause; by that time the officers of the *caricatorj* have been changed or dismissed, and their successors do not hold themselves answerable for the malversations of their predecessors, though these very *caricatorj* are under the faith of the crown; and thus the farmer or merchant is reduced to beggary.

No land-tax whatever is imposed on the great landholders, who are thus exempt: and those fiefs, which have no town or village in them, are also exempt. The royal town in whose territory these are situated assesses them in the following manner. A calculation is made of what land is cultivated and grazed; of course what number of people are variously employed on the estate. From this another estimate is made of the quantity of bread consumed annually in it. This is called *consumo*; and the renter pays the amount according to this assessment. Besides these, there is a tax called *il pelo*, which is levied on all cattle bought and sold. There is also a duty on the cheese which is manufactured; and these duties fall on the husbandman, as he is forced to indemnify the renter for the money advanced on the consumption of flour. He also pays it on his cheese; and also on the ox which he buys to till his ground; while the lord who receives the revenue is exempted. The duty on the *macina*, or grinding of corn, is the principal source of revenue in Sicily; all flour which comes in from

the mills pays at the gate of the city. In those places where the farmers make their own bread, they are obliged to pay a tax which, as above observed, is called *il consumo*, which is a commutation for the flour excise duty, and is farmed out. The farmers of the tax go from house to house to examine the bread which the unfortunate husbandman makes; and he who should sell a loaf to a hungry traveler would subject himself to fine and imprisonment.

The parliament of Sicily consists of three houses, viz. the barons or lords, and such only as possess fiefs, including within their limits a town or burg. A baron has as many votes in the assembly as he has villages or towns on his various estates. The next is the ecclesiastical assembly consisting of archbishops, bishops, the heads of monastic orders possessing lands, abbots, &c. &c. Next in order follows the demesne house, or the representatives of the towns of the royal demesne; but there are no provincial representatives, nor are any of the baronial towns represented. There are no elections for members in the towns, nor have the inhabitants any share in choosing the deputy. The corporation nominates him, and he is in general their attorney in Palermo. Thus a single man is often representative for several different places at once; and as these men are lawyers dependent on the nobles, the house of representatives is never convened; but its vote is obtained as a matter of form. The parliament of Sicily has no legislative power, and the only influence it has therein is by the usage of tacking laws to money bills, to which the assent of the crown is obtained as a favor, in consideration of the supplies granted; nor do the members possess the right of deliberating, or discussing the measures of go-

vernment, as in England. As all taxes are laid on for three years, the parliament is convened at the end of that period, to renew the old supplies, or grant new ones, in case the necessities of the government require it.

Of the younger branches of the noble families few individuals have entered into the army, the officers for the most part consisting of an inferior class of inhabitants of Palermo, and other cities and towns. Among these are mixed Neapolitans, Swiss, Greek, and Italian adventurers. As the pay they receive is trifling, they cannot appear like gentlemen; hence the envy and hatred they bear to our troops, among whom opulence and splendor are so conspicuous. In such a state, the military profession can scarcely be in high repute; and such men can hardly feel either the stimulus of professional ambition or the charms of glory. The discipline of the troops is in consequence much neglected, while the contractors for provisioning the army reduce the soldier to a very miserable state. The officers know their inferiority to ours, and give us their hatred on account; and we may venture to say, that almost the whole of the Neapolitan and Sicilian officers would prefer joining the French, to defending their sovereign in conjunction with the British army. Their recent behaviour in Calabria, under the prince of Hesse, has fully evinced the truth of this opinion.

As soon as the son of a nobleman is old enough to be taken out of the hands of the nurse, a priest is hired to teach him his letters, to give him the rudiments of writing, and to attend him when he is out walking. As the salary allowed to this tutor is from sixty to a hundred dollars; or annuities, and his board, it is not

likely a man of learning will undertake the drudgery of this office. It sometimes happens too that he acts as house-steward, and is even the confidant of the master or mistress in their amours. If he has some humour, he becomes the butt for every one to pass their jokes upon; familiar with the heads of the family, he is also the confessor and spiritual comforter of all the servants. Under such a preceptor, the young nobility of Sicily learn to write and read, with some rudiments of the Latin tongue; but a principal part of their education consists of religious doctrines. When they are old enough to be sent to college, they are again put under the direction of priests, who teach them theology, the history of the saints, a smattering of the Roman history, but not one science which can be of use to them. When a lad is arrived at fourteen or fifteen, he comes home to his parents, where he enters into the routine of *elegant* society at Palermo. The females are kept in a convent till they are married, whence they sometimes come out without knowing their letters; and there are many women of the first rank who can neither read nor write.

The middling ranks of people mostly live on the fruits of their small farms, and by renting the larger estates of the nobility. All classes inhabit towns and villages, and there is scarcely an example of a family above the meanest rank living in the country. Of course rural economy is at its lowest ebb. We do not find the simplicity of manners to be met with in those nations which have a contrary usage. From the manner in which the government treats its subjects, these naturally acquire much low cunning and selfishness. No traits of generosity, no public-spirited ideas, no thought of general

improvement, and but few of the refinements of life, are discovered in them, and they are totally strangers to the literature of the continent. Marriages are contracted by interest alone, and often a girl comes out of a convent to be a bride when she has hardly seen her intended husband; of course little or no domestic happiness, and less virtue: fasting and religious observances make up for all deficiencies; and when the Sicilian is not endeavouring to overreach his neighbour, he is either at his devotions in a church, or following some scandalous intrigue. In a word, he possesses the vices of a civilised people, without their virtues; the defects of a barbarian, without that courage and candor which can alone make up for the rudeness of his state. All this results from the corrupt administration of justice, the stupidity and ignorance of the clergy*, and the total want of public education.

As it has been seen that there is no free trade, so there is no object for the industry of the poor; and as the corporation, if they lose by the corn they buy, must make it up to the public capital, so, in times of scarcity, all attempts to alleviate the distresses of the poor by the methods employed in England, are here contrary to the laws, destructive to the corporations, and of course impracticable; for, should the senate permit others to sell cheaper than themselves, the public capital would suffer, nor would the Tribunal of Patrimony pass their accounts. Here

* Of the clergy, whether secular or regular, all orders are, with few exceptions, illiterate, ignorant, and immoral. Miracles and noisy declamations, addressed to the passions of the hearers, with a view to excite their indignation against heretics, form the principal topics of the sermons given from the pulpit.

are then, in one point of view, the defects of the public economy, the absolute impossibility of manufactures, and the misery and ruin of the people. In Sicily and Spain this system obtains; and it is from this source that all the sordid beggary results which distinguishes these countries from the rest of the world. The people groan under the most oppressive monopolies; those articles of primary necessity which are objects of commerce and gain to the lower orders, are here the only sources of public revenue. In a certain port of Sicily, some years since, when the poor were literally dying of hunger in consequence of the scarcity of bread, a Danish vessel arrived laden with corn; it was proposed to sell a part of the cargo, as damaged, at a low price to the poor; to execute this was, however, impossible, the senate alleging that they had enough, and that the patrimony would suffer. They received official letters of approbation from the Tribunal of Patrimony at Palermo, and, after all, finished by buying the same corn at the low price before fixed on it: it was afterwards sold as dear as all the rest to the inhabitants.

It is necessary to say a few words on the courts of justice, civil and criminal. Of the first there are two, viz. the Tribunal Consistorio, and the Gran Corte. In each of these a lawsuit may be heard five times over, and the last decision is generally given in such undefined and equivocal terms, that it often is the cause of a fresh suit. The barefaced manner in which the judges sport with the happiness and property of the subject, must excite the indignation of every honest mind. The judge receives private visits from both parties, who go to inform his worship on the cause, and they are not con-

fronted until it is brought to a public hearing, when there is so much falsehood to sift and disembroil, and the cause which was at first clear and simple, has become so puzzled, that it seems impossible to decide it. This occasions the necessity of putting off the hearing; and the judge at last decides by sending a written sentence, not from the tribunal where he sits, but from his own house; nor is it made public but by report. Hence it has not the effect of a decision pronounced in full court, and gives to the judge the facility of deciding rather according to his present interest than his own conscience.

The salaries of the judges are trifling, and the fees are multiplied by the length of the suit; so that litigation is calculated here to ruin all, and vindicate none. Many law-suits finish by a compromise between the parties, where the power and influence are nearly equal; when not so, the weakest must be cast.

In criminal cases, evidences are not taken as with us; a criminal sometimes remains in prison till he and his offence are totally forgotten, and the torture is still used to make him confess. The ordinary custom is to bind both the wrists together so tight as to stop the circulation, or to put the criminal into an arched dungeon, where, if he does not confess, or die in a few days, he gets off as innocent.

Notices of FRENCH MANNERS and CUSTOMS.

AN observant and intelligent American traveler—Lieut. Colonel Pinkney—in a late tour through France, made the following observations, which we extract from his publication, for the entertainment of our fair readers.

In substantial provision and ac-

commodation, the French inns are not a whit inferior to English of the same degree: but they are inferior to them in all the minor appendages. In point of eating and drinking, the French inns infinitely exceed the English: their provisions are of a better kind, and are much cheaper; we scarcely slept any-where, where we could not procure fowls of all kinds, eggs, and wine. It is too true, indeed, that their mode of cooking is not very well suited to an English palate; but a very little trouble will remedy this inconvenience. The French cooks are infinitely obliging in this respect—they will take your instructions, and thank you for the honor done them. The dinner, moreover, when served up, will consist of an infinite variety, and that without materially swelling the bill. Add to this the dessert, of which an English innkeeper, except in the most expensive hotels, has not a single idea. In France, on the other hand, in the poorest inns, in the most ordinary hedge ale-house, you will have a dessert of every fruit in season, and always tastily and even elegantly served. The wine, likewise, is better than what is met with on the roads in England. In the article of beds, with a very few exceptions, the French inns exceed the English: if a traveler carry his sheets with him, he is always secure of an excellent hair matrass, or, if he prefer it, a clean feather-bed. On the other side, the French inns are certainly inferior to the English in their apartments. The bed-room is too often the dining-room. The walls are merely whitewashed, or covered with some execrable pictures. There are no such things as curtains, or at least they are never considered as necessary. Their is neither soap, water, nor towel, to cleanse your-

self when you rise in the morning. A Frenchman has no idea of washing himself before he breakfasts. The furniture, also, is always in the worst possible condition. We were often puzzled to contrive a tolerable table : the one in most common use is composed of planks laid across two stools or benches. The chairs are usually oak, with perpendicular backs. There are no bells, and the attendants are more frequently male than female, though this practice is gradually going out of vogue. There is a great change, moreover, of late years, in the civility of the landlords; they will now acknowledge their obligations to you, and not, as formerly, treat you as intruders. To sum up the comparison between a French and English provincial inn, the expenses for the same kind of treatment, allowing only for the national differences, are about one fourth of what they would be in England. In the course of our tour, we were repeatedly detained for days together at some of the inns on the road; and our whole suite, amounting to seven in number, never cost us more than at the rate of an English guinea a day. In England, I am confident it would have been four times the sum.....

In the ordinary construction of a French chateau, there is a greater consumption of wood than brick, and no sparing of ground. It is usually a rambling building, with a body, wings, and again wings upon those wings; and flanked on each side with a pigeon-house, stables, and barns, the pigeon-house being on the right, and the barns and stables on the left. The decorations are infinitely beneath contempt; painted weather-cocks and copper turrets, and even the paint apparently as ancient as the chateau. The windows are numerous : but even in the best

chateaus there is strange neglect as to the broken glass; sometimes they are left as broken, but more frequently patched with paper, colored silk, or even stuffed with linen. The upper tier of windows, even in the front of the house, is usually ornamented with the clothes of the family hanging out to dry, a piece of slovenliness and ill taste for which there can assuredly be no excuse in the country, where there is surely room enough for this part of household business. Upon the whole, the appearance of a French chateau, in the old style, resembles one of those deserted houses which are sometimes seen in England, where the plaster has been peeled or is peeling off, and where every boy that passes throws his stone at the windows. The pleasure-grounds attached to the chateau, very exactly correspond with its style : the chateau is usually built in the worst possible site of the whole estate. It generally stands in some meadow or lawn, and precisely in that part of it which is the natural drain of the whole, and where, if there was no house, there would necessarily be a horse-pond. A grand avenue, planted on each side with noble trees, leads up to the house, but is usually so overgrown with moss and weeds, as to convey a most uncomfortable feeling of cold, dampness, and desolation. The grass of the lawn is equally foul, and every thing of dirt and rubbish is collected under the windows in front. The gardens behind are in the same execrable state : gravel-walks over-run with moss and weeds : flower-beds ornamented with statues of leaden Floras, painted Mercurys, and Dians with milk-pails. Every yard almost salutes you with some similar absurdity. The hedges are shaped into peacocks, and not unrequently into

ladies and gentlemen dancing a minuet. Pillars of cypress, and pyramids of yew, terminate almost every walk, and if there is a hollow in the garden, it is formed into a muddy pond, in which half a dozen nymphs in stone are about to plunge. . . .

Almost every chateau has a certain number of fish-ponds, and a certain quantity of woodland; and these are considered as such necessary appendages, that a house is scarcely regarded as habitable without them. The table of a French gentleman is almost solely supplied from his land. Having a plenty of poultry, fish, and rabbits, he gives very little trouble to his butcher. Hence in many of the villages meat is not to be had, and even in large towns the supply bears a very small proportion to what would seem to be the natural demand of the population. . . .

One distinction of French and English visiting I must not omit. In England, if any one comes from any distance to visit the family of a friend, he of course takes his dinner, and perhaps his supper, but is then expected to return home. Unless he is a brother or uncle, and not even always then, he must not expect to have a bed. To remain day after day for a week or a fortnight, would be considered as an outrage. On the other hand, in France, a family no sooner comes to its chateau for the summer (for since the revolution this has become the fashion), than preparation is immediately made for parties of visitors. Every day brings some one, who is never suffered to go, as long as he can be detained. Every chateau thus becomes a pleasant assemblage; and in riding, walking, and fishing, nothing can pass more agreeably than a French summer in the coun-

try. As we passed along, we met several of these parties in their morning rides; they invariably addressed us, and very frequently invited us to their houses, though perfectly strangers to us. The mode of living in these country residences differs very little from what is common in the same rank of life in England. The breakfast consists of tea, coffee, fruits, and cold meat. The dinner is usually at two o'clock, and is served up as in England. The French, however, have not as yet imitated the English habit of sitting at table. Coffee in a saloon or pavilion, fronting the garden and lawn, immediately follows the dinner: this consumes about two hours. The company then divide into parties, and walk. They return about eight o'clock to tea. After tea they dance till supper. Supper is all gaiety and gallantry, and the latter perhaps of a kind which in England would not be deemed very innocent. The Champagne then goes round, and the ladies drink as much as the gentlemen, that is to say, enough to exhilarate, not to overwhelm the animal spirits. A French woman, with three or four glasses of wine in her head, would certainly make an English one stare: but France is the land of love; and it is a universal maxim, that life is insipid without it.

Anecdote of LUCIEN BONAPARTÉ.

WHEN the Duke D'Enghien was seized, Lucien, who well knew Napoleon's intention of putting him to death, felt desirous to prevent it, and, for that purpose, repaired to the Tuilleries. He obtained an audience of his brother, and remonstrated against a deed which would at once shock the moral feeling of mankind, and stamp eternal disgrace on the name of Bonaparté. He used every argument which his ingenuity

could devise; he spoke in the glowing language of humanity and honor; but Napoleon remained inflexible, and he was obliged to retire without effecting his purpose. As a last resource, Lucien went to his mother, roused her feelings against the atrocious deed, and urged her to employ her whole art of persuasion to avert it. The old lady without delay hastened to the palace, and presenting herself before her son, fell down on one knee. She conjured him by his regard for his family, and by his affection for his mother, to spare the life of the duke; she also conjured him by the honor of the French nation, and by his own glory, to grant her request. He respectfully raised her up, and told her that he could not grant her request, because reasons of state, which he could not comprehend, prescribed to him his conduct. Lucien, when he learned the unfavorable issue of his mother's application, flew again to the Tuilleries, rushed into the presence of his brother, and upbraided him in severe language.—Napoleon became equally incensed—Lucien seized him by the collar—a general in waiting separated them—Lucien gave up the contest.—“I quit France,” said he, as he was about to retire; “for I will not live under a man who disgraces himself at once as a son, by his want of affection, and as a man by his cruelty. You will render every man,” continued he, addressing his brother, “your enemy; and the day may approach when, like a second Nero, you will be dragged through the streets of Paris.” Lucien and his mother, next day, set out for Italy, where they took up their residence. Napoleon repeatedly urged them to return; but his solicitations were ineffectual. The pope at length overcame the old lady's resolution; but his spiritual counsels had no effect on Lucien.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 333.)

THE spirit of cavilling is not satisfied with asserting that mankind degenerate; it pretends also that they diminish. It is evident, however, that the human species increases. Europe is more populous, and its inhabitants have more rectitude, than when they were almost wholly barbarous.

Happiness is an accident of the soul; consequently cannot be durable. It is an abstract name, composed of certain ideas of pleasure.

This day, 23d of June, 1754, Dom Calmet asked me what news. I told him that Madame de Pompadour's daughter was dead. “And who is Madame de Pompadour?” said he. . . . *Felix errore suo!* (Happy in his ignorance!)

Observe the mean jealousy of men of letters: a clerk of the council writes a bad book, it is pronounced excellent; a brother author writes a good one, it is pronounced execrable.

Good company is a dispersed republic, some of whose members one occasionally meets with.

(To be continued.)

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

How to write Love-Letters.—Madame de Genlis, in her “*Histoire des Femmes Françaises*,” &c. relates, that, a dispute having arisen in a domestic circle of ladies and gentlemen, whether it were more proper for a lover to write to his mistress in verse or in prose; and the parties being un-able to determine which of the two modes of writing was the more indicative of affection, it was finally agreed to refer the decision to the Marchioness de Tibergeau, then in her eightieth year. The old lady was at this moment asleep in her

bed: but, being awaked to decide the important question, she immediately called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following extempore answer, of which we hope some of our poetic readers will favour us with a translation, or imitation.

Non ! ce n'est point en vers qu'an tendfe
amour s'exprime :

Il ne doit point rêver pour trouver ce
qu'il dit,

Et tout arrangement de mesure et de
rime

Ote toujours au cœur ce qu'il donne à
l'esprit.

Antiquarian Cookery.—In the same work, an anecdote is related of the famous Madame Dacier, a learned lady, well known in the literary world for her valuable translations of several Greek and Latin authors, and also for her editions of some of the classics for the use of the Dauphin, grandson of Louis XIV. which she published at the express command of the Duke de Montausier, the young prince's governor.---Madame Dacier and her husband, in reading Athenæus, an ancient Greek writer, found some curious recipe in cookery, which they determined to try. Accordingly they did try it: but---whether the incorrectness or obscurity of the Greek text led them into any error respecting the ingredients or the mode of combining them---or whether French stomachs were incapable of digesting Grecian messes---the result was, that they were both nearly poisoned by the experiment.---Madame de Genlis jocosely adds, that, if they had lost their lives on the occasion, they would no doubt, have gloried in that scientific and classical mode of death!

Spartan Temperance.—Madame Dacier's cookery naturally reminds us of the ancient Spartan cookery, and Spartan temperance.—At Sparta, as we learn from history, the eld-

ers were very temperate, and contented themselves, at their meals, with a certain species of *black broth*, or *gravy*, leaving the solid meat for the young men.—Canting, hypocritical knaves! When their stomachs were no longer able to digest substantial food, they boiled the meat to rags, and extracted from it all the strength and substance, till they produced a fine, rich, high-colored gravy-soup, fit for any modern London Epicure — leaving nothing for the poor young fellows' dinners, but the juiceless, tasteless residue, which *we* would give to our cats and dogs.—Rare temperance! like that of the Irishman, who, having met with an accident in consequence of intoxication with whiskey, made a solemn vow never more to taste of that dangerous liquor—and who strictly kept his vow, by never afterwards drinking any other liquor than brandy!

Superstition.—A village in Upper Silesia having been for several weeks during the late season without rain, as it well might be, as not a drop had fallen in any part of the country, the inhabitants took it into their heads that this long drought was a punishment from heaven, on account of the female part of that community having continued their usual labors during ember week. It was resolved, that, as an expiation for this heinous sin, all the females of the village should perform ablution in an adjacent pond. There was accordingly a general muster of the fair sex, who deprecated the vengeance of the Deity, by taking the cold bath, in the presence of an immense number of spectators.—Three old women, who did not attend at the time and place appointed, have been ever since considered as witches.

Suffocation.—A man, who had

been struck senseless by the noxious vapor in a deep well at Leeds on the 20th of August, and was with difficulty recovered, has described the operation of the vapor on him, as an instantaneous and irresistible inclination to sleep: he sunk into a death-like state with as much composure and freedom from pain, as people usually sink to rest. When at the bottom of the well, all sensation was extinct: but, when beginning to revive, his feelings were like those of a person recovering from extreme intoxication: and so powerful were the effects of the vapor which he had inhaled, that it was several days before he was in a perfectly collected state of mind.

Vaccination.—Don Francisco de Salazar, a deputy from South America to the Spanish Cortes, has reported that vaccination has been practised at Lima with such energy and success, that, during the last twelve months, there had occurred, not only no death, but no case of small-pox: that the new-born children of all ranks are carried to the vaccinating-house as regularly as to the baptismal font; that the small-pox is entirely extinguished in Peru, and nearly so in Chili; and this without any compulsory interference on the part of government.

Snakes.—Two live snakes are advertised for exhibition—the one between seven and eight feet long, weighing about one hundred weight—the other above twelve feet long, and weighing upwards of two hundred.

Paper Roofs.—A Mr. London has just published a pamphlet, describing a mode of roofing houses with paper, which has been practised with success.

The Gout Medicine of Mr. Husson has been discovered by Mr.

Moore, the surgeon. A bottle of the *Eau Medicinale* consists of a drachm and a half of the wine of white hellebore, and half a drachm of vinous laudanum. Mr. Moore has shown that Mr. Husson took the idea from Pliny; and his composition has the taste, the smell, and the precise effects of the French medicine. This is a valuable discovery, as, instead of *ten shillings*, a bottle will cost only *two pence*.

Brewery.—Quantity of strong beer brewed by the twelve principal houses in London, between the 5th July, 1810, and the 5th July, 1811.

	Barrels.		Barrels.
Barclay,	264,105	Combe,	51,761
Meux,	220,94	Brown and	} 72,367
Rimbury,	143,179	Parry,	
Whitehead,	122,116	Elliot,	58,042
Calvert,	105,897	Taylor,	46,222
H. Meux,	103,152	Clowes,	36,372
Goodwyn,	85,181		

Quantity of Ale brewed in the London district, by the eight principal houses, between the 5th of July, 1810, and the 5th of July, 1811:—

	Barrels.		Barrels.
Stretton,	23,063	Thorp,	8,502
Charrington,	18,954	Hale,	8,033
Wyatt,	14,019	Davies,	7,992
Goding,	11,202	Webb,	7,062

Crimes.—From a return made to the House of Commons, of the number of commitments for trial during five years, it appears, that, in London and Middlesex alone, the numbers have been—

In Committed.	Indicted.	Convicted.
1805 - 980 - -	951 - -	558
1806 - 899 - -	855 - -	475
1807 - 1017 - -	980 - -	542
1808 - 1110 - -	1074 - -	619
1809 - 1243 - -	1197 - -	750

In this table the gradual increase of crimes and convictions for the last three years is very remarkable; and the evil may be traced to the pressure of the times; for it is under the head of *Larceny* that the increase of crimes is chiefly to be found.

London Morning and Evening

DRESSES.

1. *Morning dress*.—A Pelisse of blue sarsenet trimmed with broad velvet of the same color. A hat of white satin turned up one side; a flower in the front.

2. *Evening or Ball dress*.—Of yellow sarsenet trimmed with satin of the same color: a turban cap of satin covered with crape, all of the same color, ornamented with a flower; a shawl agreeable to fancy.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or *Ends of Verses*, to be completed in

any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes of the writer's own choice.

Strain, Chain—Arms, Alarms—
Field, Yield—Blood, Flood—
Mourn, Torn—Fires, Spires—Foe,
Low—Rise, Prize.

Any approved Completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of December, shall appear on the first of January.

POETRY.

To S. M. S

in return for a LOCK of her HAIR.

By Miss ELIZABETH BAXTER,
Newington.

THANKS, dearest friend—ten thousand
thanks receive, [hair!

For that fair lock of thy resplendent
Near to my heart the precious gift shall
live, [there.

And, with its owner, ever flourish
Thy darling image twines around my
heart, [chains.

And holds its slave in voluntary
E'en this, this gift can magic joys
impart, [pains.

And call to mind our pleasures past, or
Whene'er my eyes with growing trans-
port glance

On that dear token of Maria's love,
The lambent spark (enrapt) I see ad-
vance; [bosom move.

And friendship's glowing fires my
Long as my breast with vital warmth
shall heat, [mind.

And soft'ning passions animate my
There shall thy name for ever find a seat,
Nor time nor absence break what love
has join'd.

In thy Eliza, thou may'st see a friend,
Whose love no change from time or
absence knows;

Whose faith would scorn alike to break
or bend, [flows.

But from the heart in streams eternal

CONTENT.

By Miss C. C. RICHARDSON, *Hinderwell*.

In this restless disquiet how long shall
we rove? [bent,

For ever in search of true happiness
We say that the pleasures of life we
would prove:— [rest in content.

Let us strive with ourselves then to
What, though we are poor, and though
humble our state,

Though small is the portion that
heaven has sent?

We are free from the ills that attend on
the great, [still be content.

And, in spite of blind Fortune, may
Each rub, that through life on frail

mortals attends, [never prevent,

And which all human foresight can
'Tis surely for good that kind Providence
sends: [still be content.

And with this, like the rest, we may
If with riches we're blest, and the com-
forts of life [has sent,

Kind heav'n in abundance upon us
All the pleasures that earth can afford,

we enjoy: [content.

Then surely with this we may well be
Whate'er be my station in life's rugged
way, [lament.

Should Fortune desert me, I ne'er will
Should misfortune attend me, my con-
science is free; [with content,

And I hope I shall always be blest

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Walking & Evening or Ball Dress.
N^o. 10. 1811.

Sonnet to the SWALLOW.

By the Lady to whom we are indebted for our Novel of "The BROTHERS."

BY Spring's first sun-beam, from her
wint'ry rest, [low hies
Lo! wak'd to toil, th' industrious swal-
To seek a shelter for her clayey nest,
And call the soil that fit cement sup-
plies.

She cleaves the air with steady speed,
and gay

Inhales its fragrance as she flies along;
Sips, as she skims the river, on her way;
Nor loiters she its bord'ring sweets
among.

The dwelling form'd, her young ones
forth she brings; [rears,
With anxious busy care the brood she
Guides them awhile, to try their unskill'd
wings, [appears,
Then ends her destin'd task, and dis-

Ah! it is thus that instinct wings her
way,
While loit'ring reason wastes life's pre-
cious day.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed in our Magazine for August.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petheron.

OH! for a spark of that wild innate
fire [inspire!
That erst did Shakspeare's glowing breast
Immortal Shakspeare! Nature's poet!
born

Eliza's reign and Britain's isle t' adorn;
Whom Faucy lent her daring wing, to
soar,

And all the secrets of her realm explore!
Whom Genius gave to form the moral
page,

And hold the faithful mirror to the age!
Romantic wish! In vain I strive to sing;
In vain, untaught, I woo the trembling
string,

And fondly hope my Muse's artless lays,
Some future day, may win a sprig of
bays—

Friendless, alas! she takes her humble
And critic frowns her op'ning prospects
blight. [my doom,

To tread life's maze unknown, must be
And steal unnotic'd to the silent tomb!

Another.—The POET, by J. M. L.

SOME youthful poet fancies he has fire,
That Genius gives her aid to form his
lays;

And hopes he may a tasteless age inspire
With genuine zeal for those who wear
the bays.

Then rhimes to rhimes he tacks—an end-
less string—

And thinks to inspiration's fount to
'Mid the bright stars of poesy to sing,
And unknown realms of rapture to
explore.

But soon he finds the world neglects his
page;

And storms surround him in his fervid
He execrates an undiscerning age;
But keenly feels neglect's untimely
blight.

Sorrowing now he finds he was not born
To charm, instruct, and lead,—but fill
a tomb!—

Thus sinks the man, who hop'd he might
adorn, [doom?

A wretched victim of Despair's dark

Another, by W. H.—Address to the MUSE.

ATTRACTIVE Muse of ardent glowing
fire, [inspire!

Oh! guide my pen, and all my song
For, though my verse be weak, unlike the
lays [sian bays,

That warm the heart, and claim Parnas-
Yet am I bound in the poetic string,

And captive to mechanic words I sing!
I would not ask above my pow'rs to soar,

Nor can I hope Parnassus to explore:
But much I love to see the moral page

Bear, from my pen, the efforts of my age.
Yes, much I love the sweet poetic flight:

But soon, ah! soon, my pow'r will feel a
blight! [born;—

To-day I live, and Fancy's flow'r is
To-morrow die, and flow'rs my grave
adorn!

Then, O my Muse! upon my humble
tomb [doom.

Hang dewy garlands, and lament my

Another, by G. J.

The MUSE to the POET.

I'LL fill thy soul with ardent fire,
That thou shalt other bards inspire;

And, for thy soft and rural lays,
Thy brows I'll deck with crown of bays.

E'en should thy lyre e'er want a string,
H * * * * shall yet have pow'r to sing

His strains melodious, and to soar,
Parnassian beauties to explore,

To decorate the glowing page,
The first in this poetic age!

Yet Genius, in her loftiest flight,
Like tender plants, may feel a blight.

Among Parnassian sons, are born
Some few, whose talents might adorn

The sculptur'd beauties of the tomb,
Where splendid talents meet their doom.

Another, by EDHUND ROSE.

To APOLLO.

Who's he, whose thoughts with magic
fire,

Great god of verse, thou wilt inspire?

Instruct him, as he pens the lays,

That crown his honor'd head with
bays.—

Whether he sweep the frolic string

That loves in playful strains to sing,

Or hid his loftier Muse to soar,

The hero's martial deeds t' explore—

Yet shall thy fav'rite's classic page

At once instruct and please the age;

Securely Genius take his flight,

Fearless of Envy's cank'ring blight.

Where'er the poet shall be born,

A nation's annals to adorn—

How soon—what'er may be his doom—

His fame shall live beyond the tomb.

Another, by J. C.—To his own SOUL.

CANST thou, my soul, inspir'd with sa-
cred fire, [lays ?

With cold indiff'rence treat the holy

Forget thy Saviour, who did Paul inspire

To crown the nations with the heav'nly
bays ?

'Twas he that turn'd thy heart, and
touch'd the string

That caus'd thy passions thus in love
to sing; [soar,

To leave the world behind, and upward

To join the song of saints—their theme
explore.

Oh! come, my soul! and read the sacred
page :

Transport thyself from earth in fancy's
flight; [age

Look! here are wonders, which the latest

Can ne'er destroy, nor time can ever
blight !

Blest be the day when Christ the Lord
was born! [adorn,

Salvation shall my soul through him

Though time with me is short, and the
cold tomb

Shall be my earthly, not eternal, doom.

Imitation of the French Epigram given in
our Magazine for August.

By E. C.

We honor Virtue, as we honor queens :

Her worth, her mildness, interest our
hearts : [venes,

But awe, more cold than int'rest, inter-

And chills the sympathy which zeal
imparts : [ward starts.

One timidly draws near; the other back-

Another, by W. E. junior.

We look on Virtue as a queen :—

Though her attractions all must own;

Yet, aw'd by her illustrious mien,

We never dare approach her throne.

Imitation of the French Epigram given in
our last Number.

HOPE.—By SIVAD.

MISERY is man's constant plaint :

" His destiny is nought but sorrow!"—

He lives—let hope be ne'er so faint—

And trusts he'll happier be to-morrow.

Impromptu, on being requested to write
something on the fourth Anniversary of a
Child's BIRTH-DAY.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

Ah! what can I for Tommy say,

To celebrate his natal day?—

I'll wish—though wishing's vain—

As careless, innocent, and gay,

May four more years still glide away;

And then I'll wish again.

Charade.

My first is oft uncivil reckon'd;

And in all places may be found my
second.

The thief's oft frightened, when my whole
he hears :

The coward fights me, but the hero fears.

Enigma.

Bloody Mary had none :

Queen Bess had a pair :

The fairest has one,

But not so the fair.

The LEGITIMATE SON; a Tale.

By Mr. ELTON, author of " Tales of
Romance."

ROME's empress pale on her death-bed
lay, [clay;

And her lips and forehead were cold as

" O emperor! hear—three sons are mine;

But one of the three alone is thine."

Eufemian dropp'd the scalding tear,
And his brow was bath'd in the dew of
fear; [gain,

" Thy crime, Theodora, shall pardon

But speak! that my true-born son may
reign."

The empress gaz'd with a ghastly eye,
And her bosom heav'd a deep-drawn sigh;

But a mother's love was strong in death,

And speechless she yielded up her breath.

On his death-bed soon Rome's emperor
lay, [clay :

And his lips and forehead were cold as

"Jerusalem's king shall fill my throne,
Till that my true-born son be known."

Jerusalem's king the mandate gave;
They raise the corse from its new-made
grave; [stand,
With arrows and bows the sons must
And the sceptre shall gift the truest hand.

The princes the shrouded monarch see
At distance bound to a plantane-tree:
With steady aim the eldest stands,
And the bowstring twangs in his nervous
hands.

In the forehead cold of the breathless
corse

The arrow quivers with cleaving force;
Then forth from the throng the second
came,
And wary stood with an archer's aim.

He drew the bow with rebounding twang,
Through the whistling air the arrow
sang;

As the lightning swift, that bearded dart
Was lodg'd in the lifeless monarch's
heart.

Jerusalem's king then turn'd to know
Why the youngest prince came loitering
slow;

But with sobs and cries that rent the ear,
That youthful prince stood weeping near.

The dart and bow to his grasp were
giv'n, [heav'n;

But his eyes in horror were rais'd to
He trampled the bow, and he snapp'd the
dart—

"Ah! shall I pierce my father's heart?"

Jerusalem's king from his throne stept
down, [crown;

On the youngest's brows he plac'd the
"Untouch'd shall the corse of thy father
be

By the hand of his son; for thou art he!"

The STATUE of VENUS.

(From *Shée's "Elements of Art."*)

With modest mien the sov'reign beauty
stands, [mauds,
And seeks to shun the homage she com-
Averts her face with such a timid air,
The marble seems to burn in blushes
there; [fold

While grace and ease in ev'ry limb un-
The Paphian fair that fir'd the world of
old

Each charm divine that Nature's stores
supply, [eye;

To fire the poet's thought or painter's

Whate'er of love's Elysium fancy view'd,
Or Heav'n unfolds in vision to the Muse,
The curious artist caught, with care
combin'd, [refin'd,

Fix'd as he found, and, as he wrought,
Till, rapt, the wave's proud offspring he
outvies,

And bids a rival from the rock arise.
When Nature, watchful of the process,
view'd

A form so lovely, from a mass so rude;
When, in the wondrous work, she saw
her own

By art outdone, and e'en excell'd in stone,
Amaz'd, she paus'd—confess'd the con-
qu'ring fair, [tion there.

Set her bright seal, and stamp'd perfec-
Yet while we view those beauties which
might move [love,

Immortal breasts, and warm a world to
No coarse emotions rise, no vulgar fires
Profane the sacred passion she inspires;
Each sense, refin'd to rapture as we gaze,
Like heav'n's pure angels, finds its bliss
in praise.

The HERMIT.

(From "*Romance; a Poetical Capriccio.*")

"FATHER," methought I seem'd to say,
"Man is the being of a day!"

His years are number'd; few can tell
How long the beating pulse shall swell,—
How long this perishable frame

Shall inly glow, and glow the same.
Perhaps to-morrow's coming dawn,
That lights the dew-drop on the lawn,
This form, replete with life, shall see
The wreck of mere mortality.

Here, then, remote from human strife,
From jarring din of busy life,

'Twere sweet to banish worldly pain,
And breathe to Heav'n some holy strain,
The hymn of gratitude to raise,
Ask pow'r to thank, and skill to praise."

"Son," said the hermit, "man is
frail;

His fears augment, his doubts prevail:
Ungrateful for the prosperous breeze
That wafts his ship to climes of ease,
He views with uncontroll'd delight
The harbour op'ning to his sight;
Nor on the care of Heav'n reflects,
When gain'd the port that God directs.

In man's desires we always see
Unlimited variety:

Boundless as space, his wishes rise,
His fervent pray'rs assail the skies;

Yet have these pray'rs some fruitless aim,
For wealth, for power, or for fame:—

Short-sighted beings of the dust,
Wealth, fame, and pow'r ye vainly trust !
Such vapors of an idle dream,
Dissolv'd by Truth's resplendent beam,
Like footsteps in the frozen clay,
With the first thaw shall melt away.
Here, in this wood which now we tread,
Have thirty winters bleach'd my head ;—
For me the world no charms can boast—
I hate its quicksands and its coast—
Charms all alluring to the eye,
Yet fraught with deathless misery ;
Most dang'rous when they seem to bless—
Unhappy in their happiness.
Secure I dwell amid these shades,
These shelter'd groves, these woody glades ;
Tranquil my mind, secure my trust
That God is good,—that God is just !
When summon'd from the world, I crave
Near this lone cell a shelter'd grave ;
Peace and repose beneath the sod,—
Rest in the bosom of my God ;
While you broad oak, so strangely bent,
Shall be my lasting monument.”

The HUNTERS of SAINT GOTHARD.

By the Hon. ANNABELLA HAWKE.

“ COME, Albert, come, the sunbeams
bright

Already gild St. Gothard's height ;
The savage wolf we chase to day,
O'er Alpine mountains far away.
Soon, soon his forfeit head we'll gain,
And bear in joy to Uri's plain ;
Then, Albert, haste : no more delay :
The sunbeams on St. Gothard play.

“ Hark ! from the woods and glens
around,

Their horns the early huntsmen sound.
Gaily the slipp'ry paths they tread,
Though threat'ning cliffs o'ertop their
head :

To wild St. Gothard's steeps they lie,
Ere the sun gains the noontide sky.
Then, Albert, haste : no more delay :
The huntsmen's bugles call away.

“ When evening comes with joyful beam,
We'll hail the moon-illum'd stream,
We'll hail the stars, whose friendly light
Conducts us midst the dews of night,
To where the hamlet's cheerful glow
Gleams on the pale and crusted snow ;
Then, Albert, haste : no more delay :
The sunbeams on St Gothard play.”

Sonnet on a SUICIDE.

By the late Mr. WORGAN.

WHERE you pale cypress shades the
lonely way,
Sleep the cold relics of a lovely maid :

Long did the star of peace, with cloud-
less ray, [betray'd
Beam on her path ; till barb'rous man
Her soft, unpractic'd heart.—Awhile she
gaz'd [spair

With horror on herself ; till grim De-
To her pale lips the fatal goblet rais'd,
Drugg'd with the pois'nous draught.—

With idiot stare
And frenzied laugh, she heav'd the bitter
throe, [o'er-spread,

Till death's chill dews her beauteous face
And dimm'd her sparkling eye.—O child
of woe, [bead !

Light lie the greensward on thy hapless
But what shall be the guilt-stain'd
wretch's doom, [the tomb ?

Whose treach'rous passion hurl'd thee to

The nameless CHARM.

ELIZA, I can't say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise ;
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace ;
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a part injustice were.
No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop :
So, when the stars in heav'n appear,
And join to make the night look clear,
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the united work of all.
He that doth lips or hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more.
But I love all, and ev'ry part—
And nothing less can reach my heart.
Cupid that lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

The CRITIC.

DAMUS, an author cold and weak,
Thinks, as a critic, he's divine :—
Likely enough :—we often make
Good vinegar of sorry wine !

*Vers laissés sur la toilette de NINON
LENCLOS, par un Amant jaloux.*

INDIGNE de mes feux, indigne de mes
larmes,
Je renonce sans peine à tes faibles appas.
Mon amour te prêtait des charmes,
Ingrate, que tu n'avais pas.

Réponse de NINON.

Insensible à tes feux, insensible à tes
larmes,
Je te vis renoncer à mes faibles appas :
Mais, si l'amour prête des charmes,
Pourquoi n'en empruntais-tu pas ?

* * * A Translation or Imitation is requested,
for our next or any future Number.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Negro Chapels.—By a law passed in Jamaica in November last, any person preaching to negroes without a registered qualification, or any qualified person preaching in an unlicensed house, is subject, for the first "offence," to a fine of fifty pounds, or three months' imprisonment—and, for every subsequent offence, to double penalty; and every individual, attending at the meeting in either case, is subject, if a free person, to a fine of five pounds, or two months' imprisonment, for the first offence, and, for each subsequent offence, to a fine of ten pounds, or six months' imprisonment—or, if a slave, to a public "flogging" for the first offence, and, for every subsequent offence, to three months' "hard labor" in confinement, with the addition of a flogging, at the discretion of the magistrate. And any "preacher or teacher," who shall "be present" at a negro meeting before sun-rise or after sun-set, is subject to a fine of fifty pounds, or three months' imprisonment; and every other person attending such meeting, to a fine of ten pounds, or one month's imprisonment.

Slave-Murder.—The new Governor of Berbice, Robert Gordon, Esq. has insisted upon an important alteration of the Dutch Colonial Code, in favor of our sable brethren. In an edict of the 1st of July, it is enacted, that every white, or other free person, convicted of murdering, maiming, or wounding a slave, to whomsoever belonging, shall suffer the same punishment which would attach to the perpetration of such crimes upon persons of his own class.

Wahabees.—The new sect of the Wahabees, or Wechabites, continue to extend their power and their principles. A body of them, amounting to 15,000, lately attacked an army of 4000 Arabs and Persians, whom they defeated, with the slaughter of between two and three thousand men.

Volcano.—Another volcano broke out in the sea, near the Azores, on the 4th July, at about eight leagues distance from St. Michael's, and in near 35 fathoms water. It has ejected much lava, and greatly agitated the sea, and will, it is supposed, form an island; but its surface, on the 28th, was still below the

level of the water. A third volcano is said to have been discovered a little to the eastward, of which the smoke is plainly visible from St. Michael's. Some boatmen, who approached it while quiescent, report, that the sea on the spot was quite discolored, and had a sulphureous smell, and that they picked up a quantity of dead fish, half roasted.

South-American Congress.—On the 5th of July, the General Congress of Venezuela, consisting of 40 representatives, among whom was general Miranda, issued a declaration of complete and unqualified independence.

The Pope was reported to be still confined at Savona in the middle of July. His guards were numerous, and admitted no person to see him. He every day, appeared at a window, and gave his benediction to the people. But, about the end of July, his windows had not been opened for several days; and it was supposed that he had been removed to some other place.

About the beginning of August, a body of six thousand Spaniards commanded by generals Sarsfield and Lacey, descending from the Pyrenees, invaded the French territory, entered several towns, levied contributions to a considerable amount, collected about 500 horses, and returned safe with their booty.

A letter from Laguiria, of Aug. 8, says—Nothing but confusion reigns over all South America. People are daily taken up on suspicion of plots against the government. . . . At the different gates leading to the city of Caracas, are the heads of traitors, stuck upon poles.

Monks of La Trappe.—Aug. 22. In consequence of dispatches from the Landammann of Switzerland, two members of the lesser council of Freyburg went to the Val Saint, where the monks of La Trappe have resided for some years, and placed every thing under seal. Orders were at the same time given to arrest the abbot, who, however, is said to have made his escape.

Bank-Robbery.—Aug. 25. The bank at Charleston, South Carolina, was robbed, to the amount of 130, or 140,000 dollars in specie.

Feudal Titles.—By a decree of Aug. 26.

Bonaparté has notified that his subjects in the various departments recently annexed to his dominions, who possess feudal titles acquired before the annexation of those countries to the French empire, shall, until the first of Jan. 1813, be allowed the liberty of appearing before his arch-chancellor, and soliciting the grant of the new titles of the empire, and new armorial bearings, instead of the former, which the laws of the empire do not permit to be retained.

Lightning.—*Stockholm, Aug. 30.*—A few weeks since, the lightning struck down a church in the parish of Sexeraga, not far from Gothenburg, at a time when about 600 persons were assembled at divine service. Three were killed on the spot, and above 100 affected in such a manner that they were taken away deprived of sensation.—Most of them had red stripes and marks on their bodies; all of them complained of head-aches, and pains in the extremities of their bodies.

Advises from Boston, of September 9, state that the President of the U. S. has, at the demand of the British minister, disavowed any orders as having occasioned the battle with the Little Belt (noticed in our Magazine for June, p. 282) and agreed to call a court martial on Commodore Rodgers.

On the 4th September, *Madame Blanchard* made her 41st acrostic ascension, at Milan.

London, Sept. 23.—Two more conflagrations have lately occurred on the continent—the one at Osterhofen, by which 36 houses and barns, containing the produce of the harvest, were destroyed; and the other at Dachwicz, six leagues from Gotha, which consumed 40 houses and other buildings.

A gentleman, recently arrived from Paris, states, that **Bonaparté's** grand plan, on which he depended for a supply of sugar, has been totally abandoned. It was found that the extract from the beet-root did not answer the purpose on several accounts. The grape produced a saccharine substance; nearest in resemblance to sugar produced from the cane; but there was this disadvantage attending the manufacture of sugar from grapes, that, when the juice was kept to a certain season of the year, a fermentation took place, which spoiled the whole process. Indigo has also failed: but cotton has succeeded, and is stated to be equal in quality to the best article of the kind from Berberie. Several cargoes,

which had been produced in Italy, had arrived in France from Naples.

Large bands of robbers, noticed in the French and German Papers to stop the communication between Frankfort and the French territories, are said to be formed in considerable bodies of determined warriors, like the Spanish guerrillas. They possess a large tract of ground in the Black Forest, and have seized convoys of artillery and ammunition crossing the Rhine, in their march to Poland from France.

Lord Wellington.—On the 25th of September, the French general Marmont, at the head of a very numerous army, advanced to relieve Ciudad Rodrigo, which was blockaded by the allies. Two or three days of sharp skirmishing ensued between his army and that of Lord Wellington.—Marmont succeeded in relieving the town; and Lord Wellington retreated, as did likewise the French general, after he had accomplished his object.

Tencriffe, Sept. 27. The yellow fever rages with great violence at Grand Canary.

Kingdom of Hayti (or St. Domingo)—A new constitution has lately been promulgated by Christophe, the black sovereign in St. Domingo, which establishes a hereditary monarchy in the person of the said Christophe (under the title of King Henry) and his male descendants, or nearer male relatives. But the king may, in default of male issue, adopt the sons of any prince of his kingdom, and appoint them his heirs, in preference to his relatives.—This new government appears to be an arbitrary monarchy, as the constitution provides no checks or limitations to the exercise of the regal authority.

A goldsmith at Pisa (*M. Gallani*) lately made an experiment in that city, with a new kind of parachute. By the aid of his machine, he threw himself from the top of the cathedral, and alighted upon the ground without sustaining the least injury.

London, Oct. 3.—The city of Petyckow, one of the richest and most commercial in Russia, experienced, last month, a dreadful fire, which burned 662 houses, with many shops.

London, Oct. 4.—The states of the kingdom of Hungary appear determined to assert their natural rights, in opposition to the system of the court of Vienna. They are willing, it is true, to sa-

swer the expectations of the Austrian minister with respect to the taxes and contributions, but not until the priority be given to other matters of a very serious nature. They demand, that perfect liberty of trade should be restored between the Hungarian and Austrian territories, and, with this view, that all the duties now exacted for the ingress and egress of merchandise should be withdrawn. They require further, that, before the pecuniary grants receive the sanction of the Diet, some important points respecting their immunities and privileges should be adjusted, the compliance with which had been long withheld by the craft or policy of the court.

Slave-Trade.—*London, Oct. 12.*—The *Myrtle* sloop has captured an American schooner with 400 slaves on board, which she carried into Sierra Leone, where the slaves were liberated.

Antwerp.—Prodigious sums have been expended on improvements in the city and port of Antwerp. Seven years ago there was in Antwerp but a single quay, and the houses were advanced to the banks of the river: at present these houses have given place to superb quays, useful to commerce, and even to the defence of the place.—Six years ago there was no basin in it, but only some canals, where ships drawing ten or twelve feet water could scarcely enter: now there is a basin with 26 feet water, and capable of containing 50 ships of the line, with a passage for vessels of 120 guns.—All the canals or aqueducts, which corrupted the air, and gave this town the aspect of a heap of ruins, have been repaired or cleansed.—In the dock yards, twenty-one vessels of war, of which eight are three-deckers, are on the stocks, more or less advanced. The arsenal is abundantly supplied with all sorts of equipments which the Rhine and the Meuse afford; there are besides in it many thousand masts from the north.

The village of Wungen, Duchy of Luneburg, was, on the night of the 13th, entirely swept away, by the sudden overflowing of the Elbe. Of 950 peasants, its inhabitants, scarcely a dozen escaped; and they owed their preservation to going to the upper stories of their cottages. Many of the buildings, nearly entire, with some dead bodies, were floated, and picked up at a distance of 40 miles from the spot where the place stood.

London, Oct. 14.—The Diet of Switzerland, by the command of Bonaparte,

has passed a decree ordering all the Switzers in the service of England to return home by the end of the year, under pain of losing their right of citizenship and their property—and subjecting to similar penalties all Switzers who shall hereafter engage in the English service.

Desperation.—Two families, named Jovitch, who had, for upwards of twenty years, established themselves upon the nearly inaccessible mountain of Deligrad, situate between Dalmatia and Croatia, whence they laid all the adjacent country under contribution, were lately surrounded in their retreat by a body of French troops. Despairing of effecting their escape, and learning, in a conference with the French officer, that an ignominious death awaited them, they assembled their wives and children in two buildings, and condemned them to the flames, with their most valuable effects. They afterwards threw themselves from the highest point of the mountain, but did not meet that death which they courted. Nearly 300 souls perished in the conflagration, and many of the survivors were dreadfully burned.

London, Oct. 19.—By the last letters from Persia, we learn that his Excellency Sir Gore Ouseley and his Lady occupied the beautiful palace at Shiraz, called the Takhti Cazar, as being a royal residence of the present reigning family, surnamed Casar. The other gentlemen of the English embassy, with the escort of cavalry, the artillery, and servants, were encamped close to the gardens of the palace. Sir William Ouseley was preparing to set out on a journey to Darabgard (the ancient Cynopolis), and to explore the ruins of Pasargada (or Persagada) and the tomb of Cyrus; after which his intention was to trace the route of Alexander from Pasargada to Persepolis. Sir William hoped to perform this expedition (about 30 miles) in 10 or 14 days; and his brother, the ambassador, had obtained for him a royal firman, and an officer of the Prince's guards to attend him.

Octob. 26.—Letters from Sicily state that a British garrison has obtained possession of Palermo.

Octob. 27.—Advices from America say that the Indians have begun to commit ravages on the frontiers of the U. S. and that they are instigated to these hostile proceedings by British agents, who furnish them with arms and ammunition.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

DURING the latter part of September, and the beginning of October, His Majesty was tolerably tranquil and composed, took his meals regularly, and occasionally walked through his suite of apartments, but was not able to do it daily. On the 5th of October, the Queen's council, after having examined the physicians, reported that his bodily health was better than at the time of their preceding report, but his "mental health considerably worse;" that some of the physicians did "not entirely despair" of his recovery—that one of them thought his recovery probable—all the others, "very improbable."—Two additional physicians, Drs. Symonds and Munro, have been called in; and recourse has again been had to Dr. John Willis, who strongly recommends the same mode of treatment as was pursued in his Majesty's former malady.—On the 19th, the physicians reported to the Queen's council, that they had been obliged to administer opiates to their royal patient, who, at the present date (October 28), is represented to be rather worse than better.

Irish Catholics.—Criminal prosecutions have been commenced against Lord Fingall for having presided at a meeting of Catholics—and against the Hon. Mr. Barnewall (son of Lord Trimbleston) for having undertaken the office of a delegate.—The Catholics, nevertheless, in every county of Ireland, have met, and elected delegates, who, to the number of three hundred, held a public meeting in Dublin on the 19th of October. Among them were the most ancient noblemen in the island, and gentry of the first respectability and fortune.—On the day of their meeting, the garrison was ordered under arms, and the whole corps of the Police was paraded, and in readiness. In the midst of these menacing appearances, the delegates coolly proceeded to business, unanimously voted a petition to parliament for the redress of their grievances, and then adjourned.—After this adjournment, and when the assembly were peaceably retiring, two magistrates arrived with an order from the head Police-office to disperse them.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheat

loaf, October 3, seventeen pence—October 10th, 17th, and 24th, the same.

On the 23d of August, a young ox fell into a cavern on the hill of Carsgowmie, near Forfar, about 40 feet deep, and nearly perpendicular. On the 15th of September, after having remained there twenty three days without either food or water, he was drawn out alive, and has since been reported to be regaining his wonted strength and vigour.

Curious Spire.—A spire of a new construction was erected upon the church of Edgeworthstown, Ireland. It is 50 feet high, made of iron and slate, and painted and sanded so as perfectly to resemble Portland stone, and was put together within side of the tower, by which means the expense and danger of external scaffolding were avoided. It was raised in a few minutes by four men, with the aid of machinery, and easily placed on its destined base.

Gambling.—Sept. 24. James Nares, conductor of a "*Little Go*," was sentenced to be imprisoned six months as a rogue and vagabond, and to be once publicly whipped.

Courageous Sympathy.—A child lately fell off Chelsea-bridge, at high water, into the Thames. A Chelsea pensioner, with only one arm, an honest Hibernian, of the name of Burns, on hearing of the circumstance, hastened to the spot, and, without pulling off his clothes, plunged headlong from the bridge, and caught the child by the hair, as he was sinking for the third time. Burns then threw himself on his back, placed the child on his breast, and succeeded in bringing him ashore.

Gentlemen Coach-drivers.—The driver of a stage-coach was convicted at Coventry, on Saturday last, in the penalty of £10, for suffering a gentleman to drive; by which means an accident happened.

A Well has lately been discovered in the keep of Dover Castle, about five feet in diameter, and upwards of 400 feet deep.—This, according to tradition, is the identical well that Harold promised to deliver, with the Castle of Dover, into the hands of William the Conqueror; the breach of which promise cost the former his life and kingdom.

Robbery of the Treasury.—The locks of

the desks and other places in the Treasury have lately been broken open, and the property secured by them stolen. The depredations were repeated on Tuesday night, without the least suspicion attaching to any person. The principal property stolen is books and stationary.

Prisons.—September 26, a man was fined ten pounds for having conveyed spirituous liquors to prisoners; confined in the House of Correction, Cold Bath fields.

Lightning.—Sept. 27. In a severe storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with excessive rain, as Mr. Hugh Hughes, farmer, of Tyddyn Whiskyn, was returning from Carnarvon, with his daughter behind him on horseback, she and the horse were struck by the lightning, and expired on the spot.—He received no other injury than a slight hurt in his leg by the fall of his horse.

Pugilism.—So great was the concourse of people, including nobility and gentry, assembled to witness a battle between Messrs. Crib and Molineaux, near Grant-ham in Rutland, on the 28th of September, that not a bed could be obtained within twenty miles of the scene of action on the preceding night.—Mr. Cribb, the conqueror, returned to London, in company with a gentleman amateur, in a barouche and four—the horses decorated with ribbons.

Military Fracas.—Dublin, Oct. 1.—A serious disturbance took place between a regiment of Irish Militia and detachments of the English Militia, quartered in the Royal Barracks. It is asserted, as an undoubted fact, that four hundred Irish had the temerity to oppose fifteen hundred English.—The parties were afterwards publicly and solemnly reconciled.

The collection at the extra musical performance at Gloucester Cathedral on Thursday, for the relief of the imprisoned debtors, and the benefit of the General Infirmary in that city, amounted to upwards of 250*l*.

At a late fire in St. Giles's, the following most remarkable and providential preservation occurred, of the lives of a mother and her four children, who resided in the upper part of the house.—The flames were raging upwards to her apartments, and there was little or no chance of escaping; but being encouraged by the people in the street, who were prepared with beds, she threw out three of her children, one at a time, who

were all safely caught, without receiving any injury; the youngest she tied to her back, and jumped out; and they also were caught, without receiving any injury.

Fire at Greenwich Hospital.—October 1, about one in the morning, a fire broke out in the infirmary, which completely destroyed the interior of the North and West sides.—The patients were all saved from danger.

Scotch Marriages.—From the judgement pronounced by Sir Wm. Scott, in the case of W. H. Dalrymple and Miss Gordon, it appears, that, in Scotland, if a man, either in writing, or by verbal declaration before witnesses, acknowledge a woman as his wife, such acknowledgement constitutes the parties lawful husband and wife, although the nuptial rite has not been performed, and even though no conjugal act can be proved.

Pike and Otter.—In the river near Winchester, a young otter was lately seen holding an enormous pike, which he had seized on the back part of its head. The pike, by strong exertion, liberated itself, and seized its opponent by the throat. On the latter uttering a plaintive moan, his dam suddenly appeared, seized the pike, and carried it off.

Female Cricket-Players.—October 2, at Ball's Pond, Newington, commenced a cricket-match, of twenty-two females of different ages, from 14 to upwards of 40, viz. eleven Hampshire females against eleven from Surry. It lasted three days; and the Hampshire party were the winners.

Standing of Coaches.—Oct. 4. At Marlborough Street office, the driver of a Brentford stage was fined and reprimanded for having, contrary to law, placed his coach before the door of a tradesman in Piccadilly, and persisted in the offence, though warned not to do so.

Mr Drakard's Subscription.—Amount advertised, October 5, £489. 15. 9. (See our Magazine for June, p. 284.)

The Privy Council Office was broken open, a few nights since: but the robbers fled on hearing a noise.

In sawing a fir-tree lately at Paxton House, in the parish of Hutton, the saw was suddenly obstructed by a hard substance; and, on splitting the timber, a horse-shoe was found completely imbedded in it, the wood quite sound all round it. The tree was about 33 feet 6 inches in circumference.

At the late ceremony of swearing in the new Mayor of Plymouth, (Dr. Bellamy), an Act of Parliament was called for by one of the commonsalty, of Charles II. and read, containing a clause, that no person is eligible to be elected a mayor or chief magistrate of any city, borough, or town corporate, who has not received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper within a twelvemonth and a day of his nomination. After some time, Dr. B. refusing to answer the question, the election was declared void by the common hall.

Balloon.—*Octob. 7.* Mr. Sadler made his twenty-first ascent from Vauxhall, near Birmingham, accompanied by Mr. Burchani, of Norfolk. The process of filling the balloon occupied three hours and three quarters.—It carried nearly 200 pounds of ballast, besides the necessary apparatus, and provisions.—At one period of their voyage, the aeronauts were at the height of about two miles and a half: and, in one hour and twenty minutes, they traveled at least a hundred and twelve miles.

Life-Boat.—*Octob. 7.* A boat was exhibited on the Thames near Blackfriars bridge, fitted out as a life-boat upon a new plan invented by Capt. Cartwright, of Nottingham. It appeared next to impossible either to sink or upset her; when full of water, with 23 men standing on her thwarts, and sixteen half-hundreds of iron in her bottom, she continued perfectly buoyant.

The total receipts at the late Birmingham musical festival amounted to the sum of £6,308. 2s. 3d. The clear profit to the charity is estimated at £3,000.

Octob. 9.—Strawberries were exposed to sale in Covent-garden: and such is the extreme mildness of the weather, that several birds' nests have recently been found in the country with eggs.

Octob. 9.—About eleven o'clock at night, a large meteor, or ball of fire, was seen from Stafford. It arose in the west; and was observed to have a train or tail of flame, till it came more immediately over the town. It was of the size of a cannon-ball, and moved with considerable velocity at first; but passing directly east, its progress gradually diminished till it disappeared.

At Ballinasloe Fair, which ended on the 10th of October, upwards of ninety-six thousand sheep were exposed to sale, and above seven thousand head of horned cattle—of which were sold, sheep above

seventy-three thousand—horned cattle, above six thousand five hundred.

Preaching.—A few days ago, John Whitaker was fined in the penalty of twenty pounds, by a magistrate, for preaching in an unlicensed house, in the parish of Hanney, Wiltshire; and a like sum was levied upon Edward Welsh, occupier of the house, who, besides, was fined one shilling, for not attending at his parish-church on the Sabbath-day.—Several of the hearers were also fined in the penalty of five shillings each, for being present at the meeting above mentioned.

Licence to preach.—*Octob. 8.* At the late Norwich City Sessions, James Pearson applied to qualify as a dissenting teacher, under the 19th of George the Third, ch. 54. It appeared that the applicant was a minister of no particular congregation. He applied to qualify as a preacher going about to any place or places throughout England, or elsewhere, when called, or where he thought he might be useful. The court refused to grant him a licence, solely on account of his not being appointed a preacher or pastor of a specific congregation.

Strand Bridge.—*Octob. 12.* The foundation-stone of the intended new bridge was laid, on the Surry side of the Thames, nearly opposite to Somerset-House.

Stage-Coaches.—*Octob. 12.* A Brighton and Lewes coachman was fined £40. for carrying a greater number of outside passengers than is allowed by Act of Parliament.

October 14.—A man was apprehended at Liverpool, and committed to jail, to be tried at the ensuing assises, for an attempt to export implements used in manufactures; which is prohibited by an act passed in the present reign.—The implements, in this case, were spindles used in the cotton-manufacture.

British Prisoners in France.—*Octob. 15.* Amount of subscriptions advertised, upwards of sixty-nine thousand pounds.

Upwards of 500 invalids and wounded men arrived at Portsmouth last week from the army in Spain and Portugal.

Fire at Cambridge.—*Octob. 15.* about three in the morning, a fire broke out in Emanuel college, Cambridge, which consumed one side of the quadrangle, called the Founder's Range. No lives were lost, nor any person hurt: but the destruction of property is estimated at £20,000, of which only £3,500 were insured.

Delivery of Parcels.—October 17, a porter belonging to a stage coach office was fined, at one of the police-offices, for not delivering a package within six hours after the arrival of the coach.

Arrest of a Corpse.—Last week, as the funeral procession of a person of respectability was passing to the burial-ground of Shoreditch, the hearse was stopped by Sheriff's Officers, one of whom presented a writ for £30, at the suit of a person with whom the deceased had dealings. The officers took the body out of the coffin, then placed it in a shell, which they had brought with them in a cart, and in this vehicle they carried it away. The body was placed in the custody of the creditor, being deposited in his cellar.—On a former occasion, Lord Ellenborough pronounced the arrest of a dead body to be illegal.

A few days ago, a respectable farmer in Bewcastle, Cumberland, was convicted in the penalty of £20. before two magistrates of Carlisle, for having in his employment a deserter from the Royal Artillery, knowing him to be so.

A quantity of coin, to a very considerable amount, has been seized by the custom-house officers at Portsmouth—the sum, it is said, is £15,000.

There has been again a considerable forgery of bank-notes in Dartmoor prison, executed very well by some of the French prisoners.

At the late Quarter Sessions at Wakefield, T. Bateman was indicted for an assault on his wife. His counsel objected to the case being gone into, on the ground that husbands had, by law, a right to beat their wives; that they could not be tried for an assault, in such cases; but that the proper course was to exhibit articles of the peace against them. The Bench recommended, and the prisoner agreed, to enter into articles to keep the peace; and he was discharged.

Bakers.—Several bakers, for having exposed to sale wheaten loaves not marked with a W, have lately been fined at the rate of one shilling per loaf, with costs.

Extraordinary Robbery and Catastrophe.—During the night of October 18, a Mr. Crofton, who was going out to India, as aide-de-camp to a general, committed various depredations in different apartments of the Crown Inn at Portsmouth, where he lodged. On being detected the next day, he cut his throat in a shocking manner, though not so as

to cause death.—His blood gushing out on the arm of Mr. Bradbury, the celebrated Clown, who was one of the persons robbed—the circumstance had such an effect on Mr. Bradbury's mind, that he soon after became delirious.

The Comet—Octob. 22. The comet is still in sight, but daily diminishing in apparent size and brilliancy. On this day, it is computed to be above a hundred and sixteen millions of miles distant from the earth, and at the same distance from the sun. According to astronomic calculations, its distance from our globe was above a hundred and thirteen millions of miles on the eleventh of this month, and will be about two hundred and fourteen millions on the nineteenth of November.—It is estimated to be much larger than the moon; and its tail is computed to be above forty nine millions of miles in length.

BORN.

September 20. Of the lady of J. Hillersdon, esq. Waddon, Surrey, a daughter.

Sept. 23. Of Lady Annabella Macleod, Stirling Castle, a son.

Sept. 24. Of the lady of Ralph Price, esq. Chatham-place, a son.

Sept. 25. Of the lady of Sir W. G. Parker, bart. a son.

Sept. 27. Of Mrs. Elliot, Pimlico Lodge, a daughter.

Sept. 29. Of Mrs. Wm Baring, Portsmouth, Southampton, a daughter.

Sept. 29. Of the lady of John Leacock, esq. Alfred-place, a son.

October 3. Of the lady of Capt. Turner, Leicestershire militia, a daughter.

Lately. Of the lady of Sir J. Pringle, bart. a daughter.

Octob. 12. Of the lady of Lieut. col. Cumming, 11th Dragoons, a daughter.

Octob. 16. Of the Hon. Mrs. R. Stopford, a daughter.

Octob. 17. Of the lady of the Rev. N. Wade, near Cheltenham, a son and a daughter.

Octob. 20. Of the lady of the Hon. Edward John Turner, a son.

MARRIED.

September 19. G. B. King, esq. Southampton, to Mrs. Coates.

Sept. 25. Chas. Kaye, esq. New Bank-Buildings, to Miss Eliza Atkins, of Russell Square.

Sept. 26. Wm. Trye, esq. of Lockhampton, Gloucestershire, to Mrs. Coverdale, of Judd-Place.

Sept. 28. Benjamin Tiltstone, esq. of

Moulsecombe place, to Mrs. Hudson.

October 3. Lord Robert Spencer, to the Hon. Mrs. Bouverie.

Octob. 3. W. Francis Lowndes, esq. of Brightwell-place, Oxon, to Caroline, daughter of Sir W. Strickland, bart.

Octob. 5. The Rev Adam Baynes, rector of Adstock, Bucks, to Miss Ross of Fludyer street.

Octob. 5. George Byng, esq. Capt. R. N. to Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Barlow.

Octob. 10. Thos. Jenner, esq. of Calcot, Wilts, to Miss Catharine Jane Mead, of Lambeth.

Octob. 12. The Rev. Vaughan Thomas, rector of Dunstons Rous, Gloucestershire, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Rev. J. Williams.

Octob. 16. The Earl of Caledon, to Lady Catharine Yorke.

Octob. 16. The Hon. Major gen. Thos. Mahon, to Miss Topping, of Whatcroft-Hall, Cheshire.

Octob. 19. E. M. Mundy, esq. M. P. to Mrs. Catharine Barwell.

DECEASED.

September 21. Mrs. Davidson, relict of Duncan Davidson, esq. of Bedford-square.

Sept. 23. Aged 90, Sarah, relict of James Graham, esq. of Dalstone.

Sept. 24. John Butcher, esq. of Southwark, in his 73d year.

Sept. 29. Aged 63, John Billingsley, esq. author of the "Agricultural Survey of the County of Somerset."

Lately. The Rev. Perceval Stockdale, vicar of Lesbury, Northumberland.

Sept. 30. In her 87th year, Lady Mary Cook, daughter of John, the great duke of Argyll.

Lately. In her 78th year, Lady Legard, relict of Sir Digby Legard, Bart.

Lately. At Glasgow, James Graham, author of the "British Goicks," the "Sabbath," and other poems.

October 4. In his 64th year, the Rev. Thos. Dunscombe, of Broughton, Hants.

Octob. 6. Aged 70, Mrs. Elizabeth Probyn, sister of the late E. Probyn, esq. of Gloucestershire.

Octob. 9. The lady of the Rev. Dr. Davy, master of Caius College, Cambridge.

Lately. Doctor Percy, bishop of Dromore.

Octob. 11. The Rev. John Banister, pastor of a dissenting congregation at Wareham.

Octob. 11. Aged 69, Jacob Reynard-

son, esq. of Holywell, Lincolnshire.

Octob. 14. In his 74th year, the Hon. Louis Duff.

Octob. 15. Sir Nathaniel Holland,

Octob. 16. Sir Nicolas Nugent, bart.

Octob. 16. In his 72d year, Wm. Johnson, esq. Walcot-place, Lambeth.

Octob. 17. Dr. Reynolds, aged 66.

About this time. General Picton in his 84th year.

Octob. 19. Sophia, the lady of Henry Cooke, esq. of Hampstead.

APPENDIX.

New Animal.—An animal has lately been brought to England from the Cape of Good Hope, whose fore part resembles an ox, in head, horns, &c. and the hinder part, a horse.

Charity.—A well known miser, not having given an entertainment during a summer, and his ice-house remaining still quite full in the month of January, his steward asked him what he should do with the ice? "Why!" replied Mr. B. "let it be given to the poor!"

Flies.—The following simple mode of preventing flies from sitting on pictures, or any other furniture, is well experienced, and will, if generally used, prevent trouble and damage.—Let a large bunch of leeks soak for five or six days in a pail of water, and wash your picture or any other piece of furniture with it. The flies will never come near any thing so washed.

Trout.—A trout of remarkable dimensions at present inhabits the Clyde, at Thankerton, and may be seen from the top of the bridge every day when the water is transparent. It has been known to the inhabitants of the adjacent parishes for nearly 30 years, during which time it has eluded every artifice that the ingenuity of the sportsman has devised for its destruction.

Myrtle-wax Candles.—Candles, made of the wax of the berry-myrtle (*myrica cerifera*) are now vended at Hull on very moderate terms. They are said to be fragrant instead of noisome in their odor, economical in their consumption, and clean and agreeable in their use. This myrtle, which grows in various parts of North and South America, delights in moist situations, and would thrive well in England.

Gaming-Houses.—Five persons, taken into custody for having been found at a gaming-house, have been obliged to give bail.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For NOVEMBER, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The FRIENDLY OAK.
2. LONDON MORNING WALKING and EVENING DRESSER.
3. Elegant new PATTERN for a DRESS VEIL and BORDER.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;
Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES

"*The Pleasures of Benevolence ; or the History of Lady Mortimer.*"—In our next publication, shall appear the first N^o. of this interesting history, from the pen of a lady, whose entertaining and instructive productions we know to have heretofore been highly approved by our fair readers.

To the Sister of a deceased Correspondent.—We immediately forwarded the Numbers of the Lady's Magazine, agreeably to direction—ever feeling a pleasure in thus gratifying our correspondents (or, as in the present melancholy case, their surviving relatives) with copies of their productions.—The piece of poetry being unfinished, and containing some sentiments not quite consonant to the ideas of the generality of readers, we recommend that it be not published.—The accompanying prose we would with great pleasure insert, were we not convinced, that, by its insertion, we should offend a great number of respectable correspondents, to whom we have, at different times, been forced to deny a similar gratification, as utterly inconsistent with the plan of our Magazine.

Letters returned to the Office for the Postage—one, signed "*W*"—another, "*Several Ladies in the Country*"—a third, "*A constant Reader for many years.*"—Though ever cheerfully willing to pay the postage of letters containing matter worthy of insertion in our pages, we do not choose to pay for such communications as those above mentioned.

"*The Suicide's Grave.*"—We cannot publish this novel, which we consider to be of dangerous and immoral tendency.—If the fair writer should send us any more of her productions, we hope they will prove much less exceptionable than this and her two preceding : otherwise we will not consent to pay heavy postage for inadmissible matter.—We did not mistake the direction.

The "*Invocation to Health*" requires revision.

In a *Completion of the Bouts-rimés*, "*Strain, Chain,*" &c. (dated November 13th) the first line requires amendment. The fifth, eleventh, and fourteenth, might also admit some improvement. By the *fifteenth of December*, an amended copy will come sufficiently early for publication at the regular time, viz. the *first of January*.

To a correspondent, who *did not receive a former letter from us*, we have written a second, which we hope will reach its destination.

"*Mary Jane's*" verses came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

"*Jefferson,*" &c.—We wish a *new* address : and thereby hangs a tale.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The friendly Oak.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1811.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*
(Continued from page 461, and accompanied
with an illustrative Plate.)

"At this critical moment, was suddenly heard the sound of approaching troops; and a general belief prevailed through the camp, that Alva was advancing to attack us in our entrenchments—when the names of Genlis and Lanoue were echoed from rank to rank, and the two chiefs soon made their appearance in person. Through the insurgent crowd, who receded on either hand to open them a passage, they advanced to the spot where I stood in *parley* with the mutineers.

"Nassau!" said Genlis, "behold the succours promised to you by Coligni. Were he not surrounded on every side by numerous enemies, he would himself have come to your assistance at the head of these warriors: un-able, however, to indulge his inclination in that respect, he has conferred on me the honor of conducting them; and I have been so happy as to overcome every obstacle, in order to second your valour in defending a cause, in whose support the flower of the Gallic nation are eager to unsheath their swords."

"I perceive, valiant Genlis," said I, "that Coligni has transfused into your bosom a happy portion of that zeal which he displays in deriving himself of those succours that he sends to me. If fate be not determined to frown misfortune on our arms, what brilliant success may I not anticipate from your opportune arrival!"

"Here the mutinous throng blushed, and, with downcast eyes, dispersed, and retired to their tents. The most culpable among them, Mörlin, stung at once with shame and terror, sought safety in flight, and deserted our banners.

"Without a moment's delay, I convened the principal chiefs in my pavilion.—'Intrepid warriors!' said I, 'a generous band of Frenchmen are come to co-operate with us in our bold exertions: but the Belgians have suffered themselves to be disarmed; and you have yourselves witnessed the tumult excited by the refractory Germans. Meanwhile, Alva, like a lion who has summoned up all his native courage, is determined to attack us, and, with that intention, is now at length advancing from his inapproachable fastnesses. In the impending conflict, will the Germans imitate the example of our bravery? will they lend us their support?—But, if we decline the encounter, inevitable ruin awaits our cause: the Belgians will be more intimidated, the Germans more refractory; and famine alone will be sufficient to accomplish our defeat."

"There remains indeed for our choice the alternative of tearing down our recent trophies, recrossing the Mense, and tarnishing the glory we have already acquired.—No doubt, the Belgians, whom a single victory would rescue from bondage, will impute to us the shame and disgrace which such a step must reflect on the whole nation: Egmont and Horn will remain loaded with

their chains: but the nations of Europe will listen to our apology; and perhaps Philip, softened by clemency to which his heart has hitherto been a stranger, will feel his proud vindictive soul sufficiently gratified by our flight—will throw open the doors of the dungeon where those heroes lie confined—and adopt a milder system toward our defenceless countrymen, whom we shall have thus delivered into his hands!

"No!" exclaimed Lumey—"thou canst not mean to propose to us an inglorious flight: thy words are only calculated to sound our courage: if thou wishest to behold a convincing proof of it, lead us instantly to the battle!"

"All the chiefs echoed the same sentiment.

"Followed by those warriors, I hasted forth from my pavilion; and already we descried Alva advancing. I exhorted the Germans to efface from our minds the remembrance of their late mutiny:—'Valiant strangers!' said I to the French, 'you will here fight, as in your own cause:'—to the Batavians I cried (and the words inflamed them with tenfold courage) 'Let us burst the chains which gall the necks of our countrymen!'

"Shall I describe to you the combat that ensued? shall I relate how Alva directed his principal attack against the Germans, with whose mutinous disposition he was acquainted, and who did not long resist his efforts? In vain I essayed to rally them: they gave way: they threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners—or sought their safety in disgraceful flight. Already Alva thought himself sure of victory; when, taking my stand in front of a forest, where the battle was only now beginning, I checked his progress with the sole

assistance of the French and Batavians, whose numbers were indeed small, but who fought with undaunted bravery. Lewis, Adolphus, and the other chiefs, each displayed a courage and vigor worthy of Mars himself: each warrior of inferior grade proved himself a hero.

"Alva was inflamed with rage to behold his victorious legions checked in their career by such a handful of opponents. I was covered with the mingled blood of Spaniards and Batavians; and every individual in my little army seemed ambitious to meet death under my eye. In the heat of the conflict, I received the last sigh of Hoogstraten, whom I loved with fraternal affection: but, while I was absorpt in the indulgence of my regret for his fate, my courser was struck to the ground: my blood flowed in copious torrent; and I fell amid the heaps of slain.

"At sight of my disaster, the French and Batavians express their grief in doleful cries: and Alva, taking advantage of their consternation, presses their ranks, throws them into disorder, and forces them to recoil. Even the chiefs are hurried away by the retreating crowd.

"On rising from the ground, I found myself single and unsupported:—with a loud voice I pronounced the name of my country: but that sacred name is not heard by my friends. At that moment the shades of night were beginning to spread over the earth: exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, I entered into the forest, and fell at the foot of a tree.

"Perceiving, however, that Alva's men were in pursuit of me, with pain and difficulty I penetrated into the deep recesses of the woods, where the closely interwoven boughs of the trees formed a covering impenetrable to the human eye. In

the midst of the spot, rose an aged oak, whose wrinkled trunk had been hollowed by the hand of Time. Surrounded as I was by dangers on every side, and enfeebled by the effects of my wound, the oak seemed to present its hospitable bosom for my reception—inviting me to take advantage of the sole asylum which now remained for me, and there to enjoy a temporary respite from my toils. I gladly entered the solitary recess—the only shelter known to primæval man—a shelter, to which, even in modern days, we are sometimes obliged to have recourse, when pursued by misfortune, and urged by the disorganisation of the laws of society.

“There engrossed by various thoughts which alternately strove for the mastery of my soul—‘Brederode!’ I exclaimed—‘thou, whose fate has called forth my bitter tears!—ye heroes, who gallantly resigned your breath in the field of honor!—how happy your lot, compared to mine! And you, my friends, whose chains I wished to burst, you have not seen the laurel snatched from your grasp within view of the goal: your glory is yet unsullied. Unfortunate Nassau! you have lived as long as you thought your life useful to the cause of liberty: you would still consent to protract your existence, where you but allowed an opportunity of employing your sword in defence of your country’s rights. Will you once more renew your solicitations to the states of Germany? Vanquished, disarmed, will you again exhibit yourself to their view, for the purpose of rescuing the Belgian from those chains whose weight has overwhelmed and crushed his courage—and in the fond hope that your countrymen, who did not open their gates to us when plumed with victory, will now dare to appear in

arms under our banners, notwithstanding our recent defeat—a defeat, however, equally glorious with our former triumphs?—But, the sworn enemy of tyranny, can you ever consent to make peace with tyrants? can you brook to stand a passive spectator of the insolence of the despot and the meanness of the slave, and be ranked as an accomplice with the one or the other? No! the all-mighty and all-just ruler of the universe has not ordained that we should in no case burst our way from the prison in which our soul languishes:—no!—the despot, who greedily gorges himself with copious draughts of human blood, and draws the veil of death over a whole generation of mankind, is not viewed by the all-seeing eye in the same light as the man who, giving way to the poignancy of his grief for the disappointment of his efforts to rescue a few victims from the hand of despotism, opens a single solitary grave for his own reception, and hurries away from this earth, the fruitful theatre of every crime.—O friendly oak! thou shalt be the tomb of Nassau! obscure but happy repository, thou shalt preserve my ashes: inclosed in thy womb, they shall escape the rage of insulting tyrants. . . . Lewis! Adolphus! ye Batavians! ye Gallic warriors! whom I have seen display such valour in the field—have your gallant bands all fallen a sacrifice under the swords of Spain?”

“A still and awful silence ensued—what I heard, or fancied I heard, these words—‘To thy former victories add one yet more brilliant: let thy courage triumph over misfortune! The Batavians are not yet subdued.’

“Already the shades of night began to flee before approaching morn; when—feeling my exhausted strength recruited, and having, by such expe-

dients as my situation afforded, stopped the issue of blood from my wound—I was preparing to quit my retreat in the hollow of the tree. At that moment I perceived a band of warriors, who now advanced toward the place of my concealment, now retired from it, but still returned to the same spot. No longer doubting that Alva had sent them in search of me, and indignant at the idea of lurking from view, I obeyed the sudden impulse of my courage, which I was unable to controul, and, with my sword uplifted in my hand, rushed forth from the bosom of the oak.

“Instead of enemies, however, I found myself surrounded by my brethren—by Frenchmen and Batavians. The latter, after the chiefs had given vent to the transports of their joy, crowded around me, and, in the tumultuous emotions of their delight, clasped me to their bosoms, unanimously exclaiming, that, since they were thus again united, and once more enjoyed the happiness of beholding me alive, they would soon cause their late defeat to be buried in oblivion.

“Lewis then with grief informed me, that, from the intelligence brought by a deserter, he had learned that Alva was preparing to send new re-inforcements to the Guises, to enable them to crush Henry, Coligni, and their army.

“Let us,” said I, “display our friendship and our gratitude by hastening to the assistance of those heroes. In aiding them, let us exercise our swords against the Spaniards—against Philip. Without granting him any respite, let us again appear in arms to oppose and frustrate his designs; and let our exploits rouse the Belgian from his present torpor. The valour of the Batavian sufficiently announces that he will brave every danger to achieve his emancipation:

and shall we not devote to them our swords, which have ever been employed against tyrants?”

“This proposal inflamed the minds of my hearers; and with one voice they all demanded that we should instantly commence our march. Hereupon, turning toward the oak, ‘Thou hospitable tree!’ said I—‘father of the surrounding shade!’ may’st thou in thy old age still flourish with verdant honors! may thy existence be prolonged, to afford an asylum to hapless mortals, who, persecuted by their fellow men, shall seek refuge in this forest!—O Liberty! bless and fertilise the spot which bears this friendly tree; and may its offspring be one day decorated with thy most memorable trophies!’—Several of the Batavians pluck twigs from its boughs, to preserve them in remembrance of the aged oak which had sheltered me in its bosom, and covered us with its shade. To their eyes it appears as venerable as were formerly held those sacred oaks which were thought to be the habitation of Dryad-, and which seemed to impress even the savage animals of the forest with awe and respect, as they passed near them.

“We now quitted our sylvan retreat—Alva in vain harassed us on our march—and you already know how, on our arrival, fortune immediately conducted us into the arms of friendship, and, by holding forth to our view a more serene day at the conclusion of a stormy night, seemed disposed to alleviate our misfortunes, and promise us a more happy futurity.”

Thus the hero concluded—the eyes of the whole assembly continued long fixed on him, as if he were still speaking—at length the Gallic warriors testified to him how powerful had been the influence of his recital in kindling noble senti-

ments in their souls—and the Bata-
vians derived resolution, hope, and
courage, from his words.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 454.)

CHAP. IV.

'Tis but a peevish boy: yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words
do well,

When he that speaks them, pleases those
that hear.—

It is a pretty youth: but sure he's proud;
And yet his pride becomes him.

Shakspeare.

It has been before remarked, that the remotest idea of matrimonial projects had never occurred to Saint-Villiers. He was now in an astonishment to which no words can do justice: but a cursory view of his own situation aided the earl's advice. The possession of a fine woman, a large property, with all the concomitant rights and privileges, would certainly be an improvement in his condition; and the carrying off such a prize, without trouble or difficulty, from all his competitors, was an oblique assurance of his own attractions, which by no means required to be pointed out.—He also reflected a moment upon the lady herself. He had always approved her: her present choice gave her new charms in his eyes; and he doubted not of making her happy: for, inconsiderate as Frederic Saint-Villiers was, it was not in his nature to repay attachment with neglect; and, had he not liked Lady Rossford, as many millions as she possessed thousands, would not have bribed him to the connexion.

He therefore, upon ten minutes' reflexion, determined on offering himself to her acceptance: and he did it with characteristic *nonchalance*—neither affecting the raptures of love, nor portraying those romantic

anticipations of felicity, by which the unsuspecting ingenuousness of female tenderness is too frequently beguiled.

Her ladyship's prepossession, however, smoothed his path: whatever he said was right; and this unstudied address seemed another proof of an honest undesigning heart. She ventured to reflect on what that heart would be, when no longer warped by the dissipated follies to which it had hitherto yielded: and she flattered herself with reclaiming from his errors, and presenting to society, a youth, whose future life should justify her penetration.

Thus deluded by the cheering visions of fallacious expectation, Lady Rossford determined on accepting the man of her choice, without consulting her friends, or plaguing herself by unnecessary references. Frederic, on the other hand, though perfectly satisfied with what he regarded as the fate allotted to him, neither felt nor expressed any of that rapturous emotion which the consent of a beloved object is calculated to excite—but jocularly said, "Well! now, my sovereign judge and arbiter! as sentence is passed, let me advise that execution be speedy, or your prisoner may still escape." He then, however, in a tone of more seriousness and affection than he had before assumed, informed her of the predicament in which he stood with his father; that, in regard to settlement, he would implicitly subscribe to whatever she thought proper, and only entreated its speedy arrangement.

They at length agreed to request that Lord Blenmore would adjust every thing in conjunction with Sir Everard Reevesmore. The earl readily consented, and promptly undertook the business. He liked to evince his own importance, and

thought the affair of too much consequence to his young friend to hazard delay, as he always professed the most disinterested regard for him. In his own son, he had a perpetual source of mortification. He saw his indolence and rusticity daily increase: and an inclination, which Lord Thackwood began to show for some very low-lived companions, determined his father on carrying him with him to England, where he was to be committed, for a time, to the charge of his mother's connexions, in hopes, that, amid different scenes and societies, he might conquer his present degrading turn.

As the intended alliance began to be whispered abroad, Envy, the invariable attendant of success, busied herself in attempting to defeat it. Anonymous letters—those constant resources of the cowardly defamer—showered in upon poor Lady Rossford. Every irregularity, either at home or abroad, of which Frederic Saint-Villiers had been guilty, and many of which he was wholly innocent, were detailed to her. He was represented as a drinker, a gambler, a debauchee in every sense of the word, and only connecting himself with her, to acquire the means of extending his profligate career.

The same infamous engines were also used to prepossess Sir Everard Reevesmore, as his influence over his niece was well known; and he had scarcely been apprised of the business by Lord Blenmore, before he received such intelligence relative to the gentleman in question, as he felt it incumbent upon him to investigate more fully. He had Lady Rossford's happiness so truly at heart, that he determined to speak openly to her on the business, before he did any thing towards its completion; and therefore, informing Lord Blenmore that it was necessary for

him personally to consult his late ward upon many points before he undertook to adjust them, he set off for Castle Rossford, as soon as a fit of the gout, from which he was but just recovering, would permit his traveling.

Its fair inhabitant, meanwhile, was far from happy: she equally wanted power to confute, or confidence wholly to disbelieve, the accusations which she received against her husband elect. She could not but feel that he was far from treating her with that affectionate distinction, with which she regarded him: but, when she recollected his open-undesigning manner, and that he had never professed any of the rapturous attachment with which some other of her lovers had sought to win her to their wishes, she acquitted him of blame in that respect: "For," (reasoned she) "had his proposals been the result of a regular-laid scheme, his behaviour to me at least would be more guarded and obsequious." Therefore, of whatever other errors he might have been guilty, her heart—that partial advocate—wholly acquitted him from all imputation of deceit.

During this interval, Lord Saint-Villiers had been in London, and (though with considerable trouble and expense) removed some members of his establishment, whom he did not think it decorous that his future bride should see. In fact, his whole household was new-modeled, his affairs arranged, and he returned to Dublin with his proposals completely settled, and elate with a thousand flattering expectations. The letters he addressed to her ladyship on the subject of the commissions which he had undertaken for her, were answered with that obliging attention which she evinced towards every one: and, while a regard for

Frederic Saint-Villiers peculiarly prompted it towards those with whom he was connected, a correspondence, which she considered as perfectly inconsequential, with a man old enough to be her father, increased the delusion, under which he acted.

In stepping from the vessel which brought him back to Dublin, Lord Saint-Villiers unluckily sprained a knee, and dislocated an ankle, and was of course obliged to submit to a fortnight's confinement at his house in Stephen's Green. His vanity, however incredible it may seem, induced him to soften this delay, and amuse his confinement, by speaking of his hopes, as certainties, to one or two persons who visited him; and they were either too civil, or too little acquainted with the better-founded expectations of his son, to contradict him.

Mr. Saint-Villiers had continued to make Blenheim his principal abode, notwithstanding the absence of its master; though no lover-like assiduities to his fair neighbour prevented his attending every public meeting, or convivial party that assembled within a circuit of sixty or seventy miles.

A friendly affectionate temper, with a marked attention to all her connexions, were leading traits in Lady Rossford's disposition. She was hurt at perceiving that they had no share in that of her intended husband; and she frequently employed all her rhetoric to inspire him with similar sentiments on these topics. In their debates on the subject, he used to vindicate himself by advert- ing to his own isolated situation, without a mother, brother, or sister, to have awakened those affections, while his father had never seemed to harbour the love of a parent towards him, and had, during child-

hood, secluded him from the notice of those who might have strengthened the ties of a distant consanguinity, by the stronger ones of friendship: and he would then assure her, that the tenderness of heart, which had hitherto slumbered, was all reserved to be lavished on his wife and children.—Lady Rossford had been always hurt by the irritation with which he named his father, and would gently blame him for not endeavouring more sedulously to convert prejudice into affection. Accordingly, when she heard of Lord Saint-Villiers's accident, she pleaded so forcibly on the propriety of his son's going to see him, that at length, in compliance with her advice, Frederic set out for Dublin.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 457.)

“THE blood circulated more quickly than usual in Beville's face: he arose from his seat: he pressed my father's hand, and spoke to him with energy in his voice and manner. ‘Trust me, my dear sir, I would not deceive you, to be master of the world's wealth. I love your daughter, sir—passionately love her: but believe me, when I assure you, that, much as my heart has been agitated with this passion, it is the first time the discovery has ever passed my lips. I have not been insensible of the impropriety of indulging such an attachment: yet I have not found reason powerful enough to silence the soft voice of love.—It is true, my father's family is large—his fortune small: and the estate, with the title, goes to my elder brother. I believe his lordship intends me for the army, and that I shall then be left to my own industry to advance my future fortune. I cannot, therefore, expect My Lord's consent to a

match of inclination.—All these considerations, weighty as they are, have no power with me, when put in competition with my attachment for your daughter, I feel that I cannot be happy without her.—If the calls of ambition have no charms for me, they can have still less for your Amelia, brought up, as she has been, in 'innocence and solitude. Suffer me then, sir, to endeavour to gain her affections: and, if I am so fortunate, do not oppose a union that will make us both happy. As happiness is the universal aim of mankind, you would not wish to make miserable the darling of your heart, with the man who reveres and loves you equally with the author of his existence. My pay, together with the presents I shall receive from my father, will enable me to provide for my Amelia, if not so well as I could wish, at least decently.'

"No one but those who have been as much attached as I was, can have any idea of the satisfaction that diffused itself around my heart, to find myself thus tenderly, thus disinterestedly beloved. But all my lover's eloquence had not power to prevail on my father to agree to his request. He was inflexible—'I find you are a rash young man, Mr. Beville, entirely under the influence of passion. You may possibly find Amelia inclined to listen to your delusive arguments: but I trust she will not so far deviate from the principles in which she has been educated, as to dispose of her hand without my consent.'

"My father now arose, and walked towards the house, leaving poor Beville with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed pensively on the ground.—I quitted my hiding-place, and entered a walk which led to the bench where my lover was seated. He saw me, and advanced to meet

me. My eyes were swoln with weeping; he looked at me with extreme tenderness, and, taking hold of my hand, 'Your father, my sweet Amelia, has forbidden my future visits here; he has almost, forbidden me to see you. Good Heaven! to quit you for ever! is it possible? Can you join with your father in so cruel a request? do you wish to banish a man, whose soul is entirely attached to you?'

"Trembling and unable to speak, it was easy to read in every feature of my glowing face, that my sentiments were not in unison with those of my father.—Beville's eyes sparkled with rapture.—Softened as I was, he easily drew from me a confession that he was infinitely dear to me.—He was eloquent in his arguments to persuade me to consent to a private marriage, till a proper opportunity should occur to declare it to both our parents: and, as Lord K*** was fond of him, he had no doubt, that, in time, he should obtain his pardon. But here I was firm: I told him, that no consideration should tempt me to a step so utterly repugnant to my ideas of duty, and to the real regard I felt for him;—that, when he was absent, I would hear from him, and sometimes see him; which was more perhaps than I ought to do: but I entreated him never to talk to me of marriage, till fortune was likely to smile more favorably on such a union.

"Beville saw that I was resolute, and therefore ceased to importune me on the subject. His visits were less frequent: but, as my father really loved him, he could not absolutely forbid him his house: he was still often with us; and my father saw with regret, that, in spite of all his remonstrances, our attachment increased. He therefore determined to put in execution a

scheme which he had formed—the only one likely to be efficacious in putting a stop to so inauspicious a connexion. He wrote to Lord K***, acquainting him with his son's attachment to his daughter, and with the arguments he had used to prevent it, and which had not been successful. He advised his lordship by all means to withdraw his son from the university, and to place him immediately in the army; as, in all probability, absence, and the busy scenes of life in which he would then be engaged, would soon totally obliterate from the mind of so young a man all traces of an attachment so imprudent.

“His lordship returned my father a most polite letter: his son received one in a sharper style, peremptorily commanding him to repair immediately to town.—Beville dared not disobey.—Our separation was a painful one.—On his arrival in town, I received a letter from him, acquainting me that Lord K*** was at first haughty and severe in his remonstrances, afterwards more gentle and condescending. But, as he found it utterly impossible to relinquish his hopes of being one day united to me, yet fearful of irritating his father, he said but very little to him. He added, that a commission was immediately procured for him in the guards.

“This correspondence was long continued; nay we frequently met by the assistance of my cousin in Oxford. Yet I was not happy: I could not bear the thoughts of deceiving so good a parent: I therefore acquainted him with what passed between Beville and me; assuring him that I never would enter into any engagements without his consent, but at the same time telling him, I was afraid I had not sufficient strength of mind to give up all thoughts of Beville.

“My poor father, finding it in vain to contend with two persons so headstrong, winked at what he could not prevent. Thus more than a year elapsed; till age and infirmities began to press heavy on my father: he declined rapidly, and his mind was oppressed with the thoughts of leaving me entangled in a connexion so dangerous. It was with extreme anguish that I perceived the swift decay of a parent so dear to me: his anxiety on my account pierced me to the heart. My love, my lover, all was disregarded at this sad moment. I flung myself at his feet, and solemnly vowed, if it would make him easy, that I would never see, never hear from Beville again; that, dear as he was to me, the peace of mind of a beloved parent was still dearer.

“I know,” replied he, “that you are good and virtuous, my Amelia; but your heart is too tender to be left to its own guidance. I cannot die in peace, and leave you unprotected: my tenderness for you will make me promote a union which my reason cannot approve.—Tell Beville I am dying: tell him I wish to see him, ere I close my eyes for ever.”

“With a heart oppressed with grief, I wrote a letter fully expressive of the anguish of my mind.—Beville flew, on the wings of love and respect, to an abode once the seat of happiness. He was visibly affected at the great alteration which he saw in my father; and, as he pressed his hand, a falling tear moistened it.—My father was affected at this proof of my lover's sensibility:—‘I am dying, Mr. Beville,’ said he: ‘the pangs of death are embittered by the thoughts of leaving this poor girl defenceless and alone, to struggle against the efforts of a passion which I have in vain endeavoured to suppress. You once said you loved my daughter, sir:

you would fain have married her. Do you still hold in the same mind? Can you readily give up the splendor and affluence which a man of your rank and accomplishments may expect to enjoy, for the sake of a simple country maid, who can bring you no other dowry than a tender and virtuous heart? Oh! reflect, before you answer me, that the impetuosity of passion will not always last: you may one day behold my poor child with disgust, and may possibly curse the hour in which you shackled yourself in the chains of matrimony.'

"Beville could hear no more: he dropped on one knee; and, laying his hand on his heart, he replied with an impressive solemnity of voice, 'May that almighty being, who alone knows the sincerity of my heart, deal with me as my future conduct to your daughter deserves! My attachment to my Amelia is fixed on too firm a basis, to be easily shaken. I esteemed and admired her un-affected gentleness of manners and goodness of heart—qualities, without which I could not be happy in a wife. Give me then, my dear and respectable friend, a legal right to be the protector of your Amelia: and long may you live to be a witness of our felicity!'

"A gleam of joy shone faintly in the heavy eyes of my languid parent. Then you will marry my daughter, Beville? Take her then, my son; and may heaven shower its choicest blessings on your heads. For your sake, this marriage must be a private one: treat my Amelia kindly, Beville.'

"But why do I dwell on this important period of my life? Because the impression it has made on my mind, time never can efface.—I gave my hand to Beville in the presence of two friends of his and mine, on whose fidelity we could depend.

But joy shone not on my bridal morn:—my father did not long survive the ceremony which gave me to the man I loved.—My husband, tender and considerate, when the first transports of my grief were a little abated, removed me from a habitation once so dear to me, but which now only fed my sorrow for the loss of a tender and indulgent parent.

"Beville had provided convenient lodgings for me, in a pleasant but retired village, not far distant from London. This situation he chose, as, from its vicinity to town, he could be often with me. The affection and assiduity of a beloved and amiable husband now constituted all my felicity. I saw no company; for those who were willing to associate with me, were such as I did not wish to form an intimacy with; and the more respectable part of my neighbourhood viewed me with a jealous suspicion, to which my way of life naturally gave birth. The private manner in which I came to this village, and the frequent visits I received from Mr. Beville, were circumstances certainly very injurious to my character, and proved a bar to any acquaintance between them and me: but their unsociable conduct toward me cost me not a sigh: I had been born and educated in solitude, and was attached to it. Nor did the censure which I knew was liberally cast on me, affect me. Conscious of my own innocence, I could cheerfully suffer my character for a time to remain under a cloud. It was a sacrifice which I thought it my duty to make to a man who had given up so much for me. Beville, whose love was delicate and refined, was more uneasy on this account than I. He could not bear that the fame of his Amelia should be sullied by sus-

picion. But he could not at this time declare our marriage, as Lord K*** had promised to purchase him preferment on the first vacancy; and my husband was afraid that his lordship might be so far displeased on the first discovery of his marriage, as to neglect his interest. It was therefore deferred till a more favorable opportunity.

"At this time my son was born—a circumstance that seemed to increase the attachment of his parents, and made Mr. Beville more than ever anxious to acknowledge me for his wife, and to introduce me to his family. But a variety of circumstances prevented this *éclaircissement* taking place, till my little Frederic was above a year old. At this period, Beville, dotingly fond of his child, determined to try his influence with his grand-father; for he flattered himself that the sight of him would procure for him his lordship's forgiveness.

"With these hopes my husband and son waited on Lord K***. The anxiety of my mind during the interval of their absence you may better conceive than I can possibly describe. On their return, the first glance of Mr. Beville's eyes told me he had been successful: we flew into each other's arms; and such a tide of joy flowed over our spirits, as for some moments took from us the power of words. 'My Amelia! my ever beloved, my now acknowledged wife!' cried my fond husband—'Lord K*** is impatient to see you, to thank you for having made his son happy. My father, on my acquainting him with my marriage, at first looked a little coldly on me. 'You have ruined yourself Frederic, and will one day bitterly repent the imprudent step you have taken'.—'Impossible, my lord!' replied I, interrupting him; and,

taking my boy in my arms, I presented him to his lordship,' saying, 'Can I ever repent of having made an amiable and virtuous woman mine? Can I ever cease to feel a father's tenderness for this dear infant? Oh! forgive me then, my lord, for having preferred the pure joys of a union founded on reciprocal affection, to a more splendid, yet far less happy connexion, of which interest alone, on my side, could have been the motive.' My lord was softened, and, embracing his little grand-son, hoped he would turn out a more prudent man than his father had done. He desired me to bring you to him immediately. Come then, my Amelia! My Lord will receive you as my wife, and his daughter.'

"I dreaded this interview exceedingly; and it was with difficulty the kind soothings of my husband, could keep up my spirits till we came to Lord K***'s.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIAL OF LOVE.

(Continued from page 451.)

WITH cautious steps, they silently advanced through the middle passage: but scarcely had they reached half way, when they heard, "Louis!" pronounced twice in a low whisper. They stopped, and exchanged anxious looks.—Thinking they were mistaken, the knight prepared to move forward, when his name was once more repeated. "Hush!" said he, catching hold of his squire's arm: "was not that a voice?"—"I plainly heard your name."—"I thought so," resumed Echenloe.—They then carefully examined the walls by the light of the tapers: but, to their utter amazement and dismay, they could not perceive the smallest aperture, not even a chink,

through which sounds might be conveyed.

The name of Louis was again thrice pronounced more distinctly, followed by a deep groan. He drew back; and his squire earnestly conjured him to desist.—“Louis!” said the voice more audibly, “you are conducted hither by fate: go forward: your attendant may accompany you to the end of this gallery.” The solemn accents were succeeded by a silence still more awful. “We must advance,” said Louis.—“Yes, you must advance”—echoed the voice in a tremulous tone.

Now a reddish glare, like the terrific gleam from a house on fire, replaced the deep gloom in which they had hitherto been involved: they tremblingly proceeded to the end of the gallery, where the most brilliant scene burst on their astonished sight. They found themselves in a spacious hexagon hall, into which six porticoes of white marble gave entrance; while innumerable lights, reflected on their polished surface, shed a dazzling lustre around. The knight and his companion, motionless with surprise, felt as if surrounded by invisible beings, and, filled with religious awe, forbore to interrupt the hallowed silence of these bright regions, by giving utterance to their emotions.

However, the light gradually inspired them with courage: Louis’s imagination was fired: his cheeks glowed with enthusiasm, as he firmly exclaimed, “I will fulfill my destiny! wait my return here.”

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a plaintive melody issued from one of the porticoes, and the most fragrant odors filled the hall. Louis rushed toward the corridor whence the celestial strains seemed to proceed. The music

paused at intervals; and a voice softly whispered, “Fear not, noble knight! go, see, and listen!”

He advanced through the passage: lambent flames spread a pale light over its walls: it grew fainter as he advanced, and at last entirely disappeared.—Pursuing his way in total obscurity, he arrived at the mystic sepulchre. Under a dome supported by three rows of black marble columns, rose the tomb of Armgard’s great-grand-mother. A glimmering lamp, on the steps of the mausoleum, discovered to the knight the effigy of the deceased baroness in a reclining posture. Louis was preparing to pass under the columns to the left, when he perceived the figure of a woman, seated at the foot of the monument. A chilling horror ran through his veins, as he saw it slowly rise, and recognised Armgard’s great-grand-mother, such as she was represented on the tomb.

The spectre moved towards Louis:—overpowered with terror, his knees trembled violently: his hair stood on end: animation was almost suspended; and he fell breathless on a marble seat. The phantom beckoned him to follow.

Collecting his scattered senses, he started up: his mysterious conductor led him under the colonnade, and, sighing deeply, pointed to a coffin in one of the recesses, on which was written in letters of fire, “*Armgard.*”—Within it he beheld, with unspeakable anguish, the inanimate, but still beautiful form of his adored Armgard—Armgard, pale as the spotless lily.—“Oh! merciful heaven!” cried the knight—“Armgard! my Armgard!”

“Do not arraign the decrees of the Omnipotent,” said the spectre in a voice hollow like the murmuring of the wind through the bending corn.—“Merciful heaven!” repeat-

ed the knight—"my beloved Armgard!"—The phantom put its finger on its lips, to command silence, and, after three lamentable shrieks, uttered these dreadful words, "Three days longer, and Armgard shall be no more: on Sunday her eyes will close for ever."

Aroused, by this tremendous prediction, from the stupor into which affright and sorrow had plunged him, Louis, falling on his knees, exclaimed, "Mercy! mercy!—oh! take away my life: but spare that of my Armgard!"—"It is in your power to save her," said the spectre. "Behold this cup: it contains Armgard's fate and yours. If you drink the liquor, she will live; and your death will prevent hers, which otherwise is irrevocable:—the choice is yours."—"Give it to me," answered the knight, stretching forth his hand.—"Forbear!" resumed the spectre: "it is not yet time: you will find it in Armgard's closet."

A delicious perfume exhaled from the cup; and, on its edge, was engraved "*Safety*."—Louis was considering the fatal vase, when a loud clap of thunder shook the sepulchre; and the phantom vanished amid flashes of lightning. He returned precipitately to the hexagon hall, where his squire waited for him in fearful expectation. As they hastily recrossed the passages, the voice murmured again, "Think on Armgard."—They rapidly traversed the hall of the knights, and the apartments leading to the great entrance; and found themselves at length in the court. "God be praised!" ejaculated the squire. Louis sighed, and fell back into his arms; but, the air having soon revived him, they hurried back to the habitable part of the castle.

Just as they were ascending the grand staircase, a carriage was heard

on the draw-bridge. It was Gertrude and Armgard, who, joining the knight, gave him a sprightly account of their airing.—Thoughtful and dejected, Louis looked compassionately on Armgard, who had never appeared more lovely and blooming. Hardly able to support himself, he handed her to the top of the stairs, and tottered to his own room, to conceal his agitation.

It is now necessary to account for the wonders of the castle of Hardeburg. The vaults had been built in the earliest days of chivalry: the arched galleries were so artfully constructed, that a whisper quickly circulated from one extremity to the other. Three days had sufficed to make every preparation; spirits of wine and phosphorus supplied the magical illumination and the lighting. It was Armgard herself, whose death-like appearance had deceived Echenloe in the sepulchre: Gertrude personated the baroness, while Armgard's women had executed the music, and imitated the thunder. They were introduced into the vaults by a secret door, through which they speedily withdrew as soon as Louis had retired; and the two friends, getting into their carriage, reached the castle at the same time with him.

It is not so easy to describe what passed now in the minds of Armgard and Louis. These words, "Take away my life, but spare that of my Armgard," had inexpressibly touched her; and the hopes of a more complete triumph had alone prevented her from abandoning her funeral couch, to rush into the arms of her lover; and even, had he not quitted her so abruptly on her return to the castle, she would have revealed the whole mystery, in full assurance that he would drink the trying cup. During the rest of the evening, con-

tent and cheerfulness beamed on her countenance.

It was far otherwise with Louis. Retired to his solitary chamber, he threw himself on his bed, a prey to the most agonising feelings. His situation during the night was dreadful in the extreme. "If you empty the cup of fate, Armgard is safe: if not, she must die." These appalling words shone forth in characters of fire, wherever he cast his eyes. Distracted with apprehension at Armgard's danger, he swore to drink the fatal beverage to the last drop: but, the next moment, the sweets of existence, and the unconquerable horror of an untimely death, rushing with double force on his disordered imagination, obliterated every other thought, and reigned triumphant in his breast. Toward morning, he fell into broken slumbers, which, far from calming his harassed spirits, increased his perturbation almost to madness.

Early the next day he went to Armgard's closet:—the terrible cup stood on a kind of altar. On beholding it, Louis shuddered, but at the same time carried it to his lips. Armgard's heart palpitated with rapture, as she observed him through the curtain that concealed her:—but the knight, replacing the cup on the altar with a trembling hand, hurried out of the closet; while the arms of the disappointed Armgard, already extended to press to her bosom the generous youth, fell languidly by her side, as she saw him depart.

Various and confused ideas now rose in her mind: mingled hope and fear agitated her soul: she deplored her whimsical experiment, and the rash curiosity which had given rise to it.—The baron and Louis entered her apartment: a deadly paleness overspread the countenance of the latter, when he heard Armgard com-

plain of a head-ache. Her father made light of her indisposition: but Louis vehemently exclaimed, "She is ill, seriously ill—and" added he in a lower tone, "alas! without hopes of recovery."—He then quitted the room, the picture of despair. "Without hopes of recovery!" repeated Armgard bitterly; and at that moment she really felt herself so unwell, that she was forced to retire to her bed.

In the mean time, a restlessness, bordering on distraction, tormented the unfortunate Echenloe, and drove him from place to place. He flew to the garden: but scarcely had he walked a few steps, when he returned to his own room, threw himself on one chair, then on another. He went next to the 'drawing-room, where he began an unconnected conversation; interrupting himself abruptly, he stared on Gertrude, then leaning his head on the chaplain's shoulder, mournfully exclaimed, "O heaven! have mercy upon me!" He repaired to Armgard's closet, and, with desperate looks, contemplated the dreadful vase: he seized it in his hand: but no sooner had it touched his lips, than he let it escape again.

For two days did he endure all the unhappy sensations of a murderer: his anxiety and despair hourly increased: from every one he inquired about Armgard's health, and turned away his head despondently, when told her illness was but trifling.

The much-dreaded Sunday arrived. He quitted his apartment with the dawn, but dared not approach that of Armgard: walking backwards and forwards in the corridor which led to it, he attentively listened to every sound:—at length the door opened; and Gertrude appeared.

(To be continued.)

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 448.)

SAPPHO listened with an attentive ear to the oracle, which the Pythia pronounced with a loud and powerful voice, whose accents were re-echoed in the resounding cavities of the grotto. She paid less attention to the poetry, than to the meaning of these extemporary verses. "O divine prophetess!" she exclaimed—"you know the full extent of my misery:—regard then with an eye of pity a wound which I can neither support nor cure."—She no longer fled from the Pythia, but entreated her compassion with the most plaintive voice and suppliant gesture.

"O my daughter!" said Stratonice, "my inclination inspires me with the wish to serve you: I am ready to grant your request, and I propose to you two ways: the one will kindle in the heart of the indifferent Phaon the passion of love; the other will extinguish it in your own. Which do you choose?"

"What!" exclaimed Sappho—"do you propose the accomplishment of my wishes, or the oblivion of my misfortunes? Undoubtedly I ought to prefer the latter: but why should I conceal from you the inmost recesses of my heart? Alas! Yes, I prefer, even at the certainty of the most lasting misery, one single moment of happiness."

"Oh deep-rooted infatuation!" said Stratonice—"excess of delirium, which reveals the full extent of your unfortunate passion!—Let us endeavour to soften a heart which has resisted such tender eyes—eyes bathed in constant tears:—but I must first discover the intentions of the gods." She immediately drew from a corner of the grotto an urn of crystal, presented it to the nymph of the fountain which flow-

ed at the bottom of the cave, and placed it, filled with sparkling water, on the yet smoking altar. She poured the liquor on the fire, which was immediately extinguished; then filling it afresh, she replaced it on the altar, and, with a severe and commanding voice, as if she spoke in the name of the divinity, she said, "Plunge your hand into the vase."

Sappho, hesitating between fear and submission, first extended, and then drew back her hand.—The irritated prophetess in a peremptory tone exclaimed, "Rash girl! you have profaned this sacred grotto with your presence!—Your will was free: but, having once entered its sacred walls, you are under the power of the divinity.—Impious—obey!"

Terrified at these dreadful expressions, supported and encouraged by Rhodopè, she obeyed the orders of the Pythia. The water bubbled, and became instantly agitated, like that in which the Cyclops tinge the glowing steel. She screamed aloud, not from pain, but through fear. With a severe accent, Stratonice said, "I now perceive how deep is the wound which rankles in thy heart.—Implacable Venus! what can have excited thy direful vengeance? Unfortunate girl! finish thy narration: in th. case, my art is useless; for my power does not extend to the thoughts of the gods."

Sappho then related the liberation of the doves intended for the altars of Venus; and the recital of her misfortunes, and of the wrath of heaven, opens again the source of her eternal tears.

The gloomy priestess, assuming an awful and commanding countenance, her eyes bent to the ground, said, "This dreadful effect of celestial vengeance can only be counteracted by divine protection. I can at pleasure excite or calm the pas-

sions which arise naturally in the human breast: but, when they are inspired from above—when they are produced by a divinity—another divinity must put an end to them.—Endeavour to obtain the compassion of another deity in your favor.”

“Alas!” said Sappho, “what power in heaven can oppose her who reigns over all nature?”—“What!” replied Stratonice, “is not the empire of Virtue universal? ’Tis she who enchains seduction and desire: ’tis she who triumphs over Venus; and this triumph has its sweets: the reward is more certain, more independent, and more glorious.”—“Yet,” said Sappho, “Venus having subdued mankind, are not the gods themselves under subjection to her? Pardon my weakness and ignorance; and let me not seek the habitation of that divinity who offers, you say, the purest pleasures attached to human existence.”

“That divinity is more powerful than you imagine,” replied the Pythia: “but she is only to be found in Olympus.—When the gods weighed in the same balance virtue and pleasure, one of the scales instantly sunk to the earth, and the other mounted to heaven.”—In uttering these words, the prophetess seemed to rise above herself; and it appeared as if a superior power had obliged her to reveal those profound mysteries which are concealed from the knowledge of the profane.

Sappho, anxious to penetrate the obscurity of the Pythia’s expressions, exclaimed: “Dispel my ignorance; and deign to bend to the capacity of a simple mortal;” and, to express still further her devotion, she embraced the knees of the prophetess.

Softened by this religious attitude, Stratonice replied, “Arise, my daughter, worthy of a better fate and wiser counsel. If your heart burns

with the love of virtue, whose pure and eternal joys are greatly preferable to the deceitful pleasures offered by her enemy, summon your courage to sustain fresh trials.—Perhaps heaven will again loosen my tongue to declare its dictates.”

Sappho stood reclined against one of the crystal columns; and, covered with her mantle, she fixed her eyes steadfastly on the Pythia, who bends toward the altar.—The faithful Rhodopè, who had continued present at these mysteries, remained near her mistress in a religious posture, her hands across her breast, and her eyes raised to heaven.

Sappho was placed in the most distressing perplexity, between the fear of contending against the will of the gods, and the alluring hope of alleviation to her misery. The prophetess for a while stood silent and collected. As the wind before a tempest, which seems to sleep and collect its strength, soon bursts forth with impetuous and overwhelming fury; so Stratonice passed in an instant from the most profound tranquillity to violent delirium—her hair and her garments flying about in the wildest confusion. With a powerful hand, she seized the wand so fruitful in prodigies, and, after having whirled it round her head with the rapidity of lightning, she drew with its point a circle on the ground; and, placing herself in the centre, she muttered in a dismal voice her magic incantations. The earth trembled: a hissing noise was heard in the air; and the altar, where the sacred fire had been extinguished, was suddenly inflamed.—In the midst of a thick volume of smoke, appeared a transparent spectre, which resembled a young man with wings, of an agreeable but severe aspect, and which increased in size as the shadows that surrounded it became more vivid.

Sappho, charmed by the beauty of his features, rather than frightened at the prodigy, bent forward to invoke the spectre, when it instantly dissolved into smoke, and appeared in the form of a horrid monster, with a lion's head, the tail of a serpent, and the body of a goat, vomiting flames of fire from its triple mouth.—Sappho and Rhodopè screamed with horror; their hearts were congealed with fear.

An object less terrifying now attracted their attention: the monster disappeared, and gave place to a winged horseman, mounted on a coursor of fantastic form, and covered with plates of shining steel. From his helmet was suspended a long and flowing mane, which floated like the green summit of the pine waving before the breath of the tempest. The phantom rushed forward, and cleared the entrance of the cave. Sappho and Rhodopè followed his course with watchful eyes; they imagine that they still hear the sound of the horses' hoofs, and the voice of the cavalier: but he has already vanished from their sight, swifter than the cloud scattered by the rays of the summer's sun.

Their attention was forcibly attracted towards the altar by the sound of a dreadful trumpet: a horrible dragon, covered with shining scales, blew a thundering blast: his horrid breath filled it with flames, which were scattered on all sides, and fell in torrents from his extended nostrils.—Sappho screamed aloud with horror, and covered her head with her veil; when the Pythia struck the trumpet with her wand, which fell, and was consumed on the altar.—At the same instant the monster was metamorphosed into a most lovely girl, crowned with myrtle; her exquisite charms shone through a transparent tunic, which

was fastened below the breast by a black girdle. Sappho thought she beheld the powerful Hecatè, and was going to prostrate herself, when the vision disappeared. The fire on the altar was extinguished: dismal and confused voices were heard, which seemed to retire; and the cave again resumed its wonted order and profound silence.

"What dreadful prodigies!" exclaimed Sappho, who still clung to the garments of Rhodopè: "Cease, O wise magician! to exhibit these terrible apparitions, which neither my eyes nor my heart can sustain."

"Weak mortal!" replied Stratonice, "I have softened the horror of this scene, by mingling the mildest objects with the most terrific. I would not unfold to thee those dreadful visions which would create fear in the breasts of the most intrepid heroes. If I had suddenly opened the profound abyss—if I had conjured from the shades of hell the Furies destined for the everlasting torment of the damned".....

"Oh!" interrupted Sappho, "why terrify a heart which seeks compassion and relief?"—"To penetrate thee with confidence in the power of the divinity," replied Stratonice. Then, spreading her black mantle over her head, she placed on the ashes of the altar a mysterious book, where unknown characters were traced; and muttering magical phrases, she raised her wand in the air, and, striking the ground and the book, she turned towards Sappho, exclaiming in a voice above human power—the inspiration of a divinity—"Unfortunate maid!..... inextinguishable flame!.... The waves of the sea!..... Leucatè!..... Consult the sacred priest of Apollo:—a superior power seals my lips: 'tis enough! depart from the cave: thou must not interrogate me fur-

ther, nor ever see me more." So saying, she vanished from their sight, and left Sappho without other consolation than these obscure words, which redoubled her fears.

The mariner, who has suffered shipwreck, and is thrown on a desert shore, is not more uncertain respecting his fate, than the unhappy Sappho after the declaration of the Pythia.—She recovered herself by degrees, and retired by the same road, accompanied by her faithful slave. When they quitted the dark cave, the light was painful to their eyes; but soon the serenity of the heavens, the purity of the air, and the beauty of the country which echoed with the songs of a thousand birds, insensibly moderated the excess of their anguish.—They return, more pensive, than when they set out from the house of Scamandronymus.

There is no remedy for the torments of love:—even philosophy, the comforter of the mind, is un-availing. Oh love! thou makest children of old men: thou degradest to the meanest occupation heroes and demi-gods; witness Hercules and Achilles.—Can we, then, be surprised, that a weak girl, hurried along by an irresistible passion, should have recourse to the doubtful and supernatural agency of sorcery?

When she returned to the paternal mansion, she heard a fresh subject for affliction: Scamandronymus informed her of the departure of Phaon for Sicily, to finish his commercial affairs there, that he might speedily return to celebrate his nuptials with Cleonicè.—Scamandronymus, in the fullness of paternal kindness, exhorted his daughter to drive from her heart a passion which was not mutual, and to place her affections on a more worthy object, where she would meet a kind

return.—But true love has neither the desire nor the power to change.

Sappho listened in silence to the advice of her father: but her grief soon sought relief in the disclosure of her anguish.—Passions, whose source are in the heart soon overflow.—Their conversation was prolonged until the moon, in the meridian of her course, seemed to invite the influence of balmy sleep. Sappho felt a melancholy pleasure in expressing her afflictions; and Scamandronymus listened with affectionate compassion. After a sorrowful repast, they retire to their respective apartments—but thou wilt not taste the blessings of sleep, unfortunate Sappho! Thy cup of misery is full!—The illusion which the hapless maid had cherished of seeing Phaon while his marriage was still delayed, was now vanished; and, scorning all the counsels of reason and prudence, she formed a resolution suggested by despair.

Among other wild projects which she had proposed to Scamandronymus during their conversation, she had even dared to demand his permission to follow Phaon to Sicily; but the old man, treating the idea as the offspring of a distempered brain, opposed it with all the force of paternal authority.—Finding her prayers and entreaties of no avail against the determination of Scamandronymus, she practised dissimulation, contrary to her usual character, and concealed from his knowledge her conversation with the Pythia, and the obscure oracle which promised at Leucatè a termination to her misery.

Sappho called her faithful slave Rhodopè, and said, "Flight is now my only resource." She then concealed her face in her hands:—but, when her determination was fixed, she collected all the money she had re-

ceived from the liberality of her parents, whose presents had increased since she had become a prey to affliction; and to these she added all her jewels. Rhodopè endeavoured in vain to dissuade her mistress from her desperate resolution: but, finding her representations fruitless, she determined to follow her destiny.—She awaked a slave particularly attached to Sappho: and, as if their departure had received the consent of Scamandronymus, she ordered the slave to harness the horses. He instantly obeyed the command of his mistress:—the soft ray of Phœbè gave them light: covered with her silver veil, the goddess dispelled the clouds of darkness.—They drew the car into the garden, where they harnessed the horses, pretending that this precaution was necessary, that they might not disturb the repose of the family. ---Sappho, with her treasure, placed herself in the car:---Rhodopè and another slave bear her company. The car flies---its traces are left on the sand of the garden, which will soon reveal their disgraceful flight. Unfortunate Scamandronymus! thou art now in profound repose: but when, at the rising of Aurora, thou shalt repair hither to respire the morning Zephyr, thou wilt read thy misfortune, and that of thy daughter, alas! more to be pitied than thyself.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Magazine.

ON EDUCATION

and DOMESTIC ATTACHMENTS.

We are all members of one great body; and Tenderness, Justice, and Equity, ought to be the foundation that supports it.

Seneca.

It is impossible to peruse this beautiful sentiment, without deploring the slight impression it has made

upon the generality of mankind; for, in our intercourse with the world, we often find that even the ties of nature are not sufficiently strong to secure the social affections, or bind the silken chain of domestic concord.

To what cause, it may be asked, are we to attribute an evil which produces such a deplorable effect upon human happiness? Does it arise from mankind daily becoming more vicious? or does it proceed from too relaxed a system of education? As there is no reasonable cause to be assigned for the increased degeneracy of human nature, it of course follows, that the want of unity in society at large, and more particularly in private families, proceeds, in great measure, from a mistaken mode of education.

If the mind during childhood resembles the osier, is it not the parent's duty to give it the proper bend? to carefully sow the seeds of universal philanthropy, and point out the gratification which arises from the practice of kindness, and benevolence?—These, as moral virtues, convey to their possessor a secret source of satisfaction and delight; but, when considered as precepts laid down by the divine author of Christianity, they make a still more refined impression upon the mind.—“If you love not your brother whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have *not* seen?” inquired our Saviour, when endeavouring to impress the practice of universal benevolence upon his hearers' minds; a practice, which we ought not only to observe as a moral virtue, but as a duty imposed upon us by the great creator of mankind.

If society at large has a claim upon our philanthropy, how much is that claim increased by those ties which

nature implants? what filial respect - and gratitude are due from the child towards its parents, and how strong ought to be the impression of fraternal and sisterly tenderness? An amiable and united family may not unaptly be compared to a well-regulated commonwealth: each member of it evinces a desire of promoting the others' interest, and is anxious to augment the portion of their happiness.

As virtue and vice, like light and shade in a picture, display the characters with more striking effects, I shall conclude these remarks by describing two different families, whom, during the last summer, I alternately visited.

Though, during a long residence at Eton College, George D*** and myself were intimate friends, yet, from the period of our separation, twenty-one years had elapsed: still, as we had kept up an occasional epistolary intercourse, I anticipated the liveliest gratification from a personal meeting.—At school my friend was distinguished by the appellation of *Pliant George*: yet this extreme easiness of temper was sometimes carried too far.—From the recollection of past circumstances, I pictured to myself a family united in the sweet bonds of tenderness and regard, each member of it influenced by the example of my quondam friend George.

As I had never visited the part of England in which Mr. D*** resided, I was desirous of gratifying my taste for drawing by taking some sketches of beautiful scenery which adorned his neighbourhood; and so intently was my mind fixed upon the occupation, that I totally forgot the dining-hour; and, though I had promised to be there by three o'clock, it was half past seven when I reached *** Hall.—Though the external part

of the house carried a degree of grandeur with it, yet there was a slovenly appearance in the grounds; and I could not avoid mentally saying, "Ah! George! that easiness of temper, so striking in a school-boy, I perceive, produces an influence upon your dependents."

My friend had formed what was considered an injudicious connexion upon first going to Oxford, and actually married before he had completed his first year; and, at the time of my arrival, his eldest son was near nineteen.—Seven children composed his family, three girls, and four boys, the two youngest of whom were twins, and only four years of age—I was received by Mr. D*** with the warmest expressions of pleasure, and introduced to his lady and children, as the dearest companion of his youth: yet he dwelt with more satisfaction upon the happiness of *that* period, than seemed to be quite agreeable to his wife.—His eldest son also observed, that, as he had enjoyed *so much* felicity, he ought to endeavour to promote it in his children, and not to make a favor of what they had a right to expect.—"You must know, sir," continued this hopeful heir of the family (addressing me with as much freedom as if I had been his most intimate friend) "my father and I had a strong altercation this morning about what he calls unnecessary expense; but which I think actually necessary to the situation in which I am destined to move."

"Well, George," said his father, "you know I have complied with your request; and I beg you will not trouble Mr. W*** with any family disagreements."—"I have no doubt," rejoined the young man, interrupting his father, "but Mr. W*** will allow you had a just right so to do, when he knows that

I have, fifteen hundred a year independent of you, the moment I arrive at the age of twenty-one."

"The style of your language, young gentleman," (I observed) "is so entirely novel to a man accustomed to be treated with the most marked deference by his sons, that I fear astonishment would weaken the power of judgement, had your father requested me to become umpire in the dispute. I shall therefore merely say, I conceive every parental indulgence ought to be received as a favor, not claimed as a right."

It is doubtful whether the independent youth distinctly heard this opinion; for the two younger boys were making such a vociferous noise in the room, that, without reflecting upon the impropriety of it, I commanded silence in an authoritative tone.—Un-accustomed to the imperative mood, they for a moment stared with astonishment, and then ran screaming towards their mother, each attempting to hide his face with the shawl which was thrown over her shoulders, and desiring her to turn the naughty man out of the room.—Two girls, the one about sixteen, and the other a year younger, at that moment entered, followed by a servant with the tea-equipage. The want of politeness in their address was peculiarly striking, as I had been told they had just left what was termed a finishing school.—Scarce was the form of introduction over, when a sort of whispering altercation took place between the accomplished young ladies, when at length the elder declared in an audible accent that it was her sister's turn, and she would *not* make the tea.—This assertion was as strongly denied by Miss Eliza, who called upon both parents to declare whether she did not make it the pre-

ceding evening. My friend readily concurred in the assertion: but unfortunately his wife was of a different opinion; and I began to fear I was doomed to a fate somewhat similar to that of Tantalus: but the dispute was happily terminated by the mother undertaking to make it.

Scarcely were the tea-things removed, when a carriage stopped at the door, and I was informed by my friend it had brought his second son, and daughter Emma, both of whom went every Monday to a dancing-school in the neighbouring town.—Ere they entered the 'drawing-room, I heard Miss Emma declare in a vociferous accent she certainly would tell her mother.—"Who cares for that?" replied the dancing-master's hopeful pupil, at the same time rudely pushing before his sister, as she was attempting to enter.—The sight of a stranger gave a momentary check to the roughness of his manners; and he honored me with what I conceive he thought a perfect *Chesterfield* bow: but poor Emma's mind was too much occupied by the recent calamity to allow her to display the slightest mark of politeness or respect,

"See, mamma, how he has torn my beautiful silver muslin!" said she, displaying an enormous rent.—"It served you right," replied this attached brother. "Why did you not keep your frock away from my feet?"—"Ah! you spiteful creature! how I wish you were gone to India!" rejoined the young lady—"Do, mamma, tell Captain Crawford of him: let me tell you, sir, if you show your airs when you are on board the *Hindostan*, the captain will tie you to the mast-head."

Though this mixture of impoliteness and ill-nature produced very little effect upon either of the parents, I fancy my countenance tes-

tified rather stronger feelings; for my friend, who had hitherto sat like an un-observing spectator, commanded both to be silent.—“ Law, papa, why one must not speak now, I suppose,” (said Miss Emma) “ even if one’s clothes are torn off one’s back.”—“ I am sure I don’t want to talk to such a disagreeable creature,” muttered Charles, in a sullen accent.

This slight specimen of the manners of this disunited family will be sufficient to convince my readers that I sincerely wished I had not formed the resolution of paying them a visit. But if the commencement of the evening excited this wish in my bosom, the conclusion of it determined me to shorten it; for such a scene took place at the card-table, as it would be difficult for the power of language to describe.—I retired to rest, fatigued, shocked, and disgusted, puzzling what excuse I could invent for shortening my stay; and, before I had determined, I dropped into a profound sleep.—From this, however, I was roused about five o’clock in the morning, by the rattling of a child’s carriage and the squalling of a cat; and, upon inquiry, I found the two younger children had put the poor animal into harness, and, by whipping her with violence, compelled her to drag the chaise up and down a long gallery for their amusement.

Anticipating the dreadful consequences which must arise from such culpable indulgence, and shocked at having so many proofs of imbecillity in a man whom I had once regarded as a friend, I determined to endeavour to divert my mind from the unpleasing subject which occupied it, by surveying part of my friend’s extensive domain.—As I was walking through the park, my

attention was attracted by the conversation of two men on the other side the pales, one of whom, with a mixture of sorrow and indignation, was describing the sufferings of his little boy.—From what passed, I discovered that the young squire (as he termed him) was the terror of all the children in the neighbourhood, as there was scarcely one amongst them, who had not felt the lash of his whip; and the poor fellow, whom he had beaten so unmercifully, had run away, instead of obeying his call to open a gate.—The friend to whom he was relating every particular of the inhuman transaction, strongly advised him to state the circumstance to a justice of the peace. “ It is as much as my life is worth,” replied the father. “ Why, Jack, I should immediately be turned out of my house, and mayhap all my work be taken from me; and then my poor wife and children must starve.”

“ Well, then, why don’t you go and complain to his father?” inquired his companion.—“ Complain to his father, indeed! Why, man, the squire is afraid to say his soul is his own; and has no more power over his sons than I have over them there deer in the park.”

Various were the instances of wanton cruelty which he related, as practised by the eldest and second sons; yet, from the extensive landed property their father possessed in the neighbourhood, all the laboring poor were fearful of complaining, lest, by offending Mr. D***, they should be discarded from an employment which enabled them to support their families.—Scarcely could I credit the evidence of my senses, as I silently kept pace with the two poor men, concealed from their observation by the park railing.—What a transition had a few

hours made in my feelings! I no longer experienced either affection or esteem for my former friend; for, though neither of the men attributed cruelty or oppression to *him*, yet, by not checking the practice of it in his children, he might be said to tolerate it,

After a walk of two hours, I returned to the hall to breakfast, where I found the female part of the family assembled in the library, busily engaged in examining a box of millinery just arrived from London.---Pleasure and vexation were alternately displayed upon the countenances of the young ladies, as they viewed the different articles of finery; each fancying she discovered greater beauty in her sister's ornaments than she did in those she was destined to possess.---In the midst of the altercation Mr. D*** made his appearance, and observing the costly materials of which each article was composed, said, in a mild accent, he thought them too expensive for girls.---"Too expensive indeed!" repeated their lady mother. "I desire, Mr. D***, you will not interfere with their dress, but allow me to be the best judge of what is proper for my own children."

"Oh! it is always the way with papa, if we even buy a yard of ribbon," said the eldest of the young ladies. "I believe he would be glad to see us attired like our grandmother Eve."---"That he would," rejoined the pert Eliza; "and I do not know whether he would not even grudge us a few leaves."

These pretensions to wit were received by the mother with a loud laugh, while my feelings were so shocked by this total want of all filial obedience, that my countenance must have expressed a mixture of indignation and contempt.---At that moment the butler entered

with a packet of letters; and I was heartily rejoiced at seeing one addressed to me, as I had predetermined that the first which arrived should afford me an excuse for taking a hasty leave.

I quitted this abode of anarchy and disorder, with a greater degree of pleasure than I can possibly describe---confirmed in the opinion, that from an erroneous mode of education proceed most of the miseries which embitter human life.---From an indolence of mind and pliancy of temper carried to an excess of weakness, my former friend had suffered himself to sink into a mere cipher, and, instead of being universally respected, had become an object of contempt. What important duties has he neglected! what misery and discomfort has he brought upon himself! but what must be his feelings at that awful moment when the sins of omission will excite as much apprehension, as those we have actually committed?

Mortified and disappointed, I traveled the first stage of my journey, undetermined whether I should pay my second visit: but, as Mr. Clifford's residence did not lie five miles out of the road I must necessarily travel, I at length conquered my ill-humour, and resolved to adopt my original plan.---D*** had been a school, and Clifford a college acquaintance; and nearly the same number of years had elapsed since I had seen either of them. The latter had spent greater part of that time in the East Indies, where, upon his first going over, he married a young lady of fortune.

As the East Indians in general are allowed to be ostentatious, and we are too apt to imbibe the opinions of those we associate with, I expected to see him surrounded with as much magnificence as the eastern

prince.---Upon stopping at an inn about three miles from the Abbey which had formerly been the seat of his great grand-father, I inquired of the landlord, whilst my horses were being watered, if the roads to Clifford Abbey were passable."---"Passable, sir!" repeated the man in a tone of astonishment: "why, they are as smooth, and as even, as a cricket-ground; or I might have said, if you like a simile, as smooth as the squire's conscience."

"The squire has contrived to smooth your tongue, my friend," I replied smiling: "I suppose he makes a point of recommending the George."---"He makes a point of doing all the good he can, sir, to every man in his neighbourhood; and, before you will find his equal, you may travel round the world."---There was an ardency in my host's mode of expression which delighted me; and I asked him several questions respecting my friend, all of which he answered in such an enthusiastic strain of gratitude, that I felt impatient to introduce myself to this phoenix of a man.

As I had apprised Clifford of my intention of being in that part of the country, the moment he saw the carriage drive round the lawn which environed his house, he flew to the door, and expressed the secret satisfaction he experienced in having an opportunity of renewing the friendship of his youth.---Two lovely children were sportively playing upon the verdant plat before us, the elder of whom came running up to his father, exclaiming, "Oh! papa! is that gentleman, you are so glad to see, my uncle, just come from Bengal?"---"No, my dear fellow," replied the father: "It is Mr. W***, an old friend, whom I have not seen a great many years; and, if you are a good boy, and always behave kind-

ly to poor Frederic, you will experience as much pleasure when you are a man."---"It would be very wicked not to be kind to him, papa, mamma tells me; because he has no father or mother to be fond of him.---Have you, sir, a father and mother?" inquired the sweet boy, looking wistfully in my face.

"Here," thought I, "is the true system of education; an impressive lesson inculcated from the incidents which daily occur; the pleasure arising from the practice of social affection forcibly pressed upon the imagination, at a moment when the feelings are all genuine, susceptible, and warm."---Having answered the little inquirer in the affirmative, my friend passed his hand through my arm. "I am impatient," said he, "to introduce you to my wife and daughters. From the former you will receive a cordial welcome, unshackled by ceremony, and unrestrained by form."

Though inanimate objects seldom draw forth my attention when animate ones are present, yet scarcely could I avoid directing my eyes, during the introduction, upon a long table which extended from the top to the bottom of the 'drawing-room, which was as completely covered with fire-screens, work-bags, reticules, &c. &c. as the most famous shop for the sale of these articles.

"You must be astonished at the display we are making of our various employments, sir," said Mrs. Clifford: "but the fair, at which they are to be exhibited, takes place to-morrow; and my girls were taking an inventory of each article, and affixing the selling price."

"Do not suppose, my friend, that my wife and daughters are become hucksters," rejoined Clifford, perceiving, I suppose, some degree of astonishment marked upon my face:

"for the articles you see before you, are not only specimens of taste and application, but emblems of beneficence and charity; for a booth at the ensuing fair is to be erected for the sale of them, and the produce given towards the support of nine orphan children.---The tale of their misfortune is simple and affecting: their father was one of my daily laborers; and, in driving home a team, one of the horses became restiff, which the poor fellow for some time in vain endeavoured to move; but at length it reared, made a plunge at him, and too successfully knocked him down: the wheel of the waggon went over his body, and killed him upon the spot.---The unfortunate wife, who was near her confinement, witnessed this appalling sight, and, in less than twelve hours, became a mother, and lost her valuable life."

I need not describe the effect of this distressing narrative, as every susceptible mind will easily conceive it; and directing my eye towards a box with a slit cut in the top of it, I saw the following words written in large letters over it, "For the reception of contributions for the benevolent purpose of supporting nine orphans," and under it, "Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

With secret satisfaction did I contribute towards a plan so benevolent; and joyfully could I have pressed the institutor of it to my heart. What a contrast did it present to the man I had so recently quitted! and how doubly deserving did my friend appear by the comparison!-----In the evening, an addition was made to this amiable family, by the arrival of its elder branch, a fine young man about eighteen, who had just arrived from Cambridge.

"I did not expect to have had the pleasure of seeing you these ten days,

my dear Henry" said his father, after the first salutation.---"It is by the indulgence of my tutor, sir, that I have the gratification of quitting college sooner than I intended," replied the young man with some degree of embarrassment.---The anxious eye of paternal solicitude instantly perceived the animating glow which overspread his intelligent face. "I trust that you merit that indulgence, Henry: yet surely some mystery is connected with your unlooked-for arrival."

"It is a mystery which has its foundation in friendship, my dear father," rejoined Henry: "yet, as I perceive it excites some unpleasant sensations, do me the favor of walking into another room, as I am no less impatient to relieve your mind from all apprehension, than to become acquainted with my worthy friend's doom."

The father and son instantly quitted the apartment; and the former returned in about ten minutes with a benignant smile upon his countenance, and, approaching his wife, said in the softest accent, "My dearest Louisa, how blest we ought to think ourselves in having such a son! It is for the purpose of serving that excellent young man, Thornton, that Henry obtained leave to quit college so soon; as he is desirous of obtaining my permission to resign one hundred a year of his income; and, upon that sum, he can raise a sufficiency to purchase a vacant place for Mr. Thornton."

"Oh! papa! how good it is of Henry," exclaimed the blushing Selina, "to resign the means of purchasing his own gratification! You have given your consent to it, have you not, my dear sir?"

"No; I have positively forbid it, Selina," replied Clifford. The artless girl's countenance underwent a sudden change: "but, fortunately, my dear girl," continued my friend,

"there is no person likely to forbid my intention of serving Thornton; unless you should start an objection to my disposing of my money to promote his interest."

"Me, sir! me object to any measure you think proper to adopt!" stammered out the now delighted Selina, in a voice of hesitation.—At that moment the door opened, and Henry Clifford re-entered, accompanied by one of the finest figures I had ever beheld, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Thornton.—What I had before suspected, was instantly made clear to me, by the mixture of tempered joy and agitation, which the ingenuous Selina in vain endeavoured to conceal, while in the young man's countenance I read the ardent lover, concealed under the external garb of timidity and respect.

When the family retired to rest, my friend opened his whole heart to me respecting his intentions towards this too interesting young man.—"Providence," said the worthy Clifford, "has blessed me with an ample fortune: yet I feel myself but as an agent under his directing hand; and I consider it a duty imposed upon me to do all the good I can.—Thornton universally bears an unexceptionable character: my daughter is tenderly attached to him; yet, knowing the confined state of his finances, he has too much honor to avail himself of it.—It is not my intention to render him independent: that would be an act of injustice to my other children; but I mean to purchase the place Henry has mentioned, and afford him an opportunity of exerting his abilities; and, if he conducts himself in it to my satisfaction, I will reward him with my beloved Selina's hand."

To describe all the proofs I witnessed of my friend Clifford's bene-

ficence, or to paint the unity which prevailed in the family, would fill volumes, instead of occupying a few pages; I shall therefore merely say, that, after passing three delightful weeks in their society, I took my leave with a mixture of admiration and regret.

BENEDICT; a true History.

(Continued from page 218 of our last volume.)

THAT I had never even heard of an indisposition which required such a total change in the domestic establishment of Mrs. Talbut, struck me as extraordinary, particularly as I had left Adolphus, two months before, in the enjoyment of perfect health: and I was still more astonished at discovering that my little cousin Melville was left under the care of Mr. F***. Though, during infancy, his mother had displayed the strongest proofs of attachment, yet, from the moment Adolphus became master of such an un-expected mine of wealth, he seemed in great measure to have superceded the child of my revered uncle, in the affection of his surviving parent.—Still, as Mrs. Talbut publicly kept up the appearance of maternal fondness, it seemed wonderful she should not have taken him to Madeira, particularly as his constitution was naturally delicate, and might have been infinitely improved by the salubrity of the air.

That this sudden voyage was in some measure connected with the letter received by Mr. Talbut on the day of his death, occurred to my imagination the moment my aunt's epistle reached my hand. Though Adolphus, by the insolence of his manner, when I requested to see that interesting letter, evidently wished to inspire me with the idea that he doubted Mr. Talbut's having received it; yet, so far from producing that effect, it confirmed me in

the opinion that both his mother and himself had some private reasons for concealing it; and, by absenting themselves from England, they of course precluded all further inquiry upon the subject.

Though I had learned from Mr. Montgomery that my fortune was affluent, yet he had never even hinted the amount of it; and I was as complete a stranger to the sum bequeathed to me by my respected father, as any person wholly unconnected with him. From the comparatively small allowance made me by Mrs. Talbut, I had learned to know the value of every shilling; and I set a double value upon riches, from knowing they extended the field of benevolence.---As nature had endowed me with a beneficent disposition, I considered fortune peculiarly desirable, as the only means of indulging it; and that Mr. Montgomery had generously bestowed those means, was evident, from what had passed between Mr. Talbut and myself;---but how to ascertain this fact, was beyond my comprehension; or how even to know the parties who were concerned in the will, was a difficulty which appeared insurmountable to a boy of sixteen. Though Pemberton was my chosen friend, and the general depository of my secrets, yet there appeared a want of delicacy in unfolding my suspicions to him; and I was withheld from disclosing them to George Delemere, by an observation of his amiable mother's, who on a former occasion had said, she thought suspicion a degrading sentiment, which ought always to be confined to the suspector's breast.

Several months had passed away without any intelligence of Mrs. Talbut or Adolphus S***; but, as the vacation approached, I received an invitation from Mrs. Pemberton

to pass it with my young friend. ---Not doubting I should receive Dr. D***'s permission, I anticipated the liveliest satisfaction from this intended visit: but how cruelly were my hopes blighted, upon his informing me that he had received positive orders not to permit me to quit college! Warm in my passions, and ardent in my feelings, I found it impossible to restrain the latter at this un-expected disappointment; and, un-able to stifle those suspicions, which had so long lain dormant in my bosom, in the fulness of my heart I disclosed them to the doctor, imploring him to inform me whether he conceived there was a possibility of discovering who were Mr. Montgomery's executors.

How astonished was I to find that a difficulty, which to me had appeared insurmountable, could be removed by merely applying to Doctors' Commons! and so completely delighted was I at the intelligence, that I could scarcely find words sufficiently strong to express my acknowledgements to the doctor.---Though I had been so long under the care of that able instructor, yet I had never received any gratifying marks of his esteem or regard: his applause even appeared blended with a coldness, which checked the impression of pleasure it inspired.---"My dear Henry," said the enlightened man clapping me upon the shoulder, "I acknowledge myself to have acted wrong; I ought not to have been biassed by any malicious assertions: on the contrary, I ought to have investigated each report I heard: but my future conduct, I hope, will compensate for my past coldness:---from this moment I will make your interest my own."

It wanted but three days to the vacation when this confidential conversation between Dr. D*** and

myself took place; and, on the fourth morning, I accompanied my new friend to the metropolis, notwithstanding the injunction he had received.—“Justice” (said the Doctor) “forbids my adhering to the commands of a being who has made use of so much deception in your affairs; for, though she did not represent you as totally destitute of fortune, she made the smallness of it a pretence for restraining your pocket expenses; and, upon my observing that the allowance was too small for a boy of your age, she informed me it was your misfortune to have a natural propensity for expense; and, as you never could have the power of gratifying it, she considered it a duty incumbent upon her to endeavour to check it.”

On the morning after our arrival in London, the Doctor and myself went to the Commons for the purpose of obtaining a copy of Mr. Montgomery's will; but I will not attempt to describe the various emotions which agitated my bosom, while listening to the last testament of my deceased friend, by which I found myself master of immense landed property, both in England and the East Indies.—Though Dr. D*** was an entire stranger to the gentlemen who were nominated as trustees to the will, the proctor, who was a friend of my master's, professed himself intimately acquainted with one of them; and, upon the Doctor's saying he was certain there had been some treacherous proceedings, replied, “he was convinced Mr. Clavering was unacquainted with them; for” (continued he) “I know no man of higher honor and integrity in his profession, though, from possessing an independent fortune, he is not sufficiently attentive to his business.”

It was decreed that we should all

immediately proceed to Mr. Clavering's chambers, for the purpose of inquiring the reason of my remaining so long ignorant of Mr. Montgomery's bequest: and, if a mixture of undefinable sensations were excited by the liberality of that worthy character towards me, how were they increased by the account of the treacherous conduct of my pretended friends!—Mr. Clavering informed us, that, immediately after the death of Mr. Montgomery, the gentleman who was united in the trust with him was taken alarmingly ill; in consequence of which, his whole time and thoughts were so much occupied, that he actually forgot to make Mr. Talbut acquainted with the bequest: but, the moment his friend was so far recovered as to be able to undertake a voyage to Madeira, he had done it:—“but that young gentleman,” continued Mr. Clavering, addressing himself to the Doctor, and gazing upon me with a look of astonishment, “cannot surely be the Henry mentioned in Mr. Montgomery's will!”—“Why *cannot*, my good Sir?” demanded the Doctor, in a tone of still greater astonishment.—“Because,” replied Mr. Clavering, “I have been informed by two of his relatives, that he has the misfortune to labor under an imbecillity of intellect; and Mrs. Talbut and her son are actually gone to Madeira for the purpose of consulting with Mr. Hervey, how to act in the business; though, when I say they are gone on purpose, I believe I go too far, as I understood they had some idea of visiting that island, before they knew my coadjutor was there.”

Astonishment and indignation marked the Doctor's countenance while listening to Mr. Clavering's account of Mrs. Talbut's treacherous manœuvres.—“*Execrable* we-

man!" he exclaimed: "but thank God, sir, there are witnesses enough to prove her statement false; and, so far from that young gentleman's intellects being imbecile, I assure you on my honor, he is one of the finest scholars in my school."

We spent the greater part of the morning in Mr. Clavering's chambers, consulting upon the proper mode of conduct to pursue, to get me entirely out of the power of my treacherous relative, and for the purpose of defeating her iniquitous views. The plan proposed by that gentleman was, that a statement of every circumstance should be laid before the Lord Chancellor, accompanied by a petition to his lordship, to take me under his peculiar care. The worthy Doctor D*** was so indefatigable in his exertions, that the petition was both presented, and granted, in less than three weeks; during which time we remained at the house of a Mr. Collier, a merchant of large fortune, in Finsbury Square.—By one of those singular co-incidences of circumstances which sometimes happen, I accidentally discovered that Mr. Collier was a relation of Mrs. Delemere's; and from him I learned that her amiable son was in a very declining state, occasioned by the breaking of a blood vessel.—In addition to this intelligence, he likewise informed me, that the whole family were gone either to Lisbon or Madeira.

Mrs. Talbut's sudden resolution of letting Belmont, and undertaking a voyage to one or both of those places, was instantly accounted for; and I was likewise convinced her son's disease (if he labored under any) proceeded only from his passion for the amiable Louisa.—The intelligence which I received from Mr. Collier, occasioned me much greater solicitude than that which Mr. Clavering

imparted; for I was well aware that the insidious Adolphus would leave no plan untried to accomplish his wishes.—The serious indisposition of a young man so truly deserving as George Delemere was likewise a circumstance to inspire me with the liveliest regret; and fortune, which had once appeared so desirable an acquisition, lost the greater part of the charm I had fancied it would possess.—I became impatient to return to Winchester, as it was at Christmas that Mrs. Delemere had been in the habit of sending a donation to the Maurices, and I indulged the hope of obtaining some intelligence from those worthy people, of the being whom I loved to the greatest excess.

The gift had been received, and a short letter with it, merely inquiring after those worthy people's health, and giving them the pleasing intelligence that my friend had derived benefit from the change of climate; but no hints was given of their intended return to England; neither was my name mentioned.—Though I derived much gratification from the account of my friend's amendment, yet I felt sensibly mortified at not having been noticed by the too charming Louisa. Ten thousand agonising apprehensions agitated my bosom, when I reflected upon the opportunities Adolphus would have of injuring me in her opinion. So completely was my mind occupied by these apprehensions, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could pay attention to my scholastic duties; and I was rejoiced when Dr. D*** pronounced me fit for the University; flattering myself that change of scene would produce an effect upon my spirits.—But, alas! the same apprehensions continued to haunt my imagination. I incessantly beheld, in idea, the insidious Adolphus pouring forth a tale of love into the ear

of the only being whom I thought capable of administering to my happiness.—It was in vain my friend Pemberton endeavoured to rally my spirits, by remarking the little pleasure Louisa had always testified from Adolphus's attentions; for my life was so completely embittered by apprehension, that even the voice of friendship lost its charm.

Near eighteen months elapsed in this painful state of anxiety; during which period, I had never received any intelligence of my aunt; in fact, all intercourse ceased between us from the moment the Lord Chancellor had formally acknowledged me as his ward.—At the expiration of eighteen months, however, I received a letter from the worthy Doctor, informing me that Mrs. Talbot and her son were returned; that both had been to Winchester, and had called at his house, but that he had thought proper to be denied to them; “and I would advise you, my dear Henry,” (added my revered protector) “if they make any overtures to you, to adopt a similar plan.”—During the period I have described, I had written two letters to George Delemere, to neither of which had I received any answer—a circumstance which increased my agitation, and added to my chagrin.

That Adolphus should, a second time, have the power of injuring me in the opinion of persons of a disposition so unlikely to be prejudiced by mere report, was a circumstance so completely extraordinary, that I could scarcely credit its truth: yet that he had done so, was evident, from the conduct they pursued.

From the period of my residing at Cambridge, I had alternately passed my vacation with Dr. D*** and my friend Pemberton, whose attachment towards me increased with years.—His mother's conduct was

no less flattering: in short she seemed to make no distinction between me and her son; and the blooming Marianne appeared to experience for me a similar regard to that which she felt for her brother.—In this united family it might have been supposed I must have enjoyed happiness: yet to that sentiment, alas! my bosom was a stranger; for happiness was so intimately connected with the image of Louisa, that it was impossible to taste it, when I had no longer an opportunity of enjoying the sight of her.

An event likewise occurred, which, to some young men, might have appeared flattering, but which, to me, was a source of indescribable uneasiness; for that sisterly regard, which the artless Marianne displayed upon our first acquaintance, had evidently ~~fin~~ed into a warmer sentiment.—That engaging vivacity, which had diffused cheerfulness around her, was succeeded by a dejection that it was impossible to witness without participating in it, for, to use the words of an admired author,

“*Love grief became her!*”

Grief reign'd with silent pleasure in her face,

As if delighted to be dress'd in beauty.*”

To the practice of flirting, as it is termed, which at present is so fashionable, I had never felt the slightest inclination: in short, that early attachment which I had formed for the incomparable Louisa Delemere, rendered me in some degree insensible to the charms of every other female.—Had my heart been disengaged, that bewitching *naïveté* of manners which Marianne Pemberton in so eminent a degree possessed, could not have failed to attract its warmest emotions, particularly as I had so many opportunities of perceiving that it was united to the most amiable propensities:—yet, in

* *Martyu's Timoleon.*

my Louisa, there was a dignity of soul, and a refinement of sentiment, which excited a mixture of admiration and esteem, while the gentleness of her manners, and the sweetness of her disposition, were calculated to inspire love's most ardent flame.

As, from a boy, I had always been passionately fond of music, I had been indefatigable in my endeavours to become master of the science; in short, all my leisure hours were devoted to an accomplishment, in which Louisa Delemere likewise excelled.—Upon my arrival at the lodge, (which was the appellation given to Mrs. Pemberton's elegant villa) she requested me to undertake the office of instructor to her daughter; and, as my friend was likewise musical, we every evening formed a domestic trio.—I soon, however, observed, that, in every song which portrayed the tender passion, the harmonious voice of the fair songstress agitatingly faltered; and, if any inquiring eye happened to rest upon her, the liveliest carnation overspread her countenance.—Mrs. Pemberton, who was more attached to ancient, than modern music, one evening requested her daughter to sing “When first I saw thee graceful move,” &c. with which request, with a mixture of hesitation and embarrassment, the blushing girl complied; but, when she came to

“Say, soft confusion, art thou love?” her agitation was so violent, that she could not proceed; and, complaining of sudden indisposition, she quitted the instrument, and hurried out of the room.—The alarmed parent instantly followed the object of her affection: Pemberton and myself were consequently left *lête-à-lête*: both for some moments observed a total silence: but at length

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he exclaimed, “Dear, ill-fated girl!”

An embarrassment, greater than I had ever before experienced, seized me:—I felt as if I had been treacherously seducing the lovely girl's affections, without being able to make a return; and, as my eyes met the steadfast gaze of her brother, mine were, by an involuntary impulse, cast down; and I felt my whole frame suffused by that crimson current, which was so rapidly passing through my veins.

“The guilty only ought to blush, dear Henry!” said Pemberton, throwing aside his flute, and clapping me affectionately upon the shoulder. “I have long suspected, but I now have proof of, Marianne's attachment: yet, selfish wretch that I was, I derived so much gratification from your society, that, to retain it, I hazarded a beloved sister's peace!—But you must leave us, my friend:—and I—inhabitable as I am—implore it.”

There was something so truly touching in the tone and manner of this attached brother, as he said this, that I actually felt my eyes fill with tears; and so completely was I distressed and mortified by the scene I had witnessed, that I found myself totally at a loss for words.—With Pemberton I had never had the slightest secret: he was the depository of my every thought; and too well he knew how completely the image of Louisa had entwined itself around my heart.—To obliterate the impression, he knew, would be as impossible, as to efface engraven characters by the touch of a finger: yet, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed emphatically, “Would to heaven you had never seen that bewitching Louisa!”

In this wish it was impossible for me to join him, though she had been the innocent cause of exquisite soli-

citude: yet I perfectly agreed with him as to the necessity of my immediately quitting the lodge.---To invent a plausible excuse to Mrs. Pemberton, who, her son assured me, had not the slightest suspicion of the state of her daughter's heart, then became the subject of discussion; and we agreed that the first letter I received, I should pretend it contained a summons from Winchester.

(To be continued.)

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

The evil Eye.—The superstitious doctrine of the *evil eye*—as we learn from Mr. Vaughan, in his "View of the present State of Sicily"—is universally believed through the country; and perhaps more than elsewhere, at Palermo itself. It is a fancy or apprehension that the look or the presence of some particularly ill-omened person brings ill-luck wherever it appears;—that person is called a *Gettatore*, literally a *thrower* (alluding to the eye.) As a guard against the threatening misfortune of the presence of the *Gettatore*, they carry a little charm called "*Bona Fortuna*," which is a small crooked piece of coral, generally like the horn of an animal, and pointed at the end: it is worn by the gentlemen at their watch-chains, and by the ladies as an ornament; these they point at the unlucky object upon his appearance, to qualify the Evil Eye. The king himself wears the *Bona Fortuna*; and several English can attest the fact of having seen him point, when at cards, at a particular duke, well known at Palermo, who is supposed generally to be a *Gettatore*.

The evil Air, or Mal-aria.—The same work presents us with the following notice of the *Mal-aria*, or

noxious air.—The *mal-aria* is very prevalent in many parts of Sicily (and Calabria) particularly in autumn. It is hitherto little better explained than unwholesale air, arising from stagnant water left by the torrents in the summer, or from exhalations, in certain parts, from the earth; this last is the more credited, since it is known that in certain houses the *mal-aria* shows itself on one side (even within the house) and not on the other. We have many instances of this in the barracks and quarters of our soldiers, where one side has been healthy, while the other has been sickly, and the men died rapidly. Of two companies of the 21st regiment, quartered at Venitico, in the same barracks, in 1808, forty in one of the companies were taken ill, of whom ten or eleven died; and the other company (although they entered by one door) in the other division, remained healthy; a proof, among others, of the extraordinary and deadly consequences of the *mal-aria*, since, if care and attention could have saved these men, the indefatigable zeal of their most excellent commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel Adam, would have effected it. The same phenomena are to be observed frequently at Rome.

A Sicilian Inn.—In England, we are too apt, in traveling, to complain of the want of certain little comforts and accommodations at inns: but what would the fastidious English traveler say to an inn, such as described in the following passage from Mr. Vaughan's work above quoted?—At Fiume di Nisi, "the muleteer informed me there was an excellent inn. It consists of an immense range of open stalls for the mules, and wretched lofts above, they call rooms. The supper-room you are shown into, is a division of the stable; with a fire on the ground, or

rather, bare earth,---a bed for the family---some casks of wine---a pig lately killed, swinging from the rafters---and a table and bench. Upon the ashes they toast you a slice from the pig---with two or three eggs, and a bottle of wine: and that forms your supper; while the muleteer stalks in with a satisfied air from having told you the truth. The chamber for sleeping is a wretched-looking garret, with a mattress, *en suite*; shutters for windows; and a door that won't shut. Were an English lady's maid shown into such a place, at the worst inn on the road, she would immediately swoon. And take this for a picture of every *locanda* in Sicily, except in great towns, or the immediate beaten track from one English post to another."

Telemachus.—The historic romance of "Telemachus," as is well known to all our readers, was written by Archbishop Fénelon for the instruction of his royal pupil, the dauphin, grandson of Louis XIV, and heir apparent to the Gallic throne: and never was a work more admirably calculated to improve the heart and the head of a young prince. But it is matter of astonishment to many of his readers, that Fénelon, living under a despotic government, should have dared to write a book so pointedly and openly condemnatory of all the most prominent and glaring foibles and vices of the reigning monarch, who had chosen him as preceptor to his grandson, and whose nod could in a moment have consigned him to perpetual chains and darkness in the dungeons of the Bastille. Those who are acquainted with the history of Louis XIV, cannot fail to recognise, at first sight, the strong likenesses which he draws of him in various parts of the work; and those who are not, may find the passages

quoted and applied in Madame de Genlis' "*Histoire des Femmes Françaises*."—The wonder, however, will cease, when it is recollected, that the worthy archbishop wrote the book in secret, wholly unknown to Louis, and did not immediately print it, but kept it close in manuscript, for the exclusive perusal of his young pupil. Thus, for a time, he avoided the displeasure of his despot patron, and might have continued to enjoy his favor during the remainder of their joint lives, had not envy and avarice conspired to effect his ruin. A *valet de chambre* surreptitiously took a copy of the manuscript, which thus reached the eye of Louis. The *Grand Monarque* read it with astonishment and indignation, forbade it to be printed, dismissed the good prelate from his preceptorial office, and banished him to his distant diocese.—It was not till after the tyrant's death, that the invaluable work was printed.

Conversion by Proxy.—Col. Kirkpatrick, in his "Account of the kingdom of Nepaul," relates, that, a Christian missionary having offered to instruct the regent of that kingdom in the most useful branches of mineralogy and metallurgy (respecting which this prince is very curious), provided he would embrace the Christian faith, the regent coolly replied, that his rank in the state made it inconvenient for him to accede to the proposed terms, but that he was ready to substitute two or three men, who should make as good proselytes as himself. The missionary rejecting this expedient, and the regent not comprehending, or affecting not to comprehend, why three souls should be of less estimation than one, very gravely inferred, that the holy father could only be prevented from accepting so fair a proposal, by the desire of

concealing his ignorance of the arts which he had professed himself qualified to teach.

Preservation of dead Bodies.—Among the discoveries made in the ruins of Pompeii, was one of a singular and remarkable kind---a deep subterraneous vault, nearly full of ice, and, in the centre of it, a marble sarcophagus containing a human body in perfect preservation, fresh and unadorned, as was likewise the dress, consisting of a linen undergarment, a tunic of fine white woollen cloth bordered with two purple stripes, and short half-boots of black leather. The body must have lain there upwards of seventeen hundred years.---On being removed into the open air, the arms, legs, and throat, exhibited those convulsive motions which are observable in bodies subjected to the Galvanic shock.

Causes of Madness.---In a "Dissertation on Insanity," lately published by Dr. Black, is a table of the causes of madness, drawn up from the observations made by the late Mr. Gozna, apothecary of Bedlam, from the year 1772 to 1787. Of the number of cases which fell under his cognisance, nearly one fourth were caused by misfortunes---nearly one eighth by religion and methodism---rather more than the same number by fever---and about the same proportion by hereditary taint.---On these tables, a writer in the Monthly Review has the following remark: "We have reason to believe, that, at present, a much greater proportion of insane patients derive their malady from the second of these causes."

New-formed Lakes and Springs.---A new lake has, within a short period, gradually formed itself in Jamaica. It is now reported to cover three thousand acres of land, and to be still rising at the supposed rate of

about an inch every week.---All the trees within its compass are dead. Its water is uncommonly soft; and a gentleman, who had swam in it, says that he "could not swim one third part so far in this water, as in the sea or in a river."---Besides this, some hundred acres of land are now covered with water, in another part of the island, where, in some years, the negroes and cattle have been obliged to go fifteen miles to drink; and a number of springs have burst forth, where there never before had been the slightest appearance of any.

Swallows.---A writer in a late French journal mentions that a pair of swallows entered an inhabited room, and built their nest on the curtain-rod of the window, notwithstanding the presence of cats, dogs, and human creatures.---Such materials as they were seen to employ in the construction of their nest---as horse-hair, straw, and earth---were laid in the room for them, as likewise water: but they would not use any of them.---Their nest finished, and the eggs laid, they hatched them, and reared their young, four in number---incessantly flying out for or returning with food for them.---If the opening of the window was at any time delayed in the morning, they importunately solicited their liberty by a continued twittering, which always commenced about day-break.--When the young were sufficiently grown to seek their own food, they regularly accompanied their parents, and returned with them at night.---The writer adds, that, during the early period of their existence, the dam would suffer her little ones to be handled, and would perch on the hand which held them.---In addition to these interesting particulars of the swallow, we learn from one of our domestic publications, that, in the neighbourhood of

Bo'ness, a pair of those birds having built their nest in the corner of a window, part of it afterwards gave way, and left its unfledged inhabitants in great danger of falling: but, in a few hours, about a dozen swallows came to the assistance of the owners of the ruinous mansion, and completely repaired it in the course of the day.

Sassafras Nut.—Mr. Wilson, of the Strand, has (in no fewer than four of the last monthly publications) strongly recommended the use of the sassafras nut for breakfast. He represents it as superior to cocoa or

chocolate for recruiting exhausted strength---as useful in weakness of the stomach, indigestion, cutaneous foulness, consumption, asthma, scrofula--in short, in almost every disease, especially those of a chronic nature, ---It may be proper to add, that, by advertisement in the newspapers, he has since announced that he himself has the article for sale.

Incendiaries.—In Prussia, the hand of justice has lately seized above thirty incendiaries, supposed to be only a part of a confederate band dispersed over the whole continent of Europe, but acting in concert.

POETRY.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or Ends of Verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhymes of the writer's own choice.

Run, Shun—Turn, Burn—Close,
Rose—Thorn, Warn—Grass, Pass
—Cloy, Joy—Wake, Take—Leave,
Grieve.

Any approved Completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of January, shall appear on the first of February.

Hymn to HEALTH.

Written on recovery from Sickness.

By Mr. HERSEY, Author of "Poems rural and domestic."

O HEALTH! superior gift of heav'n!
Great source of every human joy!
For all thy blessings, richly giv'n,
What ardent words can I employ?

Must polish'd language speak, to show
The gratitude I would impart?

Oh! no!—the tides of nature flow
In artless raptures from the heart.

Prostrate before thy heav'nly shrine
I kneel, with glowing thankful soul;
I bless thy pow'r, as I recline
Where sickness lately bore controul.

The pale usurper now is gone,
With ev'ry ague-misgiving pain.—
O Health! how lovely was thy dawn!
How welcome is thy perfect reign!

For thy sweet hours of nightly rest,
Thy cheerful days of joy and peace,
While I of reason am possess'd,
My gratitude shall never cease.

O Health! superior gift of heav'n!
Great source of ev'ry human joy!
For these thy blessings, richly giv'n,
No equal thanks can I employ.

*Extempore to a WEDDING-RING,
intended for a Friend of the Author.*

By Mr. HERSEY.

Oh! speed, thou little smiling toy,
To the dear hand thou soon shalt press!
Be thou the source of ev'ry joy,
That e'er on earth can charm or bless!
Give to the pair, each passing hour,
For many and many a peaceful year,
Fresh proofs that Love's celestial pow'r
Unites in lasting bliss two hearts sincere,
And binds by thee, to make them doubly

Address to PEACE.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

O THOU, who—when stern ruthless War
Came thund'ring in his blood-stain'd car,
By mad ambition driv'n—
Scar'd at the fiercely gath'ring storm,
Withdrew'st thy mild cherubic form,
And fled'st again to heav'n!

How long for thy last transient smile,
That gladden'd Britain's sea-girt isle,
Must we thy absence mourn?
O bright Celestial! when once more
Shall joy resound from shore to shore,
To hail thy lov'd return?

Britannia weeps war's sanguine reign,
Weeps for herself and injur'd Spain,
And num'rous heroes dead!
Fair Commerce feels her pow'rs decrease,
And sighs for sweet restoring Peace,
To raise her languid head.

Then, from thy blest abode on high,
Let radiance beam along the sky,
And with thy doves descend;
From olive-boughs, that grace thy hand,
Let fall a sprig on ev'ry land,
And bid fell discord end.

Bid Gallia's vengeance cease to burn,
Lay ev'rate foes to friends return,
And sheathe the reeking sword.
But hither guide, O maid divine!
Thy beamy car; here fix thy shrine;
By Britons be ador'd!

How would exulting myriads rise,
To hail thee from thy native skies,
With rapture-thrilling voice!
Grey, wrinkled Age, with cheerful brow,
Would bow in adoration low,
And Poverty rejoice.

O come then with thy lovely train,
And bless our sov'reign's lengthen'd reign,
Ere yet his sun go down!
Let Britons shout with heartfelt glee,
And conscious pride, "Peace, Liberty,
And Commerce all our own!"

WINTER.

By Miss RICHARDSON, *Hinderwell*.

THE pleasures of spring and of summer
are past;

And autumn's delights are withdrawn:
The gay pleasing seasons no longer shall
last:

See! Winter appears, with his horrible
And Nature looks wild and forlorn,

Yon trees, under which I so lately have
stray'd,

As a shelter from Sol's burning beams,
Are all stripp'd of their leaves: on the
ground they are laid:

And the place which ere while so much
beauty display'd,

Now deform'd, a drear wilderness
Confin'd by the cold, we no longer can
rove:

Through the fields we no longer can
But the joys of sweet friendship at home
we can prove,

And converse by the fire with those that
we love,

To pass the dull ev'nings away—

In hope soon to hail the return of the
spring,

To welcome the beauties of May,
When the birds on each branch shall har-
moniously sing, [us shall ring,
And the woods and the valleys around
And all Nature look happy and gay.

THE FAREWELL.

By Miss ELIZA BAXTER, *Newington*.

I LEAVE thee, my Emily—leave thee
once more,

To join the bold troops beyond sea:
Again must I quit this my dear native
shore,

And bid a sad farewell to thee.

My King and my Country command me
abroad;

And willingly them I obey;
'Tis Liberty, Emily, points out the road,
And bids me to battle away.

'Tis Glory that calls me: I hasten to earn
The laurels her bounty bestows.

I hear the drum beat! and with ardor I
burn,

To attack all Britannia's foes.

And Oh! if my Emily's blessing attend
Her Lucius across the wide main,
Inspir'd with fresh vigor, with Hope for
his friend,
Exulting his post he'll maintain.

Should Providence guide him, and grant
him success,

Ere long he'll return to this shore:
Then deign with thy smiles thy fond Lu-
cius to bless;

And let him no longer implore.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed
in our Magazine for August.

ON WOMAN.—By C. L.

WOMAN's sweet voice can fill with
heav'nly fire

The soul of man, and ev'ry joy inspire.
She can produce the most harmonious lays.

That ever grac'd th' admiring poet's bays.
Enchanted is my soul's vibrating string:

And thus in lovely woman's praise I sing,
While, led by their angelic minds to soar,

I seem to rise, the heavens to explore.
Their bright example, in the earliest page,

Delighted wond'ring man, in ev'ry age.
May heav'n protect their virtues free

from blight, [blight
And guard their happiness from ev'ry
Oh! who will dare deny that they were
born

The life of man, and wellock to adorn—
To smoothe his passage to the silent tomb,
And teach him resignation to his doom?

Another, by E. C.

BENYOWSKI.

Oh! for a spark of bright Mæonian fire,
My breast to kindle, and my Muse inspire,

While no debas'd, no prostituted lays
Wind round Benyowski's brows the
wreath of bays. [to soar

Great spirit, forin'd 'midst toils and death
O'er grow'ling fears, and tracts unknown
explore! [page,

I hang admiring o'er thy soul-stamp'd
And, while I bless thy projects, loathe
the age, [flight,

Excuse thy fair one's half-reluctant
Sigh for her hapless love, and wail its
blight. [born,

O born to raise the weak! O vainly
That crown* thy genius gain'd thee to
adorn!

A friend of Afric weeps upon thy tomb,
And mourns her prospects, while he
mourns thy doom.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMIS proposed
in our Magazine for September.

By J. M. L.

THE early blush of morn is sweet,
When infant day appears:
I love its hour of peace to greet,
Devoid of chilling fear.

In nature's charms, to me sublime,
An unbought joy I find;
And still, though varied be the *clime*,
No change attends my mind.

Beauty may fade, her charms decay,
And Age his snows may send;
The monarch soon must sink to clay,
And all his glories end:

But nature, ever young and fair
In charms that constant glow,
Feels not the bitter pangs of care:—
Such pangs she cannot know.

The man whom malice follows sore,
May weep in anxious woe:
The man from whom each joy she tore,
Can scarce a comfort know.

But still, to ease his hateful load,
Here nature's charms arise;
While heav'n invites to its abode
Beyond the azure skies.

* He was made king of Madagascar
by the natives; but his eventual object
appears to have been the regeneration
of Africa.—See his Memoirs, printed in
London, in 1790.

Such feelings brighten ev'ry scene,
And calm each troublous thought;
Can bid the mind become serene,
Though deep with sorrow fraught.

Grant I may still possess a taste
For feelings true as these:
The mind of man by such is grac'd;
They, more than riot, please.

Soft as is music to the ear,
We own their wond'rous pow'r:
We feel their charming influence cheer,
And hail the happy hour.

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

Oh! life, that I could rid me of thy
load, [scene?
And quit this woe-fraught, sublunary
For happiness has fled my lone abode,
The dwelling once of peace and joy
serene!

Clariuda's dead! No more her form
shall greet [cher;
These doting eyes, nor this fond bosom
No more her voice (than Philomel's
more sweet) [ear!
Shall feed with rapture Colin's list'ning
Sure never wretch misfortune press'd
so sore!

Scarcely allow'd connubial bliss to taste,
When Death, relentless tyrant! from
me tore

The peerless fair, with ev'ry virtue grac'd!

Ah me! how soon does earth-born joy
decay! [clime,
None e'er is lasting, but in that pure
Where now Clarinda, freed from cum-
brous clay, [time!
An angel moves, in height of bliss sub-

VIRTUE; an Imitation of the French Epi-
gram in our Magazine for August.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

WE Virtue treat just like a queen, [mien,
Whose winning mildness, grace, and
Our admiration raise:
But then her rank inspires such awe,
Whennear th' illustrious damew'd draw,
We falter, pause, and gaze.

HOPE; an Imitation of the French Epi-
gram in our Magazine for September.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

THOUGH mortals e'er of life complain,
And destiny each day arraign,
As cruelly unjust;
Yet in Hope's glass they gaze; and there
To-morrow seems still bright, still fair:
Again they fondly trust,

And true the vision deem.
Thus months and years flit by, while they
For Hope's to-morrows live each day,
Till death dissolves the dream.

Another, by W. E. junior.

MAN ever is complaining,
And ever late arraigning;
But, though each day with care perplex'd,
Hope bids him still live for the next.

*Imitation of the lines left on the Toilette
of NINON LENCLOS by a jealous Lover.
(Lady's Magazine for October) **

By W. E. junior.

UNWORTHY of my flame, my tears !
Unmov'd I brave thy feeble charms.
No more the lover's hopes and fears
Shall wake my breast to fond alarms.
Not thine those charms which once my
bosom rent ;

For they were only by my passion lent.

NINON'S Answer.

Unmindful of thy love's alarms,
I view thee brave my feeble charms.
But, if the passion beauty lends,
How is't, no charm on thee attends ?

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

UNWORTHY of my tears and pains !
With ease I break thy feeble chains.
My love did thee with charms invest,
With which, false maid, thou ne'er wast
blest.

The Answer.

Unmov'd by all thy tears and pains,
I see thee break my feeble chains :
But if, that love lends charms, be true,
Thou shouldst have borrow'd, sir, a few.

How to write LOVE-LETTERS.

*Imitation from the French in our last
Number, page 474.*

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

No ! love sincere is not express'd in
rhime : [rules of art :

Th' impassion'd soul ill brooks dull
The labor'd measure, and the awful
chime, [the heart.

May show the wit : but prose unveils

Another, by W. E. junior.

No ! 'tis not in verse that true love can
be trac'd : [shall say ;

It ought not to muse to find what it
And, by measure and rhyme with deep
study plac'd, [ta'en away.

What is given to wit, from the heart's

*Solutions of the Charade and Enigma
proposed in our last Number.*

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

I once read the charade, and cried, "Con-
found it !"

Then read it o'er again, and "Nothing"
found it.

I read th' Enigma—saw Queen Bess,
Who whisper'd, "'Tis the letter S."

MIDNIGHT.

By the late Mr. WORGAN.

'Tis midnight, and the ruthless win-
try blast [founder'd bark !

Howls o'er the fragments of the
See ! the swola corse on the strand are
cast, [and hark !

Hurl'd by the warring elements,
'Tis the wreck'd mariner's expiring shriek,
Who grasp'd th' o'erhanging cliff, with
desperate force, [seek,

Yet, while his feet some nook of shelter
Is buried in the wild wave's fluent
course. [tale

Mourners ! who frame the fond lamenting
O'er fancied evils,—look on real woe ;
What are the cares that prompt your
tender wail, [others know ?

What, to the rending pangs that
With grief like yours, the sufferers
would be blest, [mults rest.

And deem your sorrows bliss, your ta-

The SITE of EDEN.—By H. G.

WHEN, from the bow'r where pleasures
grew,

The angel Adam drove,
His beautiful partner quitted too,
Content with him to love.

And since—all travelers have said,
No trace they can explore.

They're right—when lovely woman fled,
'Twas Paradise no more.

To a Lady, in a THUNDER-STORM.

WELL may'st thou dread, in this rude hour,
The lightning's livid flash to feel,
When, to each strong attractive pow'r,
You add, fair maid, a heart of steel.

FOR-EVER.

FOR-ever !—what a volume lies
Within those simple words alone !
How we regret, how dearly prize,
What once was trifling in our eyes,
When 'tis for-ever flown !

L'AMITIÉ.

"L'AMITIÉ n'est qu'un mot !"—Je suis
de votre avis : [à connaître
Mais, avant de vous plaindre, apprenez
Pourquoi, mon cher Philinte, on voit si
peu d'amis :— [ne veut l'être.

Chacun veut qu'on le soit ; personne
* * * A Translation or Imitation is requested,
for our next or any future Number.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Morning Walking & Evening Dress.
N^o II. 1811.

*London Morning and Evening
Dresses.*

1. *Morning walking dress.*—A pelisse of plain silk trimmed with fur. Bonnet, of white satin trimmed with plaid.

2. *Evening dress.*—Of gold-colored satin or velvet trimmed with swan's-down. A cap of lace with ribbon of same color as the dress; white gloves and shoes.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

DURING the last year, the increase of American shipping at Canton, China, has been nearly one-half, and about 13,000 tons of tea imported to the United States, a part of which will no doubt find its way to Europe.

An establishment for Vaccination has been formed at Canton, which has most beneficially extended the new practice through a great part of the Chinese empire.—Some idea of its advantages may be estimated, when it is known, that, on a moderate computation, one tenth of the children in China heretofore died annually of the small-pox.

Tempest.—*May 2*, a storm raged at Madras, which tore up trees by the roots, burst many doors from their hinges, and destroyed a hundred and twelve ships and vessels of various descriptions.

Spanish America.—*July 16*, all the deputies of Venezuela subscribed the act of absolute independence passed on the 5th.—*July 20*, the superior junta of Santa Fé sent to the general Congress of Venezuela, for the support of the revolutionary cause, 250,000 dollars, raised chiefly from the voluntary contributions of private individuals.—*August 13*, the city of New Valencia, after two days of successive assaults, surrendered at discretion to the revolutionary forces under general Miranda.—Accounts from Jamaica state, that, on entering the city, after its surrender, when the troops composing the garrison were willing to lay down their arms, General Miranda ordered his army to put them to the sword, and some thousands are said to have perished. Regular possession having been given to the army of Caraccas, the inhabitants of Valencia, irritated by repeated cruelties, rose upon their oppressors. They were, however, unsuccessful, and many public executions were the consequence.

Mexico, Aug. 1.—We are in daily expectation here of a revolution; things seem instantly coming to a crisis; the

hatred towards the English discovers itself more and more, and a peace with France is almost assured, but by no means doubted; the people are gathering in crowds, and exclaiming for want of bread; almost all our friends of consequence in the island are sent in exile to Parignano; and this day the *Gazeta Britannica* was suppressed, and the printer put in confinement.—In the space of four days, the inhabitants of that city experienced 13 shocks of earthquakes, and one more severe than has been known for a long time, which alarmed the whole neighbourhood to so great a degree, that many of the inhabitants quitted their beds, and escaped into the streets without their clothes.

Palermo, Aug. 14.—The news from Naples represent that city and kingdom in a most wretched state. The landed proprietors pay upwards of £80 per cent. of the produce of their estates to the Government. The large palaces of the nobility are rapidly falling to ruin; the streets unpaved, every appearance of a city sacked by its enemies.

It has been publicly announced in the *St. Vincent's Gazette* of Aug. 17, that Dr. Anderson had succeeded this year in preserving a quantity of clove-seed fit for the propagation of that valuable spice, and that persons inclined to cultivate it would be furnished with some.

Bank-Robbery.—*September 1.* The treasure, stolen from the Charleston bank (*See our last No. p. 481*) was, with the exception of a few hundred dollars, all recovered. A Mr. Benjamin Gray, a man of great mechanical talents, having been taken up on suspicion, his negro, who had assisted him in the robbery, and who was also arrested, confessed the fact, and pointed out the spot, in Mr. Gray's ground, where the money lay deposited, together with the false keys used in procuring it.

Turks and Russians.—In the night of *September 8*, the Turkish army, under

the grand Vizier, crossed the Danube in great force, a little above Rudschuck. During the following day, the Russians made several attacks upon them, but were uniformly repulsed with considerable loss. These engagements lasted from morning till night: and it is said that several French officers were serving under the grand Vizier.

Six million eight hundred bales of cotton have arrived from Turkey at Cortanizza in the months of July and August. They have been transported to Italy and France.

Letters from Palermo to the 27th of September state, that his Sicilian Majesty had of late evinced a more conciliatory disposition towards the British; and had even expressed his disapprobation of some intrigues which had recently come to light.—The apoplectic fit which had attacked the queen, had almost unfitted her for any public business; in consequence of which, the government in a great degree devolved upon General Maitland, the British commander.

Bankruptcies.—*New York, Sept. 28.* About twenty capital failures have lately taken place at Philadelphia, and as many more of inferior magnitude.—Our condition here, and in the other commercial towns on the coast, is truly deplorable; all classes of men daily stopping payment.

An American paper, of *Octob. 5*, mentions a message from the Chickasaw Indians to the American government, stating, that, "propositions have been made to the Chickasaw Indians by the British, through the northern Indians, to join in a war against the United States."

Several persons have been arrested in Jamaica, on whom were found proclamations and letters from Christophe, the black emperor of Hayti, or St. Domingo.

The American United States have taken possession of the territory on the river Mobile. The fort of Mobile, and about eight miles circuit of country, are all that remains in the possession of the Spaniards.

British Army in Portugal.—*Lisbon, Oct. 20.*—Our hospitals, which were a fortnight ago extremely full, are now fast discharging the sick. According to the last medical returns I have seen, there are not more than 13,500 sick, instead of between 18 and 19,000, which there were. The disorder was not very fatal, and consequently carried off only a few.

—Our army is gone into cantonments, and amounts in British force to about 35,000.

Letters from *Hamburg, of Octob. 26*, state that the French agents had of late been extremely strict with regard to all correspondence. They had not only opened the commercial letters, but had taken out the bills, and endeavoured to procure the acceptance of them, to apply the proceeds to their own purposes.

British Victory.—On the 28th of *October*, General Hill surprised the French General Girard at Arroya dos Molinos, killed a thousand men, and captured two hundred, among whom are two generals, viz. the Prince d'Arenberg and general Bron.—General Girard, badly wounded, escaped to the mountains with about 500 men.—The loss, on our part, is said not to have exceeded forty men killed and wounded.

Russia.—*Novem. 2.* The Russians are continuing to fortify the frontier towns, have raised a new levy of 25,000 men to enforce an independent system with respect to commerce the next season.

Gottenburg, November 8.—Accounts from Stockholm positively state that the old king will resign his crown to Bernadotte, who has long held the reins of government; and that a diet will be held early next year, to sanction the transfer.

Royal Family of Spain.—A gentleman, who has lately seen them, states, that the allowance they receive from Bonaparté, is £100,000 sterling per annum;—that their household is very numerous, consisting of upwards of two hundred persons, principally Spaniards; every thing wears the splendor of a court, balls, concerts, &c; and though not on a grand scale, yet with as much ceremony and pomp as if they were still seated on the throne of Spain.—The people esteem the king very highly, pity his misfortunes, and whenever he appears in public (which often occurs, unattended, and without the least appearance of state), the greatest attention and respect is observed towards him.—The queen, who is now neither young nor handsome, but enjoys a good state of health, has lately discarded her old favorite, the Prince of the Peace, and has appointed to his situation a young officer of the Spanish guards, who, it is said, does not relish this appointment, which he is obliged to fill.—The hatred of the queen against her former subjects is inconceivable, and, if it was not well authenticated, could not

be believed: so great is her deep-rooted resentment.—The Prince of the Peace, however, still retains the influence he ever possessed over the mind of the weak and unfortunate king.—With respect to Ferdinand (whose residence is at Tours, and whose allowance from the government is said to be double that paid to his father), since the attempt which was made to effect his escape, he has been most rigorously watched, and all his Spanish friends and attendants have been removed, and replaced by French substitutes.

London, Novem. 9.—Intelligence from Philadelphia states that the increase of the American manufactures is astonishing, and that the introduction of Spanish sheep is of incalculable advantage to the country.

London, Novem. 12.—The harvest in France has been so very deficient, that ship bread lately cost 31s. 6d. per cwt. in a French sea-port, where, a few months since, it cost only 13s. 6d. The police of Paris, however, to prevent discontent, have forbidden the bakers to raise the price of bread in the capital.

An American gentleman, just arrived from the French coast, states that boats, with gold and silver from England, were continually arriving; that money was in great plenty at Paris, and no paper in circulation.

Spain and America.—The Regency at Cadiz has ordered a force of 4000 men, with a large supply of ammunition and stores, to be sent to Vera Cruz, and placed at the disposal of General Vanegas, viceroy of Mexico.

Accounts, received from France, state, that Bonaparté had ordered (without trial) the Abbot of La Trappe to be instantly shot.

Our squadron in the Adriatic has, as usual, been extremely active. The boats of the Acheron lately captured 18 vessels laden with grain and provisions, burned ten others, and also took three gun-boats by which they were convoyed, without the loss of a man.

The experiment of applying earthen pipes for the conveyance of water, instead of those of wood or iron, is announced in a Connecticut paper, to have succeeded to the utmost expectations of the projector.

Catalonia.—Suchet had no sooner withdrawn his forces to proceed in the direction of Valencia, than the Catalonians in every convenient situation rose en masse, and 20,000 of them appeared in arms to resume active and vindictive hostility.

A splendid theatre has lately been erected at Barbadoes.

A gentleman, lately arrived from Hamburg, states that Bonaparté, during his visit to Holland, had granted many licences for the export of corn from that country, including Embden, where wheat could be purchased for 30s. per quarter. The release of one gentleman, who had been arrested under a French order at Hamburg, for holding intercourse with England, had been purchased for a sum equal to £2000. and a reward, the amount of which is not mentioned, had been offered to any one who would either produce to the municipality or assassinate another person who was charged with the same offence, and who had escaped the vigilance of the guard.

It appears by the official reports lately published at St. Petersburg, that, from the year 1803 to 1811, the number of peasants that have been enfranchised in Russia by special agreement with their lords, amounts to 13,575.

Veins of lead are said to have been recently discovered at Heligoland, of a quality much superior to that procured from the north of Sweden.

Some of the letters from the British prisoners in France give the following as the average prices of provisions at the depôts—Veal and mutton 3½d. per lb.; beef 2½d. two fowls 1s. 10d. two ducks 1s. 2d. eggs 2½d. per dozen, bread 2d. per lb. butter 8d. cheese 4d. and milk a halfpenny per quart.

At a late sale of Merino rams and ewes, at Holotch, in Moravia, a paternal estate of the Emperor of Austria, Count Esterhazy paid for a ram 30,000 florins; Count Fries paid for another 26,000; and a rich cultivator paid for a third 16,000 florins!

A dreadful fire has taken place at Posen, in Poland, which nearly destroyed the whole city.

A most magnificent palace is building, for the young King of Rome, on the banks of the Seine.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty:

It would be an unpleasant task to us, and little satisfactory to our readers, to notice the minute vicissitudes of his Majesty's malady since the date of our last publication. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, in general, that his bodily health is, at the present date (*November 25*) materially improved—That he takes his meals regularly, and occasionally walks through his suite of apartments—but that his mental recovery appears now to be considered as wholly desperate.

The Regent.—At a ball at Outlands, on the 13th of November, His R. Highness, in leading off the dance with his daughter the Princess Charlotte, struck his foot against the leg of a chair or sofa; by which accident he sprained his ankle, and broke two tendons of the foot. Though in a promising train of recovery, he is still confined to his bed at the present date, *Novem. 25*.

Irish Catholics.—In addition to the five Catholic gentlemen already under prosecution, new informations have since been filed *ex officio* by the Attorney General against the Earl of Fingall for having presided at two catholic meetings—against four Honorable gentlemen of the name of Barnewall, for having assisted at one of those meetings—and against the proprietors of the "*Freeman's Journal*" and the "*Correspondent*," for having published the Catholic proceedings on the 1st of August.—On the 21st of *Novemb.* one of the former five was brought to trial at Dublin, and found *Not Guilty*.—The city was illuminated at night.—The five gentlemen, heretofore arrested, have commenced actions against Chief Justice Downes, for having issued the warrants against them.

Price of Bread.—Quarterly wheaten loaf, *October 31*, seventeen pence.—*Nov. 7*, the same.—*Nov. 14*, seventeen pence, farthing.—*Nov. 21*, eighteen pence.

At a census taken on the 27th of *May* last, of the University of Oxford, the number of members actually resident amounted to 1015.

October 16. A society was instituted, having the Archbishop of Canterbury for president, and the archbishop of York, with the whole bench of bishops and ten lay peers for vice-presidents—

whose object is expressed in the following resolution—"That the sole object of this Society shall be to instruct and educate the poor in suitable learning, works of industry, and the principles of the Christian religion, according to the established church."—The University of Oxford have since voted to this society £500 from the University chest.

October 23.—The take of hearings on the east in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth has been greater in the course of last week than has been known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of that district; but, owing to the uncommon warmth of the weather, a very great portion of them were lost.

Yesterday, a man was convicted at Bow-street office, in the penalty of £40 for hawking goods for sale without a licence, as a hawker and pedlar; and not being able to pay the money, he was committed to the House of Correction for three months.

A patent has been obtained by a gentleman of Liverpool, for improvements in the casting of iron roofs for houses.

October 3.—The produce of a single potatoe, planted in the garden of Mr. Peckham, of Steyning, was last week dug up, and measured three bushels and one peck; and many of the potatoes weighed from two pounds to two pounds and a half each. And a cabbage was lately raised by the same gentleman, in his chalk-pit, which measured over its top, every way, six feet four inches, and weighed 58lbs.

November 1.—By an Act of last sessions, no person can, from this day, be arrested for a debt under £15. unless the same is due upon a promissory note or bill of exchange.

Libel.—In the court of K. B. *Novemb. 1*, Mr. Henry White, proprietor and printer of "*The Independent Whig*," was tried on a charge of libel, for an article inserted in that paper without his knowledge, and while he was confined in Dorchester jail. The article in question was construed as tending to excite discontent in the British soldiery.—The jury, after about five hours' consultation, returned a verdict, finding the defendant guilty of the libel; but, on account of his absence from town, and the necessity of intrust-

ing an agent with the manager of the publication, they recommended him to mercy; which verdict Mr. Lowten, in the absence of Lord Ellenborough, having refused to receive, they again retired, and shortly after returned a verdict of—Not Guilty.

A very poor man named Tuck, living in the alms-house at Penzance, found a bag, on Monday s'ennight, containing a great number of guineas, which had been lost by a rich farmer of that neighbourhood. A reward of ten of the guineas was soon proclaimed for their recovery, and the honest fellow restored them without hesitation.

The Mock-Reverend Carter Tuck, or Tucker—the sham parson, noticed in page 391 of our present volume—was, on the 2d of November, convicted, at the Westminster sessions, on two charges of fraud, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. There were other indictments against him, which it was thought unnecessary to try.

Mysterious Death.—November 5, Mr. Brown, of York Street, Commercial Road, was seen in good health by several neighbours at half past three o'clock. Before four, he was found dead, with his head hanging over the foot of his bed, and his extremities cold. He was reported to have died in a fit; but, from an impression on the neck, as if occasioned by a cord, the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Murdered by some person or persons unknown."

Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Jones was fined at Brecon, in the mitigated penalty of 40s. for neglecting to furnish a waggon and horses for the conveyance of the baggage of a detachment of the Worcester militia, on their march from Milford to Bristol, after notice had been given him by the constable so to do.

Child-Stealing.—A boy, four years old, the son of Mrs. Duval, George-place, Tottenham-court road, was stolen from the door of his parent at dusk, on Friday evening; and the tortured feelings of the mother were not relieved until Saturday afternoon, when the child was brought home in a naked state, with the exception of a rug, by a tradesman of Titchfield-street, who found him in the valley of Fitzroy-square.

A few days since, the youngest son of Crang-a-low, King of Easter Island, was baptised at Rotherhithe Church, by the name of Henry Easter, after the island. This prince came to England about six years ago, in the ship *Adventure*, Cap-

tain Page, South-whaler, who touched there to refresh the crew, they having the scurvy. When he departed, King Crang-a-low was supposed to be 125 years old, scarcely able to walk, and his hair as white as milk, and father of 23 children, all of whom were alive. This young prince is about 22 years of age.

Roman Coins.—On Saturday s'ennight a man who was employed in getting stone out of a quarry at Cleve Prior, near Evesham, discovered two large earthen pots, which, on examination, he found contained a considerable quantity of coin. They prove to be gold and silver coins of several Roman emperors.

Fire-Works.—On the 5th of November, a squib or racket, falling on a barn at Andover, caused a conflagration, which destroyed a number of buildings.—On the 10th, a man was condemned, at the Bow-street office, to pay a fine of five pounds for having sold six squibs to a boy on the 5th.

Sacrilege.—Early on Sunday morning the Parish Church of St. Giles, Camberwell, was broken into and robbed of several crimson damask curtains. The thieves also stripped the pews of the brass ornaments, and took away with them a large bunch of keys belonging to the church. It is supposed that they were alarmed, as none of the communion plate was stolen.

About two years ago, a bull, belonging to J. T. Sandemans, Esq. of Sokeley Hall, near Truro, was lost. On the 26th of September last, Mr. S.'s steward having received directions to examine a coal-pit which had not been worked for several years on account of a spring having issued from an elevated part of the mine, went there with some assistants; and having descended to the bottom of the pit, found that the water had nearly gone away; and, on further prosecuting his search, found the very bull which had been so long lost, standing as if in the act of drinking. The beast had become a most striking instance of petrification; every feature and muscle were as perfect as when he was living, except that the hair on his hide was changed into a beautiful mossy substance, which still retained the original color of the animal, and extended in curls all over it, in a manner not to be described. Mr. S. has made several attempts to have the bull removed; but he has now given up the idea, as the moss is of so brittle a nature as to break with the slightest touch.

The late rains have occasioned the

spring tides in the Thames to rise considerably higher than usual, and the kitchens and cellars contiguous to the river were on Sunday and Monday laid under water. The inhabitants of Westminster, in many instances, have suffered severely by the inundation.

The inundation from the sea last November is supposed to have caused the wonderful crops of mushrooms which the lands near Boston, in Lincolnshire, flooded at that time, have this year produced. It is imagined that there are in that neighbourhood ten times as many mushrooms this season as any body can recollect to have seen before.

Novem. 7. The entire roof of a house in Charlotte-street, Portland-place, was carried by the force of the wind into the street.

Nov. 11. *New Scent in hunting.*—A few days ago, at Ansty, near Cuckfield, the hounds of a neighbouring gentleman, while engaged in hunting, allured by the smell of roast beef, suddenly entered the house of the turnpike gate-keeper, and seized a piece which was hanging on a spit, which they carried off, and devoured.

Last week, as some workmen were pulling down an old saw-mill belonging to Mr. Osbourne, of Hull, which had not been used for several years, they discovered a considerable depot of swallows, which had evidently taken up their abode for the winter.—Some of them flew away to other places of repose, but many after a short flight fell down, and became a prey to the by-standers.

A countryman, a few miles north of Lincoln, having lately had some fir-joists stolen from him, applied to a reputed conjurer, known by the name of the "Wise-man," of Spridlington Heath, to direct him where to find them, who told him to examine, at a particular time, the premises of one of his neighbours, whom he pointed out. On his going thither, and mentioning on what authority he came to search for them, the honest cottager exclaimed, "That fellow is a great rascal. I should not wonder if he has got them himself on his own premises; come along with me, and we will see." They went, and, to the astonishment of the deluded countryman, after no very great search, the stolen joists were found, as the other had suggested.

On Friday last, the keeper of a respectable eating-house was convicted before William Fielding, Esq. at Queen's-square, of the offence of selling beer without a

licence. It was proved that the beer was brought from a licensed publican, and sold (without any advance on the usual price) to the customers who took their meals at the eating-house. In consideration of the high reputation of the defendant's shop, and his accepting the offer of a beer licence then made him by the magistrate, thereby rendering himself answerable to victuallers' regulations, the penalty was mitigated to £10; the penalty incurred being £20 for each offence.—Near two hundred informations have since been laid against other keepers of eating-houses and cook-shops, for the same practice.

Edinburg, Nov. 11.—Yesterday the new Exchequer Court and Offices, situated on the south side of the Parliament-square, were entirely burned down. This was a very elegant building, only lately finished, and a great ornament to the city of Edinburgh.

Divorces.—We are assured that the number of married couples who have left, or are leaving England, to domicile in Scotland for the purpose of procuring divorces, is most alarming, and appears almost incredible.

Awful Visitation.—On Thursday last, one Moody, a poor man who conveyed turf from the fens to Mildenhall, in Suffolk, fell from his boat into the river, and was drowned before any assistance could reach him. On the body being conveyed to a public-house near the waterside, in Mildenhall, the landlord of which was standing at the door, he peremptorily refused with many horrid oaths to receive the body into the house; but scarcely had he uttered them, when he was seized with a paralytic stroke, that deprived him of speech and the use of one side, and in that state he still continues.

French Prisoners.—On a trial in the Court of K. B. *Novem. 14.* the Attorney General declared to the court, that, of the French officers, prisoners of war in this country on their parole, one fourth had effected their escape; and that one condition on which alone smugglers from this country were permitted to land their goods in France was, the bringing over with them a French prisoner.

Frauds on the Revenue.—Last week, it was discovered, by commissioners appointed, that the excise duties on beer had, for some years past, been evaded, at Plymouth and in its neighbourhood, to the amount of above £55,000.

The following instance of great pro-

sence of mind occurred lately at Balgarvie, Fife. As a gentleman of that place was walking through his fields, he was attacked by a bull of his own, which would inevitably have killed him, had he not had the singular presence of mind when the bull was in pursuit and just making a push at him, to spring to one side, by which the bull ran past him a few paces; and at that instant the gentleman seized him by the tail, and, while he held firmly with one hand, laid on most furiously with a stick which he held in the other, until he so completely tired the animal, that it lay down on the grass quite worn out.

Novemb. 16. There is now standing on Mr. Mann's ground, near York House, Palmer's Village Westminster, a pear tree with a second crop, in a fine thriving state, near three inches long, and two and a half in circumference, with a quantity of blossoms.

Elections—A public intimation has been given at Grantham, that the Duke of Rutland has yielded his political influence in that borough to Sir Wm. Mannors; so that it is not now expected there will be any opposition at the next election. The condition of the surrender of the duke's interest is understood to be, that he shall have liberty to hunt over the estate of Sir Wm. Mannors, and that no advantage shall be taken of the late verdicts for trespasses.

Novemb. 18. Last Monday or Tuesday night, Battersea chapel was broken open and robbed of all the books and other articles of property; the robbers also did considerable damage to the chapel. St. James's church, Long acre chapel, Orange-street chapel; and Greenwich church have also been robbed. The latter was robbed by a man, who called on the woman who kept the key, under a pretence that he wanted to make some alteration in a pew he had lately taken, and obtained the key.

Saturday night, a gentleman from Liverpool, in his sleep, leaped out of his bed-room window, at a coffee-house near the Temple. He unfortunately alighted on the iron rails below, and was desperately injured.

The *Carlisle Journal* says—"A fish, with feathers growing from its back, was lately caught near Mary-port, and is now in Mr. Matthew Brougham's museum at that place."

Persian Princes.—Two young Persian princes, are now in London for their edu-

cation. They were brought over by Sir Harford Jones, to whose care they were entrusted. They are the sons of the Prime Minister to the King of Persia; they are fine grown sensible youths, the eldest about eighteen, and his brother sixteen years of age. They are accompanied by an Indian preceptor. Our government have taken for them the house in Half-Moon-street, that was occupied by the late General Fox, and have directed that every respect and attention be paid to these young and illustrious foreigners.

Novemb. 25.—*Child burned*.—At a house in St. Martin's Lane, a mother lately went from the second floor to the kitchen to fetch water. During her short absence, her child, about two years old, set his clothes on fire, and was so severely burned, that he died the next day.

Riots at Nottingham.—The pressure of the times having reduced the journey-men hosiers and lace-makers of Nottingham to a state of starvation—and their discontents being heightened by the introduction of a new frame which reduces the number of hands employed—a considerable body of these distressed mechanics lately assembled, and, during several successive days, committed, in open day-light, various outrages in Nottingham and its vicinity—destroying the new-invented frames, and even several of the ordinary construction.—The military, however, and the local militia, having been called out, the rioters were at length quelled.

Warning or Wages.—It was lately decided in the Court of Requests at Westminster, that servants, although they may have agreed for a month's warning or a month's wages, are, in case of misbehaviour, not entitled to either.

BORN.

Octob. 21. Of the lady of J. Archer Honblon, M.P. a daughter.

Octob. 23. Of the lady of the Bishop of Derry, a daughter.

Octob. 27. Of Lady Kinnsaird, a son.

Octob. 28. Of the lady of Sir John Leicester, a son and heir.

Octob. 29. Of the Hon. Mrs. Gerrard Vannick, a son and heir.

Octob. 30. Of the lady of the Hon. W. Henry Gardner, a daughter.

November 1. Of the Hon. Lady Levinge, a son and heir.

Novemb. 2. Of Lady Mordaunt, daughter.

Novemb. 4. Of Lady Charlotte Lemon, a son.

Novemb. 9. Of Viscountess Hinchinbrook, a son and heir.

Novemb. 8. Of Lady St. John, a son and heir.

Novemb. 13. Of the lady of G. Henry Rose, M. P. a son.

Novemb. 19. Of Viscountess Glentworth, a daughter.

MARRIED.

October 23. Robt. Crawford, esq. of Leatherhead, to Miss Elvy.

Octob. 24. Wm. Wright, M. D. to Harriet, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Pretyman.

Octob. 24. W. Jones Burdett, esq. to Miss Brent.

Octob. 25. The Marquis of Downshire, to Lady Maria Windsor.

Octob. 26. The Rev. Francis Mills, to Catharine, daughter of the late Sir John Mordaunt, bart.

Octob. 29. M. Hawker, esq. of Cat-tisfield, Hants, to Mrs. Poore.

Octob. 29. Thos. Gisborne, esq. of Yoxhall Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Fysche Palmer.

November 5. Lieut. Col. Smyth, son of the R. Hon. John Smyth, to Miss Wilson, of Dallam Tower, Westmoreland.

Novemb. 5. John Golding, esq. of Bridport, to Miss Eliza Forbes, of Camberwell.

Novemb. 6. James Potter Lockhart, esq. to Miss Windle, of John Street, Bedford Row.

Novemb. 6. Were re married the Viscount and Lady Mary Deerhurst, who had previously been married in Scotland.

Novemb. 7. The Hon. Pleydell Boucverie, to Miss Maria A'Court.

Novemb. 12. The Rev. G. J. Tavel, to Lady Augusta Fitzroy.

DECEASED.

October 10. Lady Louisa Hartley.

Octob. 24. The Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Manchester.

Octob. 27. At Pendenny Castle, Lieut. governor Melvill.

Octob. 27. In his 66th year, John Kneller, esq. York place, Portman-square.

Octob. 20. Lewis Teissier, esq. Woodstock Park, Surrey, aged 75.

Octob. 30. Mrs. Harward, relict of the late Dean of Exeter.

Octob. 30. Mr. Hughan, M. P.

Octob. 31. Vice Admiral Thos. Wells. Lately, Chas. Brandon Trye, esq. F. R. S.

November 5. The Hon. Sarah Murray Aust.

Novemb. 5. The Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron, aged 87.

Novemb. 6. Major gen. Thewles.

Novemb. 6. The lady of W. Burton, esq. of Turnham Hall, Yorkshire.

Novemb. 6. Miss Smith, sister of Sir J. W. Smith, bart.

Novemb. 11. Thos. Dowdswell, esq. of Bull Court, Worcestershire.

Novemb. 13. The Hon. Mrs. Dalrymple, relict of Lieut. Col. Dalrymple.

Lately. Lieut. Col. Waterhouse, aged 70.

Novemb. 16. General Lawrence Wilson, aged 74.

Novemb. 18. The lady of Dr. Clough, of Berner's street.

Lately. at Edinburg, David Duthrie, aged 95. He had been blind for many years previous to his death, but perfectly recovered his sight on the day preceding his decease.

APPENDIX.

Rice Bread.—As the article of bread is now a serious object in house-keeping, it may be an acceptable piece of information to the public to learn, that many families have adopted the use of rice in making bread, in the proportion of one fourth. The rice is previously boiled for ten or twelve minutes, in three times its weight of water, which is put to it cold. Thus ten pounds and a half of flour, the quantity used in three quartern loaves, when made into dough, with one pound and a half of what the bakers call sponge, will knead up with three pounds and a half of whole rice so prepared, and the produce will be six loaves, instead of three.—Hereby a saving will be made of twopence in the quartern loaf, valuing the rice at sixpence per lb. after paying the baker amply for his trouble, and the consumption of the corn will be reduced nearly one half. The bread is very palatable, and lighter and whiter than wheaten bread.

Dr. Lettsom has recently recommended to many persons who had been for years afflicted with tape-worms, 5½ drachms of *oleum terebinthina rectificatum* [rectified oil of turpentine,] two doses of which immediately expel them.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates :

1. The RECONCILIATION.
2. London MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. A new and elegant PATTERN for the Centre of a REGENCY SHAWL.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row,

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

Besides an elegant and seasonable FRONTISPIECE, our Number for January will contain an accurate Likeness of H. R. H. the PRINCE REGENT, engraved by Mr. HEATH.

The continuations of "*Sappho*" and the "*Trial of Love*"—and the "*Fatal Nuptials*," with a Plate—are given in the Supplement.

"*Winter*," by Miss Baxter, and "*Stanzas*," by Miss Squire, are also in the Supplement.

A youthful Gosport correspondent has no reason to apprehend "*too severe a criticism*" from us. We never seek to wound the feelings of any correspondent :—we could not do it without wounding our own. We nevertheless feel ourselves obliged to decline inserting these his first communications, which are not quite so good as we could wish, though they ominate well for a youth of his years.

A junior correspondent's four stanzas, "*written on quitting ******," we cannot insert.—"*I-de-a*" contains *three* syllables, and cannot possibly rhyme with "*Year*"—" *Mesighs*" is not at all English, though *Meseems*, and its exact equivalent *Methinks*, are very good English to those who are acquainted with the real origin and syntax of the expressions.

"*Incognito*"'s stanzas are not admissible.

(" *The Suicide's Grave*."—In our last month's *Notices*, we announced our determination not to publish this novel, for reasons there alleged. It was therefore useless to send us the additional packet, since received.

"*A. R.'s* (or "*A. K.'s*") completion of the *September Bouts-rimés*, besides being late, is too incorrect for publication.

We have just received the packet containing *Anecdotes*, *Charades*, and the *Description of a game at Cards*. This last-mentioned article appears not to be perfect : but, in any case, we hardly think, at first sight, that we could make any use of it. The others shall meet with due consideration.—The *caution* shall be punctually observed.

The *Recipe for chapped Hands* shall appear in the Supplement.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Reconciliation

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR DECEMBER, 1811.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 501, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

"BEVILLE took my trembling hand, and led me into the 'drawing-room.—My lord advanced to meet me:—un-able to speak, I flung myself at his feet. His lordship raised and embraced me with tenderness, polite^{ly}, saying, 'I am not surprised, madam, at my son's attachment to you, as I already feel a strong impulse to love you. May my son and you long live happy in each other.'—But, not to weary your patience, Mr. Beville now took a house in town, which Lord K*** furnished very genteelly for us, and by his liberality enabled us to live in a style of elegance. His lordship was pleased often to express his esteem and regard for me, and never seemed so happy as when I was with him.

"But this happiness was but transient: the sun of my felicity set with the life of Lord K***. His lordship died suddenly, to the inexpressible grief of Beville, and me, who was attached to him by every sentiment of affection and gratitude. My husband, who tenderly loved his father, was for some time inconsolable, and thought not of pecuniary considerations.

"On the opening of his lordship's will, it appeared that his personal property, which was not considerable, he had bequeathed equally between his three daughters, who were children, and then in France for education. This disposition was undoubtedly an equitable one. The

elder son, of course, came in for the estate. My Frederic had received a liberal education, and was provided for in the army. Of the two younger sons, one was abroad in the East-India Company's service, and the other was an officer in the navy. His lordship, therefore, very justly considered them all as provided for, and had a right to do the best he could for his girls.

"The elder Mr. Beville, now lord K***, had married a city heiress, with whom, since my introduction into the family, we had lived rather on terms of ceremony than of affection. Beville, who really loved his brother, flew to join his griefs with his, for the loss of so good a parent. Our reception was frigid in the extreme. Lady K*** received me with all the hauteur of insolent wealthy consequence. I sunk, like the sensitive plant, from a reception so forbidding. Beville, glowing with indignation at seeing me so treated, immediately led me out of the house.

"On our return home, I endeavoured to appease his anger: but he could not listen to me: he was determined to come to an explanation with his brother, and, for that purpose, called on him the next morning. On his return, I found him so agitated, that I was quite frightened.---'My Amelia,' said he, 'Lord K*** is no longer my brother: he is a cold insensible wretch, totally under the influence of a narrow-minded despicable woman.' When his angry emotions were somewhat subsided, I learned from him, that, as a brother, he had taken the liberty of reimon-

strating with him on his strange behaviour, and on his wife's treatment of me; but that his lordship, instead of being in the least conciliating, was so cruelly insulting, that his unhappy brother, in a transport of rage, swore he would never more enter his house. His lordship, with a *sang-froid* that pierced Beville to the heart, replied that his threat was not of such consequence to his peace, as he seemed to apprehend; that, if Beville would behave himself as he ought to do, he should be glad to see him; but, if he chose to absent himself from his society, such a determination would not in the least diminish his happiness.

"My Beville, who was of a sanguine, open, generous temper, keenly felt the unkind treatment of his brother. It preyed on his mind, the continual uneasiness of which soon affected a constitution naturally delicate; and his health visibly declined. It was with the most heart-felt anguish I perceived the first symptoms of indisposition. He endeavoured to remove my fears, by assuring me that I alarmed myself without a cause; and, to make me easier, he assumed the appearance of better spirits.

"We now felt the want of Lord K***'s liberality; and it became necessary to retrench our expenses. We therefore quitted our house, which the present state of our finances would have made it highly imprudent to have continued. We took lodgings: and now all the horrors of my fate began to break upon me. My husband's disorder gained ground: he began to be sensible of it himself. He had the advice of the most eminent physicians, who, observing my extreme distress, confirmed my fears by their sympathising looks.

"But, to pass over as speedily as possible a scene which even now rends my heart with anguish, all

human help was vain: they could not restore to health my husband, so dear to me, the father of my child, the only friend I had on earth.—A thousand and a thousand times did my dying Beville press alternately to his cold bosom his distracted wife, and helpless infant, lamenting his hard fate, to be obliged to leave us to the mercy of an unfeeling world. He sold his commission; and the produce he settled on me and my child. He wrote a most pathetic letter to his brother, Lord K***, entreating of him to be a friend to his widow and fatherless child.

"Lord K*** had humanity enough to visit his brother in his last moments, and solemnly promised him to take care of me and his child. This assurance had the happy effect of making the last moments of my husband easy. His soul, resigned and composed, (when he was reconciled to his brother, and had secured, as he fondly thought, his friendship to his family) took its flight to the realms of everlasting happiness. He breathed his last sigh in my arms. I had just strength to support him in that awful moment, when, nature being quite exhausted, I fainted by the dead body of my husband. A violent fever ensued, during which I was, for a considerable time, insensible of my misery.—Lord K*** took charge of his brother's funeral: but, from that time to this, I have never seen or heard any thing of him.

"I had one friend, one faithful and affectionate friend, to whom (though in an humble sphere of life) nature had given a most tender and feeling heart. This faithful creature had attended on me from my childhood: she accompanied me when I left my native home; and I am well persuaded that no consideration, however powerful, could have prevailed on her to abandon

me. She was the constant attendant of poor Beville during his long and severe illness: and she watched over me, with the most unwearied attention, while sinking under the pressure of disease and sorrow. And, when I was capable of listening to her, she would endeavour, in a voice full of gentleness and goodness, to sooth and console me. It was she that proposed to me to quit town, and mentioned her father's cottage as a proper asylum for me, in the present distracted state of my mind.

"Un-able to think or determine on any thing, I was guided entirely by her advice. She attended me with my child to this place, where I arrived in the most deplorable condition both of body and mind. But time, assisted by the pure air of the country, together with the quiet and affectionate attention of the good old people and their daughter, contributed to restore my health, and to alleviate my affliction.

"My affection for my child made me wish to live for his sake: it made me lament the cruelty of his uncle, who could so inhumanly break the solemn promise he had made to a dying brother, that he would take care of his child. I have had no spirits to make application to his lordship; nor, on my own account, should I ever think of it. Naturally fond of a rural and retired life, I am now more than ever averse to entering again into the gay world; and could most cheerfully end my days in this quiet cottage, but for this boy—this dear boy! He was born to better prospects: I would wish him to have the advantage of a better education, than it will be in my power to give him."

Here ends my widow's tale, Stanhope. What an inhuman brute must this Lord K*** be!—I have a slight acquaintance with his lordship. I

am now waiting his arrival in town, and intend to have some conversation with him respecting his nephew.—If I can make nothing of him, I will myself be this boy's protector: I will be a father to him. Nay, more, can his mother think less on her lost Beville, I will be a husband to her; and she shall be the wife of my bosom. No jarring interests can cast a cloud on our union. I am independent: my fortune is considerable; but it cannot procure me happiness, unless I can share it with Mrs. Beville.

Mrs. Beville knows not at present the fond wishes that fill my heart. I wait till my interview with Lord K*** is over. I shall then fly to her on the wings of love. May my sweet widow smile propitious on my hopes!—Wish me success, Jack.—I shall not write to you again, till this affair is finished. Till then, adieu! and believe me to be most sincerely yours,

CHARLES DENHAM.

Mr. Denham to Mr. Stanhope.

STANHOPE! I am happy—happy as my fondest wishes can make me! Mrs. Beville, my adored Mrs. Beville, will be mine; and Lord K*** has feeling, though for a while it has lain dormant in his bosom. I have been fortunate enough to awaken his sensibility in favor of his nephew. He listened to me with patience: he saw me grow warm in the cause I had espoused; and, when I perceived him affected, I endeavoured to soften the asperity of my remonstrance, by asking his lordship's pardon for my interference in his family affairs.

My lord was for some time so confounded and embarrassed, as not to be able to make me any answer: but at last he surprised me, by thanking me for my generous concern for a poor neglected boy; and assured me, with a great deal of emotion,

that he had not known a happy moment since he had broken the promise he had made his brother in his last moments. "I have," added he, "made some inquiries after Mrs. Beville and her son; and, to my shame, Mr. Denham, I will confess, that I heard with pleasure of their retiring into the country, and have hitherto entirely neglected them. But I flatter myself, for the sake of my own peace of mind, that it is not too late to make some atonement for the inhumanity of my behaviour. When this child arrives at an age to receive instruction, I will, if agreeable to his mother, have him edu-

with my son, who is nearly of his age. And, to put it out of my power to retract, I will immediately make a handsome provision for him."—This assurance made Lord K*** and me friends; and we parted with mutual professions of regard.

I now flew into the country, to communicate the glad tidings to my lovely widow. When I arrived at the cottage, the smiles of Mrs. Beville to me had such wondrous charms, that, even in the cold and dark month of December, they made the face of nature look gay. With a heart full of love, and a determination to make known its emotions, I anxiously observed the expressive features of my widow, when I entered her abode. She looked confused; her voice faltered when she bade me welcome: she placed a seat for me by the fire; and in a moment after, forgetting that she had done so, she brought another chair from the further end of the room. Recollection redoubled her confusion, and tinged her cheeks with a rosy red. Vanity whispered in my ear that this embarrassment could not be unfavorable to me: it gave me infinitely more satisfaction, than if she had received me in her usual

placid easy manner. When the heart, Jack, is not interested, the common routine of courtesy and politeness flows easy: but, when we feel emotions that we wish to conceal, it gives an air of awkwardness and flutter to every thing we do.

I related to Mrs. Beville what had passed between Lord K*** and me, and told her how happy it made me to be able to assure her that his lordship really meant to protect his nephew. Mrs. Beville listened to me with transport expressed in her countenance: she thanked me in the most animated terms for having interested myself so successfully in favor of her son; and, while she thanked me, the tears glistened in her eyes.

A tender and delicate woman in tears must always be an interesting object: what then must my feelings be at this moment! I was disconcerted: I hung my head, and looked liked a fool.—I made several efforts to disclose the situation of my heart to the dear object of all my wishes: but I could not articulate a syllable. I was dumb—absolutely dumb, Jack; and, in all probability I should have remained in that state till this time, had not the glowing widow made a faint effort to withdraw her hand, which I still held compressed in mine. Then, Stanhope, I told her, and I told her true, that I loved her—fondly loved her—that, without her, I could not be happy.—But why should I attempt to relate to you a love-conversation, which I know you think, of all subjects, the most insipid? Most anxiously did Mrs. Beville endeavour to persuade me to forget her. She begged of me not to think of uniting my fate with hers, observing that a union with her had, in all probability, been the primary cause of Mr. Beville's death; and adding that it

might possibly in many respects be injurious to me. Besides, she was not what she had been:—broken in health, broken in spirits, she could not be a proper wife for me.

I easily refuted all these arguments. I told her, it was her want of health, that languor which hung about her, that first caught my attention;—that, had I seen her in all the pride of rosy health and prosperity, I might have admired, but possibly should not have loved her;—that her misfortunes, her pale face, her dejection, had so endeared her to me, that my heart was hers, long before I was sensible of loving her.—Mrs. Beville at last owned, with all the charms of blushing modesty and animated tenderness, that a heart once softened into love can again feel all the refinements of a delicate passion; that, dear as Beville had been to her, she yet thought it possible to be happy with me.

Congratulate me, Stanhope! None of thy cold precepts of prudence! I can but be happy with such a woman as this, whose conduct has been exemplary in the most trying situations of life. You say that I at present breathe all the enthusiasm of passion—that reason has no power over me—that I may soon see this connexion in a different point of view.—Impossible! Remember, I have often told you, it was not beauty that caught me. Mrs. Beville, though lovely, must yet give place, in brilliancy of beauty, to many women I have beheld with indifference. It was a certain nameless something which I cannot define (nor, if I could, would it be worth my while to attempt it, to such an insensible being as thee) that first won me to her—that humble modest worth, which seemed to shrink from observation, and sought to hide itself in retirement.

Lord and Lady Beaumont approve my choice; and they are at least as good judges of a woman's merit as your worship. But I know you, Jack: I know, that, when you have seen my fair one, you will admire her.—Mrs. Beville is at present with Lady Beaumont, and will continue there till the ceremony of marriage makes her mine. I am employed at present in making some alterations at Denham Lodge, as I intend to carry my bride there, as soon as the priest has joined our hands. You were once fond of this place, Stanhope: I flatter myself you will not like it the less, for my having introduced an amiable woman as mistress of it. If I do not meet you there on my arrival, I shall think you have forgotten the friendship we have so often sworn to each other.—Adieu!

CHARLES DENHAM.

(To be continued in the Supplement.)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 495.)

BOOK III.

In the camp of the virtuous Coligni, the Batavians, animated by the valour of the Gallic warriors and by the intrepid firmness of their chief, rise superior to misfortune, and already feel their hearts expand with the hope of future triumphs. The French, on the other hand, are inspired with the same sentiments by the courage and prudence of William, and by the bare sight of his heroic band. Thus the glowing orb of day imparts his genial fires to the surrounding planets, and from them derives in turn fresh fuel to feed his eternal flame.

Meanwhile the Spaniards, and the other warriors who served under the banners of Guise—taught by the issue of a combat whose fatal consequences they could no otherwise es-

accents: they already prepare the dawn of those happy days which are to gild the horizon of France—and of those, still more distant, when, obedient to their lessons, her aspiring sons shall erect altars to Liberty.

The warrior band fix the attention of those celestial genii, who presently descend from their aerial station to the regions of earth, and, enveloped in a cloud, mingle themselves with the Gallic and Batavian chiefs, whose steps they insensibly direct toward a solitary palace erected by their immortal hands, and deeply embosomed in the recesses of a forest, whose thick foliage conceals it from view. There they prepared the cultivation of the reviving arts and sciences, and watched over those master-pieces that each had produced in its former flourishing days—treasures, which their guardian care had rescued from the ravages of time—had protected from the destructive rage of barbarism—had collected in this retreat, and here preserved, as the sacred fire which was to re-animate one of the finest portions of the universe. Thus, un-extinguished by the winter's cold, within the bowels of the earth still glows the principle of heat and life, which, as the revolving seasons proceed, will again embellish her surface with verdure, with flowers, and with fruits.

The genii, who rarely reveal themselves to human eye, and whose apparition transports their mortal beholders in ecstasy, present themselves to the sight of those warriors under the form of venerable sages living retired in this sacred asylum. "Ye generous heroes," said one of the heavenly visitants—"who have devoted your lives to the cause of humanity! approach our abode: here enjoy in perspective the happy effects which are to ensue from

your exalted sacrifice: and let the example of times past furnish you with instructive lessons for the time to come."

At these words, all the riches treasured up in this repository are displayed to the warriors' view. On every side, the masterly productions of antiquity, or others of more modern date but possessing all the merit and beauty of former ages, charm their eyes, and captivate their souls; while, amid the dire tempest of wars and passions which disturb the universe, philosophy, and literature, and the arts, rear their peaceful heads in this sanctuary, and are here cultivated in security. Thus, during a storm which throws the surrounding atmosphere into confusion, the lightning's blaze respects some favored spot, which still continues to enjoy a serene sky, and where the warring winds do not ravage the rich perfumes exhaled from the opening flowers.

Fired with enthusiastic ardor, the heroes with one voice exclaim—"O Italy! thou art fated to subdue the world a second time, and to bind the conquered nations with flowery chains. From thy bosom the arts will ride triumphant to the frozen pole: already, Gallia! they approach thy boundaries. . . . Oh! may they mollify the hearts of thy sons, illuminate their minds, and relax their grasp to drop the blood-stained sword! Oh! when will shine forth that happy day, which shall see these trees transplanted, and spreading their fostering shade o'er the Batavian and the Belgic plains!"

Hurried away by the torrent of ideas crowding upon their minds, the warriors are scarcely able to support the powerful effects of the sentiments which swell their bosoms; and the illusion becomes, to their eyes, a reality

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What new creation is this?—The chisel produces living limbs—the pencil sheds streams of light—the marble assumes the softness of flesh—the canvass recedes in long perspective, and opens a second universe to view. The Batavian and the Gallic warriors fancy themselves surrounded by a host of heroes, who, to gratify their sight, were risen from their tombs—of those heroes, who, by their discourses and their actions, extended the empire of Liberty—who fought under her standards, and achieved the emancipation of their country.

Here, Socrates, by the calm steadiness of conscious virtue, seems yet to condemn his perverse judges, even at the moment while they pronounce their iniquitous sentence:—there, Cato, illumined by the Grecian sage with a ray of immortality, uplifts his unshrinking arm, and offers to his darling Liberty the greatest sacrifice that ever graced her altars—a sacrifice, at which Cæsar himself turned pale, in despair of ever being able to ascend the regal throne:—on another side, Timoleon veils his eyes with his purple robe, and delivers up a beloved victim to be immolated at the shrine of Liberty.—But who is yon aged sire? He does not yet bend under the weight of accumulated years: the spirit of liberty animates his whole frame; it beams from his eyes, and animates every feature of his face:—his hand grasps the shining steel.—’Tis Brutus, the founder of the liberty of Rome! Yes, generous hero! we recognise thee: thy voice speaks in persuasive accents to our souls; that sword shall, in our hands,” and each of the warriors stretched forth his arm to seize the mimic weapon.—Under another form, the senior again appears: inflexible on the seat of justice, he listens only to the voice

of his country, while he pronounces the rigid sentence on his own offspring: no tear moistens his eye: no sigh escapes from his lips. Rome admires and applauds his magnanimity, while she shudders with horror at the sad spectacle, and lays the foundation-stone of the temple which she prepares to erect to Liberty.

“Venerable shades!” exclaim several of the Batavians—“you have emerged from the realms of death to inflame our courage. But the sacrifices you made were crowned with success; while we, less fortunate, have seen Victory for a moment throw open the gates of her temple before us, and again shut them to oppose our entrance.”

At these words, a cloud began to darken their eyes, when one of the genii, speaking in the name of Brutus, thus addressed them—“Victory will again open wide her portals; and it ill beseems you to sink under the pressure of temporary misfortune. All those heroes, whose images here meet your view, have struggled with difficulties, before they were enabled to snatch the meed of honor. Let your persevering steps tread the allotted circle of toils which fate has marked out for you: thus shall you merit to rank with these great men; and perhaps at this moment shoots forth the laurel which is to encircle your brows with a wreath of immortal glory.”

He said, and, stretching forth his arm, pointed to Doria, the deliverer of Genoa. He next conducts them toward those Helvetian villagers—those dauntless assertors of their country’s liberty—whose images are, by some unseen power, multiplied at this moment beyond number. Rushing from their huts, they converted their native rocks into weapons, exterminated the despot,

destroyed his numerous armies, and erected that monument where the hand of Time slowly consumes the accumulated bones of their invaders—a monument, whose name, pronounced in presence of those mouldering relics, and repeated by the echoes of the impending hills, resounds to distant countries, and strikes terror into the bosoms of those tyrants who dare to oppose the generous efforts of their people in favor of liberty.

The warriors, with awful respect, view those heroic villagers, who appear greater in their rural simplicity than the most potent monarchs environed by the pomp of courts, and attended by crowds of fawning flatterers and obedient slaves: they eagerly press forward to the breathing canvass which exhibits their features, and regret that they cannot clasp them to their bosoms. "Whence," exclaim they, "such courage as to venture, with the aid of only a few families, to encounter those myriads of enemies? whence such miraculous success, as to triumph over their numerous hosts? Happy to have enjoyed the protection of your rocky ramparts, which a guardian deity has chosen for her favorite abode, deign to communicate to us some sparks of the fire which glowed in your breasts!—But are not our souls already inflamed with the love of liberty?"

"Yes!" answered the genius—"a tutelar deity does inhabit those rocks:—at this moment she descends from her arduous station, and prepares to peragate the whole universe.—Learn, Batavians, that the rocks, on which those heroes took their stand, would have proved a feeble rampart, without the additional aid of that courage which rendered them inaccessible. Be it therefore your ambition to emulate

those heroic deeds, and once more to fix the attention of mankind by similar prodigies of valour: and, as to you, gallant sons of France! let your courage one day astonish the world with still greater prodigies.—Need I," continued he, addressing the Batavian warriors—"need I, from the dark gulf where past generations sleep entombed, summon up to your view those numerous heroes among your progenitors—those undaunted defenders of their country, and watchful guardians of her laws—who cemented and consolidated the basis of her future greatness and prosperity? A ferocious tyrant, Godfrey, having determined to extinguish the martial spirit of the Frisians, forbade them the use of arms; and—to such frantic excess will despotism proceed!—ordained that their necks should be constantly encircled by the fatal cord, in order that he might terminate their existence the moment they presumed to breathe the slightest murmur. . . ."

(To be continued in the Supplement.)

THE PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE; or the History of LADY MORTIMER.

THAT the gifts of Fortune should be un-equally bestowed, has frequently afforded subject for the discussion of the skeptic and the fatalist—the one doubting the directing hand of Omnipotence, and the other asserting that the good or bad fortune of each individual was pre-ordained from the beginning of the world.—To leave the baneful skeptic to the indulgence of his unhappy sentiments, and the misguided fatalist to his less hurtful principles, I shall merely observe that the gifts of Fortune are thus variously distributed, to answer some great, and at the same time, good purpose.

We frequently see wealth bestowed upon a being incapable of

enjoying it, whose contracted mind never expanded with sympathising emotions toward the distressed; and we as often behold the man whose heart is tremblingly alive to the sufferings of his fellow creatures, miserable from not possessing the power of relieving them.—But, when the wish and the power are happily blended together, when fortune empties her cornucopiæ into the lap of a being in whose heart benevolence and humanity united reign, then, and then only, have we the power of beholding human nature in its most exalted state.—Though many such characters exist, yet, from circumscribed acquaintance, and various other causes which it is unnecessary to describe, they may not be known beyond the field of benevolence where that attractive virtue is exercised.

In a work peculiarly calculated for the perusal of the fair sex, it may not be uninteresting to them to be made acquainted with the character of a female whose extensive benevolence may be compared to the nurturing influence of the morning dew; and who, instead of sinking under domestic sorrows of the most trying nature, endeavours to bury the remembrance of them in the heart-soothing gratification of relieving the distressed. Endowed with all the charms which could adorn a female, rich in the gifts of fortune, and surrounded with admiring friends, the heart of Matilda Beverley might be said scarcely to have felt a painful emotion until she had attained the age of nineteen.—At that period, a malignant fever deprived her of a mother, whose maternal fondness had constituted the chief happiness of her life, and whose bright example strengthened those precepts which were calculated to adorn and purify her mind.

Taught by those religious sentiments which had been so carefully inculcated, to bow submissively to the decrees of the great Parent of the universe, she struggled to subdue a grief which by indulgence might have become criminal, and endeavoured to banish the recollection of her sorrows in the active duties of life.—Numerous were the proposals which had been made to Mr. Beverley for his daughter, previous to this melancholy event taking place: but, convinced that she would never form an improper attachment, he left her at entire liberty to make her choice.—So ample was the fortune which Mr. Beverley could bestow upon his daughter, that wealth was not an object in the selection of this choice: yet, as if Providence kindly meant to extend the wide field of her benevolence, the being whose superior virtues excited her admiration, possessed the means of enjoying all the luxuries and elegancies of life.

A similarity of taste, and a congeniality of disposition, were strikingly discernible in Sir Henry Mortimer and Matilda Beverley; and, though he had never openly avowed that affection which marked his every action, yet, when he feared her gentle nature would sink under the loss of a beloved mother, he instantly became a declared lover.—No fastidious delicacy influenced the conduct of Matilda: she had always admired Sir Henry Mortimer; and that sentiment was soon blended with one of a more exquisite nature: yet, as she resolved to wear the external marks of that sorrow which agitated her gentle bosom for a twelvemonth, no persuasion could induce her to bestow her hand until that period of time was expired.

Happiness the most refined was the result of this union. At the ex-

piration of a year, it was increased by the birth of a lovely boy; and that sweet cement of conjugal affection was annually augmented for three successive years.

"The task of education commences from the earliest period of childhood," observes a celebrated author; and such was the opinion of Sir Henry and Lady Mortimer.—Their children were at once the admiration and the pattern of all their acquaintance, and promised to yield their attached parents an abundant harvest of future comfort.—Seven years of almost matchless felicity did a beneficent Providence ordain to Lady Mortimer; when that sun which had gilded a life of purity and usefulness, was suddenly overshadowed by a cloud of the darkest hue.

To commemorate the sixth birthday of his beloved son, Sir Henry determined to give an entertainment not only to his tenantry, but to all the neighbouring poor; and the little Frederic was permitted to preside at one of the tables, as master of the feast.—A beautiful piece of water meandered through the extensive domain of Sir Henry Mortimer, which emptied itself into the Severn's more rapid stream. Near that spot the child unfortunately directed his footsteps, to show some of his young company a newly-erected obelisk.—In this ill-fated walk, he was attended by his tutor, and followed by his attached parents; each admiring his sportive movements, and delighted at beholding the joy displayed upon the countenances of his humble guests.—The happy party had just reached a picturesque eminence, which sloped down to the margin of the stream, when Frederic threw a ball down it, and as instantly flew after it; and, propelled forward by an irresistible impulse, plunged into the bed of water beneath.

A shriek from the alarmed tutor, united to the screams of the surrounding children, informed the devoted parents that some calamity had befallen their beloved boy. With the rapidity of lightning, Sir Henry darted forward, followed by the almost distracted Lady Mortimer, who rent the air with exclamations of "Oh my child! my child!"—The feelings of the father were wrought up to the highest pitch of agony, when he beheld the object of his fondest affection struggling rise, and then vanish from his sight. Unhesitatingly he plunged into the engulfing element, and instantly shared the fate of the hapless child.

Near the unfortunate spot, was a deep cavity, which occasioned a kind of eddy beneath the water; and into this, the amiable Sir Henry Mortimer, and the blooming little Frederic, were both drawn.—I must spread a veil over the scene which followed.—How suddenly was the mansion of joy converted into a house of mourning! Yet did no murmur against the dispensations of Providence ever escape the hapless Lady Mortimer's lips.—Two lovely girls were yet left as a consolation to their pious mother—two sustaining props, to enable her to support this trying calamity: but scarcely had her mind regained that degree of composure which enabled her to turn to these slender sustainers, when both were wrested from her by the iron hand of Death!—A favorite attendant of the little girls was seized with symptoms of a sore throat, and, unwilling to excite alarm in the bosom of her lady, deferred complaining until the disorder had acquired a dangerous height—in short, until the ulcerations had an appearance of the putrid kind.—Though this mistaken young woman had carefully avoided embracing the children, yet, from her sleeping in the same apartment,

he air was infected by the disease; and, in less than a week, the unfortunate Lady Mortimer lost the two beings who alone had the power of giving a relish to life.

Like Rachel in the sacred writings, she at first "refused to be comforted:" but the soothing power of religion soon acted as a balm to her wounded mind; while acts of unbounded charity and beneficence at once beguiled the heavy hours, and occupied her time.—A constitution naturally delicate could not avoid suffering materially under such heart-rending trials; and Lady Mortimer was advised by her physicians to try the effect of the air in Devonshire.—Lisbon was at first proposed: but to that place she objected; and, having arranged every thing for the advantage of the poor dependents upon her benevolence, she set out, at the latter end of September, for the place where she intended passing the winter, accompanied by a young lady of the name of Downing, who had recently lost her father, who had brought up a large family with great credit, upon the produce of a living of a hundred and forty pounds a year.

It was one of those fine autumnal mornings in which nature decks the surrounding scene with those glowing tints that charm the eye of the beholder, and which have been so happily depicted by Claude Lorraine, that Lady Mortimer and her *protégée* quitted the scene of her entombed happiness, in pursuit of that health, which sorrow had so materially injured.—The prayers and tears of the objects of her beneficence at once gratified and affected her; and, as she waved her hand in token of a last adieu, she sank back into the corner of the carriage, overwhelmed with a conflict of distressing emotions.—In this state of silence and sorrow,

she passed the first eight miles, when her attention was roused by the sudden stopping of the chariot: she instantly let down the glass to inquire the occasion of it, when she beheld a female, apparently lifeless, stretched on the side of the road.

The domestics of Lady Mortimer all appeared to have imbibed a portion of her philanthropy; for, as the footman hastily sprang from his seat, the butler and lady's maid descended from the post-chaise in which they traveled, and in the same moment were at the poor creature's side.—The butler, who had long lived with the deceased Sir Henry, had, in compliance with his master's wishes, learned the art of phlebotomy: and, while the female attendant supported her head, he instantly began preparing to take a little blood from the arm.—A feeble groan evinced returning respiration.—"Perhaps a cordial, my good Jackson, might be more efficacious," said the sympathising Lady Mortimer, as she bent over the interesting form of the unfortunate stranger.—The medicine-chest was immediately opened, and the renovating liquid cautiously administered; and, in less than a quarter of an hour, the exhausted sufferer was able to speak.

To that curiosity which has no other aim than that of gratifying an idle propensity, Lady Mortimer was a stranger: but there was something in the young woman's appearance, which excited a more amiable sentiment; and her deplorable situation was in itself sufficient to call forth a warm interest in a heart so tremblingly alive to distress.

"Do your friends live near, my dear girl?" inquired Lady Mortimer in a voice soft as the dulcet notes of the lute.—"Friends, madam!" repeated the object of her sympathy—"Alas! I know not that

I have a friend in the wide world."—"The unhappy have ever had a claim upon my friendship," rejoined her ladyship; "and I consider it peculiarly fortunate that I was traveling this road. I think you can now bear the motion of a carriage; and I am certain that both Brown and Jackson will be very attentive to you."—So saying, she re-ascended her own equipage, desiring the coachman and postillion both to drive very slow.

When her ladyship reached the inn where a relay of horses had been ordered, she had the satisfaction of seeing the unfortunate being whom her benevolence had snatched from a premature grave, very much restored, yet still so completely debilitated that she was under the necessity of being lifted out of the chaise.—The officious landlord no sooner heard his guest give orders for the invalid to be removed with the greatest gentleness, than, with officious zeal, he summoned his wife; though no small degree of astonishment was marked upon his countenance, on perceiving her clothes very much discolored by the dirt of the road.

The landlady instantly obeyed the summons: but, upon the first glance at the hapless young woman's face, she lifted up her hands and eyes with an air of astonishment, exclaiming, "Mercy upon me! mercy upon me! if here be'ant the lost sheep!"

"Do you know this young person?" inquired Lady Mortimer in a tone rather different from that in which she was accustomed to speak.—"Sure enough I does, an' please your ladyship, though I can hardly believe my own eyes. It is Lissey Clarke, who weall thought was gone into foreign parts with the captain, that was billeted so long upon our house."

A hectic glow overspread the pallid cheek of Eliza, while tears started into her eyes.—"Do not distress yourself, I entreat," said her ladyship in a soothing accent; then turning to her communicative companion, desired the invalid might be carried into a comfortable room.—Though the landlady's account of the object who had excited so much benevolence in the sympathetic heart of Lady Mortimer, was calculated to inspire injurious suspicions, yet her ladyship was one of those amiable characters who never form hasty conclusions from report; and she resolved to remain at the inn until the following morning, when she flattered herself the invalid would be so far recovered as to be able to relate the circumstances which had brought her into that forlorn state.

A carriage at that moment drove into the yard, which the communicative landlady informed her belonged to Doctor Cavendish, a physician of great eminence, who resided at about six miles' distance from her house, but who, for the last month, had regularly attended a gentleman in the neighbourhood, three times in the course of a week.—This gentleman her ladyship instantly resolved to consult, and accordingly sent Jackson to him, to entreat that he would favor her with his company before he left the house, as she was desirous of hearing his opinion of an unfortunate young person whom she had accidentally found in an almost lifeless state upon the road.—The humane physician instantly followed the servant, and, upon hearing the poor young woman's name pronounced, exclaimed, "Good God, inadam! how fortunate! Surely your passing at such a critical juncture must have been the work of Providence! Poor girl! poor girl! she is much to be

pitied; she has been cruelly and basely deceived: but," continued he, "I will see what can be done for her; and then, with your permission, I will give you an epitome of her life."

Lady Mortimer immediately led the way to the unfortunate young woman's chamber, whose countenance, upon seeing the doctor enter, displayed a mixture of joy and surprise.—"My poor girl!" said he, approaching the sofa on which she was reclining, "I am grieved at seeing you in this deplorable state." Then seizing her hand, which he pressed with the warmth of sincere friendship, he took out his watch, and remained for some minutes intently gazing upon its face.

"Languid to an excess!" said the sympathising physician. "I think, madam, a glass of good Madeira at the present moment would be more efficacious than any prescription I can write."—Lady Mortimer instantly rang the bell: the reviving beverage was accompanied by some Naples biscuits, one of which was steeped in the wine.—The doctor having declared it his opinion that the extreme debility under which his patient labored, was more the effect of want than of disease, Eliza faintly said, "Indeed, Doctor Cavendish, I have not tasted a morsel of animal food for more than six weeks; and I am but just recovered from a dreadful fever, which for one and twenty days threatened to destroy my life: but Oh! in mercy, tell me, does my beloved mother yet survive?"—Doctor Cavendish, having relieved his patient's mind by answering in the affirmative, and recommended quiet, retired with Lady Mortimer into another room; when, after having expressed his admiration of the humanity which had influenced her conduct, he gave a sketch of the object's history, on

whom it had been exercised, in the following words.

(To be continued.)

WHAT MIGHT BE.

(Continued from page 323—by MARIA.)

LADY Gertrude Montravers, daughter of the Earl of ***, was one of those lovely and fascinating females, whom it was impossible for the most indifferent beholder to view without a mixture of admiration and delight: yet, while nature lavished such an abundance of charms upon her face and person, she had totally neglected the embellishment of her mind.—To describe the intrigues and machinations of an artful and designing female, however high her rank, or transcendent her charms, could afford little satisfaction to the generality of those readers who expect to find a mixture of morality and entertainment in the *Lady's Magazine*.—I shall therefore merely say, that, while Lady Gertrude encouraged the attentions of Major Beauchamp, she was endeavouring to allure Sir Frederic into an engagement which it would be impossible for him to break.—The dread of his coming to the knowledge of those anecdotes which redounded so much to her dishonor, was one of the motives which induced her to practise those artifices which proved so destructive to her lover's peace. yet her attachment to him was of so ardent a nature, that, to gratify it, she would, like a second Helen, have set the country in a blaze.

Though Sir Frederic Montgomery's attachment was no less ardent than Lady Gertrude's; yet he had too high a sense of filial duty, to enter into an engagement for life, without consulting a parent whom he at once loved, venerated, and esteemed.—That Lady Montgomery had the most powerful reasons for

opposing such a union, Lady Gertrude was fully persuaded: therefore it was necessary, before her lover's letter could receive an answer, to practise those schemes which should have the power of counteracting its effect.—For several days, therefore, her ladyship thought proper to refuse Sir Frederick admission; and, when his feelings were wound up to a pitch of agony, by the account her Abigail gave of the excessive sorrow which preyed upon her spirits, she at length consented to his earnest entreaties of seeing her only for five minutes.

"What distress can my beloved Gertrude labor under, that her adoring Frederick is not permitted to share?" inquired the agitated lover, in the most sympathising tone of voice.—Sobs and tears for some moments impeded utterance.—At length, "My bane, and antidote!" she emphatically exclaimed, clasping her hands, and raising her azure eyes to heaven, with all the appearance of unfeigned grief.

"What means my love?" inquired the astonished Sir Frederick: "those fearful expressions harrow up my very soul! Oh Gertrude! torture not thus, a heart devoted to you.—Oh! tell me, sweet enchantress, is it a crime most exquisitely to love?"—"False, faithless, yet beloved Frederick, have you not bound yourself to make Selina Manners your wife? bound yourself by a bond irrevocable—even by the forfeiture of half your estate?"

"May the judgement of heaven light upon the wretch whose deceitful tongue uttered so base a falsehood!" exclaimed the baronet, embracing the deceptive being, who was thus artfully working upon his ingenuous feelings.—"Thus, my adored angel," (he continued) "do I cancel that imaginary bond."—So

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saying, he wrote the following words upon a piece of paper, and, in the true spirit of ancient romance, touched a vein in his hand with a pen-knife, and sealed it with his blood—"If ever I marry any other woman than Lady Gertrude, I relinquish to her ladyship the whole of my personal and landed property, and expect the judgement of heaven to fall upon me: and may the finger of scorn be pointed at me, as a wretch too contemptible to be admitted into society.

"Signed,

"FREDERICK MONTGOMERY."

"Oh my beloved Frederick! the sudden transition from the depth of despair to the perfect climax of earthly felicity actually overpowers my senses! yet it would be in vain to attempt describing the ecstatic sensations I at this moment experience!—Picture to yourself the joy of the benighted traveler wandering in an inextricable labyrinth, when he beholds the beauteous queen of night rising in unclouded majesty, to conduct him to his peaceful home; or imagine the delightful sensations the agitated mariner experiences, when he first views the brilliant rays of Phœbus breaking through the sable clouds which hovered over him, and dispersing the gathered storm!—Such happiness has your constancy imparted to the bosom of your Gertrude—such happiness, did I say?—Ah! no!—it is far more exquisite—far more delicate, and refined."

These passionate declarations were succeeded by others equally ardent; and the unsuspecting Sir Frederick listened to them with a mixture of adoration and delight; little imagining the sinister motives which inspired them, or the interested views of the object he so tenderly esteemed.—Lady Gertrude had re-

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cently met with many mortifications; for some of her right honorable associates had penetrated through that veil by which her real character had been so long concealed; and the busy tongue of rumor had circulated many anecdotes which enveloped her ladyship in a cloud of disgrace.—Though Lady Gertrude *Monttravers* might be mortified by the coldness of distant civility, Lady Gertrude *Montgomery* would doubtless be greeted with universal smiles; as, from the character of her husband, she should borrow a portion of that respectability which excited a mixture of admiration and esteem.—Another circumstance influenced her ladyship's conduct; for, as gaming had been her favorite vice, she had been compelled to obtain large sums at an exorbitant interest; and her finances were in a most embarrassed state.

Thus secure of either husband or fortune, the versatile Lady Gertrude no longer thought it necessary to allow Sir Frederick Montgomery exclusively to possess her smiles; and the handsome Beauchamp (as he was termed) arriving at Paris a few days after the voluntary engagement entered into by Sir Frederick, was honored with the most decided marks of her ladyship's preference and esteem.—This preference occasioned the duel which was so near being fatal to both parties, and which has already been described: but it is impossible to paint the joy of Sir Frederick Montgomery upon discovering that the friend whose image was continually haunting his imagination, was still alive. Of the depraved Lady Gertrude, he had not heard any thing, from the period of his having discovered her deceptions—schemes, which threatened to blast all his hopes of earthly happiness, and prevent him from enjoying tranquillity or peace.

Scarcely had Sir Frederick Montgomery perused the letter of Major Beauchamp, when he flew to the hotel whence it was addressed. The consequence was, as might be expected, a perfect reconciliation between the two friends.—Duped as the Major professed to have been by the artifices of Lady Gertrude, he acknowledged himself a trifling sufferer, when compared to Sir Frederick: yet he conjured him not to suffer depression to prey upon his spirits, and endeavoured to persuade him it was impossible she could ever venture to claim his promise.

Delightful as was the Major's mode of arguing, yet it made but a slight impression upon Sir Frederick. "I am formed by nature," (said he) "for the enjoyment of domestic happiness: yet, from one unguarded act, I can never have the gratification of tasting it.—I am even compelled to avoid the society of every interesting female, and to close my eyes against attractions that would interest my feelings.—Even now I must tear myself from the bosom of my family, to avoid the pangs of hopeless attachments."—The refined feelings of Sir Frederick Montgomery rendered him peculiarly susceptible to every sorrow to which human nature is liable; and, in addition to his own, he deplored some secret one, which evidently undermined the constitution of Lady Fitzallan.—That she was not happy, he discovered upon his first arrival in Ireland. This he in some measure attributed to the constant society of the dowager Lady Fitzallan: but, though that unpleasant circumstance was removed by her having paid the debt of nature, yet the depression of his beloved sister's spirits still continued.—Though he considered the subject too delicate to be touched upon openly, yet he had often indirectly endeavoured to obtain

Lady Fitzallan's confidence ;—but, with a forced smile, she invariably tried to turn the conversation, and as regularly decked her expressive countenance with the appearance of cheerfulness.

That Sir Henry was not the kind of husband he should have chosen for his beloved sister, was evident :—his having permitted his mother to assume those family distinctions to which she alone was intitled, had not only struck him as extraordinary, but as a want of tenderness and respect.—He had even remarked this singular circumstance to Lady Fitzallan, and informed her he should express his sentiments upon it to her husband : but she assured him the renunciation of her privileges had been voluntary on her part, and entreated him not even to hint the subject to Sir Henry.—A thought also struck him, that, with the fair recluse, Sir Henry was better acquainted than he pretended ; yet it was impossible that he could have any improper acquaintance with her, or he would never have established her so near the residence of her ladyship.—Should chance ever again prove his friend, and introduce him to that lovely creature, he determined to implore her to relieve his mind from such a painful state of suspense, by candidly informing him whether she had ever any acquaintance with Sir Henry Fitzallan.

Lady Montgomery, and her son and daughters, had been about ten weeks in London ; and the former, in spite of his declaration to Major Beauchamp, still continued the constant guest of his brother-in-law, attracted by a magnetic charm of the lovely Caroline, which he found completely irresistible.—Had any other man except Sir Frederick Montgomery paid such pointed attention to his sister, without profess-

ing the motive by which he was influenced, Captain Legoxton would have demanded an explanation of conduct, which appeared inexplicable : but that Sir Frederick should ever attempt to engage the affections of any female unless his own were previously attracted, he knew to be incompatible with that high sense of honor which he had always evinced.

That his sister was pleased with the attentions of the all-accomplished baronet, must have been evident to the most indifferent observer : yet it might only proceed from that secret gratification which it was natural a young mind should feel, from the pointed civilities of a man so universally admired.

Though, during the confinement of Mrs. Legoxton, Caroline never frequented any place of public amusement, yet upwards of six weeks had elapsed since that lady had not only ventured abroad, but had occasionally mixed in private parties, and places of public resort :—in either the one or the other, Captain Legoxton's party were certain of being joined by Lord William Beauclerk, an elegant young nobleman, who had contrived to elude the vigilance of Bonaparté, and who, in his escape from the power of the enemy, had encountered hardships of the severest nature.—Though Lord William and Sir Frederick had been contemporaries at Oxford, yet there was, in the manners of each, a distant reserve towards the other ; and Sir Frederick, in particular, appeared to suffer unconquerable inquietude, if Caroline appeared to receive his attentions with pleasure.—This enigmatical mode of conduct in a man so naturally ingenuous excited astonishment in the mind of Captain Legoxton ; and at length he resolved, the first opportunity, to mention the subject to his friend.—Scarcely had,

he formed this resolution, when Sir Frederick Montgomery entered the room.—“I have brought tickets,” said he, “for Ellen and Miss Legoxton, to attend the marchioness of ***’s masked ball; and I am this moment going to Sir George Collier’s to obtain one for you.”—“The ladies will doubtless be highly gratified,” replied Captain Legoxton; “and I shall think myself no less obliged: but do stop five minutes, dear Frederick, as I wish to have some conversation with you.”

“At any other time, you may command my attention for the same number of hours, my dear George; but I must fly to Park-lane, or my friend Collier will, I am positively assured, be out:—but, to-morrow morning, I am your devoted:—at the present, adieu!”—So saying, Sir Frederick closed the door of the library, and mounted the horse which was waiting his return.

The ladies were, as Captain Legoxton had imagined, highly gratified at the prospect of the ball: Caroline, in particular, expressed herself upon the occasion in the most animated terms.—The carriage was instantly ordered for the purpose of procuring the necessary articles of dress; and, just as they were stepping into it, Lord William Beauclerk joined them.—“I am the most unlucky man in the world, my dear Mrs. Legoxton,” said his lordship: “I have been driving half over London this morning, for the purpose of procuring three tickets for the Marchioness of ***’s masked ball; but I can only obtain two, which I entreat that you and Miss Legoxton will do me the honor of accepting.”

A glow of secret satisfaction overspread the animated countenance of Lord William, when he understood the ladies had already secured the power of admission into the polish-

ed circle of the marchioness of *** , as he could then enjoy the gratification of being their escort: yet the pleasure he had experienced was evidently diminished, when he heard the tickets had been obtained by Sir Frederick. Endeavouring however to conceal his chagrin, he requested permission to step into Mrs. Legoxton’s carriage, and accompany her to the warehouse.

After discussing the subject of characters, it was agreed they should appear as a party of Circassians, which the elegant form* of both ladies, but particularly Caroline, rendered them peculiarly calculated to represent.—From the masquerade warehouse, they drove to a music-shop, for the purpose of obtaining a flute, a mandoline, and a tambourin, the only instruments which are made use of by the natives in that unfrequented part of the globe.—The remaining part of the day was spent in arranging their different ornaments, and practising two Circassian airs, which Lord William had learned from a beautiful Circassian slave of his mother’s, whom she had purchased during the time his father was ambassador at the Russian court.

As Sir Frederick Montgomery had not succeeded in his application to Sir George Collier, Captain Legoxton could not have joined the party, had not Lord William had a ticket to spare: and, about eleven o’clock, the two ladies and three gentlemen arrived at the Marchioness’s splendid mansion in Grosvenor Square.—Never had the elegant form of the lovely Caroline appeared to so much

* As soon as a female child is born in Circassia, a wide leather belt is sewed round her waist, and continues till it bursts; which is replaced by a second, and successively repeated until she becomes an adult. By this practice, the form acquires a degree of perfection beyond what the imagination can conceive.

advantage, as in the dress she that night wore. Grace and symmetry were completely blended:—every eye followed the groupe, and every voice was inquiring who they were.—To the delighted girl every thing appeared like the work of enchantment—she was all eye, all soul, and all ear; and though she seemed desirous of making no distinction between Lord William and Sir Frederick, yet it was evident the observations of the latter were attended to with greater pleasure.

A female in a superb domino, attended only by a lady's maid, had, from the entrance of Captain Legoxton's party, followed them the whole night. This circumstance, though perceived by Mrs. Legoxton, made no impression for some time: but, observing that the eye of the incognita was merely fixed upon her brother, she inquired if he had any idea who she could be.—Sir Frederick's attention had been so totally engaged by the amiable Caroline, that he actually had not seen the obtrusive observer: but, turning his eye according to his sister's direction, he involuntarily exclaimed, "Merciful powers! it can be no other than Lady Gertrude!"—The voice evidently reached the ear of the stranger; for in an instant she vanished out of the room, while the agitated Sir Frederick, overcome by a variety of contending emotions, was under the necessity of abruptly leaving his party, and rushing into the open air.

(To be continued in the Supplement.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 497.)

CHAP. V.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her heart beguile;
And England's honest valour fail'd—
Paid with a cold but courteous smile.

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flow'r, more fair than they,
Found her fair soul; and, wand'ring near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.
Langhorne.

A few days after the departure of Frederic Saint-Villiers, Sir Everard Reevesmore arrived at Castle Rossford, and took the earliest opportunity of speaking upon the business that had brought him thither. In the gentlest manner he communicated the information he had received, and the result of those inquiries it had induced him to make, which, though not absolutely proving the facts, corroborated the accusations against Saint-Villiers.—He besought her ladyship to hear him with patience, and to be assured that he was actuated by no other motive, than a love little short of parental, when he told her that his own observations upon the gentleman in question were such as to convince him that he was not a man, with whom a woman of a cultivated mind, and every gentler *trait* that constituted a truly amiable and feminine character, could be happy.

"Of his society," pursued Sir Everard, "you would have little; but you would hear of him from every circle of dissipation and extravagance.—Are you, my Theodosia, a woman, whose tenderness would be rewarded by being told that her husband drank more wine, or made a grander stroke at billiards, than any of his contemporaries? Would you be satisfied with hearing him commended, as one of the first horsemen, and possessing the finest stud in the kingdom, when he was never mentioned as the kind landlord, the unwearied friend, the zealous patriot, or the enlightened sena-

tor? Ought not these, my beloved niece, to be the characteristics, by which the man to whom you delegate your power should be known? Could you—sensible—delicate—venerating whatever is great or good in human nature—could you, for any length of time, tolerate the mere man of pleasure, or the society that would collect about him?"

Lady Rossford was struck with this forcible appeal to her judgment. Some of these considerations, though in a feeble mode, had occurred to herself: but love had hitherto overpowered them; and the soothing Mrs. O'Donnell had always seconded its arguments. Her ladyship, however, could not so soon give up the cause:—she descanted on the little reliance that was to be placed on anonymous information; and that such errors as Saint-Villiers was accused of, were rather owing to a sort of habitual dissipation and unfixed principles, than to innate depravity.—His reformation, she had the strongest grounds to hope, was already commenced; and, when he had a proper home and affectionate companion to resort to, she doubted not that he would place his happiness in them, while the character and the consequence he would feel, as representative of the barons of Rossford, would be securities to her for his acting up to the duties of his situation.

Sir Everard attempted to convince his niece of the fallacy of such expectations, and inquired, whether a previously established moral character would not be as good a *security* for the conduct of the man to whom she entrusted the preservation of her family honors. He thought the *œra* of Saint-Villiers's reformation very dubious, when, *subsequent* to her acceptance of his *devoirs*, his intimacy with the most celebrated

courtesan of the Irish metropolis had been carried on with a notoriety that caused it to be blazoned forth even in the public prints. The baronet then instanced the danger Saint Villiers had been in, when, as he was driving four high-fed blood horses through the streets of Dublin, they took fright, and ran away; and his companion, jumping out, was severely hurt.—“*This companion*,” pursued he, “was universally stated to be the beautiful Mrs. Wilkinson, then living under the protection of the above illustrious charioteer.—Oh! *Theodæsia*! is it on one thus careless even of decorum that the daughter of my beloved sister means to bestow herself?”

Lady Rossford, covered with blushes, acknowledged herself no stranger to the story, but added, that Saint-Villiers had been extremely hurt at the connexion being blazoned forth in that manner, as he had solemnly assured her that his journey to Dublin had been made solely for the purpose of breaking it off; and no one could condemn his folly more severely than he had done himself, in appearing as a public escort to Mrs. Wilkinson, whom he was then fetching from her villa to a solicitor in the city, where articles, securing to her a permanent provision, were lying ready for her acceptance.

“And if Mr. Saint-Villiers's imprudence thus disregards the obvious decorum of situation and respect to his affianced bride, what, my love, is your future dependence?” inquired Sir Everard.

The lovely apologist knew not what to reply. She felt all the indelicacy of thus selecting a reprobate character: but, even while her reason assented, her heart rebelled; and Sir Everard, finding she could

not be prevailed upon to give up the connexion altogether, exerted his utmost rhetoric to induce her to defer it—to take at least six months, both for reflexion; and as a sort of probationary term, which might enable her to form some judgement of the progress of that reformation, in which she still warmly contested that her intended husband would persevere.

The entreaties, the exhortations of one she respected as a father—who had proved himself the best of guardians and of friends—she could not totally disregard.—She even flattered herself, that, in that period, his sentiments might alter, and her compliance be rewarded by an approbation, without which, she felt that something would still be wanting to her happiness. Saint-Villiers, who alone could have prevented this acquiescence, was at a distance; and, after fully revolving it in her mind, her ladyship thought the best way to avoid discussion on the subject, was, not to enter into such particulars as would excite his replies—but simply to write, and state, that, for incontrovertible reasons, she wished to defer their nuptials some months beyond the period originally intended for their celebration; that, on many accounts, the delay was so proper on her side, she trusted it would not be objectionable on his; and, for the present, entreated that there might be a suspension of any preparations which he had thought it necessary to make.

* Her ladyship felt that there was a most unsatisfactory air of coolness and constraint pervading this epistle; but she could not bring herself to tell the man whom she preferred above all others, that her confidence had yielded to the arguments brought against him: and at last, though far from contented with its style, she

prevailed upon herself to dispatch what she had written.

By one of those whimsical chances which often occur in human affairs, within a few hours after finishing her letter to the son, her ladyship received most flourishing proposals from the father, adorned with every compliment which could induce her to receive them, and bewailing his accident, which, he said, contrary to all his hopes, would detain him another fortnight: but, unable any longer to endure the agonies of suspense, he besought her to honor him with such an answer, as, by inspiring hope, would enable him to bear this cruel delay with more philosophy than he could at present command.

It may appear extraordinary, that, after waiting so long, Lord Saint-Villiers should thus all at once yield to his impatience; but, from a hint he had lately received relative to Lady Rossford's real sentiments, he resolved on a decisive step; and, while he wrote, vowed the most signal vengeance, should the son, who had always been a plague, prove in reality a successful rival.

Saint-Villiers, instead of proceeding directly to Dublin upon his leaving Blenmore, had fallen in with a party of *bon-vivans*, by whose allurements he was detained above a week, and consequently did not reach the capital till after the dispatch of his father's letter.—Lord Saint-Villiers had already determined upon his reception, and, consonant to his scheme, was more cordial than usual. He thanked him for his attention—observed that they had mutually been the object of each other's thoughts; and then—after a slight preface on the beauty and opulence of an English lady, niece to Lady Blenmore—said that his heart was bent upon his son's marrying

its victim, at one leap fastens itself upon its back, seises it with its left paw and teeth in such a manner as to render it impossible for it to escape, while with the right paw in a few minutes it tears it to pieces. It then sucks the blood, devours the flesh of the beast, and carries the carcass into the nearest wood, where it conceals it with leaves and boughs of trees, in order to eat it at its leisure.

As it is a common practice for the husbandmen to fasten two of their horses together in the fields, whenever the pagi finds them in this situation, it kills one and drags it away, compelling the other to follow by striking it from time to time with its paw, and in this manner almost always succeeds in getting possession of both*. Its favorite haunts are the streams to which animals usually repair to drink, where it conceals itself upon a tree, and scarcely ever fails of seising one of them. The horses, however, have an instinctive dread of these places, and, even when pressed by thirst, approach them with great precaution, carefully examining upon every side to discover if there is danger. At other times one of the boldest goes forward, and, on finding the place secure, gives notice to his companions by neighing in a sprightly manner.

The cows defend themselves well against the pagi; as soon as he appears, they range themselves in a circle round their calves, with their horns turned towards their assailant,

* The wolf is said occasionally to adopt a similar mode of securing its prey. I have been assured by an intelligent foreigner, that it is not unfrequent in France for that animal, when the presence of the shepherd, or any other circumstance, prevents it from killing the sheep which it has singled out for its victim at its leisure, to seize it by the wool of the neck, and compel it to go off with it by striking it with its tail.—*Amer. Trans.*

await his attack in that position, and not unfrequently destroy him.

The mares, when there are a number of them, place themselves in the same manner, though in an inverted order, around their colts, and attempt to repel their enemy with their heels, but one of them almost always becomes a victim to this maternal love. All those animals that have not young, on the approach of the pagi attempt to save themselves by flight; the ass alone, from his want of speed, is compelled to defend himself with his heels, which frequently proves successful; but should the pagi, notwithstanding his efforts, leap upon his back, he immediately throws himself on the ground, and endeavours to crush him, or runs with all his force against the trunks of trees, holding his head down so as not to dislocate his neck. By these means he generally succeeds in freeing himself from his assailant; and there are but few asses destroyed by an enemy so frequently fatal to much stronger animals.

Notwithstanding his ferocity, the pagi never ventures to attack a man, although he is continually hunted and persecuted by the latter. He is naturally a coward, and a woman or child will make him fly and abandon his prey. He is hunted with dogs trained for the purpose, and, when hard pressed by them, either leaps upon a tree, seeks an asylum upon a rock, or placing himself against the trunk of some large tree, defends himself in a furious manner, killing many of his enemies, until the hunter, watching his opportunity, slips a noose around his neck. As soon as the animal finds himself taken in this manner, he roars terribly, and sheds a torrent of tears. The skin serves for various uses; good leather for boots or

shoes is manufactured from it ; and the fat is considered as a specific in the sciatica.

• **BENEDICT ; a true History.**

(Continued from page 522.)

WHEN we assembled at breakfast the next morning, I heard with the liveliest emotions of sorrow, that the amiable Mariann had passed a restless night ; and I could not help fancying that the eyes of her anxious parent seemed to say, "To you do I attribute the cause of my beloved child's illness."—Be that as it may, we were all un-usually silent : that inspiring ray, which had formerly given so much fire and spirit to conversation, no longer illumined it : a cloud of darkness seemed to envelop our understandings, the effect of which was increased by the unusual gloom of the morning.—Impatiently did I await the postman's arrival, and with inexpressible joy received a letter from my respected friend, the contents of which seemed to have been dictated by the voice of Providence, as he actually required my immediate presence.

The worthy Dr. D*** informed me that he was un-expectedly engaged in a law-suit, in consequence of which, he had a number of writings that he wished to have copied ; and that, if I would undertake the employment, I should confer a lasting obligation upon him.—To have the power of obliging a man to whom I felt myself so much indebted, would at all times have afforded me a secret satisfaction ; but, from the peculiar delicacy of my situation, that satisfaction was increased, as it afforded me an excuse for quitting the lodge immediately, without having recourse to falsity or deceit.

With the open letter in my hand, I hastened to the breakfast-parlour, which my hospitable entertainer had

not quitted ; and, presenting it, said in rather confused accents, "This letter, my dear madam, compels me to take leave of my friends ; for so great are the obligations I owe my respected tutor, that I am impatient to evince the gratification I shall feel in making the slightest return."

Mrs. Pemberton, after perusing the epistle, returned it with a deep-drawn sigh, saying, "I see the necessity of your departure, Henry ;" for, by that endearing appellation she always addressed me.—Pemberton at that moment entered : I instantly gave him the letter to read.—"Singular !" he exclaimed emphatically.—"What is singular ?" inquired his mother.

"Nothing, my dear mother—nothing," repeated Pemberton : "only we were talking about Winchester last night ; and it struck me, as rather singular, that my friend should have received a summons to the spot this morning."

"The summons probably accords with your friend's wishes," rejoined Mrs. Pemberton, with what I could not help thinking a degree of point in the tone of her voice.—"Surely, my dear madam, it is impossible to form a wish so inimical to my own happiness, or a wish that would evince such a total want of friendship and gratitude."

To this reply the amiable Mrs. Pemberton gave me one of those approving and benevolent smiles, which always illumined her expressive countenance, when the subject of conversation happened peculiarly to please ; then hastily rising to quit the room, she said to Pemberton, "Perhaps you would like to accompany your friend the first stage."

"I may now, without anticipation, observe that the doctor's letter is singular," said Pemberton. "Had there been time for you to

writing, I should have considered the law-suit as merely a preconcerted scheme; and, though I see the necessity of your immediate departure, I fear it will be a dreadful shock to my beloved sister."

"Would to heaven I had never entered this kind, this hospitable mansion!" I exclaimed emphatically.—"What a return have I made you, my dear Pemberton, for your friendship and kindness!—Blind mortals that we are, how little can we foresee of the future, or this lamented prepossession might have been prevented!—Oh! Pemberton! had I but a heart to offer your amiable sister, with what joy, what ecstatic joy, should I entreat you to become my brother! But, attracted as my whole soul is to another object, how can I, how dare I, attempt to impose upon her; and, in return for the artless ingenuous preference with which she honors me, substitute the coldness of friendship, for the ardency of love?"

"But, my dear Henry," said Pemberton, laying his hand upon my shoulder, and looking with an eye of entreaty in my face, "do you not conceive it possible for the sentiment of friendship to be converted into love? particularly as the object of your affection has given you no positive assurance that it meets with a return."

"No, my dear friend; as well might I conceive it possible for the burning lava of Vesuvius to congeal into a mass of ice.—The passion which I feel for Louisa has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, till the cherishing of it seems as necessary to my existence, as the sustaining nutriment which I daily eat. It is true, I have had no positive assurance of her affection: yet her tell-tale eyes have a thousand times im-

parted the enlivening truth to my heart."

"Enough, enough, my friend!" rejoined Pemberton, interrupting me. "Do not think me inhospitable; but will you allow me to order the chaise?—Poor Mariann is now sleeping; and I think it would be better that you should depart without the form of taking leave."

To this proposal I readily acceded; and, having paid a farewell compliment to my hospitable entertainer, I stepped into the carriage, accompanied by Pemberton, who kindly attended me the first stage, and, about half past ten the same evening, arrived at Winchester.—The worthy Doctor D*** received me with all the warmth of sincere friendship, blended with the affection of the fondest father, and readily answered all my eager inquiries respecting Adolphus and his mother.—Though report (he said) whispered that Adolphus was going to be married, yet he had reason to believe it was totally unfounded. "In short," added the doctor, "from a letter which poor Maurice lately received from his sister, the amiable Louisa has an absolute antipathy to him."

"What sister, my dear sir?" I impatiently demanded.—"The young woman who, a few months back, went to Madeira, to supply the loss of Miss Delemere's maid; as the one she took out with her, was soon afterwards married to a Portuguese."

This inspiring intelligence gave impetus to my passion; and so anxious was I to see the delectable letter, that I had scarcely patience to wait until the next day; and scarcely had it dawned into my chamber, when I quitted it to visit the worthy Maurices.—With eager delight I perused every line of the epistle; and, when I came to the part which mentioned Louisa's ha-

ving positively refused Adolphus, I found it difficult to conceal the transport which the positive assurance gave me!—I actually seemed to have derived new powers and energy from it. I was, in fact, transformed into a new man; for that depression of spirits, which the dread of a favored rival had excited, was, by the perusal of this letter, suddenly banished.—Oh! how ardently did I wish to fly to the object of my adoration, and at once hear my doom from her enamoured lips! But I was well aware that the bare suggestion of such a desire would meet with severe reprehension, as it would be the means of withdrawing me from my college studies.—Though the day was dark, gloomy, and inclement, I felt as if breathing under the influence of an Italian sky; and, though I had been accustomed to feel as if a leaden weight oppressed me, the downy gossamer was not then more light.—Tedious as I should at any other time have thought the employment of copying and examining old title-deeds, I was a total stranger to weariness or fatigue; but pursued my work with as much alacrity as if I had been transcribing the most sentimental and beautiful work.

Near a fortnight elapsed without hearing any thing of Pemberton or his amiable sister, whose interesting image would sometimes interrupt my pleasing *rêveries*, when one morning, while at breakfast, I perceived the groom ride up to the gate.—A presentiment of some dreadful calamity suddenly overwhelmed me; and I had scarcely power to break open the letter which was instantly delivered—

“TO HENRY *** Esq.

“In what words shall I address you, so as to convey an idea of the ago-

nized state of my heart? for, Oh Henry! you never were a parent, and therefore can form no conception of the pangs it suffers.—Think not that I mean to reproach you for being the cause of my sufferings, severely exquisite as they are; for too well am I convinced of the rectitude of your principles, to believe you could intentionally err. But, alas! my friend—my son, I would fain call you—we are not destined to foresee the misery which is in store:—dull-sighted mortals as we are, how often, while fancy weaves a garland of roses, does fatal reality convert it into a crown of thorns!

“Oh! how shall I paint my beloved Mariann’s sufferings! A burning fever consumes her fragile frame:—and last night—Oh! how shall I write the appalling sentence?—the physicians informed me that only one thing could save her life!—Henry, for one moment place yourself in my situation! take a retrospect of what my beloved child was, when you first became my welcome guest:—view her now in imagination, stretched upon the bed of sickness—hopeless, delirious, and reduced to the point of death!—Reflect that on the existence of this beloved child depends all her mother’s hope of happiness in this world:—though, were it my fate to lose her by the Almighty’s decree, religion would teach me to acquire resignation, and in time I should learn to bear the load of misery.

“But to lose her, Henry, by a hopeless attachment—to see the sweet flowret cropped in its prime by the very hand I had fondly hoped would sustain it—yes, Henry! I had hoped that you would have been the protector of my child!—yet your heart, my son tells me, is not at your own disposal: your affections, he informs me, are irrevoc-

cably engaged—but engaged, I find, without being certain of receiving a return of that tenderness which alone can constitute the happiness of the marriage state.—In pity, in mercy, recall the wanderer—conquer an attachment which must appear romantic to every unprejudiced mind—take to your fostering arms a being whose existence hangs upon you :—on my knees I conjure you to spare my Mariann's life !

“The moment my beloved girl heard of your departure, a dreadful faintness overspread her frame, which was followed by the most violent exertions I ever saw produced by hysterics.—A fever succeeded, attended by delirium.—She incessantly calls upon your beloved name, and will take no medicine but from her afflicted brother, whom she always addresses by the appellation of “My Henry.”—The physicians, as I said before, have no hope but in your presence :—come then, I conjure you—come, and be the harbinger of peace—tranquillise, if possible, the phrensy which has suspended reason :—at least let my adored child once more hear the sound of—your loved voice !—Come, if it is even to refuse a petition which an agonised mother offers upon her knees : for the very sight of you may work a miracle :—you cannot, will not, become the murderer of my child.

“Pardon, Henry, pardon the expression :—consider for one moment the agonised state of my mind :—think what it is to be a mother : think what an inestimable treasure I have possessed in my beloved child !—and think, oh ! think, how unbounded will be my gratitude, if to you I owe the preservation of her life.

“HARRIET PEMBERTON.”

As I perused this affecting appeal

to my feeling, a kind of torpedo sensation crept through my veins : every faculty seemed benumbed ; and I sat gazing at the letter, until roused to exertion by the doctor's friendly voice.—I presented him with the appalling epistle, exclaiming, “My fate is fixed : I must sacrifice my future peace ! Oh Louisa ! blest object of my fondest affection ! I must for ever relinquish the hope of calling you mine !”

The commendations of friendship soothed the perturbation of my spirits.—“You are acting in a manner worthy of yourself, my dear Henry !” said the sympathising doctor. “Let Thomas instantly order a post-chaise ; and may the Almighty in mercy reward your noble conduct by shedding his choicest blessings upon your future life !”

A chaise and four appeared in the space of ten minutes, into which I threw myself in the most pitiable state of mind : but the sweet reflexion that I was about to communicate happiness calmed my agitated spirits before I had traveled many miles ; and, when I reached the place of my destination, I felt capable of making any sacrifice.

(To be continued.)

Notices of the CALMUCK TARTARS. (From Dr. Clarke's Travels).

Of all the inhabitants of the Russian empire, the Calmucks are the most distinguished by peculiarity of feature and manners. In their personal appearance, they are athletic, and very forbidding. Their hair is coarse and black ; their language harsh and guttural. They inhabit Thibet, Bucharja, and the countries lying to the north of Persia, India, and China ; but, from their vagrant habits, they may be found in all the southern parts of Russia, even to the banks of the Dnieper.

The Cossacks alone esteem them, and intermarry with them*. This union sometimes produces women of very great beauty; although nothing is more hideous than a Calmuck. High, prominent, and broad cheek-bones, very little eyes widely separated from each other; a flat and broad nose; coarse, greasy, jet-black hair; scarcely any eye-brows; and enormous prominent ears; compose no very inviting portrait; however we may strive to do it justice.

Their women are uncommonly hardy; and on horseback outstrip their male companions in the race. The stories related of their placing pieces of horse-flesh under the saddle in order to prepare them for food, are perfectly true. They acknowledged that it was a common practice among them on a journey, and that a steak so dressed became tender and palatable. In their large camps, they have always cutlers, and other artificers in copper, brass, and iron; sometimes goldsmiths, who make trinkets for their women, idols of gold and silver, and vessels for their altars; also persons expert at inlaid work, enameling, and many arts which we vainly imagine peculiar to nations in a state of refinement. One very remarkable fact,

* In a note, the author adds—in opposition to this remark, I find it stated in Mr. Heber's Journal, that "Calmuck servants are greatly esteemed all over Russia, for their intelligence and fidelity;" and I recollect seeing some of them in that capacity among English families in Petersburg. The most remarkable instance ever known of an expatriated Calmuck, was that of an artist employed by the Earl of Elgin, whom I saw (a second Anacharsis, from the plains of Scythia) executing most beautiful designs among the ruins of Athens. Some Russian family had previously sent him to finish his studies in Rome, where he acquired the highest perfection in design. He had the peculiar features, and many of the manners, of the nomade Calmucks.

and which I should hesitate in asserting if I had not found it confirmed by the observations of other travellers, is, that, from time immemorial, the Oriental tribes of Calmucks have possessed the art of making gunpowder. They boil the efflorescence of nitrat of potass in a strong lye of poplar and birch ashes, and leave it to crystallise; after which, they pound the crystals with two parts of sulphur, and as much charcoal: then, wetting the mixture, they place it in a caldron over a charcoal fire, until the powder begins to granulate. The generality of Calmucks, when equipped for war, protect the head by a helmet of steel, with a gilded crest, to which is fixed a net-work of iron rings, falling over the neck and shoulders, and hanging as low as the eye-brows in front. They wear upon their body, after the Eastern manner, a tissue of similar work, formed of iron or steel rings matted together, which adapts itself to the shape, and yields readily to all positions of the body; and ought therefore rather to be called a shirt, than a coat, of mail. The most beautiful of these are manufactured in Persia, and are valued as equivalent to fifty horses. The cheaper sort are made of scales of tin, and sell only for six or eight horses each; but these are more common among the Chinese, and in the Mogul territory. Their other arms are lances, bows and arrows, poignards, and sabres. The richest only bear fire-arms, which are therefore always regarded as a mark of distinction, and kept with the utmost care, in cases made of badgers' skins. Their most valuable bows are made of the wild goat's horn, or whalebone: the ordinary sort, of maple, or thin slips of elm or fir, fastened together, and bound with a covering of linden or birch bark.

Their amusements are, hunting,

wrestling, archery, and horse-racing. They are not addicted to drunkenness; though they hold drinking parties, which continue for half a day at a time, without interruption. Upon such occasions, every one brings his share of brandy and *koumiss*; and the whole stock is placed upon the ground, in the open air, the guests forming a circle, seated around it. One of them, squatted by the vessels which contain the liquor, performs the office of cup-bearer. The young women place themselves by the men, and begin songs of love or war, of fabulous adventure, or heroic achievement. Thus the *fête* is kept up, the guests passing the cup round, and singing the whole time, until the stock of liquor is expended. During all this ceremony, no one is seen to rise from the party, nor does any one interrupt the harmony of the assembly, by riot or intoxication. In the long nights of winter, the young people of both sexes amuse themselves with music, dancing, and singing. Their most common musical instrument is the *balalaika*, or two-stringed lute, which is often represented in their paintings. These paintings preserve very interesting memorials of the ancient superstition of Eastern nations; inasmuch as they present us with objects of pagan worship common to the earliest mythology of Egypt and of Greece. The arts of painting and music may be supposed to have continued little liable to alteration among them, from the remotest periods of their history. As for their dances, they consist more in movements of the hands and the arms, than of the feet. In winter they also play at cards, draughts, backgammon, and chess. Their love of gambling is so great, that they will spend entire nights at play; and lose in a single

sitting the whole of what they possess, even to the clothes on their body. In fact, it may be said of the Calmucks, that the greatest part of their life is spent in amusement. Wretched and revolting as their appearance is to more civilised people, they would be indeed miserable, in their own estimation, if compelled to change their mode of living for ours. Both Gmelin and Pallas relate, that they deem a residence in houses so insupportable, that to be shut up in the confined air of a close apartment, when under the necessity of going into towns, and making visits of embassy or commerce, was considered by them with a degree of horror. Among the diseases to which they are exposed by their diet and want of cleanliness, may be mentioned the itch, to which they are very subject, and malignant fevers, which are very fatal to them during the heat of summer.

Having occasion hereafter to notice this people again, I shall only add the observations of one of the celebrated travellers before mentioned, who, after considering the privations, to which they are exposed, places their situation in a point of view more favorable, perhaps, than I have done. "For the rest," says he, "to whatever degree of wretchedness the poorest of the Calmucks may be reduced, it is very rare to behold them dejected by sorrow, and they are never subdued by despair. The generality, notwithstanding a mode of life which appears so adverse to health, attain to a robust and very advanced old age. Their disorders are neither very frequent, nor very dangerous. Few become grey-headed at forty or fifty. Persons from eighty to a hundred years of age are by no means uncommon among them; and at that advanced

period of life they still sustain with great ease the fatigue of horsemanship. A simple and uniform diet; the free air which they uninterruptedly respire; inured, vigorous, and healthy bodies; continual exercise, without care, without laborious employment; such are the natural causes of these felicitous effects.

The converted SAVAGE.

MR. JORGENSEN, a Danish navigator, who visited Otaheite in 1806, gives us, in his "State of Christianity" in that island, the following curious account of Otoo, king of Uliteeah, who had been converted to Christianity, or at least had listened to the preaching of Christian missionaries.

He was excessively intemperate, and would drink brandy till he lost all his senses. When he came on board our ship to visit us the first time after our arrival in Matavia Bay, he put on a most hypocritical and sanctified face, crying, "Master Christ very good, very fine fellow. Me love Christ like my own brother. Give me one glass of brandy." His request was instantly complied with; and the oftener we filled his glass, the more he pretended to love our Saviour, calling him the *blessed*, and many other such expressions, which he imagined pleased us greatly, at the same time cursing and damning his own native god without hesitation. But, after drinking nearly a pint of strong liquor, his majesty became so noisy and so rude, that there was no bearing his insolence any longer: he seized on a whole leg of mutton which stood on the table, took it up in his hands, and began to gnaw it with his great and ugly teeth. On resenting his outrageous and beastly behaviour in spoiling our dinner, he got into such a rage, that he insisted upon having one more glass of

brandy; if not, he would recant all he had said in favor of Christ. However, we thought proper to refuse his request, on which he began to roar with all his might, "D*** Christ! Christ very bad: Otaheite God fine fellow*."

*On the EDUCATION of WOMEN.
(From Mr Ensor's Treatise "On National Education.")*

THE education of women should be regarded for every reason—First, for their own sakes, as daughters and wives. Without education, woman's attractions seldom extend beyond the beauty of her youth and the passions of her husband. It should be regarded for the husband's sake. He who marries one whose mind is improved like his own, is truly mated, and his house is directed by a double wisdom. An educated wife (I do not mean one of modish education, for this teaches idleness with much trouble, and at great expense) is the cause of order and economy, and ease and happiness. The wife's endowments improve the husband's temper, and her pursuits add charms and activity to his. The education of woman should also be regarded independently of herself and her husband, purely in respect to her children, if indeed any benefit can be acquired by parent or child without communicating good to both. In all countries, children in their earliest and most susceptible years are necessarily committed to women, and in some their preparatory education is wholly consigned to them, as among the Romans, as also in their times of chivalry, the child destined to knighthood remained till seven years old under the

* We have some indistinct recollection of a similar anecdote related of a North American Indian, long before Mr. Jorgensen's visit to Otaheite.

care of women. But it is not merely noble matrons who may confer on men the greatest advantages by initiating them in truth and wisdom; the poorest women, as nurses and servants, have often the greatest opportunity to injure or improve the first patrician's son in the commonwealth. As she has been taught, she will teach; and thence good or evil, reason or prejudice, will be irretrievably impressed on the infant's mind.

JUSTICE and MERCY.

(From Dr. Vulpj's Sermons.)

JUSTICE is, after all, but the instrument of mercy—of mercy, in her sublimest attitude, when she dispenses the blessings of security to mankind, and guards the general welfare at the expense of the pangs, that she feels for the miseries, which offenders incur by their crimes. Man must sympathise with man in his distress; and what form of distress can excite more horror than that of the poor supplicating wretch, who stands with trembling heart to hear the sentence, which dooms him to an exemplary death? His fault is for a moment forgotten; we consider him only in his relation of humanity, a miserable prey to the same temptations, from which the grace of God has yet preserved us: cold therefore and insensible would be our hearts, if they did not feel for him in the hour of calamity. Freed from the restraints, which opinions and principles lay upon our sensibility, we disregard social distinctions, in the warmth of our benevolence, and listen only to the voice of nature. As a spirit of revenge has no place in a court of judicature, the passion of pity may be allowed to take her course respecting the man, if it interfere not with the judgement against

the criminal. But, when mercy considers him as a public offender, she forgets the individual: she takes a wider range of consideration; she looks to the miseries of lawless states, and demands protection in the name of society. With truth for her attendant, according to the beautiful imagery of the psalmist, she solicits the aid of justice for the maintenance of peace.

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Diminution of the Sea.—From the "Acts of the Academy of Upsal" in Sweden, it appears that the waters of the Baltic have, within the memory of a man eighty years old, certainly fallen about four feet; a rock, on which he could barely place his hat when young, now standing four feet above water. It is likewise stated, that, within the last sixty years, the fishermen on the lower coast of eastern Bothnia have been three times obliged to remove their habitations nearer to the seashore, as the water gradually receded from them. Old fishermen declare that they have cast their nets, and taken fish, in a place which is now dry; and hay is now made in a place, where, fifty years ago, boats used to pass with oars; and straits, which, about seventy years ago, freely allowed the passage of large ships, now scarcely afford more than a passage for small barges.—From various observations, and calculations aided by ancient documents pointing out particular rocks as boundaries, it is concluded, with every appearance of reason, that the water diminishes in height about half an inch every year.

Sagacity of Sheep and Cows.—In the isle of Zetland (as we learn from the "Memoirs of the Wer-

nerian Society") no food is provided for the sheep in winter; during which season they are compelled to live upon sea-weed: and it is curious to observe with what precision they quit the hills, and repair to the sea-side, at the moment when the tide of ebb commences. "This" (says the author—Dr. Edmondston) "I can state to be an absolute fact, although I am utterly un-able to explain by what process of sensation or of instinct it is effected. From remaining quiet on the hills, and endeavouring to browse on their summits, a whole flock is seen suddenly to run towards the sea-shore; and, on observing the state of the tide, it is found that the water has just begun to recede."

A similar display of sagacity in cows is thus noticed by a writer in the Monthly Review for last September. "We have been assured, on the most creditable testimony, that, in some parts of the north highlands of Scotland, herds of cattle have been observed to descend to the beach, as regularly as the tide begins to recede, although rising ground intercepted their view of the sea."

The Zetland sheep, when threatened to be overwhelmed with snow, "frequently assemble" (says Dr. Edmondston) "in considerable numbers on the side of a hill, and place themselves in such a manner, that their heads all incline towards the centre. By this arrangement their breath keeps them warm, and, dissolving part of their icy covering, forms a kind of vault above their heads. In this situation they have been known to remain for many days, during which they appear to maintain life by eating the wool off each other's backs."

Bon-mot of Mr. Kemble.—When it was understood that Sir J. Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale,

was to be elevated to the peerage, as a reward for offering to furnish government with a 74 gun ship, completely equipped, at his own expense, a lady said to Mr. Kemble—"Dear me! what a whimsical thing this seems altogether! I wonder what title they can give him for supplying a ship—what can they call him, Mr. Kemble?"—To which he happily replied—"Why, Madam, I should think he will be called Lord-ship."

Johnson's Dictionary.—Our fair readers will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that the proprietors of that work have engaged a literary gentleman (Mr. Todd) to enrich it with the addition of four thousand words not found in Johnson. It is to be hoped that he will correct the inaccuracies and inconsistencies of Johnson's spelling, and also rectify his errors in the derivation of words—a branch of lexicography, in which Johnson has, on some occasions, shown himself very deficient: witness, among others, one truly ludicrous instance, noticed in Dr. Carey's "*Practical English Prosody and Versification*," page 76*.

Enormous Whale.—From Stockholm we learn that a whale has lately made his appearance in the Gulf of Bothnia, from 140 to 160 feet in length, floating ten or twelve feet

* We copy the passage, which relates to the word, "*Booby*."—"At a loss for its derivation, he" [Dr. Johnson] "quotes the authority of a fanciful predecessor, who derives the word from *Bull-beef*!! Whether this was intended as a compliment to Mr. John Bull, as if honest John and his progeny were the most notable boobies in Europe, I pretend not to determine. But, be that as it may, the word *Booby* is pure German, viz. *Bube* [pronounced *boobè*] which signifies a child, a boy, a great awkward boy, an oaf—in short, a *booby*—without a single particle of John Bull's beef in his whole composition."

above the surface of the sea, and spouting up water to a great height, with a noise equal to that of a cannon.

The Land-Wind.—In the "Transactions of the Medical Society of London," Dr. Roxburgh, speaking of the land-wind on the coast of Coroinandel, says—"The continuance of this wind causes pain in the bones, and a general lassitude in all that live; and, in some, paralytic or hemiplectic affections. Its sudden approach has, besides, the dreadful effect of destroying men and animals instantaneously.—It is not very uncommon to see large kites or crows, as they fly, drop down dead; and smaller birds I have known to die, or take refuge in houses, in such numbers, that a very numerous family has used nothing else for their daily meals than these victims of the inclemency of the season and their inhospitality. In populous places it is also not very uncommon to hear, that four or five people have died in the streets in the course of a day, in consequence of their being taken unprepared. This happens especially at the first setting in of those winds."—He adds, that, during their prevalence, glass vessels frequently crack and break to pieces; and the wooden furniture warps and shrinks to such a degree, that even the nails fall out from the doors, tables, &c.

Superstitious Co-incidence.—From Mr. Macgill, in his "Account of Tunis," we learn, that, among the Tunisians, "if the horse, mule, or other animal belonging to one person, be praised by another, it is immediately set down as lost; and a child that is admired, is expected with certainty to meet some misfortune."—Similar to this is an idea prevalent among the unlettered class in some parts of our united empire,

that, if a person praise either a child or an animal, without adding "God bless him," ["her," or "it," as the case may be] he will certainly entail some serious calamity on the object praised.

Lightning made useful.—At Philipstal in Eastern Prussia, to remove an immense stone, a bar of iron was fixed to it as a conductor; and, agreeably to the intention of the sagacious projectors, the lightning, in the first thunder-storm, split the stone to pieces.

Life-Preserver.—The Arabs swim to great distances by means of goat-skins sewed air-tight, and blown like bladders. On one of these the adventurer lays himself flat, with his clothes in a bundle on his shoulders, and with his hands and feet paddles forward at his ease, all the while smoking his pipe.—Women and girls swim in the same manner.—This practice is very ancient; and Xenophon, in his "Expedition of Cyrus," mentions, that, on the arrival of the retreating Greeks at an unfordable river which they wished to pass, a common soldier suggested the idea of making a bridge of such skin bags, secured by ropes with heavy stones to serve as anchors, and then connected together, and covered with fit materials to make a road with proper footing for the army to march across in battle-array. This is Xenophon's account, though it differs from that given by Dr. Gillies in his History of Greece.

Enormous Animal Reliques.—Near the mouth of the river Kuban, was lately found a petrified leg-bone, two feet in circumference. It has been deposited in the museum at Theodosia.—Not less memorable is the discovery, made by Hedemstrom, the Russian naturalist, in the island of New Siberia in the Icy Ocean, of three bird's claws, each a

yard in length.—He was further informed that feathers were sometimes found there, of which the barrels were capable of admitting a man's clenched fist.

National Debt.—An Account of the Reduction of the National Debt from the 1st August, 1786, to the 1st Nov. 1811.—

On Account of G. Britain	£209,914,926
Ditto of Ireland	8,735,659
Ditto of Imperial Loan	1,219,518
Ditto of Loan to Portugal	92,534

Total £219,962,037

Coffee.—Various writers in our periodic publications have lately recommended the use of coffee, as far preferable to that of tea. The experience of the whole continent of Europe (to say nothing of other parts of the world) is certainly in favor of coffee: and the general adoption of it would be a prodigious benefit to the country, as we can have it in return for our manufactures, whereas we are forced to send out gold and silver to purchase tea.—The coffee is now sold on terms so reasonable,

as to leave little objection on the score of expense; and, from the general experience of its beneficial effects, we recommend to our fair readers to give it a fair trial. They will perhaps be the more readily inclined to do this, when informed that a Mr. Rochfort, of Bishopsgate-street, has invented a new mode of preparing coffee, which exempts the consumers from the trouble of roasting and grinding it. He has obtained a patent for his process, which consists in pounding the coffee while yet hot from the roaster, and, in that warm state, reducing the powder, by forcible pressure, into a solid body, so as to exclude the air, and render it capable of retaining its original freshness for a considerable time. Thus prepared, he represents it as even superior to coffee prepared in the ordinary way.—The best and speediest mode of making coffee is said to be in one of those common black-tin pots with a filtering top, called by many people *coffee-biggins*.

POETRY.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or Ends of Verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhymes of the writer's own choice.

Gale, Sail—Grieve, Leave—
Storm, Warm—Sky, High—Flow,
Glow.—Brave, Save—Course, Force
—Sweep, Deep.

Any approved Completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of February, shall appear on the first of March.

The VALLEY.

By Miss BAXTER, Newington.

Oh! yes! it was down in you sweet little valley— [day—

Full well I remember the beautiful
Through many a meadow and green
flow'ry alley, [stray.

Alone, (save my Clio) I happen'd to

'Twas quiet's self lent her habit to nature, [ble face.

And deck'd with fresh beauty her amia—
My Muse flew with rapture o'er each
charming feature, [softening grace.
And mark'd with new pleasure each

The spires of the neat village church she
saw rising

Amid the thick foliage of many a tree,
Behind which the sun, with a grandeur
surprising, [mc.

Was bidding adieu to the earth and to

She spied the sweet cot where the pastor resided— [plain—

A lovely abode in the midst of the
Where he (happy man) o'er his parish
presided, [swain.

Belov'd and respected by each honest

Beside a tall thicket the hamlet stood
peeping— [unphantly reign'd!

Blest spot, where contentment tri-
O'er each pleasant cot the green wood,
bine was creeping: [were train'd.

Along the white walls sweetest roses

How gay was the prospect the bay-
fields presented, [full of glee,

Where rustic young lasses, and lads
Were cheerfully singing!—With labor
contented, [me.

They gave a kind lesson to Clio and

My Muse sigh'd to quit this sweet region
of pleasure:— [passing gale;

Her sighs were repeated by each
And she vow'd she'd embrace the first
moment of leisure, [vale.

To wander again in the sweet little

*Lines spoken by Mr. OSBORN,
at the Haymarket Theatre, April 26th, 1810.*

Written by JOANNA SQUIRE.

As some poor poet, anxious for his play,
Awaits the public doom in pale dismay,
And, dreading censure where he seeks for
praise, [veys;

With pleading eyes the varied group sur-
Now here, now there, above, around,
below, [to know;

Asks from each face what yet he fears
Lest the stein fiat should expunge his
name

From the proud record of dramatic fame—
Even so, by hope urg'd on to venture
here,

Appall'd I shrink, to find my trial near;
Like him, with fearful glance, look
round, and try

To read my sentence in each critic's eye—
That rigid sentence, which the voice of
fear

Conveys in thunder to my startled ear.
Yet still that gentle soother of the soul,
Whose Siren song can ev'ry care controul,

In dialect tones this chattering truth re-
veals— [feels—

A truth, the child of sorrow owns and
That Britons love to cure the stranger's
smart, [heart.

And heal with pity's balm the wounded
Osacred truth, to pale misfortune dear!

I own thy soothing pow'r—I feel it here!
[Laying his hand on his heart.]

Yes this sad heart, by varied passions
wrung,

By base deceit and cruel treach'ry stung,
By fraud, in friendship's guise, of all be-
reav'd, [ceiv'd—

And, where it trusted most, the most de-
'Till life's last hour, this heart shall own
your care, [spair.

And bless the aid, that sav'd it from de-
But praise, though just, o'erwhelms
the gen'rous mind; [fin'd.

And thanks are irksome to a soul re-
Yet hard the task to minds with feeling
fraught, [thought;

To brood in silence o'er the glowing
To hush what candor struggles to im-
part— [heart;

The genuine language of a grateful
Check the warm pray'r, th' impassion'd
wish conceal, [veil!

And draw o'er gen'rous deeds oblivion's
Then deign—ah! kindly deign this
once to hear

What feeling dictates to a tongue sincere:
Oh! let me tell, that, when misfortune's
night [light—

Clos'd on the day of pleasure and de-
When a base wretch, in honor's garb
array'd, [paid—

With vilest wrongs my confidence re-
And robb'd me, thoughtless of his base
design,

Of all that industry had render'd mine—
'Twas then your kindness soften'd ev'ry
care, [spair;

And chas'd the horrid phantoms of de-
O'er mis'ry's gloom, shed streaks of live-
lier hue, [my view—

And bade hope's cheering visions charm
Not visions, rais'd to cheat the wan-
d'ring sight, [flight.

Like meteors bright, but rapid in their
No! still untir'd, at pity's soft com-
mand, [pand

Again* your presence bids this heart ex-
To softer feelings—feelings, that por-
tray [day.

The long-lost joys of fortune's fairer
So the poor wretch, by cruel tempest
thrown

On some rude rock, unfriended and alone,
Surveys with phrensi'd gaze the turbid
deep,

* This gentleman, who had been driven
by misfortune to appeal to the generosi-
ty of the public, had been before indebted
to the kindness of those friends, who
knew and pitied the ill-placed confidence
which had reduced him to the brink of
ruin.

And envies those who 'neath its surface
sleep: [rected gale
But, should some pitying heav'n-di-
Waft to his longing view the friendly
sail, [eyes,
With outstretch'd arms, and pity-asking
Aloud for help the frantic sufferer cries,
Nor cries in vain; for swiftly, at the
view, [crew;
Rush to his aid the gen'rous gallant
Delighted, prompt a brother's life to
save, [wave:
The friendly boat scuds lightly o'er the
Now gain'd the shore, with honest
warmth they press, [distress.
Jealous who first shall snatch him from
Help in each hand, and pity in each eye,
They list his sorrows, and his wants
supply, [despair,
While the poor trembler, rescued from
In speaking silence thanks their gen'rous
care, [to roam,
Then dares on hope's bright wings again
And taste the sweets of friendship, love,
and home!

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed
in our Magazine for October.*

To ELIZA.—By J. M. L.

DEAR one! repeat that heav'nly strain:
It pleasant makes love's fast-bound chain,
And melts the soul to joy.
Let warriors dare the world in arms:
I like not war, nor war's alarms—
Let love my hours employ.

Give warlike souls the martial field,
Where flying foes reluctant yield;
But give me beauty's smile:
Give them their glorious deeds of blood,
By thousands pour'd in crimson flood,
For others' fraud or guile.

Then mothers for their offspring mourn,
And wives for husbands from them torn
By war's insatiate pow'r:
Then warriors raise unhallow'd fires,
Which sink to ruins tow'rs and spires,
In vict'ry's frantic hour.

Dear maid! be thou my only foe:
I'll own thy pow'r, and, bending low;
Ask mercy, conqu'ring fair!—
Thy ruby lips shall bid me rise,
Whose dulcet murmurs more I prize,
Than glory's splendid care.

Another.—MARIA'S LAMENTATION.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

WHILE curling smoke ascends from
ev'ning fires, [spires,
And Sol, departing, gilds the village
Though sore I feel misfortune's galling
chain,

E'en now I'll frame the melancholy
strain.—

Friends, ask me not what makes Maria
mourn? [torn,

Ah! who'd not weep the truest lover
By cruel fate, from her fond faithful arms,
And sent where Gallia's tyrant spreads
alarms; [yield;

Where his fell legions ceaseless terror
Where Slaughter stalks gigantic o'er the
field, [blood,

Dies his keen sword in many a hero's
And prostrates thousands in a crimson
flood? [prize,

O heav'n! for that dear liberty they
While Britain's sons with Spain's united
rise, [ing foe,

Guide them resistless, 'gainst th' usurp-
And lay the tyrant's boasted honors low:
And oh! protect, and waft across the
main

My faithful William to these arms again!

*FRIENDSHIP; an Imitation of the French
Epigram given in our last Number.*

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

"FRIENDSHIP," you say, "is but a
name!"—

Why, truly, sir, I think the same:
But, ere you loudly thus deplore
That ancient faith is now no more,
First let us try the cause to know,
Why now so few with friendship glow.
It is in man's own selfish mind,
Who would that each to him were kind,
While he, to succour, lags behind,
Hopes to find friendship in another,
And scarce will show it to his brother.

Sonnet to a CHILD.

*By Mary F. JOHNSON, Author of "Original
Sonnets, and other Poems."*

WHILE you, blest child, with cares un-
burden'd, wend, [woodland bow'rs;
Chanting wild ditties, through the
Why cull, to cast away, the flaunting
flow'rs, [vestments read?

And, gath'ring more, your arms and
Are those unpluck'd more fragrant or
more gay, [your feet?

Than were the blooms now lying at
Ah! no! they were as lovely, fresh and
sweet; [thrown away.

But, gain'd with ease, with scorn were
The temper of your more mature pursuit
I now behold in its expanding germ;

The object priz'd for expectation's
term; [fruit;

For distant flow'rs, forsaken present
Your life in quest of future goods em-
ploy'd, [joy'd.

And, of the goods possess'd, not one en-

WIFE, CHILDREN, and FRIENDS.

By MR. SPENCER.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the
 gods was presented, [intends]
 (The list of what fate for each mortal
 At the long string of ills a kind goddess
 relented, [Children, and Friends.
 And slip'd in three blessings, Wife,
 In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was
 cheated, [its ends;
 For justice divine could not compass
 The scheme of man's penance he swore
 was defeated, [Children, and Friends.
 For earth becomes heav'n with Wife,
 If the stock of our bliss is in stranger
 hands vested, [ruptcy ends;
 The fund ill-secur'd oft in bank-
 But the heart issues bills which are never
 protested, [Children, and Friends.
 When drawn on the firm of Wife,
 Though valour still glows in his life's
 waning embers, [lors defends,
 The death-wounded tar who his co-
 llops a tear of regret, as he dying re-
 members, [Children, and Friends.
 How blest was his home with Wife,
 The soldier, whose deeds live immortal
 in story, [sends,
 Whom duty to far distant latitudes
 With transport would barter whole ages
 of glory, [dren, and Friends.
 For one happy day with Wi'e, Chil-
 Though spice-breathing gales o'er his
 caravan hover, [fragrance ascends,
 Though round him Arabia's whole
 The merchant still thinks of the wood-
 bins that cover
 The bow'r where he sate with Wife,
 Children, and Friends.
 The day-spring of youth, still unclouded
 by sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
 But drear is the twilight of age, if it bor-
 row [Children, and Friends,
 No warmth from the smiles of Wife,
 Let the breath of renown ever freshen
 and nourish [rite bends;
 The laurel which o'er her dead favo-
 O'er me, wave the willow! and long may
 it flourish, [dren, and Friends.
 Bedew'd with the tears of Wife, Chil-
 Let us drink; for my song, growing
 graver and graver, [tends;
 To subjects too solemn insensibly
 Let us drink—pledge me high—Love
 and Virtue shall flavour
 The glass which I fill to Wife, Chil-
 dren, and Friends.

The SPIRIT of JOY;

a Song from the Opera of the

BLUE STOCKING, by Mr. MOORE.

SPIRIT of joy! thy altar lies
 In youthful hearts, that hope like mine,
 And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
 That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
 There if we find the sigh, the tear,
 They are not those to sorrow known;
 But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
 That bliss may claim them for her own.
 Then give me, give me, while I weep,
 The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
 And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
 The tinge of rapture, while they flow.
 The child, who sees the dew of night
 Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
 Attempts to catch the drops of light,
 But wounds his finger with the thorn.
 Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
 Dissolve, when touch'd, and turn to
 pain;
 The flush they kindle, leaves the cheek;
 The tears they waken, long remain.
 But give me, give me, while I weep,
 The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
 And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
 The tinge of rapture, while they flow.

OPTICAL DECEPTIONS.

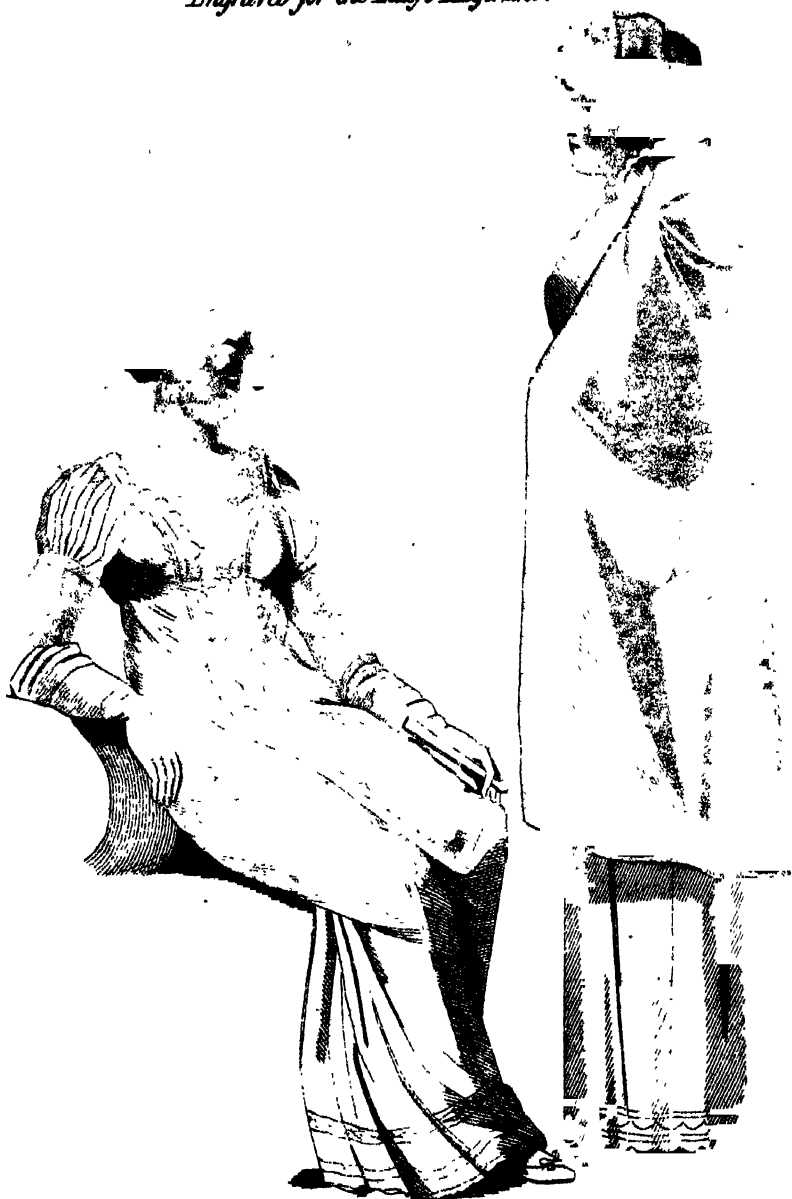
TOM runs from his wife, to get rid of
 his trouble: [things double:
 He drinks and he drinks, till he sees all
 But, when he has ceas'd wine and brandy
 to mingle, [himself single?
 ! what would he give, could he see

L' ASTROLOGUE..

UN faiseur d'almanachs, soi-distant as-
 trologue, [sivait,
 Pour l'an nouveau, qui bientôt ar-
 Des jours beaux et mauvais forgeait le
 catalogue;
 Et son fils écrivait.
 Sa main, dit-on, novice
 Pour la première fois remplissait cet office.
 Le froid et le brouillard, la pluie et le
 beau tems, [vents,
 Le dégel, la chaleur, le tonnerre, et les
 Tout allait pêle-mêle, [et grêle.
 Lorsque, pour un jeudi, surjunt tempête
 Le jeune scribe, interdit, affligé,
 "Quoi, mon papa!" dit-il—"jeudi, grêle
 et tempête! [congé."—
 Y pensez-vous? C'est un jour—de
 "Eh bien! écris beau tems," répondit le
 prophète.

*** A Translation or Imitation is requested,
 for our next or any future Number.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Morning & Evening Dress.

Nº 11. 1811.

London Morning and Evening

DRESSES.

1. *Morning walking dress.*—A Cambric Muslin worked, a mantle of grey cloth lined with pale pink silk, and trimmed with sable. Hat of

silk, same color trimmed with sable.

2. *Evening dress.*—Of muslin richly worked and trimmed with lace. A cap of purple silk trimmed with velvet of the same color, and a gold Band.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Chinese Friendship.—The Tartars having obtained temporary possession of the town of Kiatcha, which, since 1780, has been the mart of the Russian and Chinese commerce, and having levied tribute on the caravans of both nations, a deputation was, in the spring of last year, sent from Petersburg with presents to the Chinese Emperor, soliciting permission, either that the merchants might trade directly with Pekin, or that a fortified place near the frontier might be the medium of future commercial intercourse. The deputation, on its arrival, was kindly received, and, after waiting a few weeks received an answer, which forcibly marks the irremovable suspicion and policy of the Court of Pekin—"Tell your master," said the Emperor, "that, while the deserts separate the two nations, the friendship which has so long subsisted between us may continue. I am desirous that it should remain unimpaired; and cannot therefore comply with his solicitation."

Mexico.—From a proclamation issued at Mexico, on the 3d of August, and from other documents, it appears that a conspiracy had been formed there, which threatened the utter extinction of the Spanish empire in the new world. The object was to seize the governor (Viceroy) and the other constituted authorities, to overturn the government, and erect the standard of independence. The plan, however, was discovered: about three hundred of the conspirators were arrested: three of the chiefs were speedily executed; and many others, among them several ecclesiastics and attorneys, were expected to share the same fate.—Thus tranquillity was restored.

Capture of Batavia.—On the 8th of August, Batavia, the chief city of the isle of Java, and capital of the *cis-decant* Dutch possessions in the east, surrendered at discretion to the British forces under the command of Lieut. gen. Sir S

Anclumty, and rear-admiral Stopford: and, on the 26th, the victors forced the enemy's strongly entrenched and fortified works at Cornelis.—The loss on our side was 133 men killed, and 702 wounded: that of the enemy, about 9000 killed, and 5000 captured, including three generals.

South-America.—September 5, a counter-revolutionary conspiracy broke out at Valencia. At midnight the palace was attacked, and several thousands of anti-revolutionists assailed the city from without, and forced the gates: but, after a severe conflict of an hour's duration, the friends of independence defeated them with great slaughter. Upwards of 200 individuals, engaged in the plot, were afterwards seized, to be brought to trial and executed, with all convenient speed. Among them were many persons of the highest trust and distinction.

An eclipse of the sun was observed in the United States, on the 17th September. The day was perfectly clear and serene.

Caraccas, Sept. 21.—Senhor M. A. Paz has been appointed on a mission from the Government of Venezuela to that of the United States. It is to inform the latter that this confederation is ready and willing to enter into a commercial treaty with the North American Government.

Caraccas, Sept. 24.—Only three or four ports now remain in the hands of the Old-Spaniards throughout the vast province of Venezuela.—The people of Maracaybo have shown a strong inclination to join the revolutionary party.

By a letter written from Rio de Janeiro, towards the latter end of September, it seems that the Portuguese General, Don Diego de Souza, with 8000 Portuguese troops, had arrived very near Monte Video, on the 12th of that month, and that he had forcibly interfered to put

down the insurgents in the country, as far as the river Parara. His orders, as published at Monte Video, went only to interfere as far as the Uruguay.

Inundations.—In consequence of continual rains in September, several rivers in the kingdom of Naples overflowed, and did considerable mischief. The town of Bosano was entirely laid under water, and so overwhelmed with sand and mud, that some thousands of labourers from the neighbourhood must be employed to render the houses again habitable. In this town was an eminence, on which stood a fine castle: the water undermined this eminence, and threw it down, together with the buildings upon it.

Advices from Jamaica, of October 6, state that a person has been arrested there, who was strongly suspected of being employed as an agent of Christophe, emperor of Hayti. A second, of the name of Piquerre, had fled on board ship, and had made his escape, and, on searching his lodgings a paper was said to have been found, purporting to be his instructions from the black emperor.

A large quantity of British goods, which had been smuggled into the United States from Canada, contrary to the non-importation law, was seized by the custom-house officers on the 11th of October.

Naples, October 18.—On Wednesday last Vesuvius threatened us with a speedy eruption. A black and thick smoke was seen to arise from its crater, and from time to time, large quantities of lava gushed out with a horrible noise. Every thing announced the approach of one of those great eruptions which always leave after them such deplorable traces. Happily a calm has succeeded, and we now have little to fear.

Advices from the British army in Sicily to the 30th October, inform us that the island was in a state of perfect tranquillity, although Murat had endeavoured by his emissaries to produce dissensions. Some few had been discovered, and were in confinement, and several others had been sent out of the country on suspicion of being agents to the king of Naples.

Negro Insurrection—At Martinique on the 17th of October a conspiracy of negroes was discovered, which had for its object to massacre the whites, and was said to have been planned by three negroes from St. Domingo, one of them a brother of the late famous Toussaint.

Although timely precautions were taken to prevent the insurrection, and some of the chiefs immediately seized, the others (on the 21st) endeavoured to force their way into the town of St. Pierre, but were repulsed.—About 130 of the insurgents were apprehended: fifteen of them were hanged, and tranquillity was finally restored.

Retaliation.—Lisbon, November 4.—The French general Monton having ordered some Spanish prisoners to be put to death, the Spanish general Espanh has ordered an equal number of French prisoners to be put to death in retaliation, and informed the French general, that, on similar provocation, he will in future retaliate in the same manner.

Force d'loan.—A public loan having been asked of the merchants and other opulent inhabitants of Copenhagen—and the contributions not having answered the expectations of the government—a royal edict, of November 6, ordered the loan to be enforced—adding, that the interest, allowed to the voluntary contributors, should not be allowed to the involuntary.

Pilgrimages.—Stuttgart, Novemb. 6. A royal decree prohibits pilgrimages to foreign countries, and forbids the grant of passports to persons going on pilgrimage.

Boston, Novemb. 8.—A Nashville (Tennessee) paper of the 15th ult. states a report that Colonel Davis, of Kentucky, with 800 mounted dragoons, had been fired upon by a party of 1500 Indians, on the Wabash, and that 14 of the dragoons were killed: that he then charged the Indians, who fled, leaving 200 killed on the field; and that the Indians dispersed immediately after firing.

Cadiz, Novemb. 18.—A patriotic Junta, consisting of Ladies only, has been formed in this city, which is to be called by the name of Ferdinand VII. They are to take upon themselves the cloathing of the fourth army, and procure funds capable of meeting any great emergency.

Vienna, Nov. 23.—Count Italinsky for Russia, and Hamed Effendi for the Porte, have repaired to Giurgewo, in order to treat for peace between the two powers.

London, Novemb. 24.—Vaccination, we are informed, has been introduced in the island of Java, with the most promising success. A French surgeon, it seems, is gone into the interior of the country, for the purpose of diffusing the advantages of this system.

We have intelligence from France, that, encouraged by the great rewards offered by Bonaparté, several Americans have arrived in that country from the United States, with machines for the spinning of cotton, flax, &c. with improvements on the apparatus employed in the British Manufactories. It is added that they have received the most liberal encouragement, and are about to obtain Licences in the nature of Patents to remunerate them.

Nearly 10,000 Spanish prisoners, taken in the Peninsula, are employed in making a new dock, of seven acres extent, at Dunkirk.

The hotel of the police at Vienna was robbed last month of 60,000 florins, which was deposited in an interior chamber, and two centinels placed over it. The robbers mined the wall, worked their way into the middle of the room, and carried the money off without once alarming the centinels; one of whom, on discovering the robbery in the morning, blew out his brains.

The French Government, which has been actively occupied in promoting the cultivation of beet-root, to prevent the necessity of importing sugar from the West Indies, has ordered that a very large tract of land, on the banks of the Elbe, should be planted with this article.

London, Novemb. 30.—In an article from Stockholm, it is positively stated, that the Government of Sweden had refused the demand made by Napoleon for 6000 Swedish troops to reinforce his army in Spain.

Letters from the Havannah state, that the newly-formed republic of Venezuela is so distressed for money, that it has passed a law for the emission of one million of paper dollars, to be current at the rates of those of gold and silver.

Lisbon, Novemb. 30.—Yesterday entered this port thirty-one English transports with troops; and in the evening the cavalry began disembarking.

London, Decemb. 4.—It appears that the country on both sides of the Tagus, as far up as Aranjuez, has been made over by the Empefor to Marshal Marmont for the support of the Army of Portugal. This arrangement has reduced Joseph Bonaparté to the greatest distress, as the produce of that country was all that he had to depend upon, and he was actually subsisting upon the money produced by the retail sale of the grain for-

cibly levied from the people.—The grain having been thus levied and sold by Joseph, has been seized again by Marmont's orders, and taken from the people who had purchased it from Joseph's magazines, who have been informed that the King had no right to sell it.

London, Decemb. 7.—A communication from Baltimore states, that, so complete is the establishment for the manufacturing of cotton articles, that if the non-intercourse should continue for a single year more, the Republic will be perfectly independent of Great Britain as to that commodity. This remark however is to be understood to apply only to the coarser description of cotton goods.

London, Decemb. 9.—Letters of a recent date from the Canary Islands give a melancholy account of the progress of the yellow fever in the island of Teneriffe. The towns of Santa Cruz and Port Orotava were infected, many died daily in the latter place, and business was entirely at a stand. Several American and English ships had to take back their cargoes for the want of people to unload, or receive them on shore. The sickness prevailed mostly amongst the laboring classes. In addition to this calamity, it was feared that there would be soon some violent tumults produced by the disgust and irritation of the people at many acts of the Governor, the Duke del Parque.

A printing-press has been constructed at Philadelphia by a Mr. Wait. The distribution of the ink over the types, as well as the printing, is performed by cylinders, which, with the tympan and frisket, are all operated by machinery, to which motion may be given by a horse, steam, or water. The same power can work several presses. The only attention necessary is that of a lad to each press, to place and remove the sheets.

London, Decemb. 11.—In a late foreign Journal is a relation of a suicide, which in *sang froid* equals any thing on record in England. A Lieutenant-Colonel Mantzen, of the Prussian Hussars, having been stripped at the gaming-table of all his property, even to his watch and the rings he wore, returned home. Next day he disposed of his commission, and having offered marriage to a respectable female whom he had seduced, a clergyman was sent for, and the ceremony performed. He then retired to a private room, and while some friends

were felicitating the bride on her fortune, the report of a pistol announced the catastrophe that had taken place. The company hastened to the room; but the Colonel was no more. On the table was a letter to his wife, mentioning the cause of his death, and inclosing the amount of the sale of his commission.

Advices from Petersburg, to the 11th November, state that the Government there is totally incapable of answering the demand made by Bonaparte for the repayment of the Dutch Loan (about one million sterling in specie) and that this difficulty is likely to occasion an early and serious disagreement between Russia and France.

A spring has been discovered at Vernon, State of New York, which is so impregnated with inflammable particles, that, on touching the surface of the water with a lighted candle, it will immediately take fire and burn.

London, Decemb. 14.—Intelligence from Madrid states that the desertions from

the French are numerous, as their adherents are destitute of pay, and have very scanty provisions. About eighty have disappeared within three days. Joseph seems insensible to the dangers of his situation, and spends his whole time in amusement.

American Liberty.—The state of Connecticut, having lately in its treasury, after the payment of all debts and taxes, 1,754,000 dollars, appropriated 1,354,000 to the support of public schools.

London, Decemb. 23.—From Cadiz we have received a Decree of the Cortes, declaring the Spanish nation responsible for the public debts owing by the State to legitimate creditors, annuitants, soldiers, &c. &c. either contracted by the former Government of Spain, or by the Provincial Juntas, previous to the installation of the Cortes, with the exception of debts due to the French, or the loan contracted to Holland by Charles IV.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty

is now (December 28) somewhat better than for several preceding weeks. He takes his meals cheerfully and with appetite, and enjoys several hours' sleep every day: but of his mental recovery no hope seems to be entertained.

The Prince Regent was so far recovered from the hurt in his foot, that he came to town on the 9th of December.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, November 28, eighteen pence, farthing—December 4, seventeen pence, three farthings—Decemb. 12, seventeen pence—Decemb. 19, seventeen pence farthing—Decemb. 26, the same

Confined Debtors.—November 15, T. Porch, laborer, aged 51, with two children under 14 years of age, was discharged from Ilchester goal, where he had been confined since the 6th of July, for a debt of forty-five shillings and five pence, and the costs six pounds!

Chapel-burning.—Novemb. 17, during the night, the Roman Catholic chapel of Kiltrea, in Ireland, was set on fire, and all its timbers reduced to ashes. From marks of tar on the wall and in other places, it is evident that the fire was not accidental.

Hertford College.—A spirit of insubordination having recently appeared among the students of the Oriental languages in that seminary, forty of them were ordered (on the 21st of November) to quit the college.

Cannon.—A mode has been discovered (by Capt. Manby, it is said) of discharging cannon without the application of fire. The effect is produced by a slight pressure of the finger on a prepared tube inserted into the touch hole

Rats.—Lewes, November 25. A few nights since, a child of Mr Grayling's, in the Cliffe, was twice attacked in his bed by a rat, and severely bitten.

Explosion.—The roof of one of the powder-mills at Seddlecombe, Sussex, was lately blown off, by the accidental explosion of a quantity of loose powder.—Fortunately no life was lost.

Another.—November 27, an explosion took place at the powder-mills at Waltham Abbey. The concussion was distinctly felt in and round the metropolis, at Stepney, Hackney, Blackwall, and Blackheath. At Stepney, a mirror of plate-glass was broken by the shock; at Hackney, several panes of glass were forced in; and at Blackwall, the win-

dows throughout a whole street were shattered. Near the New Road, Mary-le-bone, also, several of the houses were much shaken; and the laborers, who were excavating in Mary-le-bone Park, felt the ground shake where they were at work. Several persons are stated to have been killed at Waltham Abbey, and much mischief done.

Pawn-brokers.—*Novemb. 27*, several pawnbrokers in the Borough were convicted in the mitigated penalty of 40s. and costs, for taking excessive interest.

Stray River.—The floods and high tides, which have lately prevailed on the coast of Kincardineshire, in Scotland, have entirely destroyed a very valuable Salmon-fishery.—This extraordinary occurrence is owing to the river North-Esk having forced a new passage to the sea, higher up than the ancient outlet, by which the part of the river next the sea, on which the fishery was situated, is laid dry.

Spanish Subscription.—*Novemb. 28*, at the Crown and Anchor, a meeting of gentlemen and merchants, native Spaniards, or interested in the trade and welfare of Spain, commenced a subscription for the support of the army under General Ballasteros.—About £1700 was immediately subscribed.

Hackney Coaches.—*Novemb. 29*, the driver of a hackney coach was fined ten shillings with costs, for having refused to take up a sailor and his wife, when called from the stand.

Harbouring Deserters.—*Novemb. 29*, W. Porter, master of a merchant ship, being convicted of knowingly harbouring two deserters from the navy, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and a fine of £50.

Combination.—At Coventry, six journeymen shoemakers were lately sentenced to imprisonment, for having combined to raise wages, and prevent their masters from employing whatever men they chose.

Earthquake.—*November 30*, a little before three in the morning, a shock, resembling that of an earthquake, was felt very generally in the towns of Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport, and vicinity. It was instantaneous, and caused such a tremendous motion in many houses, that as many as 20 families were awakened by it. Several soldiers on guard say, that it was attended by a hollow rumbling noise; and several people belonging to vessels in the har-

bour, describe the water as violently agitated for some minutes. It appears to have lasted inland near a minute.—Its effects were nearly the same at Bognor, and all along the coast to Little Bampton. It is said to have been felt also at Chichester and Arundel, but in a much slighter degree. It did not extend to Brighton.

Mr. White.—*Decemb. 2*, at a meeting at the Crown and Anchor (Sir F. Burdett in the chair) it was resolved that a subscription should be raised for Mr. White, proprietor of "The Independent Whig," now in confinement on a charge of libel.—On the 9th, the amount of subscriptions advertised was above £218.

Eton College.—A typhus fever having made its appearance at Eton, the gentlemen belonging to the college have been sent home.

Pictitious Messages.—A fellow has lately committed several robberies, by going to houses as a porter or footman, with pretended messages to the master or mistress, and, during the servant's absence, carrying off any portable articles within reach.

Scottish Delegates.—Some members of the Highland Society, and gentlemen appointed by different counties, having lately met at Edinburgh to devise the best means of equalising the weights and measures, the Lord Advocate, and Baron Clerk, remonstrated against such meeting of delegates: but their remonstrances were disregarded.

Delivery of Parcels.—*Decemb. 4*, the proprietors of the White Horse, Fetterlane, were fined ten shillings, with five shillings costs, for delay in the delivery of some game.

Cheap Mutton.—A butcher, impatient at being delayed by a customer who stammered very much, declared, that, if the latter could speak without stammering, he would make him a present of what he wanted. The stammerer immediately sang, with great fluency, a song, having for burden, "I want that leg of mutton." The mutton was handed to him, and the butcher (*Decemb. 4*) sued him for the price in the court of requests: but the commissioners, declaring themselves of opinion that the defendant had fairly earned the mutton, dismissed the complaint, with costs.

Illegal Marriage.—*Decemb. 4*, in a suit at Doctors' Commons respecting the legality of a marriage between a widower and the sister of his former wife, the

court declared it to be criminal to contract such marriage, and pronounced it null and void—although the parties had lived together eighteen years as man and wife, and had four children, the issue of that marriage.

Speculatory Rapetition.—On receipt of the late American intelligence at Liverpool, a merchant immediately started for London—performed the journey (203 miles) in twenty hours—and availing himself of the ignorance of the London merchants, purchased from them upwards of 1000 bags of cotton on terms highly advantageous.—Whether, in an English court of justice, he could enforce the contracts, we know not: but we do know to a certainty that he could not have done it under the laws of ancient Rome, which considered it as a fraud in either buyer or seller to take advantage of the ignorance of the other party, as we clearly learn from some cases recorded by Valerius Maximus, and other Roman writers.

Martello towers are ordered to be erected immediately in various parts of the coasts of Essex and Norfolk.

Peculation—It now appears, after a correct examination, that the deficiency of Mr. Hunt, late Treasurer of the Board of Ordnance, amounts to £91,000, some odd shillings.

Breach of Trust—Decemb. 5, Benjamin Walsh, member of parliament, and stock broker, absconded with £13,500, with which he had been entrusted by Sir Thomas Plomer, the Solicitor General, for the purchase of stock.—(On the 9th, he was arrested at Falmouth, on his way to America.

Shocking Murder—Decemb. 7, between 12 and 1 in the morning, Mr. Timothy Marr, of Ratcliffe Highway, his wife, his infant child, and an errand boy, were all murdered.—The maid servant, being sent on an errand, about midnight, and returning in less than half an hour, could not gain admittance. On her alarming the neighbours, they broke into the house, and found the four victims lifeless corpses. The infant in the cradle had its throat cut—the others, their brains dashed out.—For the discovery of the perpetrators, considerable rewards have been offered, not only by government and the parish, but by private individuals in London and elsewhere, who have subscribed for the purpose: but the murderers have not yet been discovered (Decemb. 25).—This is the seventh atroc-

cious murder that has been committed within a mile of that spot in the course of the last twelve months, all the perpetrators of which still remain undiscovered! For an eighth, see Decemb. 19.

Cruelty.—At Union Hall, Decemb. 8, James Noel, a master chimney-sweeper, was convicted in the penalty of £10, with costs, for ill treating his apprentice. Among other instances of inhumanity, he had placed lighted shavings under him to hasten his ascent up a chimney; by which the poor child's arm was severely scorched. The magistrates ordered the boy's indentures to be canceled.

Rump and Dozen.—Mr. Hussey and Mr. Crickett had made a wager of a rump and dozen:—it was reduced to writing, but not signed.—After some time, Mr. Crickett commissioned a friend to meet Mr. Hussey, and fix with him a day for the dinner and decision. A day was appointed, and a dinner ordered. Mr. Crickett, though apprised of time and place, did not attend:—the wager was decided against him; but he afterwards refused to pay the tavern bill, amounting to £18.—On Mr. Hussey's appeal to the Court of Common Pleas [Decemb. 8], the judge, Sir James Mansfield, expressed some doubt, whether he was bound to try such a cause, arising from a frivolous wager. The trial, however, proceeded; and the jury gave a verdict for the winner to the amount of the bill.

Fictitious Duplicates.—Several people have been lately defrauded by persons obtaining pawnbrokers' blank duplicates, which they fill up, as if they had pawned some article of value. They sell such duplicates, or obtain goods on them.

City Lottery.—A lady, who had a share of a ticket which had come up a prize in the Temple-bar lottery, applied to the city managers for the value of her share: but, neither the act of parliament nor the managers having authorised the division of the tickets into shares, she could obtain no redress.

Sporting.—The chase at Holkham, in Norfolk, the week before last, when Earl Moira, and several other shots of distinction, were down on a visit to Mr. Coke, produced to the game-larder, within six days, the following list of slaughter, viz. Pheasants, 264—Partridges, 314—Woodcocks, 29—Snipes, 46—Hares, 283—Rabbits, 391. Total killed 1307.

At the Suffolk gamekeepers' yearly meeting at Bury, on the 9th of Decem-

ber, R. Sharnton produced vouchers for the following list, and claimed the annual prize, a large silver powder flask, for the greatest comparative quantity of game killed or shot at, on any six days between the 8th of October and the 8th of December.—His list averaged three guns; and his extent of preserve is 4000 acres.

	Killed.	Missed.
Cock Pheasants	- - 378	- - 199
Hen Pheasants	- - 51	- - 33
Partridges	- - - 506	- - 301
Hares	- - - - 177	- - 94

Total shots, 1739—nearly 300 a day.

Sharnton afterwards produced the account of the *vermin and birds of prey* that he had destroyed in the last 12 months. Foxes, 22—Martins, 3—Polecats, 31—Stoats, 446—Crows, and Magpies, 120—Hawks of all kinds, 167—Field Rats, 310—Brown Owls, 18—Wild Cats, 7.

He has but two under keepers.

Aukward Accouchement.—Decemb. 9, as a lady was going to Islington in one of the stage coaches, she was taken in labor, and delivered of a child. Fortunately there happened to be three ladies in the stage, and every assistance was given to her, which circumstances would permit.

Apprenticeship.—Decemb. 10, in an action brought by a common informer against a brush-maker, for employing persons who had not served a regular apprenticeship, the informer was nonsuited, because the trade of brush-making is not mentioned in the act imposing the penalty (40 shillings per month), and he could not prove that it was practised in England at the time of passing the act.

Pickpocket Constable.—Decemb. 11, a Mr. Tate having a scuffle with a fellow who had seized the chain of his watch, two of the pickpocket's accomplices came up—the one as a constable, to take the offender to the Poultry Compter—the other (gently dressed) as a witness, to give evidence.—The trio marched off together: but Mr. Tate, on his arrival at the compter, found that they had given him the slip.

The Lancasterian school, which Mr. Hoars, the banker, has erected at Hampstead at his own expense, was opened a few days ago with about a hundred children. The establishment is capable of accommodating about 150, and promises to be speedily filled up.

The Royal Mausoleum at Windsor has

lately been finished, and the remains of the late Princess Amelia have been privately removed into it.

Prize Pig.—At the Smithfield Club cattle-show, Decemb. 14, a prize pig was found to weigh, alive, 4½ cwt.

Datchet Bridge was opened for carriages, Decemb. 16.—Her Majesty was the first to drive over.

Stealing of public Papers.—The office for military accounts has been robbed of papers of the utmost consequence, which, to the amount of above 400 weight, have been sold as waste paper by the thief, John Gordon, a person belonging to the office.

Prize Money.—Lord Cochrane has acquired full £100,000 in prizes during the short time he was afloat.

British Prisoners in France.—By a person just arrived from France, we learn, that our countrymen have lately experienced some little relaxation of the former severity of the government. By giving bail for each other, they are frequently permitted to quit Verdun and other situations assigned as dépôts for prisoners, and, under this guarantee, to travel into several of the departments, whether for the purposes of business, health, or amusement. In case the party bailed should not punctually return at the time stipulated, his friends giving security for his appearance are to be subjected to close confinement.

Bills of Exchange.—On a late trial in the court of King's Bench it was decided that the holder of a foreign bill of exchange cannot recover on it, unless he can prove the hand-writing of all the indorsers.

A white Partridge was lately shot in the manor of Thornton, by a gamekeeper to Eold R. Hesket, esq. The beak and claws were those of a partridge, but the plumage resembled a white pigeon. It had not a brown feather on any part.

Another Massacre!—Decemb. 19, between eleven and twelve at night, Mr. Williamson, keeper of the King's Arms public-house in New Gravel Lane, Ratcliffe Highway, was inhumanly murdered in his own house, together with his wife and servant-maid. On the alarm being given by a lodger who escaped from an upper window, the neighbours broke into the house, where they found the three bodies yet warm and bleeding; their throats cut, and their heads battered, as with an iron bar.

BORN.

November 20. Of Lady Charlotte Gould, a daughter.

November 23. Of the lady of the Rev. D. W. Garrow, Stratteley Cottage, Berks, a daughter.

December 1. Of Lady Charlotte Hood, a daughter.

December 3. Of the lady of Col Hughes, M.P. a son.

December 3. At Basingstoke, of the wife of T. Snow, her *twenty-sixth* child.

December 7. Of the lady of the Rev. Dr. Freeman, Chalfont St. Peter's, Bucks, a son.

December 9. Of the lady of Sir Joseph Yorke, a daughter.

December 11. Of the lady of G. W. Denys, esq Blacklands House, Chelsea, a son.

December 12. Of the lady of James Whitman, esq Vinter's, Kent, a son

December 13. Of Viscountess Pollington, a son

December 16. Of the lady of H. G. Hilbers, esq Devonshire-place, a son.

December 16. Of the lady of G. Palmes, esq. Naburn, a son and heir.

December 17. Of the lady of David Scott, esq. Cadogan-place, a daughter.

December 19. Of Mrs. J. Smith, Bloomsbury Square, a daughter.

MARRIED.

December 2. Captain Maling, of the navy, to Harriet, daughter of the late Dr. Darwin.

December 5. Clement Hue, esq M. D. to Miss Lucy Berkeley, of Wattle.

December 5. John Webb Weston, esq. of Sutton-place, Surrey, to Miss Graham, niece of Sir James Graham, bart.

December 5. Joseph Dimsdale, esq. to Miss Cockfield, of Upton

December 6. Laurence Sullivan, esq. of Ponsborne Park, Herts, to the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Temple.

December 9. The Hon. Capt Poulett, of the Navy, to Miss Dullius, daughter of Sir Geo. Dallas, bart.

December 11. Mr. Henry Fred. Alston, Odell Castle, Bedfordshire, to Miss Elizabeth Ball, of Portland-place.

Lately. Lord Lindsay, to the Hon. Miss Pennington.

December 12. Arthur Morris, esq of "Chestnut-street," to Miss Roebuck.

December 19. W. Martin Foster, esq. Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Jane Cholmeley.

December 19. The Rev. E. Wuthrop, of West Mallus, to Miss M. Eveleigh.

December 19. Charles Tweedie, esq. of Somerset-place, to Miss Sophia Carpenter, of Great Ilford, Essex.

Lately. W. Banbury, esq of Warble Park, Essex, to Miss Margaret Knowles, of Waustead.

DECEASED.

November 19. Sir Tho. Tynwhitt Jones, bart.

Last week. The lady of the Rev. Richard Smyth, rector of Great Warley.

November 23. Dr. Hall, the new bishop of Downore—He died on the very day when the London Gazette announced his promotion.

November 24. Mrs. Esdail, Clapham Common.

November 24. Margaret, wife of Jas. Bowden, esq. Bury Hall, Edmonton.

November 25. The Duchess of Marlborough.

November 26. Ann, eldest daughter of Asher Goldsmid, esq.

November 27. Charles Lambert, esq. F A. S.

December 1. Mary, relict of Brigadier gen. W. Carlyon Hughes.

December 2. The Rev. W. Talbot, rector of Elmset, Cambridgeshire, aged 92.

December 5. At Market Harborough, in her 83d year, the relict of the late Marshal Allen, esq.

December 7. In her 82d year, Dame Frances Baird, relict of Sir W. Baird, bart.

December 7. Mrs. Conant, of Portland-place.

December 7. Lady Huntingfield.

December 8. The R. Hon. Th. Jones.

December 9. The Lady of Sir Joseph Yorke.

December 11. Mrs. Bates, Foley-place.

December 13. The lady of Sir John Perring, bart.

December 15. Sir Wadsworth Busk, knt. in his 82d year.

December 16. The R. R. Dr. Charles Moss, Bishop of Oxford.

APPENDIX.

Invalid Prisoners of War.—It is asserted that not fewer than 12,000 French invalids have been sent over to France during the present war by the Transport Board, under orders from the Admiralty, without exchange, many of whom have again been taken in arms, whilst the French government have sent over but 18 British invalids since the commencement of hostilities.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1811.

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1. The FATAL NUPTIALS.
2. A new and elegant PATTERN for REGENCY BORDERS, &c.

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1811.

The fatal NUPTIALS.
(With a Plate.)

IN the vicinity of that ancient and commercial city, Seville, resided a Spanish nobleman, whom I shall merely distinguish by the title of Don Antonio. The magnificence of his castle, the splendor of his establishment, and the *hauteur* of his demeanour, at once displayed that pride and pomp of character, so justly attributed to the generality of the Spanish nation.—A plebeian, however dignified by worth or elevated by fortune, was to him a being too contemptible to associate with: it would not therefore have been surprising if his eldest son, Don Sebastian, had, from example, imbibed similar sentiments. It seemed, however, that the vices of Don Antonio, instead of alluring imitation, excited disgust; and the young lord was as remarkable for the condescending sweetness of his disposition, as the old one was for his pride and arrogance.—Between Don Sebastian and a young gentleman of the name of Hamilton, the most perfect intimacy had taken place; for gratitude on one part was the foundation of a friendship, strong as that which subsisted between Damon and Pythias.—Mr. Hamilton was the eldest son of a gentleman of high family, who had originally been intended for the bar; but, forming what was termed rather an imprudent connexion with an amiable young lady of small fortune, he had relinquished that profession, from finding it must be some years before he could obtain

a sufficiency to enable him to support her in a suitable style.—To all the necessary application of a man of business, was united all the polish and urbanity of a finished gentleman; and so pleasing were his manners, and so completely full of rectitude his principles, that he soon became one of the first merchants in London.—As he intended his eldest son Adolphus to become a partner in his extensive concerns, he resolved he should acquire a perfect knowledge of all the modern languages by residing a certain period in the principal continental towns; and Adolphus Hamilton had been about ten weeks at Seville, when chance introduced him to Don Sebastian.

At one of those public exhibitions which are termed bull-feasts, which are conducted with a degree of magnificence very inapplicable to so ferocious an amusement, Adolphus Hamilton had the good fortune to preserve the life of Don Sebastian; for the enraged animal had broken the bands which constrained him, and, with fury flashing from his eye-balls, desperately gored the young man.—Terror appeared to paralyse the numerous spectators: the most piercing shrieks rent the air—when, at the moment the animal was preparing to plunge his horn a second time into the body of his devoted victim, the sword of Adolphus pierced him up to the hilt.—With an appalling roar he reeled back a few paces:—shouts of acclamation issued from every voice:—the vanquished foe followed a

groan of anguish, and fell lifeless at the victor's feet.

The wound, which the young lord had received, was deep, though not dangerous:—in the liveliest terms he expressed his gratitude to his brave deliverer, while Don Antonio, forgetting for a moment the natural *hauteur* of his disposition, with tears of joy pressed him to his heart.—The preserver of Don Sebastian was invited to accompany him to his father's castle, where the richest reward awaited his noble exploit; for the warm acknowledgements and approving smiles of the lovely Donna Isabella were more gratifying to his feelings than a princely prize.—An artist, desirous of drawing the Venus de Medici, might have taken Lady Isabella as a model for her portrait; for such an assemblage of fine features are seldom combined with a form of such exquisite symmetry, or blended with manners so dignified, yet so sweet, and full of grace.—She appeared to Adolphus as a being cast in a mould of such superiority, that he could scarcely avoid considering her as a seraph, sent upon the earth, to inspire adoration; yet the condescending sweetness of her address, so different from the generality of the Spanish ladies, softened that sentiment into the refinement of love.

If the brave Adolphus was captivated by the superior charms of Donna Isabella, she was no less pleased with the manly graces of his person, while the polish of his manners, and the intelligence of his remarks upon every subject, proved him a young man of the most liberal education.

Don Antonio was too much gratified by the preservation of his son's existence, to reflect that no high-sounding title was prefixed to his preserver's name; and Adolphus

was invited to repeat his visit at the castle on the following day.—With sensations of delight he accepted the invitation, and, in every succeeding visit, found his repugnance to leave the castle increase; for his affections were drawn forth by so powerful a magnet that he might not inaptly be compared to the attracted steel.

As Don Sebastian's health improved, the cordiality of Don Antonio's reception gradually decreased; for, no longer apprehensive for the recovery of the object of his affection, he began to reflect upon the comparative humble situation of the man by whom that existence had been preserved.—That Donna Isabella could ever venture to form an attachment so derogatory to her elevated birth, never entered his imagination, until her duenna pointed it out.—Rage and indignation fired his bosom at the bare suspicion:—the trembling Isabella was summoned to appear; and her ingenuous countenance too plainly discovered the lost situation of her heart.—Threats and imprecations the most dreadful were poured upon the devoted girl's head: she was immediately conveyed to the convent of St. Francis, and ordered to be confined to her cell.—The grateful Sebastian was likewise commanded never to behold the unfortunate Adolphus again, upon pain of his father's eternal displeasure, and threatened with being banished to a castle in one of the most remote parts of Spain.

Alarmed by the violence of his father's indignation, yet firm in his resolution of never forsaking his friend, the amiable Sebastian was for some time undetermined in what manner to act.—In an epistle dictated by gratitude and affection, he implored him not to attribute the

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



The Fatal Vapours

suspension of intercourse to a diminution of regard; adding, that, as he had reason to believe his every action would be scrutinised, he would not attempt seeing him for the space of a month.---During that period of time, the harsh treatment of the abbess, united to the misery of being eternally separated from the only being she had ever loved, produced such an alarming effect upon the timid Isabella's constitution, that, when her brother obtained permission to visit the convent, he scarcely knew her.

Shocked at beholding a sister whom he loved with the most exquisite tenderness, falling a sacrifice to parental cruelty and pride, in the fullness of his heart he vowed to rescue her from such tyranny, even at the hazard of his valuable life.---From the convent he went to the house inhabited by Adolphus:---again were his affectionate feelings distressed; for the conviction of having been the occasion of Isabella's sufferings, produced upon her lover the most violent effect.---A depression the most melancholy had seized his spirits: a slow nervous fever was undermining his health; and that form, which, a month before, had excited universal admiration, had become the emaciated emblem of sorrow and sickness.

Soothed by the assurances of sympathy and exertion, the delighted Adolphus listened, with an appearance of renovated existence, to the plan suggested by his friend, which was that of a private marriage, the danger and difficulty of which consisted in getting his sister out of the convent.---Previous, however, to the adoption of this measure, an appeal was to be made to Don Antonio's heart, and the situation of Donna Isabella described to him with all the pathos of fraternal regard.---

Faint, notwithstanding, were his hopes, and vain the experiment; for stern and inflexible was the haughty lord; and he vowed he would rather follow her to a mausoleum, than see her wedded to a heretic, and a man so lowly born.

Don Sebastian too well knew his father's disposition, not to be convinced that his sister would not be the only object of his rage; and a few words he had un-intentionally dropped in the course of conversation, gave him reason to believe his friend would be far from Seville in the course of a few days.---Not a moment was to be lost in this critical situation:---he therefore resolved immediately to personate the character of a friar; and, under pretence of wishing to deliver a private message from Don Antonio to his daughter, he readily obtained an interview with her.

The delicate mind of the lovely Isabella at first recoiled at the idea of an open violation of her duty to Don Antonio: but, when her brother represented the dangers her lover was exposed to, from the violence of her father's temper, she professed herself ready to accompany him to the most distant part of the globe.---By the assistance of the merchant on whom Adolphus had bills of credit, a vessel was engaged to convey them to England, as soon as a protestant priest had performed the ceremony which was to unite their fate.---Where this ceremony was to be performed, was the next consideration; and, after mature deliberation, it was agreed that it should take place in an unfrequented cavern, known only to a few unsuspecting peasants who kept their herds near the spot.

The pretended friar, upon taking leave of the agitated Isabella, promised to represent her penitence to

There afterwards appeared moments in which she seemed to treat him more favorably; and, whenever he mentioned his passion, Armgard's clouded brow indicated displeasure; and, for some days, Louis puzzled himself to no purpose, to discover the reason for this strange alteration.

At length, at this period, that George Walsdorf, married in the vicinity of Harburg, but soon attracted the eyes of all the young ladies in that part of the country. His long residence at the court of the emperor had given a polish and refinement to his manners, that distinguished him above all the other knights. He saw the beautiful Armgard, and ere long augmented the number of her admirers; but he did not succeed better than his rivals in conquering the coldness and reserve that seemed, since her illness, to have become a leading feature in her character.

However, she paid dearly in secret for her affected indifference, and the vanity of ever having thought herself beloved above all things. The heart of poor Armgard had felt a passion, and still retained an inclination, for Louis, which she could not entirely subdue, and which, contending with the hatred she fancied she entertained for him, cruelly punished her for the sufferings she inflicted on that unhappy young man. In solitude, she shed tears, which seldom flow from the eyes of the young and beautiful: she looked upon love as a chimera, she never had any existence but in her heart, to render her miserable; and she repelled those soft illusions that spread charms over the rugged paths of life, to cherish fantasies which made her wretched. Pretending to judge sensibility at the right tribunal of reason, she endeavored to stifle in her breast the powerful voice of nature.

Armgard became daily more grave, and less communicative; she courted solitude, and, seeking the most sequestered walks, would indulge her melancholy reverie for hours together. Studiously as she shunned Louis, she could not always avoid meeting him: but, however hard and painful the task, she obstinately persisted in the line of conduct lately adopted, and opposed the most rigid insensibility to his tears and expostulations. George Walsdorf, on his part, watched every opportunity to disclose his sentiments to Armgard, and engage her affections, but with no better success. She did not, it is true, forbid him to love; yet she steadily refused listening to his professions, and insisted on his not intruding on her retirement.

In one of her solitary rambles, Armgard wandered so far as the banks of the Rhine. Pleased with the wild scenery, and the noise of the waters impetuously rushing through the rocks, she stopped; but the stone on which her foot rested giving way, she fell headlong into the river.

(To be continued.)

The Dutch Patriots of the Sixteenth Century (Continued from page 547.)

At this odious picture, the Batavian and the Gallic chiefs with impetuous emotion grasp their swords; and with one voice exclaim—"To arms, citizens and warriors! To arms! Let us avenge the outrages offered to human nature! Perish all tyrants! Let us fight and triumph in the cause of Liberty, or glorious expire under her banner!"

Long did this stirring scene of this ancient fabric, long did the encircling groves, resound with the tremendous cry.

"Such," resumed the genius, "was the sublime enthusiasm which animated the Frisons, whom that monster of cruelty and despotism viewed as a contemptible herd of passive slaves. An avenger arose among them: Everard immolated the tyrant Godfrey on the altar of his country: the Normans on every side fell beneath the uplifted arm of the people; and the plains of Friesland echoed with joyous pæans in honor of Liberty. In the glorious annals of a nation which has never been subjugated, behold a Theodoric march against the Huns, vanquish them, and celebrate his victory by the institution of tournaments—a lively image of those games at which universal Greece was wont to assemble.—Under another Theodoric, the rage of the tempest burst the solid barrier of the opposing dikes, inundated the camp of the emperor, and obliged him to consult his safety by a precipitate flight. The Batavians pursued his retreating squadrons, and captured his fleet."

This event fixed the attention of Nassau, and sank deep into his memory.

"Surely," continued the inspired orator—"surely, Florentius, you must have extended your ken to the remote regions of futurity! You predicted that a handful of Batavians, combating under the standard of Liberty, were capable of triumphing over numerous hosts: yourself set the glorious example: but, exhausted with fatigue and weakened by the effusion of blood, you reclined your weary limbs against the trunk of a tree; when, lo! a band of enemies, taking base advantage of your defenceless condition, seized the opportunity to attack you. Though unsupported by a single friend, you valiantly opposed their onset:—of what consequence to

you was the loss of life, since you expired in the arms of victory?

"Behold William laying at The Hague the foundations of a palace, on which smiles a brilliant morn, fair presage of a happy day. Zealand and Friesland were alternately the theatre of his valour. Alone he ventured to tempt the treacherous ice, which broke under the weight of his courser and his arms; when, from their concealment among the reeds, a hostile band sally forth, and surround him: but he, dreading captivity worse than death, undauntedly combats his assailants, and falls in the flower of his age.

"Every thing now seemed sinking into ruin, when Hamstead in a single ship pursues the enemy's fleet: he hastes to Haerlem, displaying in his hand the great standard of Holland; he announces the arrival of a second William: already Leiden signalises her courage; already even the women among the Batavians learn to emulate the martial exploits of men. This new William makes his appearance on the seas, unites his fleet to the squadron of France, defeats the Flemings, and takes their count prisoner. The father of William, sinking under the burden of accumulated years, expires in a transport of joy on hearing the triumphs of his son; while Haerlem, the genial soil of liberty, is illustrated by games of unparalleled magnificence.

"Several of thy progenitors, Nassau! have, by their achievements, equaled those exalted heroes: an Otho triumphed over the Huns: his son gloriously trod in his father's steps: under another Nassau, cities rose from the ground: Henry accompanied Frederic into Italy: his brother, under the auspices of the same Frederic, signalised his valour in Asia, and, on his return, eman-

ipated Betuwe.—I could also name others equally fired by the thirst of glory, and by that generous zeal which stimulates the patriot to devote his life for the interest of his country.

“Batavians! many pages in the volume of your annals yet remain blank: but if History has, during a season, dropped her pencil for want of facts worthy of being transmitted to the memory of succeeding ages, to you it belongs—to you, a nation incessantly attacked, but never subjugated—to you it belongs to revive her energetic activity, by furnishing her with an illustrious theme, in your heroic constancy and your brilliant triumphs. Go, Batavians! conduct to a happy conclusion the greatest and most just of all enterprises: but beware of tarnishing its glory: be careful to distinguish the manly impulse of liberty from the unbridled excesses of audacious anarchy, whose wounds prove mortal to the state, or tedious and difficult of cure. To avoid overturning the yet unfinished fabric which your hands are about to rear, may you proceed in the great work undisturbed by the fury of contending factions! may your country be for-ever un-acquainted with the dire effects which flow from that detested source! Let laws, order, and morals, reign among you, and insure to you the enjoyment of the rich fruits of your arduous toils: thus be it your task to-deserve that time and experience may perfect the majestic edifice of which you are now preparing to lay the foundations.—O destructive rage of faction! sanguinary hate! fatal ambition! degrading avarice! into what an abyss of misery will you one day immerse a generous nation, at the moment when she shall have achieved the conquest of her liberty, and fixed the attention of the uni-

verse by the daring exertions of her courage, and the brilliant splendor of her triumphs, which the page of history ne'er can parallel!

“Whither run those miscreants armed with clubs and poignards?—The prisons open their gates, while thousands of men and women.... Ye tigers! stop!.... But it is too late!—the seat of Justice has been usurped by a hideous phantom, who has assumed her semblance: the laws have remained silent: in their presence has the measure of guilt been filled; under their eyes have torrents of blood inundated the ground.

“And you also, innocent victims, who lie miserably crowded together in palaces and temples which blind rage has converted into dark noisome dungeons—your mournful accents already by anticipation resound in my ears: my eyes witness the effusion of your blood: I see the old and the young promiscuously dragged to execution! Of what crimes, then, unfortunate victims! have you been guilty? Your virtues, your too enlightened zeal, your talents, your genius, your spoils which invite the rapacious hands of your assassins—these, and these alone, are your crimes. Ye fathers, who have been sprinkled with the blood of your sons! ye mothers, who have pressed your daughters to your bosoms, and with loud cries vainly sued for the wretched consolation of preceding them in death! I behold you on the same day mounting the fatal scaffold. O excess of madness and barbarity! thoughtless, misguided citizens! you eagerly crowd to gaze at these atrocious spectacles! by loud plaudits you testify your approbation of such bloody sacrifices, and fancy that to them you are indebted for your safety and your happiness!

“Where then is the senate?

where are the men whose bosoms glow with genuine courage?—They are reaping laurels on the frontier, or languishing in chains at home! The remainder of the nation quake in silent terror before a base tyrant, and before that dire tribunal, which, in conjunction with him, exercises despotic sway—that tribunal, whose very name makes justice and reason blush—that tribunal, where the judges, the witnesses, the tyrant who directs them, and his numerous satellites, compose a horde of blood-thirsty murderers. Throughout the whole extent of that vast empire—in every place—at every hour—these monstrous sacrifices are offered, at the expense of bleeding hecatombs of unoffending citizens: and twice does our earth encircle the sun in her annual round, before the savage fury of those assassins suffers aught of abatement.—Witness, thou funereal pall, which I see extended over that empire, and by which it will long continue veiled—witness, ye once flourishing regions, which I see transformed into sterile deserts—and ye rivers, whose streams recoil toward their sources, un-able to force their way through the heaps of lifeless corpses which have been thrown into their beds from the floating dungeons.”

Here the genius of history suddenly paused, as if the pencil, with which he had transmitted to succeeding ages the portraits of those monsters who deluged Rome with blood, at length dropped from his hand, incapable of depicting the horrors that now presented themselves to his view.

Deeply affected by this picture, of which they had but an imperfect glimpse, the Gallic and Batavian chiefs remained in mournful silence; when now master-pieces of art

awaked and captivated their attention. What wondrous spectacle!—is it enchantment?—Athens! Rome! a divinity pronounces her mighty fiat o’er your ruins, and rears them from the dust. Architecture, in all her majestic grandeur, presents herself to the eyes of those heroes, in the models which past ages had produced under her inspiring influence. In the productions of that noble art, they admire the sublimity of the design, the felicity of the proportions, the perfect harmony of the different parts with each other: but what most forcibly strikes them, is that strong feature of immortality which stamps the accomplished whole.

So august are the monuments of her labors, that their very ruins are held in veneration; and, when not even a ruin of them is any longer to be found, the spot where they once stood, is still revered as sacred; while, reproduced, as it were, by the power of imagination, they re-assume an ideal existence.—At length every latent energy is now bursting forth into activity: a universal regeneration is about to ensue; and nature will soon show herself more prolific in wonders than at any former period. The edifices, the palaces, erected during the dark night of barbarism, will sink under the disproportioned weight of their monstrous ornaments: already is the hand of Time busied in sapping their cumbrous turrets: they fall to the ground; and, from their ruins, arise new fabrics, which rival the admired monuments of Athens and of Rome. The opening earth restores to light those monuments, which had long lain buried in her womb, as in the peaceful grave, where they found a shelter from those barbarous hordes who ravaged and reduced every thing to ashes.

The solid Doric, the precise and elegant Ionic, the rich Corinthian, at length emerge from the accumulated dust of ages, and re-appear to the eyes of mankind. . . . Architecture! the day is now rapidly approaching, when thou shalt no longer be condemned to decorate the abodes of tyranny and superstition, and thy noble erections shall be consecrated to virtue, to glorious deeds, and to the happiness of nations.

The fascination now seemed carried to the utmost height, when, on a subdued, harmonious sounds, the most energetic language of the soul, again enchant and captivate the senses. Long overpowered by the rude cries of barbarism, they at length break forth anew, and announce the dawn of the most polished æra. Such, after a tedious night, whose silence suffered no other interruption than from the lugubrious screams of ill-omened birds, are heard the tuneful notes which hail the car of Phæbus advancing through the east.---What melting sounds! Grief and regret utter their plaintive accents; and at their voice each eye sheds the tributary tear. Thus Philomel, during the absence of day, joins her mournful inelody to the slow murmurs of the passing brook.---In the midst of those thrilling notes, are heard terrific sounds---the shrieks of despair---the yells of revenge---the shouts of warring hosts---the acclaims of triumphant liberty. At the sound of these all-powerful voices, the furious ocean seems to burst his bounds---the massive piles of Ætna shake to their foundations, while its yawning summit rivals the fire of Jove, and vomits columns of flame, which reach to the celestial dome:---in short, every object, every sentiment, is energetically expressed by

the united powers of music and poetry.

(*To be continued.*)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page 543.*)

Mrs. Lenox, to Lady Beaumont.

YOUR congratulations, my ever dear Lady Beaumont, on the birth of my daughter, were most acceptable. She will be the sweet cement of a union perfectly tender. Lenox, with looks of paternal love, gazes with delight on his little Matilda. My father too, dear old man! looks on this child as the dearest gift of heaven. And, like provident parents, we have already fixed on a spouse for our daughter. And who, you will ask, is this husband? My dear Jane, he is yet in embryo:---who should it be, but your first-born, Lord Beaumont's son and heir? Will not this be a happy expedient to transmit our friendship to posterity? Do not then, my dear lady, mar our plan by bringing into the world a fem ale.

You give me joy on your advance of rank:---in these compliments, I know Lady Beaumont spoke the language of modern politeness: they are not the sentiments of your heart. An exaltation to nobility cannot add to the happiness of either Lenox or me: and, when our elevation is the consequence of a distressing event, we can feel no other sensations than those of sorrow. Lord Granville's only son was really an honor to human nature: society has lost a valuable and accomplished member; a fond father, the support and comfort of his declining years. Can we then, my dear friend, if we possess the common feelings of humanity, rejoice at an event that will bring the grey hairs of Lord Granville with sorrow to the grave? The prospect of the coronet,

Therefore, that is now pendent over the brow of my husband, is rather an alloy than an increase of felicity to him.

Lenox is at present with his uncle, and will continue with him till the first transports of sorrow are abated. But I will quit this melancholy subject for a more joyous one.—I am exceeding glad to hear that Charles Denham is married. He is a pleasant, well-bred man: and I think nature formed him for happiness in the conjugal state; and, from the interesting character you give of his bride, I think they have a fair prospect before them, which that they may long enjoy, is the very sincere wish of your ever affectionate

SOPHIA LENOX.

A long period of time now passes on, during which nothing material happens in these families, excepting the death of Lord Granville, at whose decease the title and estate descend to Mr. Lenox, now Lord Granville, who is made happy by the birth of a son and heir.—Lord Beaumont has two sons, and the Earl of Ossenvor, a son and a daughter.—As these are merely domestic occurrences, the letters that passed between these friends, till Miss Lenox attains the age of twenty-two, are omitted;—from which period the history is continued.

Lord Beaumont, to Mr. La Roche.

RETURN to England, my friend, my dear La Roche! No longer reject the solicitations of your happy Beaumont. Have I not scrupulously adhered to the promise I made you on the day of our separation?—“Oh! press me not, Beaumont, to quit this retirement, till all-healing time shall have mitigated the poignancy of my affliction. I will then visit you in England; and I trust I shall once more receive pleasure in the society of the friend I love.” These

were your parting words:—I held your sorrows sacred, and left to time, to reason, and to philosophy, to speak peace to your troubled soul.

But, La Roche, more than twice ten summers, and as many winters, have passed o’er your head, since last I saw you: yet still you evade the promise you made me. You tell me that affliction and retirement have rendered you unfit for the world;—that seclusion has given an air of singularity to your person and manner, which though you are conscious of, you cannot shake off. All these are poor excuses to a friend who loves you. You have often told me, even at the time when you suffered under the most poignant anguish of mind, that it would give you joy to hear that I was happy—I am happy, La Roche—happy as a mortal man can be. I have often told you so. In the hey-day of youth, with what rapturous expressions of fondness have I mentioned my wife to you! Though time may possibly have diminished the ardor of passion, yet still she is as dear to me, as at the moment when I led her to the altar.

Lady Beaumont loves and respects the friend of her husband. She is anxious to see you, La Roche: she will gently sooth your sorrows: it will be her greatest delight to make Beaumont Lodge comfortable to you. I have two sons; who, if a father’s fondness does not mislead his judgement, are not unworthy of the friendship of La Roche.—Oh! come then, friend of my youth! and be a witness of my happiness, which, without your society, cannot be complete. You have a soul, that, when oppressed with misery, could bow with patience and resignation before the throne of mercy, and own that its decrees were just. You have a soul, that, in the

most trying moment, can rejoice at the happiness of your friend, to whom the Supreme Being has dealt his blessings with so liberal a hand. Once more, then, tread on English ground : let La Roche and Beaumont meet again : let me have the inexpressible pleasure of presenting my family to you.—I will use no more arguments to persuade you to comply with my wishes. My heart is set on seeing you in England ; and I trust you will not disappoint me.—Yours un-alterably,

BEAUMONT.

Mr. La Roche, to Lord Beaumont.

LA Roche will see you again, my lord : I will visit you in England : it was always my intention, though I have, from time to time, postponed it.—Dear as you are to me, Beaumont, and much as I wish to see you, it will require an exertion to quit this place—this solitude, that has so long been the silent nurse of all my sorrows : it will require an exertion to mix again in the cheerful haunts of men. Time and affliction have engendered such a lassitude within me, and grief has so long been my companion, that, instead of its wearing away, I seem to cherish it with a kind of melancholy pleasure. The infirmities of age begin to creep upon me, too, my lord ; nor do I wonder at it, when I think how heavily misfortunes have pressed upon me from my youth upwards. Yes, my dear friend, I shall see you again. Nay, my heart will feel, in your society, a transport, to which it has long been a stranger.

I long to see your wife—your sons too. I shall, in them, see Beaumont in his youthful days, whose care and un-exampled friendship saved me from despair, and bade me live to taste the joys of generous friendship. And if, as I hope I shall, I find myself happier in your company, I will bid

adieu to France, and spend the remainder of my days with you.

One thing I must mention to your lordship : let my sad story be known to none but your family. I wish not to be held up, as an object of pity, to a gaping multitude ; nor should I choose to damp the harmony of spirits of the more refined part of mankind, with whom I shall associate among the circle of your friends. Let then my misfortunes be forgotten :—if possible, I will forget them myself. I will leave my sorrows in the vale of St Cas. I will not cloud your joys, my friend, with even the appearance of sadness.

Gracious heaven ! when I see you, Beaumont, see you surrounded with domestic joys—when I see your wife, your sons—will not my heart be torn by the bitter recollection that once I was happy as you—that once I was a son, a husband, and a father ? Even now, my lord, the big tear rolls down my cheek, when I think on the horrible uncertainty, in which the fate of my family is involved. Death is the common lot of finite mortals, and must be submitted to with patience and resignation. The cold hand of death, which snatched my Maria from me, spared my child.—My boy, my poor boy ! where art thou now ? The pride of my country is proverbial. You know, my lord, that I am a very proud Scotchman. What then must be my feelings, when I think on the uncertain fate of my son ? Descended from an ancient honorable family, though that family now lies buried in ruins—my boy, born to an affluent fortune, perhaps in his infancy raised his little hands, and begged in vain for bread ! or, what is infinitely worse, he may at this moment be the fawning sycophant of some great man's vices. To gain a precarious support, he may with difficulty check

the proud blood that flows in his veins, and be the tool of a right honorable villain, who possibly might raise himself from obscurity, on the ruins of my fallen family.—Great God! the thought is not to be borne. My son could not be so abject a being: let him nobly brave the storms of fate: may he live free, or long since have perished gloriously.—But all this is dark to me: I can only think, and be wretched.

Pardon me, my lord! I am yet sensible to the calls of friendship: in your family, I shall once more know happiness. On Thursday next, I shall tread on English ground. You have promised to meet me at Dover.—Till then, adieu! And believe me to be gratefully impressed with the recollection of your kindness and attention to the unfortunate

LA ROCHE.

Lady Beaumont, to Lady Granville.

If you will not come to me yourself, my dear Lady Granville, you will, I flatter myself, spare to me your daughter. The company of your Matilda, always dear to me, will at this time be particularly so. She will assist me in entertaining Mr. La Roche, the most beloved friend of my lord.—I believe you have often heard me mention that my husband was attached to a gentleman abroad, whom he wished very much to see in England.—This gentleman is at last arrived; and, when you see him, my dear Lady Granville, you will not wonder at my lord's partiality for him. Wretchedness and he had been so long acquainted, that I was apprehensive it would not be in our power to amuse him, from thinking too deeply on his sorrows. But I have had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing him declare that he has not, for four and twenty years, experienced that internal peace and tranquillity which he has

enjoyed since he has been with us. My niece, Lady Louisa, is with me: this will be an inducement to Miss Lenox to favor me with her company.

Mr. La Roche is fond of music: the harmony of a fine voice fills his soul with rapture. Matilda's excellence in her vocal exertions is universally allowed by all who have had the pleasure of hearing her. "My dear sir," cries my fond son, "could you hear Miss Lenox sing, you would think it the music of the spheres."

Fortescue is not happy, my dear Lady Granville: there is a languor hangs about him, which cannot escape the observation of a mother anxious for the happiness of her children.—His attachment to our Matilda, his tender apprehensions, are the source whence this languor springs.—Lord Beaumont wishes to see his son married. My dear friend, there can be no reason for any longer delay. Let this long-projected union take place.

Shall I tell your ladyship the fears that agitate the bosom of my poor love-stricken Fortescue? He thinks that the wishes of your daughter's heart are not in unison with his; that she receives his addresses to oblige her friends, and not from any sentiment of tenderness she feels for him. If this be the case, the connexion had better cease at once.—Miss Lenox, I flatter myself, esteems and loves me: her nature is open and ingenuous; I love her too well to bear the thoughts of her being unhappy. I think I shall discover the real situation of her heart, when she is with me. But perhaps, my dear friend, my son is a little too enthusiastic in his notions. Your Matilda may love him, though not with that romantic refinement which he seems to expect; and we may not be disappointed in the proposed alliance between our families, which, I own,

I have long set my heart on. At any rate, it is best to come to an *éclaircissement*: let then your dear girl come to me, my beloved friend.---
Constantly yours,

JANE BEAUMONT.

(To be continued.)

WHAT MIGHT BE.

(Continued from page 556.)

ASTONISHED and alarmed at the extraordinary behaviour of her brother, Mrs. Legoxton implored her husband to follow him; while the agitated Caroline, no longer capable of deriving pleasure from the gay scene by which she was surrounded, entreated her sister immediately to quit it.

"It was Sir Frederick Montgomery's presence which gave a charm to this splendid entertainment, Miss Legoxton, I find," said Lord William, in a dejected tone of voice.---
"Not so my lord," replied the embarrassed Caroline: "but, splendid as it is, I really find myself fatigued; and, as the crowd appears to increase, I fear two ladies must be too great a charge for you to undertake."---
"Are you fearful, charming Miss Legoxton, of trusting yourself to my protection?" demanded his lordship.---
"Oh! no," replied the artless Caroline: "I have not the slightest fear; but I am apprehensive that poor Sir Frederick is seriously indisposed."

"Enviably Sir Frederick! what pangs would I not suffer to excite the same solicitude!" said Lord William, tenderly pressing the hand which was passed through his arm.---
Captain Legoxton had left the ladies to Lord William's protection, upon the first hint from Mrs. Legoxton that her brother was suddenly indisposed; and, finding him not return, she readily agreed to Caroline's proposal of going immediately home.

The moment Sir Frederick found the faintness which the sight of the incognita had excited, subside, he eagerly inquired of all the attendants in what manner she had quitted the house--what kind of carriage she had entered, and which way it drove.---
No satisfactory reply could be given to these interrogatories, as the domestics had been too much occupied to pay attention, though one of them declared that he perfectly recollected hearing the domino mention the name of Montgomery, as she passed through the hall.---
This circumstance completely confirmed Sir Frederick's suspicions. "It was doubtless my evil genius!" he emphatically exclaimed, as he turned away from the servant, and rushed into the street. So completely occupied was his mind, that he had totally forgotten his appearance, until the fixed gaze of the beholders reminded him that he was in masquerade; when, stepping into the first hackney coach he saw, he commanded the man to drive to Major Beauchamp's.

As Major Beauchamp was the only person who was acquainted with Sir Frederick's former attachment, he was the only one to whom he could apply for consolation or advice; and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he had the satisfaction of hearing he had not retired to rest.

"For heaven's sake, Montgomery, inform me what has happened," exclaimed the major, cordially taking Sir Frederick's hand, and, observing his dress with a look of astonishment, was convinced that some uncommon circumstance must have occasioned his unseasonable visit.

In brief words Sir Frederick described the singular behaviour of the incognita, and his conviction that it could be no other person than Lady Gertrude.---
"And is that the sole

cause of all this agitation?" inquired the major. In mercy, my good fellow, get home, and go to bed."—It was in vain that Major Beauchamp endeavoured to rally his friend out of his suspicions—or, allowing them to be just, to convince him they could not affect his passion for Caroline. He advised him to relate every circumstance respecting his former connexion to Captain Legoxton, and openly avow his attachment to Caroline.

While Sir Frederick was attentively listening to the counsel of his youthful Mentor, both Captain Legoxton and the ladies were suffering the most painful anxiety on his account; and the artless Caroline was no longer able to conceal the real state of her heart.—As the watchman cried the hour of three, the torture of suspense was terminated by a gentle rap at the street door.—“Is it you, my dear Frederick?” eagerly inquired Mrs. Legoxton, at the same time running half way down the stairs.—“Good heavens! Montgomery, why did you alarm the ladies?” said Captain Legoxton, in a rather angry tone.

“A sudden faintness overwhelmed me,” (replied Sir Frederick) “occasioned, I believe, by the intense heat of the rooms; but most sincerely do I grieve to have excited apprehension in the breasts of those whom I wish to shield from every pang.”—As he said this, he directed his fine eyes towards Caroline, with a look far more expressive than words; and, tenderly taking the hands of both ladies, he added, “thus let me at once implore and seal my pardon.”

“And how will you obtain mine, for all the trouble you have occasioned me?” inquired the captain: “for I have been in pursuit of you until within this half hour.”—“I am con-

tain of obtaining it,” replied Sir Frederick, “when I have candidly stated the cause of my absence, which I will do, after breakfast, if you will indulge me with an hour’s conversation.”

Captain Legoxton most readily complied with the proposal; and the party retired to their separate apartments.—Sleep, however, was a stranger to the eyes of Caroline; for the events of the evening had revealed a secret which she had been fearful of acknowledging to herself.—She could no longer doubt her attachment to Sir Frederick Montgomery; and her mind was tortured by the apprehension of his having a prior attachment.—Yet his pointed attentions to her had been blended with such an air of tenderness, that could never proceed from common civility.—“Still, what should prevent him from disclosing his partiality, if he really felt any for her?”—In thoughts of this nature Caroline passed the hours until breakfast, perplexed likewise with a thousand conjectures of what the secret could be, which Sir Frederick had promised to reveal to her brother on that memorable day.—Fortunately Mrs. Legoxton had confined her suspicions respecting the domino being the occasion of her brother’s sudden departure; or the pangs of jealousy might have been added to the pain of suspense.

Upon entering the breakfast-parlour, Caroline observed her brother’s attention deeply engaged upon a letter.—“I was just going to request your presence, my dearest Caroline,” said Captain Legoxton, conducting her to a sofa, and seating himself by her.—“You must inform me in what manner I am to answer this flattering epistle,” he continued, at the same time presenting the one he had just read. “Lord

William Beauclerk does you the honor, my dearest Caroline, of soliciting your hand."

A sudden faintness overspread Caroline; and she was totally unable to make any reply.—With trembling hands she took the letter, and read the following words—

"My dear Legoxton,

"A letter, which I have this moment received from my father, has filled my bosom with sensations too ecstatic to describe; for it gives me permission to address you upon a subject on which depends the future happiness of my life.

"That I love your charming sister, my every action must have testified; though, betrothed as I then considered myself to another, I dared not venture to disclose the ardency of my feelings. But, thanks to my good stars! my affianced helpmate has thought proper to select a different partner for life.—During childhood, our parents entered into this injudicious engagement for us; and I, being totally dependent upon mine, was compelled to bow submissively to his decree. In short, until I beheld your lovely sister, I thought I could have been happy with Lady Charlotte C***. About three weeks back, I heard of the flirtation which her ladyship was carrying on with Colonel Montjoy; in consequence of which, I wrote to my father, avowing the real state of my heart, and imploring him to allow me to give my affianced bride permission to bestow her hand upon the man whom she evidently preferred.—To this epistle I received an answer informing me His Grace had likewise heard of Lady Charlotte's apparent partiality for the colonel, but forbidding me, upon pain of his displeasure, to adopt the plan I proposed; and concluding by saying, if the report which was universally circu-

lated had any serious foundation, I had his permission to offer my hand to Miss Legoxton.

"One circumstance, however, my dear Legoxton, checks the transport I shall experience from the account of Lady Charlotte's marriage; for, from what passed at the masquerade, I cannot help fearing Montgomery is not totally indifferent to Miss Legoxton.—Though I know Sir Frederick to be your friend, yet I consider him as a despicable character—Start not, my dear Legoxton, at so harsh an epithet; for, while offering homage to the charms of your lovely sister, I know he is under a positive engagement of marriage. Yes, my dear friend, so binding is the contract, that, in case of refusal on his part, he must resign the whole of his fortune.—Think not, my friend, that this is mere assertion: for I assure you on my honor, I have had positive proof; I have actually seen the promise of marriage which he gave Lady Gertrude Montravers.

"Allow me then to say, that, should I have the power of inspiring your charming sister with some portion of that affection which glows with such ardor in my breast, every moment of my life shall be devoted to evincing my tenderness, and promoting her happiness.

"The irreconcilable disagreement, which has taken place between my father and elder brother, has induced him to bestow upon me the personal property, which would otherwise have been given to the heir; therefore, my dear Legoxton, I shall have the happiness of making a settlement of two thousand a year upon your sister.—I do not mention this circumstance from an idea that fortune would be the chief object with a man of such liberal sentiments; yet I conceive it a ne-

ecessary ingredient towards individual happiness, and doubly valuable from its affording the means of contributing to the relief of the unfortunate.

"It was not merely the charms of your sister's person, my dear Legoxton, that attracted my affection, though I allow them to be transcendent: but it was that sweetness of disposition, and that entire rectitude of principle, which in so many instances I have seen her evince; and blest must be the man who obtains such an inestimable treasure—yes, my friend, blest beyond the common lot of mortals!

"The uncertainty which I feel at the present moment, is more painful than it is in the power of language to express: I must therefore implore you to communicate the subject of this letter to your amiable sister, that I may not long linger under the torture of suspense.—Oh! my friend! may your reply prove propitious, is the ardent prayer of your devoted

"BEAUCLERK."

With difficulty the agitated Caroline perused this flattering testimony of admiration and affection; for the certainty of Sir Frederick Montgomery's attachment to another was a death-stroke to her peace; and scarcely had she concluded the epistle, when she burst into a flood of grief.

"Whence this unnecessary agitation, my dear Caroline?" inquired Captain Legoxton. "No imperious authority will compel you to receive Lord William Beauclerk as your future husband. Had you regarded him with preference, I confess I should have been gratified, not from attaching any consequence to his title, but from admiring his principles.—But, when our respected father, in his dying moments, com-

mitted you to my protecting care, he impressively implored you to let me be the depositary of every secret, and the only confidant whom you should consult in every important affair.—And have you, Caroline, permit me to ask, obeyed this sacred injunction? have you not concealed from your attached brother the real state of your heart? for, though I am master of its secret impressions, I have not my sister's ingenuousness to thank."

"Spare me, my dearest brother!" exclaimed the still more agitated Caroline, hiding her blushing countenance on his breast. "How, dearest Henry, could I reveal to you a secret, which, until last night, was unknown to myself? But I will conquer this unfortunate prepossession; I will endeavour to banish the image of Sir Frederick Montgomery from my breast.—Yet why should I condemn him? what fault has he committed? none, but that of being too exquisitely amiable."

"Pardon me, Caroline," replied Captain Legoxton, in a grave and dignified tone of voice. "He has unwarrantably endeavoured to attract an artless girl's affection, whom he knew it was impossible ever to make his wife.—To me he must account for this unpardonable mode of conduct: to me he must make reparation for the destruction of your peace. The daughter and sister of a British soldier, my Caroline, is not a fit object for unmeaning flirtation or sportive gallantry."

"In mercy, talk not thus, my beloved brother!" exclaimed Caroline, clasping her hands, and raising her lovely eyes.—"Sir Frederick Montgomery, I assure you on my sacred honor, never mentioned the theme of love to me in his life."

"No, my unsuspecting girl! he is too great an adept in simulation, to

commit himself by avowing a passion, which your brother might call upon him to prove: but has he not, by ten thousand marks of tender solicitude, given you reason to believe you were dear to his heart?—Yes, Caroline, they were so strong, that they carried conviction with them; and I daily expected to find him your declared lover."

While Caroline was vainly endeavouring to palliate Sir Frederick's conduct, and Captain Legoxton was condemning it with the severity he thought it deserved, the door opened; and he entered, wholly unsuspecting of having been the subject of conversation.—To the usual civilities of the morning, Captain Legoxton made no other answer, than that, of a slight inclination of the head.—"Are you ill, my dear Legoxton?" inquired Sir Frederick, with a mixture of softness and astonishment in the tone of his voice.—"Ill at ease, sir; and I must apply to you as physician, if you will be kind enough to walk into the library."—So saying, he quitted the breakfast-parlour, followed by the astonished baronet.

Terror and apprehension so completely overpowered Caroline's faculties, that, for some minutes, she was wholly un-able to move; but, at length rousing from the torpor of wretchedness which had overspread her, she ran up into Mrs. Legoxton's dressing-room, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, go into the library! Oh Sir Frederick! Oh my brother!"—scarcely had her tongue given utterance to these agitated exclamations, when she dropped senseless on the floor. The terrified Mrs. Legoxton merely staid to assist a servant to raise her, when with trembling steps she hastened down stairs. Before she reached the library, Sir Frederick had in great measure ex-

culpated himself; and Captain Legoxton was calmly listening to a detailed account of his whole acquaintance with Lady Gertrude, when the door burst suddenly open, and the terrified Mrs. Legoxton exclaimed, "In mercy, tell me, what you are going to do?"

"My dearest life! whence this apprehension?" inquired the captain, pressing the beloved object of his affection in his arms, and soothing the perturbation of her spirits, by the most tender expressions of sympathy and regard.—Assured of her husband's and brother's safety and reconciliation, the idea of Caroline's situation instantly occurred; and she hastened back to her dressing-room, to relieve the agitated state of the amiable girl's heart.

Sir Frederick Montgomery resumed his narrative, and faithfully related every circumstance that had occurred; disclosed the ardency of his affection for Miss Legoxton, and implored her brother to advise him in what manner he ought to act towards Lady Gertrude.

(To be continued.)

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 509.)

THE morning Zephyr announced a serene day. The powerful couriers, shaking their flowing manes, drew with increasing rapidity the resounding car.—Rhodopè and her mistress were a prey to overwhelming melancholy: the unfortunate Sappho appeared totally insensible to surrounding objects. They still pressed forward, and soon arrived near the port of Mitylenè, where they detained the car, until the moment when a vessel appeared ready to sail for Sicily. They agreed with the pilot for the voyage, and immediately embarked. A favorable breeze arose. Aurora scattered roses o'er

the path of the sun, whose splendor was reflected on the waves, gently ruffled by the soothing breath of the winds. The moon languished at the first rays of Phœbus:—their voyage commenced under the happiest auspices; and the ship flew on the surface of the formidable ocean, swift as the swallow through the ætherial plain.

The sun now gilds the summits of the highest hills; and streams of light fill the vast expanse.—Scamandronymus awoke from a sound sleep, and, according to his usual custom, came to inhale the fresh air under the delicious shades of his garden. He beheld with anger and astonishment the traces of the wheels of a car, and of the hoofs of horses; he called to his slaves, “Who has dared to destroy the beauty of these walks?” The slaves hear his reproaches in silence—but the fatal mystery was immediately explained by the return of the conductor of the car.—Scamandronymus would have sacrificed him in the first transports of his rage, as the accomplice of his daughter’s flight; but Cleïs, hastily interposing, remarked, that the return of the slave was a complete proof of his innocence.

The old man suppressed with difficulty the fury of his passion, and listened to the details of the journey, which were no sooner ended, than he dispatched his slaves to the port of Mitylenè, and in pursuit of Sappho.

Neither the grief of Menelæus, when he learned the flight of his faithless consort, and swore to pursue the perfidious ravisher—nor the rage of the son of Peleus, celebrated in immortal verse—could equal the cruel despair of Scamandronymus on this day of mourning and sorrow. Yet, if he had ever interposed the

dictates of paternal authority, or, if he had ever expostulated with just severity, he would have found, not a subject of consolation, but an explanation of this disgraceful flight; but, having always counseled his daughter with the voice of consoling friendship, her secret departure announced a mind enfranchised from all sense of honor and decorum, with a corrupted heart, ready to break through all the barriers of virgin modesty. The unfortunate father lamented his credulity and misplaced confidence—he embraced the altars of the household gods, and was on the point of cursing the ungrateful Sappho, and consigning her to the avenging Furies, if the good-natured Cleïs had not interfered, and, without the aid of studied eloquence, but with the language of sentiment and pity, calmed the transports of his fury. She invoked the tender influence of the nuptial tie, the laws of humanity, the goodness of the gods, whose benevolence we ought to imitate: she expatiated on the frailty of human nature, and how readily we ought to forgive the excess of a passion, whose imperious sway leaves us no longer masters of our will.

The house resounded with the cries of the females, who lamented the loss of their mistress: the slaves returned in gloomy melancholy to their occupations; and the aged lifted up their hands to heaven, and implored the protection of the gods for the unfortunate Sappho. Dorilla invoked all the powers of heaven and earth to conceal from the knowledge of mankind the opprobrious departure of her sister. Cleïs endeavoured to console both her husband and Dorilla.—This once happy mansion, whose joy and confidence had long reigned undisturbed, now re-echoes with the accents

of grief, lamentation, and despair.

A propitious wind swelled the sails of the vessel, which lightly furrowed the surface of the deep. The eyes of Sappho were steadfastly fixed on the shore; and she sighed when her imagination presented the desolation of her afflicted family. As long as the summits of the temples and towers of Mitylenè were visible, she could not avert from them her eyes, bathed in constant tears:—but, when the shore disappeared altogether—when she could perceive nothing but the immensity of the heavens and the expanse of the sea—she covered herself with her mantle, and committed her destiny to the will of fortune.

Oh love! how cruel is thy caprice! thy irresistible tyranny leads us astray even in the tracks of the object of our pursuit. The wind—which wafts the unhappy Sappho, even in serving her, conspired against her wishes:—it had just driven Phaon from his course, who had embarked but a few hours before her arrival at Mitylenè. Arising from the shores of Afric, it became a dreadful tempest; and his ship was now far from the coast of Sicily, towards which Sappho sailed in peaceful tranquillity. Was it pity in the gods to save her from the storm? Alas! no! To be separated from Phaon was more dreadful to her mind, than the fear of shipwreck. For two days and two nights, the vessel pursued her tranquil course on the foaming waves: on the morning of the third, at a distance, under the obscure horizon they faintly descried the coast; and, as they continued to approach, they had a glimpse of land with the last rays of the setting sun.

On the following day, the crew returned thanks to the gods for their protection during the voyage, and

exclaimed with transports of joy, “Sicily! Sicily!” They saw in awful majesty the loft summit of *Ætna* enveloped in clouds of flame and smoke, which the mariners could distinguish at an immense distance. Sappho fixed her eyes steadfastly on the shore, where she expects not only to see Phaon, but to excite his tender regard.—The roaring of the Volcano became more distinctly heard; and they perceived the black fragments of rocks which it hurls towards heaven from its fiery crater.—The pilot directed the prow to the shore: a tranquil bay received the vessel, whose sails were lowered; and they slowly approached the beach—like the bird, which, having traversed the wide extent of the seas, exhausted with the length of the journey, descends with less rapid wing through the ethereal plain. They cast anchor; and, having landed, they first returned thanks to the gods who protect navigation, and then resign their wearied limbs to rest.—Sappho immediately paid the stipulated price to the pilot.

A cave appeared at a short distance from the shore, whose verdant turf seemed to invite the passenger to repose. Wearied and exhausted by the motion of the ship and the agitation of her mind, Sappho did not feel that soft languor which irresistibly invites the charms of sleep: yet, oppressed by an overpowering lethargy, she gently sunk on the soft verdure of the grotto; and at length her eye-lids closed, which had been so long fatigued by watchful anxiety. Rhodopè and Clitus, after having shared her pains, resign themselves to the same all-powerful influence.—Sweet sleep! tranquil anticipation of death! thou pourest into our bosoms the oblivion of the pains which are sown in the thorny paths of life: in pity, bring some relief to the torments of

Sappho. Alas ! they will return to-morrow with redoubled anguish.

He who has known the sorrows of the heart, who has lost the friend of his soul, or who has been betrayed by a treacherous mistress, knows how dreadful it is to awake. When Sappho opened her eyes, she examined with doubt and surprise the depth of the cave, and the wide extent of the seas ; and then feeling the cruel certainty of her distress, she arose with wild precipitation, and exclaimed, " Slaves, why do ye delay, where are the horses ? Let us depart ! I will explore the deserts, the caverns, the rocks, and the forests of the island. No danger shall delay or impede my progress ; for my heart is as intrepid as it is unfortunate." As she spoke, her eyes were constantly fixed on the ocean ; for in the distance appeared the uncertain form of a vessel, which engaged her whole attention. Near to the cave, arose a steep promontory, to which she instantly ran ; and, sustained by the force of passion, she fearlessly ascended to the summit, where, exhausted with fatigue, she reposed, commanding with a look the vast immensity of the waves, like the greedy kite on the lofty top of Caucasus.

Un-able to follow her mistress, Rhodopè remained with the baggage, while Clitus went to procure horses to continue their journey. The wind shook the trees on the shore, and gently ruffled the surface of the ocean : it played in the hair and garments of Sappho, whose eyes were still intently fixed on the distant object.—It gradually became more distinct, in its approach ; and a white sail was distinguished in the rays of the sun. The passengers were soon perceived, like confused shadows : the color of their clothes became distinctly visible, as well as their atti-

tudes and their number. Sappho raised herself on tip-toe, as if the summit of the rock was not sufficiently exalted, and endeavoured to discern the features of the first who touched the shore. She saw that he was not a stranger, but an inhabitant of the island, whose vessel had just made an excursion on the seas.—What strengthened this conjecture, was, that the crew brought nothing from the ship. To obtain hospitality, or rather to learn some tidings of Phaon, she descended the promontory at his approach, and directed her steps towards him.

(To be continued.)

The Sack of Delhi, by Nahir Shah.

In the year 1737, a party of discontented nobles at the Mogul court, having conspired to overturn the government of their sovereign Mahomed Shah, invited Nadir Shah, the recent usurper of the Persian throne, to invade their master's dominions. That adventurer accordingly set out on the expedition at the head of a numerous body of hardy and well-disciplined troops, and, after a series of victories, at length arrived within a short distance of Delhi, the capital of the Mogul empire. Here he defeated Mahomed's grand army—his last remaining hope—and, having closely blockaded him in his camp, reduced him to the mortifying necessity of spontaneously resigning his sceptre to the conqueror, as the only expedient by which he could escape the dreadful alternative of perishing by famine or the sword. The particulars of the military transactions, and of Nadir's triumphant entry into Delhi, are detailed in Mr. Maurice's interesting history of modern Hindostan; from which we present to our fair readers the following melancholy description of the con-

sequences, in that gentleman's own words.

On Saturday the 10th of March [1739] the sun entered Aries—That sun, which had often witnessed the un-equaled pomp, the unrivaled glory of the house of Timur, now beheld the usurper of the throne of the Sefi's, sitting on the imperial musnad [*throne*] of India, and receiving extorted offerings of inestimable value from her degraded emperor and her prostrate nobility. These presents, together with the treasures found in the subterraneous vaults of the palace, hoarded up since the reign of the magnificent Shah Jehan, and sealed with the seal of the empire, and the peacock throne, and nine others of inferior lustre and value, amounted, by the lowest computation, to thirty-five millions sterling. Of gold and silver plate, which he melted down and coined, the amount exceeded five millions; of utensils set with jewels, and of jewels unset, five millions more. In the richest brocades and stuffs of Indian manufacture he received the value of two millions; in horse and elephant caparisons, adorned with gold and gems, three millions; in all, fifty millions sterling! A more general and complete depredation was never committed by any imperial robber in ancient or modern times.

Enormous, however, as was this amount, that robber was by no means satisfied with it, but gave orders for laying a *peishcush* [a tribute] of eight millions more upon the merchants and inhabitants of the opulent city of Delhi. In raising this additional sum, the most severe cruelties were exercised; and many of them died under the extreme tortures inflicted upon them by those appointed to collect it. Many also of the higher order of nobles,

who were supposed to have not made offerings proportionate to their immense fortunes, were called upon for additional sacrifices. Persons the most venerable for age and virtue were not spared, and some were assessed double what they were able to pay. The severity of these exactions irritated the populace to madness; tumultuous insurrection in many places was the result; and resistance was made, wheresoever it could be made with effect. To these calamities, succeeded the more dreadful one of famine, occasioned by the increased multitudes of men and horses that inundated the province of Delhi. An attempt of the Persian commander of Delhi, to regulate the price of wheat at the public granaries, caused the spark, which was already kindled, to burst forth into a flame, which was only to be quenched by the blood of 100,000 of its inhabitants. Fraser states the first commotion to have taken place about noon; that it was considerably increased towards evening; that, after sunset, some persons having reported that Nadir was taken prisoner, and others that he was poisoned, the mob and tumult exceeded all bounds; and all the idle and disaffected of that great city, joining from all quarters, with such implements of destruction as they could most readily procure, rushed in a torrent towards the castle, devoting to death every foreigner they met, and breathing vengeance against the invaders of their country. Of the external guard a considerable portion was instantly sacrificed to their fury, and the remainder sought safety in flight.

On the first tidings of these commotions, Nadir, firm and collected in every difficulty, had dispatched couriers on fleet horses to his gene-

ral in chief, Thomas Khan, who, with the rest of the army, was encamped without the walls, with orders to commence his march, with 30,000 horse, immediately for the capital; and the vanguard of that army shortly after arriving, soon routed, with immense slaughter, the infuriated populace that surrounded and threatened to storm the citadel. In a few hours after, the whole of this formidable body entered the city; and Nadir, thus re-inforced, at midnight marched out of the castle at their head, to crush the insurrection. Inflamed with high resentment against the faithless Delhians, but ignorant of the full extent and magnitude of the evil, he intrepidly led them on towards the great mosque of Roshin at Dowlat, which stands in the centre of the city, and there took his station. All was raging tumult and distraction around him: but he remained firm and unmoved, acting solely on the defensive, and waiting for the break of dawn, to let loose his vengeance on the devoted city. The morning, big with the fate of Delhi, at length arose, and discovered to him heaps of his Persian soldiers weltering in their blood. An awful, momentous pause ensued; and, during that pause, a pistol was discharged at him from a neighbouring terrace, the ball of which missed him, but killed an officer standing close at his side. He immediately ordered a general massacre to commence from that very spot. His squadrons of horse, instantly pouring through the streets, put every one, without distinction, aged and young, women and children, to death. His foot soldiers at the same time, mounting the walls and terraces, consigned to the same fate every soul they found upon them. The love of spoil, and the thirst of blood, equally operating on those

barbarians, all the bazars of the jewelers, and houses of the rich citizens in that quarter, were first plundered, and then set on fire. Fearful of the violation of their women, many of the higher rank of Indians collected together their females and their treasures, and then setting fire to their apartments, consumed themselves in one general conflagration. From the same dread, thousands of women plunged headlong into tanks and wells. In every imaginable form of horror,

DEATH stalk'd at large
Through all the streets of that vast capital,
And seem'd to reign upon the throne of Delhi.

During this dreadful carnage, the king of Persia continued in the mosque of Roshin al Dowlat. His countenance is said to have been dark and terrible, and that, during the paroxysm of his rage, none but slaves dared to approach him. At length the unfortunate emperor of India, attended by the principal Omrahs, with sorrowing looks, and eyes fixed on the ground, ventured to draw near, and intercede for the half-ruined city and surviving inhabitants. For a time he was obdurate; at length the sternness of his countenance relaxed; and, sheathing his sword, he said, "For the sake of the prince Mahomed, I forgive." The joyful tidings of his wrath appeased were immediately, by sound of trumpet, conveyed through the city, and the work of destruction as instantly ceased. Between the issuing of the bloody mandate at sun-rise and two o'clock in the afternoon, 100,000 Delhians of all ages were inhumanly butchered. The tyrant then retired into the citadel; and inquiry being made into the origin of the tumult, several Indians of distinguished rank were seized, as the secret abettors of the insurrection, and their execu-

tion closed the scene of desolation and carnage. The once beautiful city of Delhi, in the mean time, exhibited a most dismal spectacle, the great streets being filled with the ruins of fallen palaces and houses consumed by the fire; and the smaller streets and passages being absolutely choaked up with the multitude of putrefying carcases. To avoid the danger of pestilence, both Persians and natives were for some days employed in removing the bodies of the dead: those of the Indians were heaped up in vast piles, and burned in the rubbish of the ruined houses, and those of foreigners were buried promiscuously in pits, or thrown into the Jumna.

On the 7th of May, Nadir commenced his march for Persia. . . His exit from Hindostan was marked by the same dreadful scenes of devastation, as his ingress; and of the immense wealth which he carried out of it, a great portion is said to have been buried in the Indus, owing to the bridge of boats, which he had thrown over it, being carried away by the rapidity of the stream, and, with it, many of the animals that were loaded with treasure.—On the banks of that river, a new and almost incredible instance of his insatiable avarice is related by Khojeh Abdulkurreen, a Cashmirian nobleman in his train, and is deserving of notice, because it marks the absolute controul of this great conqueror over the soldiers who fought under his banners, many of them perhaps not less avaricious or eager for diamonds than himself. Two jewels of inestimable value, that had adorned the turban of the Mogul, being missing from the royal treasury, a search was ordered to be made, for them among the baggage of the army. That search not being successful, Nadir issued a decree, challenging all precious stones

whatever, taken in the plunder of Hindostan, as his property, and ordering all the treasures of that kind, under penalty of death, to be brought into the treasury. But this was not sufficient: officers were placed at the ferry to examine all persons before they passed the river; and, if any valuable jewels were discovered upon them, to seize and send them to the royal repository. Upon the publication of this order, some of the soldiers came of themselves, and delivered up the jewels they had got in plunder; and these were rewarded with dresses and other presents. From others were taken what they had concealed in the packs and saddles of their horses, camels, or mules. Some buried their stores in the ground, hoping, that, after the search was over, they might be able to return and dig them up again: but, from the strict orders of Nadir Shah, which were punctually obeyed, it was impossible for any one to recross the river; and thus the treasure remained in the bowels of its parent earth. Others, out of rage and indignation, threw into the river whatever they had concealed*.

Notices of the State of LITERATURE in RUSSIA.

(From Dr. Clarke's Travels.)

THE booksellers' shops in Moscow are better furnished than in Petersburg; but they are very rarely placed on a ground-floor. The convenience of walking into a shop from the street, without climbing a flight of stairs, is almost peculiar to England, though there are some exceptions, as in the Palais Royal at Paris, and in a few houses at Vienna. A catalogue of Russian authors in some of the shops fills an octavo volume

* The missing stones were afterwards found among the confiscated effects of a general officer put to death by his order

of two hundred pages. French, Italian, German, and English books, would be as numerous here as in any other city, were it not for the ravages of the public censors, who prohibit the sale of books from their own ignorant misconception of their contents. Sometimes a single volume, nay a single page, of an author is prohibited, and the rest of the work, thus mangled, permitted to be sold. There is hardly a single modern work which has not been subject to their correction. The number of prohibited books is such, that the trade is ruined. Contraband publications are often smuggled; but the danger is so great, that all the respectable booksellers leave the trade to persons, either more daring, or who, from exercising other occupations, are less liable to suspicion.

Yet there are circumstances arising from the state of public affairs in the two cities, which gives a superiority to the booksellers of Moscow. In and near the city reside a vast number of Russian nobility. A foreigner might live many years there, without even hearing the names of some of them; whereas at Petersburg a few only are found, who all belong to the court, and are therefore all known. The nobles of Moscow have, many of them, formerly figured in the presence of their sovereign, and have been ordered to reside in that city, or they have passed their youth in foreign travel, and have withdrawn to their seats in its environs. Many of these have magnificent libraries; and as the amusement of collecting, rather than the pleasure of reading books, has been the reason of their forming those sumptuous collections, the booksellers receive orders to a very large amount*. When a Russian noble-

man reads, which is very rare, it is commonly a novel; either some licentious trash in French, or some English romance translated into that language. Of the latter, "The Italian" of Mrs. Radcliffe has been better done than any other; because, representing customs which are not absolutely local, it admits of easier transition into any other European tongue. But when they attempt to translate Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, or any of those inimitable original pictures of English manners, the effect is ridiculous beyond description. Squire Weston becomes a French philosopher, and Goldsmith's Primrose a *Fleur-de-Lis*.

Books of real literary reputation are not to be obtained either in Petersburg or Moscow. Productions of other days, which from their importance in science have become rare, are never to be found. Costly and frivolous volumes, sumptuously bound, and most gorgeously decorated, constitute the precious part of a library, in Russian estimation. Gaudy French editions of Fontenelle, of MarmonTEL, of Italian sonneteers, with English folios of butterflies, shells, and flowers; editions by Baskerville, Bensley, and Bulmer, with hot-pressed and wire-wove paper; in short, the toys rather than the instruments of science attract the notice of all the Russian amateurs. A magnificent library in Russia, on which immense sums have been expended, will be found to contain very little of useful literature. In vain, among their stately collections, smelling like a tannery of the leather which bears their name, may we seek for classic authors, historians, law-givers, and poets. A copy of the *Encyclopædia*,

in the style related of one of the late empresses favorites, who sent for a bookseller, and said, "Fit me up a handsome library—little books above, and great ones below."

* These orders are sometimes given

placed more for ostentation than for use, may perhaps, in a solitary instance or two, greet the eye, as the only estimable work throughout their gilded shelves.

MAN and WIFE.

(From Mr. Warner's *Scripture-Characters*.)

WHEN God had formed the external world, and furnished it with the lower orders of life, he created man after his own image, and made him lord of the wide and goodly inheritance. Still, however, his purpose was not completed. He knew that it was not good for man to be alone; he had implanted sympathies and affections in his bosom, which demanded the society of a reasonable creature like himself, with whom he might reciprocate kindness, and enjoy the tender intercourse of sentiment and love. He therefore made him an help meet for him; a being exactly adapted to his wants and wishes; whose delicacy of form precluded the idea of contest or rivalry in the dominion with which man was invested; and whose tenderness of nature was every way calculated to mingle with the sterner features of his character, to attract his love, engage his protection, and thus ensure the same harmony and beauty in the moral creation, as were visible in the material one. Man, it is true, in the words of the incomparable Milton,

"Understood, in the prime end
Of nature, her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also, her resembling less
His image, who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures:"

but he was still sensible of an influence that she exerted over him, most powerful than any which greater strength of form, or superiority of understanding, could have pro-

duced; in the attractive delicacy of her mind, in the tenderness of her heart, in the modesty of her deportment, and the sanctity of her manners. When man transgressed, indeed, a sad falling off took place in both their characters; but, though their respective excellencies were obscured and diminished by the fatal event, yet the qualities proper to each sex continued to be the same; the peculiar attributes of women were as distinct as before; and the duties by which she was to recommend herself to her Maker, and the attractions by which she was to engage the esteem, respect, and attachment of man, remained unaltered. The gentle virtues were still her proper characteristics: her modesty was to allure, and her tenderness to confirm, the love of the sterner and the rougher sex; whilst piety, embodied in her fair form, and recommended by her captivating example, was to present itself with irresistible fascination to the notice of man, and be urged upon his understanding through the medium of his heart. Such originally were, and such eternally will be, the appropriate qualities of women; and she who neglects, despises, or throws them aside; who assumes opposite dispositions, and deviates into other paths; will mar the end of her creation, and, while she displeases her Maker, will repel, disgust, and alienate the love of man. Away then with those idle systems, which would confound the duties of the sexes; that would take woman from her proper sphere, and lift her into situations for which she was not intended. Her department in social life is intimated by nature in the delicacy of her form, and defined by God in his revealed word; and for her to attempt to counteract these manifest designations, is to rebel against both, to disorder and

unhinge the natural as well as moral harmony of the world. It was this just and reasonable view of the nature and duties of the different sexes, that suggested to our immortal poet that beautiful personal and mental picture of the human race, in their primeval state, which he has given us in the following lines.

"In their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and
pure,
(Severe, but in true filial wisdom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though
both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he, and valor form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive
grace:

He for God only, she for God in him."

But, if the qualities which I have enumerated be generally requisite in the character of the female, they are more especially so, when she enters into the holy connexion of wedlock. It is of immense importance to the happiness of the rational world, that the appropriate duties of the husband and the wife be rigidly and conscientiously fulfilled; for, as their performance ensures the purest and most solid bliss that this world of sorrow can afford, "the only happiness of Paradise that has survived the fall;" so their neglect introduces into the cup of life a bitter poisonous drop, of the most deadly taste, and lasting influence. Indisputable is the truth, that each is bound to co-operate with the other, in drawing tight that bond of union which has connected them together for life; that they are mutually obliged to increase, by every means in my power, the stock of conjugal felicity. But, as domestic life is more especially the proper province of the wife; as she is constituted by nature, and commanded by God, to exercise those

gentler virtues which have a peculiar reference to home, and a direct tendency to render it the scene of happiness and peace; so her obligation to manifest in her conduct the feminine graces of modesty, tenderness, and piety, presses upon her with peculiar force.

Entirely and exclusively the precious possession of her husband, her thoughts must not wander abroad for other conquests, or foreign admiration. Ill does it become her who has solemnly pledged herself to one, to seek, by the arts of coquetry or levity, to attract or captivate the many; to court the public gaze, to be the theme of general conversation, or the object of particular remark. The sacrifice of a matron's modesty may indeed purchase the admiration of the coxcomb, or the flattery of the villain; but transient will be her triumph, and worthless her reward, if for this she have given up the favor of her Maker, and the esteem and affection of her husband. Equally incumbent is it upon her to cherish in her bosom, and to exercise in her behaviour, the grace of tenderness; "a sweet solicitude to soothe cares, and tranquillise the perturbations, of the companion of her bosom; and to perform those thousand endearing offices, to her infant offspring, which maternal love alone can properly fulfil. Oh! who can speak the value of this female quality in domestic life? It is the precious cement of its happiness; the support of all its charities: whose absence no external circumstance can recompense or supply. Fashion, splendor, and pleasure, may load the married fair one with all they can bestow; but their accumulated gifts will leave a gloomy vacancy in her heart, if her chief so-

place, refuge, and delight, be not in the tranquil joys and tender offices of home. Finally, the quality of piety must crown and consummate the character of the exemplary wife. It is essential indeed in every human being; but, in the domestic circle, (if we measure its necessity by its influence) it is more especially incumbent upon her, whose presence is most frequent and conspicuous there. Who can tell the power of a wife's religious example, in converting an unbelieving, reclaiming a profligate, or fixing an inconstant husband? It seems hardly possible to imagine, that vice should not surrender itself to virtue, when clothed in the attractive form of female loveliness, and seconded by modesty, tenderness, and affection; but, should its brutal insensibility be still deaf to the voice of the charmer, she has yet a cause upon her hands of unspeakable importance, which imperiously demands the exercise of female piety—the cause of her children. Nature and custom have entrusted to her the charge of their early education; and if the principles of religion be not instilled into their tender minds by her care, and confirmed by her example, they will grow up without God in the world; they will pass through life without the blessing of Providence; and, when they are translated from it, will have to attribute their everlasting ruin (O horrid thought!) to their mother. There is a religion of the home, my fair friends, as well as a public worship of God; a religion, over which the wife must preside; whose altar she must serve; whose sacrifices she must superintend; and, as the most fatal consequences will follow her omission of it, so the sorest retribution will punish its neglect.

The BANG-EATER and his WIFE;
(From Dr. Scott's *Anecdotes to the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."*)

THERE lived formerly, near Bagdad, a half-witted fellow, who was much addicted to the use of bang*. Bang reduced to poverty, he was obliged to sell his stock. One day he went to the market to dispose of a cow; but the animal being in bad order, no one would bid for it; and, after waiting till he was weary, he returned homewards. On the way he stopped to repose himself under a tree, and tied the cow to one of the branches while he ate some bread, and drank of an infusion of his be-

* Bang is a decoction of pounded hemp-leaves, and opium in its coarsest preparation, called in Syria *birs*. The following attestation of its effects will show that this tale does not outrage probability in the incidents.—“The grandees sometimes overt themselves with persons of inferior rank, who happen to be immoderately addicted to opium. I have seen a noted opium-eater at the house of the mohassil (farmer of the customs) of Aleppo, who after a full dose of *birs*, creating himself a bashaw, indulged in all the luxury of his situation. He placed himself in a corner of the divan; talked familiarly with the master of the house; entered into a detail of ideal business; ordered persons brought before him to be drubbed or imprisoned; disgraced some of the officers in waiting, and appointed others. In the midst of all these extravagancies, a page, who had been instructed beforehand, getting up behind him unperceived, made a loud and sudden clatter with the window-shutter: in a moment the enchantment was dissolved; the unfortunate bashaw was seized with universal tremulation; his pipe fell from his hand, and awaking at once to the horror of his condition, he fled to his *birs*, as his only resource under such a reverse of fortune.” (Russell's History of Aleppo.)—The doctor further informs us, that persons immoderately addicted to *birs* soon become infirm, lose their appetite and memory, by degrees their other faculties, grow old before the natural period, and sink miserably into an untimely grave.

loved bang, which he always carried with him. In a short time it began to operate, so as to bereave him of the little sense he possessed, and his head was filled with ridiculous reveries. While he was musing, a bird called *am kowpek* beginning to chatter from her nest in the tree, he fancied it was a human voice, and that some woman had asked to purchase his cow: upon which, he said, "Reverend mother of Soleymaun, dost thou wish to buy my cow?" The bird croaked again. "Well," replied he, "what wilt thou give? I will sell her a bargain." The bird repeated her croak. "Never mind," said the foolish fellow; "for, though thou hast forgotten to bring thy purse, yet, as I dare say thou art an honest woman, and hast bidden me ten deenars, I will trust thee with the cow, and call on Friday for the money." The bird renewed her croaking, which he fancied to be thanks for his confidence; so leaving the cow tied to the branch of the tree, he returned home, exulting in the good bargain he had made for the animal.

When he entered the house, his wife inquired what he had gotten for the cow; to which he replied, that he had sold her to an honest woman named Am Soleymaun, who had promised to pay him on the next Friday ten pieces of gold. The wife was contented; and, when Friday arrived, her idiot of a husband having, as usual, taken a dose of bang, repaired to the tree, and hearing the bird chattering, as before, said, "Well, my good mother, hast thou brought the gold?" The bird croaked. Supposing the imaginary woman refused to pay him, he became angry, and threw up his spade, which frightening the bird, it flew from the nest, and alighted on a heap of soil at some distance. He fancied that Am Soleymaun had de-

sired him to take his money from the heap, into which he dug with his spade, and found a brazen vessel full of gold coin. This discovery convinced him he was right, and being, notwithstanding his weakness, naturally honest, he only took ten pieces; then replacing the soil, said, "May Allah requite thee for thy punctuality, good mother!" and returned to his wife, to whom he gave the money, informing her at the same time of the great treasure his friend Am Soleymaun possessed, and where it was concealed. The wife waited till night, when she went and brought away the pot of gold; which her husband observing, said, "It is dishonest to rob one who has paid us so punctually; and, if thou dost not return it to its place, I will inform the walee" (officer of the police.)

The wife laughed at his folly; but fearing the ill consequences of his executing his threat, she planned a stratagem, to prevent them. Going to the market, she purchased some broiled meat and fish ready dressed, which she brought privately home, and concealed in the house. At night, the husband, having regaled himself with his beloved bang, retired to sleep, off his intoxication; but about midnight she strewed the provisions she had brought at the door, and awakening her partner, cried out, in pretended astonishment, "Dear husband, a most wonderful phenomenon has occurred; there has been a violent storm while you slept; and, strange to tell, it has rained pieces of broiled meat and fish, which now lie at the door!" The husband, still in a state of stupefaction from the bang, got up, went to the door, and seeing the provisions, was persuaded of the truth of his wife's story. The fish and flesh were gathered up; and he partook with

much glee, of the miraculous treat ; but he still threatened to inform the walee of her having stolen the treasure of the good old woman Am Soleymaun.

In the morning the foolish bang-eater actually repaired to the walee, and informed him that his wife had stolen a pot of gold, which she had still in her possession. The walee upon this apprehended the woman, who denied the accusation ; when she was threatened with death. She then said, " My lord, the power is in your hands ; but I am an injured woman, as you will find by questioning my unfortunate husband, who, alas ! is deranged in his intellects. Ask him when I committed the theft." The walee did so ; to which he replied, " It was on the evening of that night on which it rained broiled flesh and fish ready dressed."—" Wretch !" exclaimed the walee, " dost thou dare to utter falsehoods before me ? Who ever saw it rain any thing but water ?"—

" As I hope for life, my lord," replied the bang-eater, " I speak the truth ; for my wife and myself ate of the fish and flesh which fell from the clouds." The woman being appealed to denied the assertion of her husband.

The walee, being now convinced that the man was crazy, released his wife, and sent the husband to the madhouse ; where he remained some days, till the wife, pitying his condition, contrived to get him released by the following stratagem. She visited her husband, and desired him, when anyone inquired of him if he had seen it rain flesh and fish, to answer, " No : who ever saw it rain any thing but water ?" She then informed the keeper that he was come to his senses, and desired him to put the question. On his answering properly, he was released.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 473.)

THE poverty of the ancient Romans has been highly extolled ; but it appears that, for the first three hundred years, they had no money but of copper : they had no gold coin till the year 600, after the second Punic war. Fabricius, who defeated Pyrrhus, had but one dish of silver. Till the last Macedonian war, the Ælian family had but one ounce of silver. The senate of Rome gave a portion to Scipio's daughter, when he was engaged in the siege of Carthage : the amount was eleven thousand *asses* [about thirty-five pounds sterling]. Cornelius Rufinus, twice consul and dictator, was expelled the senate for having in his possession silver plate to the amount of twenty marks [one hundred and sixty ounces].

It is affirmed in the thesis of the abbé de Prades of 1752, that all men are equal ; that they have an equal right in all kinds of property ; that this right cedes to positive right, or the right of inequality, which is nothing more than the right of the strongest. The king of Prussia (who refutes this system) observed to me on reading this article : " Egad, though it is against my interest to say so, he is certainly in the right."

In the month of July 1754, the king of Spain issued an edict forbidding the monks to receive any novice for ten years, to enter the houses of citizens, to acquire new property, or to associate any one to their fraternity before he had completed the age of twenty-eight years. Superstition rendered this edict ineffectual. The marquis of Ensenada was thrown into prison for having suggested it ; and the king asked pardon by a circular letter. In the

same manner Machault, the comptroller-general in France, was compelled to resign, because he wanted to oblige the clergy to pay the *vingtième*. How is it possible for genuine philosophy to exist in Italy and Spain? A man dares not even think in either country, without asking leave of a capuchin.

(To be continued.)

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Constitutional Bon-mot.—While *The Constitution*, American frigate, was lately at the French port of Cherbourg, her beautiful structure was greatly admired by the port-admiral, who made a representation on the subject to Bonaparté. On receipt of his report, the French ruler immediately ordered a complete admeasurement to be made of her, and an accurate model to be prepared. It was on this occasion remarked with some wit, that no objection could be made to Bonaparté's taking pattern from the *American Constitution*.

Tooth-Ache—In addition to the remedy mentioned in our Magazine for September, p. 428, we present to our fair readers two others, which have since been communicated to the public. 1st. Drink a tea-cup full of the infusion of dock-root for three mornings successively—then, every second morning for a week or ten days: after which, leave off taking it for nine days; then begin anew, and proceed as before. The kind of dock required for this purpose has a long root, which appears yellow when broken: it has long narrow leaves, greener than those of some other kinds. The roots, after being washed clean, are to be bruised with a hammer, and have boiling water poured on them in a bason, until they are covered. The

writer who has recommended this (Mr. Merrick, of Oakley Park) declares that he has derived from it a perfect and permanent cure—2d. Roll a sheet of writing paper into the form of a cone or sugar-loaf; and, having set fire to the larger end, catch in a clean silver table-spoon the smoke issuing from the smaller end. When the paper is consumed, a small quantity of oil will be found in the spoon. With this oil impregnate a pellet of fit size to enter the hollow of the rotten tooth, in which it is to be carefully lodged. If the pellet be too large, the intention will be frustrated by the oil being squeezed out of it in forcing it into its destined place. The anonymous writer who recommends this application, declares, that, by means of it, he has administered relief to numerous sufferers.

New Comet.—A French astronomer, at Marseilles, discovered, on the 16th of November, what he mis-calls a new comet, which, on account of the thickness of the weather, was not discernible at Paris until the 5th of December. It is not visible to the naked eye: but, through very good glasses, its nucleus, of vivid brightness, is seen surrounded with a light cloud.—It has *no tail*—It was first discovered in the constellation Eridanus—had it been in *Taurus*, it would have been quite at home—a comet without a tail being as complete a bull as a two-footed quadruped; since the very name of comet necessarily implies the accompaniment of a tail, or mane; wherefore, if astronomers have discovered in the heavens any eccentric erratic luminary without a tail, they would do well to give it some other name than that of comet.

Slave-Trade.—Notwithstanding the laws enacted in England and the American United States against this inhuman and nefarious traffic, it

Medley.

appears from the "Fifth report of the Directors of the African Institution," that British and American subjects still lately continued to evade those laws. The course pursued by American slave-traders was, to call at some Spanish or Portuguese port, and there obtain fictitious bills of sale, and other papers, calculated to disguise the real ownership.—The plan of the British slave-traders was the same, as appears in the case of two ships under Spanish colors, captured by British cruisers in the course of the last year. The officers of those two ships positively swore that the vessels and cargoes were Spanish property; and the supercargo of one of them, calling himself Don Jorge Madre-Silva, as positively swore that he was a native Spaniard, and not a subject of Great-Britain. "It was discovered, however," (says the report) "by means of two of the crew, that all these depositions, thus solemnly and judicially made, were false. One of the ships was ascertained to have cleared out from England by the name of the Queen Charlotte, and to be still the property of British merchants resident in London. The other had cleared out from Kingston in Jamaica, under the name of the Mohawk. Both vessels had undergone a fictitious sale at Carthage to a Spaniard, and had there changed their original names for the Galicia and Palafox; and the supercargo who had sworn to his Spanish birth, proved to be an Englishman, who had sailed from the Thames in the Queen Charlotte, and was then known by the name of George Woodbine, which, when translated into Spanish, formed the appellation by which he was afterwards distinguished, Don Jorge Madre-Silva."—Subsequent to these infamous transactions, an act of the British parliament has declared the slave-trade a felony, pu-

nishable by transportation for fourteen years, or five years' confinement to hard labor.

Russian Domesticity.—The Russian nobility, as noticed by Dr. Clarke in his "Travels," are remarkable as well for the number as for the dress of their servants. In the house of young Count Orlof alone, he says, there are no less than five hundred servants;—many of them sumptuously clothed, and many others in rags. It is no unusual sight (he adds) to see, behind a chair, a sort of gala footman, in gold and plumes, and another behind him looking like a beggar.

Poisonous Gin and Sugar.—In the "Transactions of the Medical Society of London," Dr. Shearman relates, that, in a sea-port town in Essex, an endemial colic was traced to the use of smuggled Holland gin. The gin always contracts a color from being kept some time in the tubs in which it is brought over by the smugglers: and to deprive it of that color, it is impregnated with sugar of lead; by which nefarious adulteration it is enhanced in price, three or four shillings a gallon.—In the same volume, Surgeon Deering, notices the case of four persons in one family having lost their lives by the use of common sugar which had been packed in a cask that had previously contained white lead.

Mermaid.—A young man, named John M'Isaac, of Corphine, in Kintyre, in Scotland, lately made oath, on examination, at Campbeltown, before the sheriff-substitute of Kintyre, that he saw on the afternoon of the 13th October, on a black rock on the sea-coast, an animal, of the particulars of which he gives a long and curious detail, answering in general to the description commonly given of the supposed amphibious animal, called a mermaid. He states, that the upper half of it

was white, and of the shape of a human body; the other half, towards the tail, of a brindled or reddish grey color, apparently covered with scales; but the extremity of the tail itself was of a greenish red shining color; that the head was covered with long hair; at times it would put back the hair on both sides of its head: it would also spread its tail like a fan; and while so extended, the tail continued in tremulous motion, and when drawn together again, it remained motionless, and appeared to the deponent to be about twelve or fourteen inches broad; that the hair was long and light brown; that the animal was between four and five feet long; that it had a head, hair, arms and body, down to the middle, like a human being; that the arms were short in proportion to the body, which appeared to be about the thickness of that of a young lad, and tapering gradually to the point of the tail; that when stroking its head, as above-mentioned, the fingers were kept close together, so that he cannot say whether they were webbed or not; that he saw it for near two hours, the rock on which it lay being dry; that after the sea had so far retired, as to leave the rock dry to the height of five feet above the water, it tumbled clumsily into the sea; a minute after he observed the animal above water, and then he saw every feature of its face, having all the appearance of a human being, with very hollow eyes. The cheeks were of the same color with the rest of the face; the neck seemed short; and it was constantly with both hands stroking and washing its breast, which was half immersed in the water. He therefore cannot say whether its bosom was formed like a woman's or not. He saw no other fins or feet upon it but as described. It continued above

water for a few minutes and then disappeared. He was informed that some boys in a neighbouring farm saw a similar creature in the sea, close to the shore, on the same day. The Minister of Campbeltown, and the Chamberlain of Mull, attest his examination, and declare they know no reason why his veracity should be questioned.

To prevent chapped Hands.—The following cosmetic (somewhat different from that which we have given in page 75 of our present volume) has been communicated to us by a lady, and recommended as an effectual preventive of cracking or roughness in the hands.

Shave half a pound of new white soap very thin into a small tea-cupful of rose-water; and pour on as much boiling water as will soften it.—Next, dissolve, over the fire, two ounces of sperma-ceti in half a gill of sweet oil, and one pennyworth of oil of almonds: then add the soap and a quarter ounce of powdered camphor, with a few drops of lavender-water. Let the mixture boil for a quarter of an hour: then pour it out into a basin, and stir it, till it is thick enough to be made into balls or cakes; which operation must be performed as speedily as possible.

Courageous Humanity.—A few weeks since, a boy fell over-board from the Rodney man of war. On hearing of the accident, the commander, Capt. J. Allen, (who, for ten days preceding, had not been out of his cabin, where he had been confined by severe illness) instantly sprang from the gallery window into the water. It was quite dark, being about 8 at night, and the ship was going at the rate of 15 knots an hour. He, however, found and

* "In a brass pun," says our correspondent—though we cannot discover her reason for preferring brass.

seized the lad, followed the ship with him for a quarter of an hour; and they were both taken on board again.

Fractured and dislocated Limbs.

—A surgeon of Ashford-under-line has completed a machine, by which an operator is enabled to reduce a dislocation or fracture, without any other assistance, in the most perfect manner, and with considerably less

pain to the patient. He is likewise enabled to bind up the fracture or dislocation whilst the extension is made, by which means it is impossible for a fracture or dislocation to be misplaced. Also a fractured thigh may be so set that the limp, which generally follows, is entirely obviated. The same machine may be used for the extension of contracted limbs.

POETRY.

WINTER.

By Miss BAXTER, Newington.

THE winter's approaching: how cold is
the morn! [dawn!
Sad, lowering, and mournful the lingering
How dreary and joyless the hills now
appear— [to cheer!
No landscape to please, and no prospect
The trees are all stripp'd of their beauti-
ful green: [be seen;
No arbours of woodbine, or flow'rs can
The sweet little warblers that sang in the
grove, [of love.
Have ceas'd to converse in the language
Now hark! from the north how the wind
whistles loud! [on each cloud.
Rude Boreas triumphant now rides
See how the keen blasts sweep along the
bleak shore, [tempests spread o'er.
While the white-fuming main is with
If e'er in the meadows we happen to
stray, [once were so gay!
How chang'd are the prospects that
The poor harmless flocks, sadly bleating
along, [a song.
With mourning all pastures once us'd to
While each weather lasts, we shall gladly
retire, [the fire.
To bask in the rays—not of Sol—but
There tasting the joys books and con-
verse can bring, [spring.
We'll wait the return of the life-giving

*Stanzas, by Miss SQUIRE,
on reading an extract from Mr. SCOTT'S
"Vigil of Don Roderick," ending thus—
"And he, your chieftain—strike the
proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle—the hero is
thine own."*

THE hero is your own:—proclaim it loud
through all your ranks; and let the
daunting foe

* See our Magazine for September, page 439.

Catch the exulting sound; for well they
know

This boast of Erin, this thrice glorious
chief, [to a low

Whose arm so oft has laid their vic-
And, daring, snatch'd those high-raisd
trophies proud, [now with grief,
Which erst those spoilers claim'd, but
Behold bright waving, where Britannia's
pride, [vaunts deride.

Bold in the righteous cause, oppression's
And Oh! ye gallant bands, to freedom
dear, [crown'd—

Europe's last hope, with fadeless laurels
Ye, who, when dangers threat, still
foremost found, [fight—

Da! in the stranger's cause th' unequal
Yours be the boast, while empires fall
around, [reer—

And myriads weep ambition's dread ca-
Yours be the boast, its proudest hopes to
blight, [kind,

And teach these dread enslavers of man-
Fame, for Britannia's sons, no common
wreath has turn'd.

Britannia's sons you are:—with equal
pride, [of fame,

With equal joy, she hears the trump
In lofty tones, your daring deeds pro-
claim.

Secure, triumphant, on her favor'd land,
She glows enraptur'd at each warrior's
name.

Hibernian heroes, who died in the guide
Of slow-pac'd prudence—Scotia's warlike
band—

Alike she loves, alike delights to own—
Joint vengers of her wrongs, joint guar-
dians of her throne.

A PRAYER.

*By Mary F. JOHNSON, author of "Ori-
ginal Sonnets, and other Poems."*

STILL grant me, Heav'n! while I remain
below,

Poetry.

To wear the moments of life's fleeting hour,
 With calm contentment, in seclusion's bow'r,
 Too high to dread contemptuous pride,
 To fear sly Envy's sting or ambush'd blow.
 Ne'er let me, heav'n, intreat a boon of
 Nor to its minions aught of homage show,
 Nor ever measure merit by her dower.
 Be no professions mine at truth's expense,
 But make me, feeling right, speak as I
 Still from opinion to my heart appeal,
 And rule demeanor by the moral sense.
 Propitious heav'n, so let my moments fly;
 So let me live with peace, with resignation.

The Actor and the Lion.

A true Story.

By Mr. J. Taylor.

PARSONS, so long on London's comic stage,
 Ranked with the foremost actors of his age,
 For humour bold, original and true,
 In early days was tost about by fate,
 Through ev'ry change of that precarious state,
 Which marks the fortune of a strolling crew.
 With such a troop he quarter'd once at Lynn,
 The town was full of bustle, spirit, din,
 And many an object to surprise and scare:
 Among the rest, to aid the mingled roar,
 Bears, Tigers, Lions, a tremendous store,
 With all the wonders of a country fair.
 Beds were so scarce, 'mid such a numerous heap,
 That Parsons with a friend was forced to
 At the same inn where stood the mimic stage.
 The savage breed were in the space below,
 All rang'd in order for the morning show,
 And howling renades from cage to cage.
 Wearied at last by all this hideous sound,
 Our friends had sunk into a sleep profound,
 When just at one o'clock, portentous
 Parsons was gently pull'd, and with a groan,
 His friend informed him, in a whispering
 To save their lives was not in fortune's power.
 At first he thought some danger might be near,

But soon accus'd his trembling friend of fear.

The wild illusion of a slumbering brain;
 "For heav'n's sake hush!" with anxious
 the other said:

"A lion's at the bottom of the bed:
 My foot this moment touch'd his shaggy mane."

Parsons assail'd this panic with a jest.
 But all his sportive sallies more distress'd
 His wretched friend, who answer'd
 with a sigh,

"'Tis not a phantom conjur'd up by fear,

Alas! I'm certain there's a Lion here——
 But if you're mad, put down your foot and try."

Still Parsons thought 'twas mere fantastic dread

That thus disturb'd his dreaming part.
 Though the poor man seem'd tortur'd
 on the rack.

Resolv'd, howe'er, the point to ascertain,
 He stretch'd his leg to find the shaggy
 mane,

But straight in silent horror drew it
 Too well assur'd his friend was in the
 right,

He felt the danger now with equal faith,
 And both, indeed, were sunk in deep
 dismay—

Afraid to stay, yet more afraid to go,
 Lest motion should but rouse the sleeping
 foe,

And mor'n soon light him to his
 Some hours they pass'd in this disastrous
 state,

Dumb, almost breathless, brooding o'er
 Their fears increas'd each time they
 heard the clock,

Lest it should break the Monster's dread
 When as new terrors with the day arose,
 The door alarm'd them with a sudden
 knock.

As if a peal of thunder shook the room,
 The sound appeared the signal of their
 doom,

Nor dar'd they raise their heads to
 The Beast seem'd moving, as if just
 awake,
 And with redoubled horror made them
 When hark! a knock much louder
 than before.

While lost in wild suspense, a heavier
 knock

Sent to their palpitating hearts a shock,
 And seem'd the crisis of their fate to
 bring

Again they thought the Beast began to

And drew more distant from his dread-
ful fur, [spring.
Expecting ev'ry moment he would
The door was open'd, and with eager
stare, [pair,
A waiter now approach'd the shudd'ring
And asked them why in horrors thus
they lay— [case:
With broken whispers they reveal'd the
He started as if Death was in the place,
And strait on tip-toe stole in haste
away.

The news like lightning o'er the mansion
spread, [with dread:
And through it struck the stoutest there
At once they all in search of weapons
flew;
Together to the chamber then they bend,
To save poor Parsons and his wretched
friend, [due.
Firmly resolv'd the Monster to sub-
But when they saw the door, the hostile
band, [stand—
And by the danger, made a solemn
While thus they paus'd—with appre-
hension pale— [there,
A Serjeant bold, who sent the waiter
Now seiz'd the direful cause of all their
care— [tale.
A hairy knapsack—and so ends the

A Romantic SCENE.

(From Dr. Brown's Poems of "Philemon.")
A VALLEY there is, where Granpian moun-
tains rise, [the skies;
Their snow-clad summets mingling with
Whom shadows, shifting, as the sun
proceeds,
Impart a deeper verdure to the meads.
A limpid stream, or rolls its glittering
maze, [eu sprays.
Or 'scapes from view beneath the birch-
Expau'd, now, it scarcely seems to glide,
While pebbled isles th' unruffled glass
divide; [tract its course,
Now, join'd where ragged banks con-
Its waters deepen, and increase their
force;
Advancing, with resistless eddies, sweep
Projecting rocks, and roar along the
steep, [plain,
Till, farther on, they pour into the
Swell with uniting rills, and meet the
main.
But, ere this stream has left its native
hill, [skill;
It forms a scene that mocks the painter's
From rock to rock the raging torrents
roar, foam;
The rugged surface whitening with their

Below, a sullen, black abyss appears,
Scoop'd by the waters of a thousand years,
Tremendous crags o'erhang the deep;
cascade, [shades.
Whose hoary sides the cleaving bushes
The noon-tide glare, that radiant sum-
mer darts, [parts.
But doubtful twilight to the dell im-
It never yet beheld the solar beam
illumine the trees, or tremble on the
stream.

Majestic Horror breathes her spirit o'er
The scene, and listens to the torrent's
roar.

Beneath the hill, that intercepts the ray
Emitted from the setting orb of day,
A winding lake of liquid crystal laves
The shelving shores with gently mur-
m'ring waves. [ing sky,
Each cloud, that flits along the chang-
Surveys its image, as it passes by,
Save when the fog, descending from the
steep, [deep.
Sails o'er the margin, and involves the

The Englishman's Wish in India.

(From "Calcutta," a Poem.)

Oh for that happy day, (compar'd with
that,
All days are joyless and all pleasures flat)
When, fill'd with boundless raptures of
delight,
I view low Saugor fading from the sight;
Hail, in the welcome breeze, a glad re-
reat [heat,
From shores that glisten with eternal
And, as the bellying sails distended swell,
To heat and India bid a long farewell!
Where milder suns on happier seasons
shine, [mine;
Be Britain's isle and British comfort
Where kindred ties the passing hour en-
dear, [ling tear:
Prompt the glad smile, and wipe the sal-
Where Liberty with Justice reigns en-
twin'd,
And wakes to life the virtues of the mind:
Where pure Devotion pours her heav'n-
taught pray'r,
And awful piles a rev'rend aspect wear,
Their sacred spires amid the prospect
smile, [isle;
And speak in grateful praise the favor'd
Unseen the barbarous rite, the frantic
train, [fane?
Unheard the shout that frights the idol
Sweet is the view where nature's bou-
teous plan
Owes a last polish to industrious man!
Dear land! the best of thoughts when'er
I stray, [day.
At night my vision, and my theme by,

Chronologic SUMMARY of notable OCCURRENCES

in the Year 1811.

January 1. A proclamation of the Spanish Cortes, declaring null and void all public acts of Ferdinand VII, while under restraint or foreign influence.

Jan. 1. Tortosa surrendered to the French at discretion.

January 2. The Regency bill passed the House of Commons.

Jan. 3. Christophe, the black sovereign in St. Domingo, ordered the sequestration of all American property in his dominions.

Jan. 4. A heavy fall of snow, rendering the northern roads almost impassable.—The river Severn frozen.

Jan. 5. Two outside passengers on the Carlisle coach frozen to death.

Jan. 6. The States of Saxony opened their session.

Jan. 8. The common council of London, and, Jan. 9, the lively, voted resolutions condemnatory of the "limitations and restrictions" on the power of the Regent.

Jan. 10. A monster, or woman hater, dangerously wounded a female in St. James's Park.

Jan. 11. An edict by the French governor of the Illyrian provinces, sequestrating Austrian property.

Jan. 11. Between seven and eight hundred prisoners in Newgate—about one half debtors.

Jan. 13. Gallant action, in which the merchant ship Cumberland, Capt. Barratt, beat off four French privateers.

January 15. The session of parliament was opened under a commission, to which the great seal had been affixed by order of both houses.

Jan. 16. A chimney-sweeper's boy suffocated in a chimney in Orchard street, Westminster.

Jan. 19. A levy of 100,000 men ordered in Russia.

Jan. 21. The Lisbon Gazette published a dispensation from the pope, allowing the Portuguese army to eat flesh on fast days.

Jan. 22. The iron aqueduct bridge of the Grand Junction Canal, over the river Ouse, near Stratford, opened for the passage of boats.

Jan. 31. Eruption of a Volcano in 80 fathoms water, near the Azores,

Jan. 31. The regency bill was passed and on the 5th of February, the Lord Chancellor, under a commission sealed by order of both houses, "declared and notified his Majesty's royal assent" to the bill (His Majesty at this time unfortunately labouring under a mental derangement which wholly incapacitated him for business.)

Feb. 6. His R. H. the Prince of Wales sworn into the office of Regent.

Feb. 7. Mr. Finnerty sentenced to 11 months' imprisonment in Lincoln jail, for a libel on Lord Castlereagh.

Feb. 10. The senates of Lubeck and Bremen suppressed.

Feb. 10. A conflagration near Limehouse-hole stairs, which destroyed four warehouses, and twelve dwelling-houses.

Feb. 11. Mr. Roach, editor of the "Day" newspaper, sentenced to twelve months' confinement, for a libel on the military employed on the occasion of Sir F. Burdett's arrest.

Feb. 12. The Regent opened (or authorised the continuance of) the session of Parliament, by commissioners, who read, in his name, a speech to both houses.

Feb. 12. Circular letters sent, by order of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to all sheriffs and magistrates in that kingdom, for the arrest of all persons concerned in the appointment of Catholic Delegates.

Feb. 15. The senate of Hamburg suppressed.

Feb. 20. A meeting, with Sir F. Burdett in the chair, to raise a subscription for Mr. Finnerty.

Feb. 20. The renewal of the charter of the United States' Bank was negatived by the American Congress.

Feb. 22. Messrs. John and Leigh Hunt, proprietors of the "Examiner" newspaper, tried for a libel, and acquitted.

Feb. 23. A decree of Bonaparte ordering prisoners of war to be employed as laborers.

Feb. 26. John Liles sentenced to seven years' transportation, for bigamy.

Feb. 26. Hadje Hassan, ambassador from Algiers, had his first audience of the Prince Regent.

Feb. 27. The House of representatives in the American Congress passed

Bill prohibiting commercial intercourse with Great Britain.

Feb. 28. Mr. Pinkney, the American minister in this country, had his audience of leave.

March 1. A stone, weighing fifteen pounds, fell from the clouds, in Russia.

March 5. The battle of Barrosa gained by Gen. Graham, against the French under Marshal Victor.

March 5. The French army, under Gen. Marmont, retreated from Santurem.

March 8. An aggregate meeting of the Catholics in Dublin voted an address to the Regent for the removal of the Duke of Richmond (lord lieutenant) and his secretary Mr. Pole, from their official situations.

March 10. Possession taken of the county of Mappes, united to the French empire.

March 11. Badajos surrendered to the French.

March 11. The House of Commons voted a loan of six millions for the relief of merchants and manufacturers.

March 11. A skate, of twelve hundred weight, was caught in the Firth of Forth.

March 12. Riots at Nottingham, in consequence of distress among the workmen.

March 13. John Drakard, printer of the "*Stamford News*," found guilty of a libel.

March 13. Captain Hoste defeats a French squadron of superior force off Lissa.

March 17. A proclamation by the king of Sweden, announcing his temporary resignation of the regal power.

March 18. Westminster address voted, for parliamentary reform.

March 19. An order by the Prince Regent, of an additional allowance to the regimental messes in the army.

March 20. Birth of Bonaparte's son, the King of Rome.

March 23. A riot in Bristol market, caused by a rise in the price of butter.

March 26. Sequestered English merchandise, to the amount of £100,000 sterling, burned at Swinemunde.

March 27. Christophe, the black chief in St. Domingo, was proclaimed king of the North.

March 27. Near 5000 Danes, attacking the garrison of Asholt, repulsed by 380 British, who took near 500 prisoners.

March 27 and 28. About fifty vessels and three hundred lives lost in a storm at Cadiz.

March 31. Confiscated English manufactures, to the amount of £50,000, burned at Rugenwalde.

April 1. Confiscated English manufactures, to the amount of £60,000, burned at Memel.

April 3. At the late Duke of Queensberry's sale, his Tokay wine sold at eighty-four pounds per dozen.

April 4. A proclamation in the Berlin Court Gazette, forbidding any Englishman, or other foreigner, to enter the Prussian territory without a passport.

April 8. Several persons killed by the fall of two houses in Ironmonger Row, Old Street.

April 10. A riot at Brighton, between a party of the South Gloucester militia, and a party of the inhabitants.

April 10. William Gibbs reprieved at the moment when about to be hanged for a robbery committed by his sweetheart, of which he had taken upon himself the guilt, in order to save her life.

April 14. The French garrison of Olivenza surrendered at discretion to the allied army.

April 15. Three hundred thousand dollars sent from the Bank to be stamped by Mr. Bolton at Soho.

April 16. A skylark's nest, with three young birds well fledged, found near Arboreth.

April 17. Wooden furniture and glasses shivered to pieces in Jamaica, without any apparent cause. (See the article "*Land-wind*," in our Magazine for December, page 572.)

April 20. Eight persons perished in the conflagration of a house in Half-moon alley, Bishopsgate-street.

April 21. A young nobleman lost £24,000 at one of the fashionable gaming houses.

April 24. Twenty four villages destroyed, and between three and four thousand lives lost, by a sudden inundation of the Danube below Pest.

April 24. Mackarel sold at Billingsgate, at eight shillings a piece, by the hundred.

April 24. A subscription set on foot at the London Tavern, for the relief of the Portuguese.

April 25. Mr. Foster set out from London, as ambassador to the United States of America.

April 25. The Bank commenced a new issue of stamped dollars.

April 25. Thirty-five men killed, and

eighteen wounded, by an explosion of inflammable air in a coal-mine near Liege.

April 28. A fire at Montego Bay, in Jamaica, destroyed the chief part of the town.

April 29. The commissioners of Hyde Park turpikes lay their tolls for £17,000 a annum.

May 1. A meeting at Willis's Rooms, raise a subscription for the relief of the Portuguese.

May 2. A violent storm at Madras.

May 2. The salary of the Recorder of London raised from 1,500 to £2,500.

May 3. Intelligence received of the issue of two British vessels in the wars of the United States, under the non-intercourse law.

May 3. A meeting of the Livery of London at the City Tavern passed strong resolutions in favor of parliamentary reform.

May 4. French cruisers daily capturing our merchant ships even at the mouth of Dover harbour.

May 5. Lord Wellington gained a splendid Victory over the French army under Gen. Massena, near Almeida.

May 7. The lake at the Rio Ho, in Jamaica, was found to have fallen near two feet in six weeks.

May 8. The Honorable Arthur Wm. Hodges hanged at Tortola for the cruel murder of one of his slaves.

May 9. The first stone of Vauxhall bridge laid by Lord Dupdas, as proxy for the Prince Regent.

May 10. The French Garrison in Almeida blew up the fortifications, and made their escape.

May 12. Singular phenomenon, and destructive hail-storm, near Hopton, Derbyshire.

May 15. A remarkable meteor seen at Lismanne.

May 16. An engagement, near the mouth of the Chesapeake between the President American frigate, and the Little Belt, British sloop of war.

May 16. The battle of Albuera, in which Gen. Beresford gained a complete victory over the French army under Gen. Soult.

May 17. The suit, Sir F. Burdett v. the speaker of the House of Commons, was determined against Sir Francis.

May 18. The freedom of the city of London presented to the Prince Regent in a box of British hedges of oak.

May 18. Six French eagles and six

standards, deposited in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall.

May 20. The Rev. Rowland Hill laid the first stone for a new range of almshouses, in Gravel lane Southwark.

May 21. Lord Sidmouth's bill, to regulate the granting of licenses to dissenting teachers, rejected by the House of Lords.

May 23. Several persons killed by the fall of a house at Seven Dials.

May 23. Intelligence arrived from Egypt, of a general massacre of the Mahalukes at Grand Cairo.

May 24. Mr. Drakard (See March 13.) sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment the castle of Lincoln.

May 25. The Duke of York re-appointed commander in chief.

May 27. Number of members actually resident at Oxford, 1015.

May 27. Great flood and storm in Shropshire: upwards of 3,000 acres inundated.

May 31. Prodigious swell of the tide at Plymouth.

May 31. A motion, for referring the petition of the Irish Catholics to a committee of the whole house negatived in the Commons.

June 1. A tailor at Ulm made an unsuccessful attempt to fly in the air.

June 2. A remarkable hurricane at Heligoland.

June 2. Christophe and his wife crowned king and queen of Hayti.

June 6. The House of Commons voted £100,000 to augment livings of poorer clergy.

June 8. Remarkable flux and reflux of the sea at Plymouth.

June 8. Severe thunder-storm at Alexandria in Virginia, with hail stones of uncommon size—some weighing fourteen ounces.

June 9. The Russian prisoners in England were sent home.

June 10. The Regent reviewed between 20 and 30,000 men on Wimbledon Common.

June 12. It was stated in the House of Commons that there are 24,000 journey-men tailors within the bills of mortality.

June 14. The proceedings of the House of Commons state the number of French prisoners in England to be near 50,000.

June 14. Part of a mountain fell at Villeneuve, near the lake of Geneva.

June 14. A fire at Königsburg destroyed between 3 and 400 houses.

About the middle of June, a great part of the city of Smyrna was destroyed by a conflagration.

June 17. Lord Wellington retreats with the allied army to Abrantes.

June 18. A motion for referring the petition of the Irish Catholics to a committee of the whole house, negatived in the House of Lords.

June 19. A verdict given against Sir F. Burdett, in the trial of his suit v. the serjeant at arms.

June 19. The Prince Regent gave a grand fête to two thousand of the nobility and gentry.

June 19. Lord Louth condemned to three months' imprisonment for oppression and abuse of authority as a magistrate.

June 20. The French garrison in Astorga blew up the fortifications, and abandoned the place.

June 20. The Rev Richard Blacow sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a libel on Mrs. Fairclough.

June 22. A decision in the court of King's Bench pronounced Methodist chapels to be chargeable with poor-rates.

June 25. Some hundred storks alighted near Rumberg.

June 24. The French general Suchet took Tarragona by storm.

July 1. An edict of the governor of Berbice decreed the same punishment for murdering, maiming, or wounding, a negro, as a white person.

July 2. A school-boy found standing dead, with his satchel on his shoulder, in a vault of Paddington chapel.

July 3. Mr. Sadler ascended with a balloon at Cambridge.

July 5. Another volcano broke out in the ocean, near the Azores.

July 4. A signal victory gained by the Russians over the Turks, at Rudschuck.

July 5. The general congress of Venezuela issued a declaration of complete and unqualified independence.

July 6. A life-boat, of beer-butts, launched at Greenwich.

July 6. A destructive hurricane in the gulf of Saint Lawrence and, on the 7th and 8th, in the West Indies.

July 7. Three-shilling silver tokens issued by the Bank of England.

July 11. The king of Sweden quitted the British fleet, and went to Tonningen.

July 14. The Glasgow bank robbed of £20,000.

July 16. King Joseph arrived at Madrid, on his return from France.

July 18. Fifty tons of silver, from Lima, lodged in the bank.

July 20. Another monster, without provocation, inflicted a mortal wound on a woman in the Borough.

July 24. The convent of Montserrat taken by the French general Suchet.

July 24. The royal assent given to the bill to prevent gold coin from being paid or received for more than its nominal value.

July 24-5. The Chertsey bank was robbed.

August 9. Five Catholic gentlemen arrested in Dublin, for having attended an election of Delegates.

Aug. 12. Mr. Sadler and Capt. Paget ascended with a balloon, at Hackney.

Aug. 13. The city of New Valencia, in South America, surrendered to Gen. Miranda.

Aug. 19. Figueras surrendered to the French, at discretion.

Aug. 21. A comet made its appearance above our horizon.

Aug. 22. Another monster stabbed a young woman in the Park.

Aug. 22. Parliament prorogued to October 4.

Aug. 25. The bank of Charleston, South Carolina, robbed.

Aug. 29. A crown piece of Charles II. was sold for one hundred and two pounds, at the sale of the duplicates of the British Museum.

Aug. 29. Mr. Sadler and Mr. Beaufoy ascended with a balloon, at Hackney.

Aug. 30. From intense heat of the weather, some fire took fire near Lisbon, and caused a conflagration extending to an area of four square miles.

Septemb. 5. A counter-revolutionary, but unsuccessful, insurrection at Valencia, South America.

Septemb. 7. A powder-mill blown up on Hounslow Heath.

Sept. 8. The Turkish army crossed the Danube near Rudschuck.

Septemb. 10. The foundation-stone laid of a new theatre at Plymouth.

Septemb. 11. Discovery made at the Queen's house, that her majesty's court dresses had been stolen.

Septemb. 25. An ox found alive in a pit, near Forfar, after having fasted 23 days.

Septemb. 26. The Ely bank stopped payment.

Septemb. 30. The Boulogne flotilla defeated by an inferior British force in Bona-parté's sight.

